





THE

HISTORY

OF

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

BY

JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

"La vérité, rien que la vérité."
"Magna est veritas et prevalebit."

With Maps and Illustrations.

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NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

VOLUME II.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

CHAPTER I.

ITALY AND SPAIN.

Tour of the Emperor and Empress through Italy—Reception in Venice—Interview with Lucien—The Milan Decree—Magnificent Plans—Testimony of Burke—Affairs of Portugal—Flight of the Court—The Spanish Bourbons—Arrest of Ferdinand—Appeal of Charles and Ferdinand to Napoleon—Conversation with Savary—Letter to the King of Holland—Letter to Murat—Reply to Ferdinand—Interview with the Spanish Bourbons—Proclamation to the Spaniards—Entrance of Joseph Bonaparte into Spain—Important Queries—Remarks to O'Meara.

ABOUT this time Napoleon left Paris for a tour through Italy. He passed from city to city with his accustomed celerity, allowing himself no time for repose. With a glance of the eye he decided, and decided wisely, upon the most important public works. He left Paris the 16th of November, 1807. Josephine accompanied him. At midnight of the 15th, at the close of a brilliant assembly in the Tuileries, Napoleon said, in retiring, to an attendant, "Carriages at six, for Italy." This was the only announcement of his journey. Even Josephine had received no previous notice. On the morning of the 21st, his chariot wheels were rattling over the pavements of Milan. Eugene was taken by surprise. Immediately on the morning of his arrival, Napoleon visited the Cathedral of Milan, where a *Te Deum* was chanted. His pensive and impassioned spirit ever enjoyed the tolling of bells, the peal of the organ, the swell of the anthem, the dim religious light struggling through aisles and groined arches, and amid the pillars and gorgeous adornings of the most imposing temples of worship. His serious and earnest nature was never attuned to mirthfulness. In no scene of midnight wassail or bacchanalian revelry was he ever found. Napoleon seldom smiled. A gentle melancholy overshadowed him. Intense earnestness pervaded his being. In the afternoon he visited the vice-queen, the young and noble bride of Eugene. In the evening he went to the theatre to show himself to the Italians. For comedy he had no relish. The soul-stirring incidents of the most exalted tragedy he richly enjoyed. The Legislative Assembly was immediately called together. Napoleon thus addressed them:

"Gentlemen! It is with pleasure that I see you around my throne. After an absence of three years, I am much gratified to observe the progress which has been made by my people. But there are still many things to be done ere the errors of our fathers can be effaced, and Italy rendered worthy of the high destiny reserved for her. The intestine divisions of our ancestors, occasioned by their miserable egotism and love of individual localities, led to the gradual loss of all their rights. The country was disinherited of its rank and

dignity, bequeathed by those who, in remote ages, had spread afar the renown of their arms and the fame of their manly virtues. To restore that renown and those virtues will be the object and the glory of my reign." The Italians had not listened to such noble words for ages.

The three next days were devoted to business. Innumerable orders were dispatched. In crossing Mont Cenis by the new road which he had constructed, he was impressed with the deficiency of accommodation for travelers on those bleak and snow-drifted heights. He gave orders for the creation of three hamlets. One upon the summit of the mountain, and one at the commencement of the ascent on each side. On the summit he ordered the erection of a church, an inn, a hospital, and a barrack. He granted exemption from taxes for all the peasants who would settle in these hamlets. A population was commenced by establishing bands of soldiers at each of these points, charged to keep the road over the difficult mountain pass in repair, and to assemble, in case of accident, wherever their assistance might be needed. Having in a few days accomplished works which would have occupied most minds for months, on the 10th of December he set off for Venice, taking the road by Brescia, Verona, and Padua. He was greeted, wherever he appeared, by the most enthusiastic acclamations of the people.

On the road he met the King and Queen of Bavaria, whose daughter Eugene had married, his sister Eliza, and his brother Joseph, whom he most fondly loved. The three royal bands united. In one meteor of splendor they swept gorgeously along over the hills and through the valleys of rejoicing and regenerated Italy. Arriving at Venice, the authorities and a vast population awaited him in gondolas decorated with silken hangings and with streaming banners. He was floated along the crystal streets of the proud queen of the Adriatic enveloped in the most exultant strains of music and in shouts of welcome. The barges were indeed freighted with a magnificent company. The Emperor was attended by the Viceroy of Italy and his noble bride, by the King and Queen of Bavaria, the King of Naples, Eliza, the Princess of Lucca, Murat, the Grand Duke of Berg, and by Berthier, the Grand Duke of Neufchatel. Venice, exulting in her escape from tyrannical laws, earnestly hoped that Napoleon would annex her to the highly-favored Kingdom of Italy.

In the midst of these scenes of festivity, Napoleon's energies were all engrossed in devising works of great public utility. He visited the dock-yards, the canals, the arsenal, accompanied by efficient engineers. An enterprise was immediately commenced for rendering the waters of Venice navigable for ships of any burden. He organized an administration for keeping the canals in good condition, and for deepening the lagoons. He decreed a basin for seventy-four gun ships, a grand canal, hydraulic works of immense importance. He instituted a free port into which commerce might bring merchandise before the payment of duties. The public health was provided for by transferring burials from churches to an island cemetery. The pleasures of the people were not forgotten. The beautiful place of St. Mark, rich in historical associations, and the pride of Venice, was repaired, embellished, and brilliantly lighted. Hospitals were established.

Such were the benefits which Napoleon conferred upon Venice. In that



THE RECEPTION AT VENICE.

flying visit of a few days he accomplished more for the welfare of the state than Austria had attempted during ages of misrule. It was for the glory which such achievements would secure that his soul hungered. He received, in return, the heartfelt acclamations of a grateful people. But Venice and other large portions of Italy had been wrested from the domination of Austria. The cabinet of Vienna was watching, with an eagle eye, to fall upon this sovereign of the people, and to regain her lost possessions.

Leaving Venice, he inspected the principal fortifications of the kingdom of Italy. At Mantua he had appointed a meeting with his brother Lucien. For some time they had been partially estranged. Napoleon earnestly desired a reconciliation. Lucien had secretly married, for a second wife, the widow of a Parisian banker. He was a high-spirited man, of commanding talents and decided character, and was not at all disposed to place himself under the guidance of his brother's mind. Napoleon, conscious of his own power, and seldom distrusting the wisdom of his own decisions, wished for agents who would execute his plans. The private interview was protracted till long after midnight. Lucien left in tears. The brothers could not agree in their views, though they entertained a cordial esteem for each other. But little can be known respecting this interview, except what is related by Baron Meneval, Napoleon's secretary. He says:

"After having received the orders of the Emperor, I went, about nine o'clock in the evening, to seek Lucien Bonaparte at the inn where he had alighted. I conducted him to the cabinet of the Emperor. The interview was protracted till long after midnight. Lucien, upon leaving, was extremely agitated. His eyes were flooded with tears. I reconducted him to the inn. There I learned that the Emperor had made the most pressing solicitations to induce Lucien to return to France and to accept a throne, but that the conditions imposed wounded his domestic affections and his political independence. He charged me to make his adieu to the Emperor, 'perhaps,' he added, 'forever.' The Emperor, finding his brother inflexible, gave him time to consider his propositions. He charged his brothers and his ministers, Talleyrand and Fouché, to urge his acceptance. They could accomplish nothing. Napoleon regretted to be deprived of the co-operation of a man whose noble character and exalted talents he highly esteemed. The eagerness with which Lucien hastened to place himself by his brother's side in the hour of adversity is his best eulogy."

It is a noble testimonial of the private virtues of both of these men, that when Napoleon was imprisoned upon the rock of St. Helena, Lucien applied to the British government for permission to share his captivity. He offered to go, with or without his wife and children, for two years. He engaged not to occasion any augmentation of expense, and promised to submit to every restriction imposed upon his brother, or that might be imposed upon himself, either before his departure or after his return.

Napoleon immediately left Mantua for Milan. Upon his arrival at the capital of the kingdom of Italy, he found innumerable letters awaiting him from all parts of Europe. England began now to suffer very severely from the operation of the Berlin decrees. She could not sell her goods. Her capitalists were failing. Her manufactories were crumbling to ruin. Her workmen were starving. The Continent, on the contrary, was by no means proportionately afflicted. Napoleon had opened new channels of traffic. The arts and manufactures were generally in a state of prosperity.

Under the influence of this exasperation, England issued some new orders in council. They were more rigorous and severe than the first. By these decrees England reaffirmed the blockade of France, and of all the Continental states in alliance with France. She also declared all vessels, of whatever

nation, lawful prize, which were bound to France or to any of her allies, unless such vessels had cleared from, or touched at, some English port. These neutral ships were ordered to pay in England a duty of twenty-five per cent. for all goods which they conveyed from their own country, or from any other nation except Great Britain, to France or to any of her allies. Thus England endeavored to remunerate herself by a tax upon the commerce of the world for Napoleon's refusal to purchase her goods.

Napoleon, upon receiving at Milan these orders of the British cabinet, immediately issued, in retaliation, his famous Milan decree. In his Berlin decrees he excluded from the ports of France and of her allies every English vessel, or every vessel which had touched at an English port, and which might thus be supposed to have on board English goods. He refused to have any commercial intercourse whatever with his belligerent neighbor until England should manifest a more pacific spirit. As England confiscated all French property which could be found upon the ocean, Napoleon confiscated all English property he could find upon the land.

But in the Milan decrees, imitating the violence of England, and as regardless of the rights of neutrals as was his powerful foe, he declared every vessel *denationalized*, and therefore lawful prize, which should recognize the authority of these British orders by paying the duty demanded. "These rigorous measures," said he, "shall cease in regard to any nations which shall have caused the English government to respect the rights of their flags. They shall continue with regard to all others, and never to be released till Great Britain shows a disposition to return to the laws of nations, as well as to those of justice and honor." Thus England declared all ships, of whatever nation, lawful prize, which should fail to touch at her ports and pay duty. Napoleon declared all lawful prize which should consent to touch at English ports and pay duty. Beneath the gigantic tread of these hostile powers, weaker nations were trampled in the dust.

Napoleon, in his Milan decree, remarked, "All the sovereigns in Europe have in trust the sovereignty and independence of their flags. If, by an unpardonable weakness, such a tyranny is allowed to be established into a principle, and consecrated by usage, the English will avail themselves of it in order to assert the same as a right, as they have availed themselves of the tolerance of governments to establish the infamous principle that the flag of a nation does not cover goods, and to give to their right of blockade an arbitrary extension which infringes on the sovereignty of every state." He, however, immediately communicated to the American government that his decrees were not intended to apply to the United States. "The United States of America," he afterward said to the Legislative Body, "have rather chosen to abandon commerce and the sea than acknowledge their slavery to England."

Napoleon also learned at Milan that England had ordered the troops returning triumphantly from Copenhagen to proceed to Portugal. In the harbors of that feeble power, which was, in reality, but a colony of Great Britain, and at the impregnable fortress of Gibraltar, which she had wrested from Spain, England was assembling the most formidable forces. Napoleon immediately informed Spain, his unreliable ally, of her danger, and sent troops

to her assistance. As Napoleon left Milan, the grateful Italians voted the erection of a monument to perpetuate the memory of the benefits which their illustrious benefactor had conferred upon them.

Napoleon then hastened to Piedmont, and examined the magnificent fortress which he was rearing at Alexandria. Thence he went to Turin, rousing wherever he appeared the energies of the people, and scattering benefits with a liberal hand. He ordered the channel of the Po to be deepened, that it might be navigable to Alexandria. He marked out the route, with his own consummate engineering skill, for a canal to unite the waters of the Po and of the Mediterranean. He opened a high road over Mount Genevre, thus constructing a new route between France and Piedmont. Seven bridges, at his imperial command, with graceful arches, sprang over as many streams. For all these useful expenses his foresight provided the financial means. It is not strange that voluptuous kings, dallying with beauty, and luxuriating in all sensual indulgence, should have dreaded the influence of this energetic monarch, who, entirely regardless of all personal ease and comfort, was consecrating his whole being to the elevation of the masses of mankind. It is but just to Napoleon to contrast the benefits which he conferred upon Italy, and upon every country where he gained an influence, with the course which England pursued in the vast territories which she had conquered in India.

"England," says Burke, "has erected no churches, no hospitals, no palaces, no schools. England has built no bridges, made no high roads, cut no navigations, dug out no reservoirs. Were we to be driven out of India this day, nothing would remain to tell that it had been possessed during the inglorious period of our dominion by any thing better than the ourang-outang or the tiger."

Napoleon left Turin cheered by the acclamations which he so richly merited. Josephine, in whose bosom bliss and agony were struggling for the supremacy, sat at his side. She loved her magnificent husband with a fervor which has, perhaps, never been surpassed. His smile, his gentle caress, his most extraordinary and unremitted attentions, his burning words of love, attested the sincerity with which he reciprocated the affection and the homage of his wife. She well knew that this strange, fascinating man, intensely as he loved her, would tear from his heart every quivering fibre of affection, if he deemed it essential for the accomplishment of his plans.

On the evening of the 1st of January, 1808, he returned to Paris. The court and the city authorities immediately thronged the Tuileries with the offerings of their heartfelt homage. The rejoicing Parisians filled the garden; bells rang; illuminations blazed. The acclamations of hundreds of thousands, filling the air with the sublime roar of human voices, proclaimed to Napoleon, in terms not to be misunderstood, that he was enthroned in the hearts of his people.

Napoleon immediately turned his whole attention to the affairs of Portugal and of Spain. A more perplexing question was never presented to the human mind.

The kingdom of Portugal consists of a narrow strip of land spread along the western shores of the Spanish peninsula. In extent of territory it is about equal to the State of Maine. An ignorant and inefficient population



RETURN FROM ITALY.

of about three millions, debased by ages of oppression, loitered over its fields Portugal was so entirely under the influence of the British cabinet, that it was virtually a colony of Great Britain. English ships filled her harbors. The warehouses of English merchants crowded the streets of her cities.

Napoleon transmitted a note to the Portuguese government, requiring Portugal openly to espouse the one side or the other in the great conflict. If Portugal was willing to cast in her lot with the Continental alliance, she was required, like the other powers, to close her ports against England, and to confiscate all the English goods in her territory. A diplomatic correspondence immediately ensued. All the communications of Napoleon were sent by the Portuguese government to the British ministers. Mr Canning admitted in Parliament that the cabinet of St. James dictated the replies. The evasive answers which were returned Napoleon perfectly understood. He immediately sent an army, in conjunction with Spain, to rescue Portugal from the dominion of the English. Resistance was in vain. None was attempted; not a gun was fired; not a drop of blood was shed. A small army under General Junot crossed the Pyrenees, and advanced with rapid steps toward Lisbon. The people, sunk in the lethargy of debasement, gazed upon the march of these French columns with unconcern. They were too much oppressed to love their wretched rulers. They were too deeply debased to cherish any noble aspirations for liberty.

The council at Lisbon was divided. Some were in favor of adhering to the English alliance, and, with the aid of the English army and navy, to oppose Napoleon. Others were for joining the Continental alliance, and for

abandoning England altogether. Others recommended that the whole court, with all the treasure which could be suddenly accumulated, should forsake Portugal, and retire across the Atlantic to their far more extensive possessions in Brazil. This majestic Portuguese province in South America, with an Atlantic coast four thousand miles in length, was fifty times as large as the little kingdom of Portugal.

The latter plan was suddenly adopted, when it was announced to the imbecile court that Junot was within two days' march of Lisbon.*

The Queen of Portugal was insane. The Prince Regent governed in her stead. A fleet of thirty-six ships of war and merchantmen were in the harbor of Lisbon ready to receive the regal retinue. It was the 27th of November, 1807. A cold storm of wind and rain swept the streets, but not an hour was to be lost. The queen-mother, her eyes rolling in the wild phrensy of the maniac, the princes, the princesses, nearly all the members of the court, and most of the noble families, crowded through the flooded streets on board the squadron. Innumerable carts thronged the great thoroughfares, laden with plate, and the priceless paintings and the sumptuous furniture of the regal palaces.

All the money which could by any possibility be accumulated by the energies of the government and by the efforts of the nobles, was conveyed on board the ships in chests. The quays were covered with treasures of every kind, drenched with rain and spattered with mud. Carriages were rattling to and fro conveying families to the hurried embarkation. Men, women, children, and servants, to the number of eight thousand, rushed in a tumultuous mass on board the squadron. The precipitation was such, that in several of the ships the most necessary articles of food were forgotten. In the confusion of the embarkation, husbands were separated from wives, and parents from children, as the mass was swept along by diverse currents into the different ships. They remained in the most anxious suspense respecting each other's safety until the termination of the voyage. An English fleet was cruising at the mouth of the Tagus to protect the court in its inglorious flight. In a gale of wind the fleet pressed out of the harbor. The British squadron received it with a royal salute. Sir Sydney Smith, who had command of the squadron, dispatched a powerful convoy to accompany the fugitive court to its new home in Rio Janeiro. Scarcely had the receding sails vanished in the distant horizon ere Junot made his appearance. He entered Lisbon with but fifteen hundred grenadiers. A population of three hundred thousand souls raised not a hand in resistance. Thus Portugal strangely passed like a dream of enchantment from the control of England into the hands of Napoleon.

* The course which the British government pursued on this occasion was characteristic of its accustomed arrogance, and proves how entirely Portugal had degenerated into a mere British colony. "Lord Stratford," says Colonel Napier, "whose efforts to make the royal family emigrate had entirely failed, was then on board the squadron with the intention of returning to England. But Sir Sydney Smith, seizing the favorable moment, *threatened to bombard Lisbon if the Prince Regent hesitated any longer;* and, thus urged on both sides, the latter embarked, with his whole court, and sailed for the Brazils on the 29th of November, a few hours before Junot arrived. This celebrated emigration was beneficial to Brazil in the highest degree, and was of vast importance to England in two ways, for it insured great commercial advantages, and it threw Portugal completely into her power in the approaching conflict."—*Napier's Peninsular War*, vol. i., p. 81.



FLIGHT OF THE PORTUGUESE COURT.

A branch of the family of Bourbon occupied the throne of Spain. King Charles IV. was a gluttonous old man, imbecile in mind, impotent in action, dissolute in life. He was utterly despised. His wife, Louisa Maria, a Neapolitan princess, was as shameless a profligate as could be found in any dwelling of infamy in Spain. Manuel Godoy, a tall, graceful, handsome young soldier, was one of the body-guard of the king. Entirely destitute of moral principle, without any high intellectual endowments, he still possessed many attractions of person and of mind. He sang beautifully. He touched the lute with skill. He had romantic tastes. He loved the moonlight, and wandered beneath the shadows of the dark towers of the Escurial, and sang passionately the plaintive and the burning songs of Spain. The queen, from the sunny clime of Italy, and from the voluptuous court of Naples, was the child of untamed passions. She heard the warbling voice of the young soldier; sent for him to the palace; lavished upon him wealth and honors, and surrendered her husband, the government, and her own person, without reserve, into his hands. The imbecile old king, happy to be relieved from the cares of state, cordially acquiesced in this arrangement. He also, in the inconceivable depths of a degradation which revolted not from dishonor, loved

Godoy, leaned upon his shoulder, and called him his protector and friend. In consequence of the treaty of Basle, which Godoy effected, he received the title of the Prince of Peace.

"Every day," said Charles IV. to Napoleon, "winter as well as summer, I go out to shoot from the morning till noon. I then dine, and return to the chase, which I continue till sunset. Manuel Godoy then gives me a brief account of what is going on, and I go to bed to recommence the same life on the morrow." Such was the employment of this King of Spain during the years in which Europe was trembling, as by an earthquake, beneath the martial thunders of Marengo and Austerlitz, of Jena and Auerstadt, of Eylau and Friedland.

Charles IV. had three sons, Ferdinand, Carlos, and Francisco. Ferdinand, the heir-apparent to the throne, was at this time twenty-five years of age. He was as imbecile as his father, and as profligate as his mother. "Our son Ferdinand," said Louisa, "has a mule's head and a tiger's heart." The young prince was anxious to ascend the throne. The great majority of the nation were with him. The people, disgusted with the debauchery of the court, thought that any change must be for the better. The once mighty empire of Charles V. was descending with most rapid strides into the gulf of anarchy, poverty, and ruin. Godoy, the upstart favorite, was detested. Plots and counter-plots filled the realm. Spain was the disgrace of Europe. Neither the king nor the queen had political foresight enough to care for the movements of Napoleon. Godoy hated and feared that mighty mind, that majestic intellect, which was overthrowing feudal thrones, and bringing up into the light of day the energies and the rights of the masses.

Ferdinand was accused by Godoy, and probably justly, of an attempt to poison father, mother, and minister. The heir-apparent was arrested and thrown into prison. The populace, from hatred to Godoy, espoused the cause of the imprisoned prince. Ferdinand aided in arousing them. An enormous mob of countless thousands, with knives and bludgeons, surrounded the palace of Godoy. The king's troops dared not attack them. The terrified favorite fled to the garret, and rolled himself up in a pile of old mats among the cobwebs behind the chimney. The mob burst in his doors, rushed in an inundation through his magnificent parlors, swarmed up the stairs and through the chambers. Sofas, mirrors, paintings, were hurled from the windows, and dashed in pieces upon the pavements. Two young ladies, the guilty favorites of Godoy, were carefully conducted to a carriage and removed to a place of safety. The tramp of the mob was heard upon the floor of the garret. Godoy trembled in anticipation of a bloody death. The dusty mats concealed him.

Night came and went. Day dawned, and its long, long hours lingered slowly away. Still the wretched man, tortured with hunger and thirst, dared not leave his retreat. Another night darkened over the insurgent city. The clamor of the triumphant mob filled all hearts with dismay. The trembling minister survived its protracted agony. For thirty-six hours he had now remained cramped and motionless in his retreat. In the dawn of the third morning, intolerable thirst drove him from his hiding-place. As he was creeping stealthily down the stairs, a watchful eye detected him and shouted

the alarm. The cry resounded from street to street. In confluent waves the masses rushed toward the palace. The wretched victim—his garments soiled and torn, his hat gone, his hair disheveled, his features haggard with terror and suffering—was thrust into the streets. A few mounted troops of the king, with gleaming sabres, cut their way through the throng. They seized him by his arms, and upon the full gallop dragged him, suspended from their saddles, over the rough pavements. The mob, like ravening wolves, rushed and roared after him. Half dead with fright and bruises, Godoy was thrown for protection into the nearest prison, and the gates were closed against his pursuers.

The exasperated populace, with loud imprecations and vows of vengeance, turned their fury upon the dwellings of the friends of the hated favorite. House after house was sacked. And now the portentous cry was heard, "*To the palace!*" The scenes of the French Revolution were recommenced in Madrid. Charles and Louisa were frantic with terror. Visions of dungeons and guillotines appalled their weak and guilty spirits. The king, to appease the mob, issued a proclamation dismissing Godoy, and abdicating the throne in favor of his "well-beloved son, Ferdinand." It was a perfidious abdication, instigated by force, and which the king had no intention to respect. He accordingly immediately appealed to Napoleon for help. Imploringly he wrote as follows:

"I have resigned in favor of my son. The din of arms and the clamor of my insurgent people left me no alternative but resignation or death. I have been forced to abdicate. I have no longer any hope but in the aid and support of my magnanimous ally, the Emperor Napoleon."

Ferdinand also immediately wrote to secure the support of the great Emperor. He spared no expressions of adulation, and no efforts of sycophancy to secure that end. He wrote:

"The world daily more and more admires the greatness and the goodness of Napoleon. Rest assured the Emperor shall ever find in Ferdinand the most faithful and devoted son. Ferdinand implores, therefore, the paternal protection of the Emperor. He also solicits the honor of an alliance with his family."

It will be remembered that, when Napoleon was upon the cold summit of the Landgrafenberg, the evening before the battle of Jena, he received information that Spain, nominally his ally, was perfidiously entering into an alliance with England, and was rising in arms against him. Napoleon was far away in the heart of Prussia, struggling against the combined hosts of Russia, Prussia, and England. The Bourbons of Spain treacherously seized upon that moment to rouse the Peninsula to fall with daggers upon the back of that friendly monarch who had neither done nor meditated aught to injure them.* Had Napoleon lost the battle of Jena, the fanatic peasantry of Spain,

* "A convention," says Alison, "was secretly concluded at Madrid between the Spanish government and the Russian embassador, to which the court of Lisbon was also a party, by which it was agreed that, as soon as the favorable opportunity was arrived by the French armies being far advanced on their road to Berlin, the Spanish government should commence hostilities in the Pyrenees, and invite the English to co-operate." It is impossible to rouse in our hearts any very vehement emotions of indignation against Napoleon for adopting effectual measures to secure himself from the repetition of such perfidy.

headed by the troops and the officers of England, would have rolled like an inundation down the passes of the Pyrenees upon the plains of defenseless France, and the terrific struggle would have been at an end. Napoleon in an hour would have been hurled from his throne. The rejected Bourbons would have been forced upon France.

It was midnight, dark and gloomy, when Napoleon, by the fire of his bivouac, read the dispatches announcing this act of perfidy. His majestic spirit was too deep and tranquil in its flow to admit of peevishness or irritability. Calmly he smiled as he folded up his dispatches. "The Bourbons of Spain," said he, "shall be replaced by princes of my own family." The next day, upon the fields of Jena and Auerstadt, the Prussian monarchy was ground to powder. The Spanish Bourbons, terrified at the unexpected result, hastily sheathed the sword which they had drawn. Upon sycophantic knees they bowed before the conqueror. But Napoleon well knew, and Europe well knew, that the treacherous court was but waiting and watching its opportunity to strike a deadly blow.*

It was under these circumstances that the Spanish Bourbons were compelled, by the pressure of their family corruptions, to appeal to Napoleon for protection. Napoleon was exceedingly embarrassed. In no other period of his life did any vacillation ever seem to mark his course. Here he appeared to take one step after another with no settled plan. There were but two things which he could do, each of which seemed to be equally portentous of danger. He could, by his almost miraculous powers, overthrow the Bourbons, and place some one upon the throne of Spain who would regenerate that noble country, by throwing into it the energies and the sympathies of popularized France. Thus he would secure a cordial alliance, and be protected in his rear, should the great northern powers, who were still in heart hostile, again combine against him. But there was an aspect of unfairness in this transaction against which his spirit revolted. It would arouse anew the angry clamor of Europe. The feudal monarchs would justly regard it as a new triumph of popular right against the claims of legitimacy—as a terrific exhibition of the encroachments of revolutionized France. It would thus add new venom to the bitterness with which the republican empire was regarded by all the feudal monarchies.

On the other hand, Napoleon could sustain Ferdinand upon the throne,

* "There are many reasons why Napoleon should have meddled with the interior affairs of Spain; there seems to be no good one for his manner of doing it. The Spanish Bourbons could never have been sincere friends to France while Bonaparte held the sceptre; and the moment that the fear of his power ceased to operate, it was quite certain that their apparent friendship would change to active hostility. The proclamation issued by the Spanish cabinet just before the battle of Jena was evidence of this fact. But if the Bourbons were Napoleon's enemies, it did not follow that the people sympathized with their rulers; his great error was that he looked only to the court, and treated the nation with contempt. *Had he, before he openly meddled with their affairs, brought the people into hostile contact with their government—and how many points would not such a government have offered—instead of appearing as the treacherous arbitrator in a domestic quarrel, he would have been hailed as the deliverer of a great people."—Napier's Peninsular War*, vol. i., p. 24.

Probably most readers will judge that Napoleon pursued a more magnanimous course than is here recommended. Napoleon had no wish to injure the people of Spain. His only object was to protect himself from the perfidy of the perfidious government. But for England he would have accomplished his ends. Spain would have been regenerated without bloodshed, and the Bourbons would have passed away.

for Godoy and Charles were not to be thought of. He could endeavor to give Ferdinand a wife of exalted character, imbued with Napoleonic principles, who would control his weak mind, and lead perfidy in the path of fidelity and truth.

After long and anxious reflection, now inclining one way and now the other, he at last decided upon the latter plan. In his reply to Ferdinand, he wrote that it would be necessary to investigate the charges brought against the Spanish prince, for he could not think of forming an alliance with *a dishonored son.* He immediately began to look around for a wife for Ferdinand. But young ladies of commanding intellect, of exalted character, and who can appreciate the grandeur of a noble action, are rare. The saloons of the Tuileries and of St. Cloud were full of pretty girls, but Napoleon searched in vain for the one he wanted.

His brother Lucien, residing in Italy, a repining yet voluntary exile, had a daughter by a first marriage—a brilliant girl, who had been living in comparative neglect with her father. Napoleon fixed upon her, and called her to Paris. He, however, deemed it necessary, before making her Queen of Spain, thoroughly to understand her character. He consequently gave orders that her correspondence should be closely watched at the post-office. Unfortunately, this young lady, brought up in exile with the impetuous, estranged, yet noble-hearted Lucien, had been accustomed to look with an envious eye upon her uncles and aunts who were filling the thrones of Europe. Her lofty spirit was not disposed to conciliation. Proudly she made no effort to win the love of her relatives. With much sarcastic talent she wrote about Napoleon and all the rest of the family. When the letters were placed in the hands of the Emperor, he good-naturedly smiled as he perused them, and rather maliciously summoned his mother, brothers and sisters to a family meeting at the Tuileries. The witty letters were read to the assembled group. Napoleon, accustomed to every conceivable kind of attack, was exceedingly diverted at the sensitiveness of his relatives. He, however, promptly decided that Charlotte did not possess the proper requisites to infuse his spirit into the monarchy of Spain. The following day she was on the road for Italy. It was for her a fortunate escape. History may be searched in vain for a more brutal, inhuman, utterly worthless creature than this Ferdinand subsequently proved himself to be. Had she, however, married Ferdinand, it is not impossible that the destinies of the world might have been changed.

Napoleon regretted this disappointment. He still shrunk from the odium of dethroning the Spanish Bourbons. All circumstances, however, seemed peculiarly to combine for the promotion of that end. A French army, under Murat, had entered Spain, partly to be ready to quell any rising in Portugal, and partly to assist Spain to resist an anticipated attack from the English. Madrid was now occupied by French troops. The monarch was entirely in Napoleon's power. Still he was greatly perplexed. What secret thoughts were revolving in his mind, no one can tell. He divulged them to no one. Even those who were most entirely in his confidence, and upon whose coöperation he most fully relied, in vain attempted to penetrate his designs. Indeed, it is not probable that at this time he had formed any definite plans.

Napoleon was at St. Cloud when he received intelligence of the abdication of Charles IV. It was Saturday evening. The next morning he attended public worship. All observed his absent and abstracted air. Immediately after service he called General Savary, the Duke of Rovigo, to walk with him under the trees of the park. During an earnest conversation of two hours he thus addressed him:

"Charles IV. has abdicated. His son has succeeded him. This change has been the result of a revolution in which the Prince of Peace has fallen. It looks as if the abdication were not altogether voluntary. I was prepared for changes in Spain. They are taking a turn altogether different from what I had expected. I wish you to go to Madrid. See our embassador. Inquire why he could not have prevented a revolution in which I shall be forced to intervene, and in which I shall be considered as implicated. Before I can recognize the son, I must ascertain the sentiments of the father. He is my ally. It is with him that I have contracted engagements. If he appeals for my support, he shall have it. Nothing will induce me to recognize Ferdinand till I see the abdication duly legalized. Otherwise a troop of traitors may be introduced into my palace during the night, who may force me to abdicate, and overturn the state. When I made peace on the Niemen, I stipulated that if England did not accept the mediation of Alexander, Russia should unite her arms with ours, and compel that power to peace. I should be indeed weak, if, having obtained that single advantage from those whom I have vanquished, I should permit the Spaniards to embroil me afresh on my weak side. Should I permit Spain to form an alliance with England, it would give that hostile power greater advantages than it has lost by the rupture with Russia. I fear every thing from a revolution of which I know neither the causes nor the object.

"I wish, above all things, to avoid a war with Spain. Such a contest would be a species of sacrilege. But I shall not hesitate to incur its hazards if the prince who governs Spain embraces such a policy. Had Charles IV. reigned, and the Prince of Peace not been overturned, we might have remained at peace. Now all is changed; for that country, ruled by a warlike monarch disposed to direct against us all the resources of his nation, might, perhaps, succeed in displacing by his own dynasty my family on the throne of France. You see what might happen if I do not prevent it. It is my duty to foresee the danger, and to take measures to deprive the enemy of the resources they may otherwise derive from it. If I can not arrange with either the father or the son, I will make a clean sweep of them both. I will reassemble the Cortes and resume the designs of Louis XIV. I should thus be in the same situation with that monarch when he engaged, in support of his grandson, in the war of the succession. The same political necessity governs both cases. I am fully prepared for all that. I am about to set out for Bayonne. I will go on to Madrid, but only if it is unavoidable."

The same day the Duke of Rovigo, with these instructions, set out for Madrid. The next morning Napoleon wrote as follows to his brother Louis, the King of Holland:

"The King of Spain has just abdicated. The Prince of Peace has been imprisoned. Insurrectionary movements have shown themselves at Madrid.

The people demand me, with loud cries, to fix their destinies. Being convinced that I shall never be able to conclude a solid peace with England till I have given a great movement on the Continent, I have resolved to put a French prince on the throne of Spain. In this state of affairs, I have turned my eyes to you for the throne of Spain. Say at once what is your opinion on that subject. You must be aware that this plan is yet in embryo. Though I have 100,000 men in Spain, yet, according to circumstances, I may either advance directly to my object, in which case every thing will be concluded in a fortnight, or be more circumspect in my advances, and the final result appear after several months' operations."

Two days after the writing of this letter Napoleon again appears to be in a state of great uncertainty. He wrote the following letter to Murat, who was then in Madrid:

"Monsieur the Grand Duke of Berg—I am afraid lest you should deceive me with respect to the situation of Spain, and lest you should also deceive yourself. Events have been singularly complicated by the transaction of the 20th of March. I find myself very much perplexed. Do not believe that you are about to attack a disarmed people, or that you can, by merely showing your troops, subjugate Spain. The Revolution of the 20th of March proves that the Spaniards still possess energy. You will have to do with a new people. It has all the courage, and will display all the enthusiasm shown by men who are not worn out by political passions. The aristocracy and the clergy are the masters of Spain. If they are alarmed for their privileges and existence, they will bring into the field against us levies in mass, which might eternize the war. I am not without partisans. If I present myself as a conqueror, I shall have them no longer. The Prince of Peace is detested because he is accused of having betrayed Spain to France. This is the grievance which has assisted Ferdinand's usurpation. The popular is the weakest party. The Prince of the Asturias does not possess a single quality requisite for the head of a nation. That will not prevent his being ranked as a hero in order that he may be opposed to us. I will have no violence employed against the personages of this family.

"I lay before you all the obstacles which must inevitably arise. There are others of which you must be aware. England will not let the opportunity escape her of multiplying our embarrassments. She daily sends advice to the forces which she maintains on the coast of Portugal and in the Mediterranean, and enlists into her service numbers of Sicilians and Portuguese. The royal family not having left Spain to establish itself in the Indies, the state of the country can only be changed by a revolution. It is, perhaps, of all others in Europe, that which is the least prepared for one. Those who perceive the monstrous vices in the government, and the anarchy which has taken place of the lawful authority, are the fewest in number. The greater number profit by those vices and that anarchy. I can, consistently with the interests of my empire, do a great deal of good to Spain. What are the best means to be adopted? Shall I go to Madrid? Shall I take upon myself the office of Grand Protector in pronouncing between the father and son? It seems to me a matter of difficulty to support Charles IV. on the throne. His government and his favorite are so very unpopular that they could not stand their ground for three months.

"Ferdinand is the enemy of France. It is for this he has been made king. To place him on the throne would be to serve the factions which for twenty years have longed for the destruction of France. A family alliance would be but a feeble tie. My opinion is that nothing should be hurried forward, and that we should take counsel of events as they occur. It will be necessary to strengthen the bodies of troops which are to be stationed on the frontiers of Portugal and wait. I do not approve of the step which your imperial highness has taken in so precipitately making yourself master of Madrid. The army ought to have been kept ten leagues from the capital.

"I shall hereafter decide on what is finally necessary to be done. In the mean time, the following is the line of conduct I judge fit to prescribe to you. You will not pledge me to an interview in Spain with Ferdinand unless you consider the state of things to be such that I ought to acknowledge him as King of Spain. You will behave with attention and respect to the king, the queen, and Prince Godoy. You will exact for them, and yourself pay them, the same honors as formerly. You will manage so that the Spaniards shall have no suspicion which part I mean to take. You will find the less difficulty in this, as I do not know myself. You will make the nobility and clergy understand that, if the interference of France be requisite in the affairs of Spain, their privileges and immunities will be respected. You will assure them that the Emperor wishes for the improvement of the political institutions of Spain, in order to put her on a footing with the advanced state of civilization in Europe, and to free her from the yoke of favorites. You will tell the magistrates, and the inhabitants of towns, and the well-informed classes, that Spain stands in need of having the machine of her government reorganized, and that she requires a system of laws to protect the people against the tyranny and encroachments of feudality, with institutions that may revive industry, agriculture, and the arts. You will describe to them the state of tranquillity and plenty enjoyed in France, notwithstanding the wars in which she has been constantly engaged. You will speak of the splendor of religion, which owes its establishment to the Concordat which I have signed with the Pope. You will explain to them the advantages they may derive from political regeneration—order and peace at home, respect and influence abroad. Such should be the spirit of your conversation and your writings. Do not hazard any thing hastily. I can wait at Bayonne. I can cross the Pyrenees, and strengthen myself toward Portugal. I can go and carry on the war in that quarter.

"I enjoin the strictest maintenance of discipline. The slightest faults must not go unpunished. The inhabitants must be treated with the greatest attention. Above all, churches and convents must be respected. The army must avoid all misunderstanding with the bodies and detachments of the Spanish army. A single flash in the pan must not be permitted on either side. Do you yourself trace out the routes of my army, that it may always be kept at a distance of several leagues from the Spanish corps. If war is once kindled, all would be lost."

Four days after writing this letter, on the 2d of April, Napoleon set out for the frontier. He was induced to take this journey by the conflicting reports which were continually reaching him from Spain. Having spent a

week at Bordeaux, intensely occupied in forwarding some important national works, he proceeded to Bayonne, an unimportant town at the foot of the Pyrenees. Josephine accompanied him. They arrived at Bayonne on the 15th of April. The next day Napoleon wrote to Ferdinand. In this letter he says:

"You will permit me, under present circumstances, to speak to you with truth and frankness. I pass no decision upon the conduct of the Prince of Peace. But I know well that it is dangerous for kings to accustom their people to shed blood. The people willingly avenge themselves for the homage which they pay us. How can the process be drawn up against the Prince of Peace without involving in it the queen and the king your father. Your royal highness has no other claim to the crown than that which you derive from your mother. If this process degrades her, your royal highness degrades your own title. The criminality of Godoy, if it can be proved against him, goes to annihilate your right to the crown. I say to your royal highness, to the Spaniards, and to the world, that if the abdication of Charles IV. is unconstrained, I will not hesitate to acknowledge it, and to recognize your royal highness as King of Spain."

Ferdinand was endeavoring to blazon abroad his mother's shame, and to bring Godoy to trial as his mother's paramour. Napoleon thus delicately suggested to him that, in dishonoring his mother, he did but invalidate the legitimacy of his own birth, and thus prove that he had no right to the throne of Spain. But the wretched creature was too debased to feel the sense of such dishonor. The still more wretched mother retaliated, as perhaps no mother ever retaliated before. She told her son to his face, and in the presence of others, that he was of ignoble birth—that her husband was not his father.

Ferdinand hoped, by a personal interview with Napoleon, to secure his favor. He therefore left Madrid, and, crossing the Pyrenees, hastened to Bayonne to meet the Emperor. A magnificent escort accompanied him. He took with him, as a friend and adviser, his celebrated tutor Escoiquiz. As soon as Charles, the queen, and Godoy heard of this movement on the part of Ferdinand, they were greatly alarmed. Fearing the influence of Ferdinand's personal presence and uncontradicted representations, they resolved also to hasten to Bayonne, there to plead their cause before that commanding genius who had now their destiny under his own control.

Napoleon received Ferdinand, immediately upon his arrival, with the most studied politeness. He treated him with magnificent hospitality. But he threw around the prince a golden chain of courtesy and of etiquette from which there was no escape. Sumptuous feasts regaled him. A splendid retinue surrounded him. The degraded parents and the guilty favorite also soon arrived, bringing with them the two younger brothers of Ferdinand. They were received with every mark of attention. Napoleon, however, studiously refrained from recognizing the right of either party to the throne. He thus unexpectedly found the whole royal family in his power.

Whatever hesitation he may previously have felt in reference to the course to be pursued, he hesitated no longer. He had an interview with Charles IV. The old king, conscious of his utter inability to retain the throne, great-

ly preferred to place it in the hands of Napoleon rather than in the hands of his hated son. He therefore expressed a perfect readiness to abdicate in favor of any prince whom Napoleon might appoint. Napoleon then sent for Escoiquiz, the tutor and minister of Ferdinand, and thus addressed him:

"I can not refuse to interest myself in the fate of the unhappy king who has thrown himself on my protection. The abdication of Charles IV. was clearly a compulsory act. My troops were then in Spain. Some of them were stationed near the court. Appearances authorized the belief that I had some share in that act of violence. My honor requires that I should take immediate steps to dissipate such a suspicion.

"I would say further, that the interests of my empire require that the house of Bourbon, the implacable enemy of mine, should relinquish the throne of Spain. The interests of your nation equally call for the same change. The new dynasty which I shall introduce will give it a good constitution, and, by its strict alliance with France, preserve Spain from any danger on the side of that power which is alone in a situation seriously to menace its independence. Charles IV. is willing to cede me his rights and those of his family, persuaded that his sons are incapable of governing the kingdom in the difficult times which are evidently approaching.

"These are the reasons which have decided me to prevent the dynasty of the Bourbons from reigning any longer in Spain. But I esteem Ferdinand. I am anxious to give him some indemnity for the sacrifices which he will be required to make. Propose to him, therefore, to renounce the crown of Spain for himself and his descendants. I will give him, in exchange, Etruria, with the title of king, as well as my niece in marriage. If he refuses these conditions, I will come to an understanding with his father, and neither he nor his brother shall receive any indemnity. If, on the other hand, he does what I desire, Spain shall preserve its independence, its laws, usages, and religion. I do not desire a village of Spain for myself."

Charles IV., Louisa, and Godoy, enervated by years of vicious indulgence, loved royalty only for the luxurious dissipation in which it permitted them to revel. Most cheerfully they surrendered the uneasy crown of Spain to Napoleon in exchange for a handsome castle, ample grounds for hunting, and money enough for the gratification of their voluptuous desires. Ferdinand and his brothers were more reluctant to surrender their right of inheritance. By previous arrangement, Napoleon met the whole family together. The king and queen, who thoroughly detested their son, were determined to compel him to abdicate. It was an extraordinary interview. The imbecile old king, brandishing over the head of Ferdinand a long, gold-headed cane, upon which he usually leaned, loaded him with reproaches and imprecations. Suddenly the mother, with her more voluble woman's tongue, fell upon the culprit. A flood of most uncourtly epithets she poured upon the victim. Napoleon was amazed and even confused at the strange scene. For a few moments he remained in mute astonishment. He then retired, having first coldly informed Ferdinand that, if he did not resign the crown that evening to his father, he should be arrested as a rebellious son, the author of a conspiracy against the throne and the life of his parents. As Napoleon left the room, he exclaimed to those around him,



INTERVIEW WITH THE SPANISH PRINCES.

"What a mother! what a son! The Prince of Peace is certainly a very inferior person. But, after all, he is perhaps the least incompetent of this degenerate court." He then added, "What I am doing now, in a certain point of view, is not good. I know that well enough. But policy demands that I should not leave in my rear, and that, too, so near Paris, a dynasty inimical to mine."

Ferdinand, fully conscious of guilt, trembled in view of a trial for treason, enforced by the inflexible justice of Napoleon. Rather than incur the hazard, for he knew that neither his father nor his mother would show him the least mercy, he preferred to accept the abundant rewards which Napoleon offered. He, however, declined the crown of Etruria, and accepted the chateau of Navarre, with an annual income of $200,000 for himself and $80,000 for each of his brothers. Charles, with Louisa and Manuel, their revenge being gratified by the dethronement of Ferdinand, were well satisfied with the exchange of a thorny crown for an opulent retreat, fine hunting-grounds, and ample revenues. They slumbered away their remaining years in idleness and sensual excess.

Napoleon assigned to the young princes the chateau of Valençay as a residence until Navarre could be made ready for them. He wrote to the Prince de Talleyrand, the high-bred, courtly, pleasure-loving proprietor of the magnificent chateau, to receive the princes with all alluring attentions.

"I desire," he wrote, "that the princes be received without external pomp, but heartily and with sympathy, and that you do every thing in your power

to amuse them. If you have a theatre at Valençay, and can engage some comedians to come, it will not be a bad plan. You had better take Madame de Talleyrand thither, with four or five other ladies. If the Prince of the Asturias (Ferdinand) should fall in love with some pretty woman, it would not be amiss, especially if we were sure of her. It is a matter of great importance to me that the Prince of the Asturias should not take any false step. I desire, therefore, that he be amused and occupied. Stern policy would demand that I should shut him up in some fortress. But as he has thrown himself into my arms, and has promised to do nothing without my orders, and that every thing shall go on in Spain as I desire, I have adopted the plan of sending him to a country seat, and surrounding him with pleasure and *surveillance*. This will probably last throughout the month of May and a part of June, when the affairs of Spain may have taken a turn, and I shall then know what part to act. With regard to yourself, your mission is an extremely honorable one. To receive under your roof three illustrious personages, in order to amuse them, is quite in keeping with the character of the nation and also with your rank."

Ferdinand and his brothers were well contented with their inglorious yet voluptuous lot. Incredible as it may appear, Napoleon, while thus dethroning them, gained such an ascendency over their minds that they became his warm admirers and friends. They exulted in his successive victories, and celebrated them with illuminations and bonfires. Nothing in Napoleon's whole career, more strikingly than this, exhibits his extraordinary powers. Fiction has never conceived any thing more marvelous. Without firing a gun, he overturned the monarchy of Spain. A proud and powerful dynasty he removed from the throne of their ancestors. He sent them into exile. He placed his own brother upon their throne. And yet these exiled princes thanked him for the deed, and were never weary of proclaiming his praises.

Napoleon issued the following proclamation to the Spanish people. "Spaniards! After a long agony, your nation was on the point of perishing. I saw your miseries, and hastened to apply a remedy. Your grandeur, your power, form an integral part of my own. Your princes have ceded to me their rights to the crown of Spain. I have no wish to reign over your provinces, but I am desirous of acquiring eternal titles to the love and gratitude of your posterity. Your monarchy is old. My mission is to pour into its veins the blood of youth. I will ameliorate all your institutions, and make you enjoy, if you second my efforts, the blessings of reform, without its collisions, its disorders, its convulsions. I have convoked a general assembly of the deputations of your provinces and cities. I am desirous of ascertaining your wants by personal intercourse. I will then lay aside all the titles I have acquired, and place your glorious crown on the head of my second self, after having secured for you a constitution which may establish the sacred and salutary authority of the sovereign, with the liberties and privileges of the people. Spaniards! Reflect on what your fathers were, on what you now are. The fault does not lie in you, but in the Constitution by which you have been governed. Conceive the most ardent hopes and confidence in the results of your present situation, for I wish that your latest posterity should preserve the recollection of me, and say, *He was the regenerator of our country*."

Louis Bonaparte, the King of Holland, depressed by sickness and domestic troubles, declined the more onerous burden of the crown of Spain. Napoleon wrote, accordingly, the following note to Joseph, the King of Naples:

"Charles IV. has ceded to me all his right to the crown of Spain. This crown I have destined for you. The kingdom of Naples can not be compared with Spain. Spain has eleven millions of inhabitants. It has a revenue of thirty millions of dollars, besides the colonies in America. It is the crown which will place you at Madrid, three day's journey from France. At Madrid you are actually in France. Naples is at the other end of the world. I desire, therefore, that, immediately upon the receipt of this letter, you will commit the regency to whomsoever you please, and the command of the troops to Marshal Jourdan, and that you set out for Bayonne by the shortest route possible. Keep the secret from every body. As it is, it will only be suspected too soon."

In Spain there were no popular institutions. The monarchy was an absolute despotism. The priesthood, by the gloomy terrors of the Inquisition, repressed all political and religious inquiry. The masses of the people were in the lowest state of ignorance and debasement. A government more utterly corrupt and worthless probably never existed in civilized lands. The attempt to rescue the Spaniards from such a government, and to confer upon them ennobling laws and equal rights, is not a deed which can excite very deep abhorrence. Had Napoleon succeeded according to his wishes, Spain would have been filled with monuments reared to his memory by an enfranchised and grateful people. It is the greatest curse of slavery that the oppressed know not the worth of liberty. No slaves hug their fetters more tenaciously than the victims of spiritual fanaticism.

Joseph Bonaparte was, by universal acclaim, a high-minded, intelligent, conscientious man. In purity of morals he was above reproach. The earnestness of his philanthropy has never been questioned. Under his mild, just, yet energetic sway, the kingdom of Naples had suddenly emerged into a glorious existence.

Before the arrival of Joseph, efficient agents were dispatched into Spain to report concerning the condition of the army, of the navy, of the finances, and of the public works. "I shall want," said Napoleon, "those documents, in the first place, for the measures which I shall order. I shall want them afterward, that posterity may learn in what state I find the Spanish monarchy." He formed the noblest projects for the welfare of Spain. The designs he conceived and set on foot have elicited the admiration of his bitterest foes. A Parliament or Congress was immediately assembled at Bayonne, consisting of one hundred and fifty of the most illustrious men of the kingdom. These enlightened patriots exulted in the bright prospects which were opening before their country. A free Constitution was adopted, well adapted to the manners of Spain, and to the advancing light and liberty of the age.

Joseph arrived at Bayonne on the 7th of June, 1808. The Spanish Congress waited upon the new king to tender to him the homage of the Spanish nation. They then, in a body, visited Napoleon. With heartfelt gratitude, they returned thanks to their powerful benefactor, who seemed to be securing for Spain a prosperous and a glorious future. On the 9th of July, Jo-



DEPARTURE OF JOSEPH INTO SPAIN.

seph, escorted by a magnificent display of veteran troops, and preceded and followed by more than a hundred carriages, filled with the members of the Congress, departed for Madrid, to take his seat upon the throne of Spain.

The notice of Joseph's accession to the Spanish throne was immediately communicated to all the foreign powers. He was promptly recognized by nearly all the Continental powers. The Emperor of Russia added felicitation to his acknowledgment, founded upon the well-known, exalted character of Joseph. Even Ferdinand, from the palace of Valençay, wrote Joseph letters of congratulation, and entreated him to induce Napoleon to give him one of his nieces in marriage.

There is something in this whole affair which the ingenuous mind contemplates with perplexity and pain. It would be a relief to be able with severity to condemn. Napoleon has performed so many noble deeds that he can afford to bear the burden of his faults. But the calmly-weighing judgment is embarrassed, and hesitates to pass sentence of condemnation. No one can contemplate all the difficulties of Napoleon's position without admitting that, in its labyrinth of perplexities, he has an unusual claim to charity.

Who, at that time, had a right to the throne of Spain? Charles IV. had

been nominally king. Godoy, the paramour of the queen, was the real sovereign. Charles had abdicated in favor of Ferdinand. He solemnly declared to the nation, "I never performed an action in my life with more pleasure." The same day in which he made this affirmation, he wrote his secret protest, in which he says, "I declare that my decree, by which I abdicated the crown in favor of my son, is an act which I was compelled to adopt to prevent the effusion of blood. It should, therefore, be regarded as null." Did the throne belong to Charles and Godoy? Ferdinand had grasped the throne. He had treasonably excited a rebellion, and had forced his father to abdicate. Had Ferdinand a right to the crown? Napoleon had convinced father, favorite, and son, that, with wine and hounds, they could pass their time more pleasantly than in governing an empire. They abdicated in his favor. Had Napoleon a right to the throne?

If Napoleon had decided to sustain the iniquitous claims of Ferdinand, who, by treachery and violence, had forced his father to abdicate, the world would have still more severely condemned him. He would foolishly have strengthened the party hostile to himself. He would have been most grossly recreant to his own principles, in upholding, by his armies, one of the most bigoted, unrelenting, and liberty-crushing despotisms earth has ever known. Standing before the world as the advocate of freedom in France and of slavery in Spain, he would have left a stigma upon his name which never could have been effaced. England did not hesitate to do that from which the conscientiousness of Napoleon revolted. By her fleets and her armies, she riveted upon a benighted people the fetters of a most abasing and intolerable despotism. She thus inflicted upon Spain, upon Europe, and upon the world, a wrong for which she never can atone. Look at Spain now. There she lies in her helpless and hopeless abyss of dishonor.

The combined kings of Europe, by conspiracies, by treachery, by the most rancorous violence, were striving to hurl Napoleon from his throne. Earth never before witnessed such gigantic endeavors. Not a monarch in the Old World had a higher and a holier claim to his crown than had Napoleon. The unanimous voice of the people had made him their king. In self-defense, he took from the Bourbons of Spain that power which they were striving to use for his destruction. With characteristic generosity, he did every thing in his power to mitigate the sorrows of their fall. By the course he pursued, he even won the love of their selfish hearts. But at last the combined kings succeeded. They dethroned Napoleon. They assigned to him no palace of leisure and of luxury. They sent him to years of protracted agony upon the storm-drenched rocks of St. Helena. Valençay and Longwood! Who was the magnanimous victor?

In reference to this affair, Napoleon remarked to O'Meara, "If the government I established had remained, it would have been the best thing that ever happened for Spain. I would have regenerated the Spaniards. I would have made them a great nation. In the place of a feeble, imbecile, superstitious race of Bourbons, I would have given them a new dynasty, which would have no claim upon the nation except by the good it would have rendered unto it. I would have destroyed superstition and priestcraft, and abolished the Inquisition, and monasteries, and those lazy beasts of friars."

In several conversations with Las Casas, he remarked, "The impolicy of my conduct in reference to Spain is irrevocably decided by the results. I ought to have given a liberal Constitution to the Spanish nation, and charged Ferdinand with its execution. If he acted with good faith, Spain must have prospered and harmonized with our new manners. The great object would have been obtained, and France would have acquired an intimate ally and an addition of power truly formidable. Had Ferdinand, on the contrary, proved faithless to his engagements, the Spaniards themselves would not have failed to dismiss him, and would have applied to me for a ruler in his place. At all events, that unfortunate war of Spain was a real affliction. It was the first cause of the calamities of France.

"I was assailed with imputations for which, however, I had given no cause. History will do me justice. I was charged in that affair with perfidy, with laying snares, and with bad faith, and yet I was completely innocent. Never, whatever may have been said to the contrary, have I broken any engagement, or violated my promise, either with regard to Spain or any other power.

"The world will one day be convinced that, in the principal transactions relative to Spain, I was completely a stranger to all the domestic intrigues of its court; that I violated no engagement with the father or the son; that I made use of no falsehoods to entice them both to Bayonne, but that they both strove which should be the first to show himself there. When I saw them at my feet, and was enabled to form a correct opinion of their total incapacity, I beheld with compassion the fate of a great people. I eagerly seized the singular opportunity held out to me by fortune for regenerating Spain, rescuing her from the yoke of England, and intimately uniting her with our system. It was, in my conception, laying the fundamental basis of the tranquillity and security of Europe. But I was far from employing for that purpose, as it has been reported, any base and paltry stratagems. If I erred, it was, on the contrary, by daring openness and extraordinary energy. Bayonne was not the scene of a premeditated ambush, but of a vast master-stroke of state policy. I could have preserved myself from these imputations by a little hypocrisy, or by giving up the Prince of Peace to the fury of the people. But the idea appeared horrible to me, and struck me as if I was to receive the price of blood. Besides, it must also be acknowledged that Murat did me a great deal of mischief in the whole affair.

"Be that as it may, I disdained having recourse to crooked and commonplace expedients. I found myself so powerful, I dared to strike from a situation too exalted. I wished to act like Providence, which, of its own accord, applies remedies to the wretchedness of mankind by means occasionally violent, but for which it is unaccountable to human judgment.

"Such, in a few words," says Napoleon, "is the whole history of the affair of Spain. Let the world write and say what it thinks fit, the result must be what I have stated. You will perceive that there was no occasion whatever for my pursuing indirect means, falsehoods, breach of promises, and violation of my faith. In order to render myself culpable, it would have been absolutely necessary that I should have gratuitously dishonored myself. I never yet betrayed any wish of such a nature."

"Perhaps in the whole annals of the world," says Alison, "blackened as they are by deeds of wickedness, there is not to be found a more atrocious system of perfidy, fraud, and dissimulation than that by which Napoleon won the kingdoms of the Spanish peninsula." On the contrary, says Sir Walter Scott, "To do Napoleon justice, he at no time, through this extraordinary discussion, made the least attempt to color his selfish policy." Sir Walter is undeniably right. It is a plain story. The Spanish Bourbons were involved in the most desperate family quarrel. Father and son hated each other implacably. Both, of their own accord, hastened to Napoleon to secure his co-operation. Napoleon, who had previously, in consequence of their perfidy, contemplated their overthrow, availed himself of this unexpected opportunity. He told them frankly that it was not safe for him to leave either of them upon the throne. He promised that, if they would abdicate, he would give them all they wanted—wealth and splendor. The hostility between the parent and the son was so malignant, that each party preferred to see Napoleon in possession of the throne rather than the other. They both accepted. Napoleon conferred upon them, with princely magnificence, palaces and hunting-grounds, and placed one of the noblest of men upon the throne of Spain. The regeneration of the degraded peninsula was commenced. Napoleon hoped that he was now secure from a stab in the back.*

While these scenes were transpiring at Bayonne, Napoleon was hourly animating, by his tireless energies, the most distant provinces in his empire. He had commenced a series of most herculean efforts to develop the maritime resources of France. Harbors and docks were formed. The coasts were fortified. Vessels of every description were built. Great care was devoted to the training of naval officers. Every available resource was called into action to protect the French flag from insult, and to secure for France the benefits of commerce. In his intervals of leisure, he mounted his horse and rode along the shore, visiting the sea-ports, and gaining much information relative to naval affairs. During one of these excursions, he had seen numbers of fine oaks and firs lying on the ground, and rotting for want of means of transport.

"*My heart bleeds,*" he wrote to his minister, "to see all this valuable wood perishing uselessly."

* Colonel Napier, who fought against Napoleon in the Spanish war, with his accustomed impartiality thus records the origin of the conflict:

"Neither was the aristocratical enmity to Napoleon asleep in Spain. A proclamation issued by the Prince of Peace previous to the battle of Jena, although hastily recalled when the result of that conflict was known, sufficiently indicated the tenure upon which the friendship of the Spanish court was held. This state of affairs drew the French emperor's attention toward the Peninsula, and a chain of remarkable circumstances, which fixed it there, induced him to remove the reigning family, and place his brother Joseph on the throne of Spain. He thought that the people of that country, sick of an effete government, would be quiescent under such a change; and although it should prove otherwise, the confidence he reposed in his own fortune, unrivaled talents, and vast power, made him disregard the consequences, while the cravings of his military and political system, and, above all, the temptations offered by a miraculous folly which outran even his desires, urged him to a deed that, well accepted by the people of the Peninsula, would have proved beneficial, but, being enforced contrary to their wishes, was unhallowed either by justice or benevolence." —*Napier's Peninsular War*, vol. i., p. 15.

CHAPTER II.

ACCUMULATING PERILS.

Thiers's Testimony to the universal Popularity of the Emperor—His unsullied Morality—His Vigilance at the Canal of Languedoc—Renewed Threatenings of Austria—Interview with Metternich—Influence of the Monks in Spain—Insurrection in Spain and Portugal—Trying Position of Joseph Bonaparte—The Bulls and Bears.

FROM Bayonne Napoleon returned to Paris. He visited, by the way, many of the southern departments of France. In every place he was received with transports of enthusiasm. France was in the highest state of prosperity. This prosperity was justly and universally attributed to the genius of Napoleon. With his own subjects he was by far the most popular sovereign in Europe. No monarch was ever surrounded with homage more sincere and universal. "He was every where," says Thiers, "greeted with every demonstration of respect by immense multitudes. The prodigious man who had rescued those provinces from civil war, and had given them back quiet, safety, prosperity, and the exercise of their religion, was in their eyes more than a man. He was almost a God."

Testimony like this falls strangely upon the ears of those who are familiar with only such representations as conquering England and the Bourbons of France have hitherto allowed to reach the public mind. Let the intelligent reader reflect for one moment upon the fact, that as soon as Napoleon had been crushed by his allied foes, it became a matter of the utmost importance to the reigning family in France, to England, and to every despotic government of Europe, to misrepresent the character of their illustrious antagonist. The stability of their thrones depended upon convincing the people that Napoleon was an execrable tyrant. Consequently, the wealth and the almost boundless patronage of all the monarchies of Europe were concentrated in securing the vituperation of the one lone exile of St. Helena. The trumpet peals of these assaults still reverberate through Europe, and now and then are faintly echoed even on our own shores. Never before was mortal man exposed to such an ordeal. Yet Napoleon, vanquished at Waterloo, became the victor at St. Helena. Alone upon his barren rock, prohibited from uttering one word in self-defense, he silently breasted the clamor which filled the world, and triumphed over it all.

The *people* in all lands adore the name of their great friend, Napoleon. Who *now* will venture to affirm that the Duke of Wellington, in alliance with all the despots of Europe, was struggling for *popular rights*, and that Napoleon Bonaparte, sustained by the sympathies of the people, was contending for *aristocratic privilege?* England had the boldness to affirm that she was fighting for the *liberties of Europe*. She conquered. She attained the end for which she fought. And where now are those boasted liberties? Did the perfidious Ferdinand confer them upon Spain? Are they to be found beneath the iron rule of the Bourbons of Naples? Did that Hungarian wail,

which recently tingled upon the ears of the world, sound like the shout of an enfranchised people? Are those dirges, blending with the gales which sweep the snows of Siberia, the pæans of popular freedom? The liberties of Europe! They fell, by the onslaught of all the banded despots of Christendom, in the carnage of Waterloo. They were entombed beneath the weeping willow of St. Helena. England now dreads the despotism of Russia as much as she once feared the democracy of France. When Napoleon fell, popular rights fell with him, and feudal aristocracy regained its sway. "Europe," said Napoleon, "must soon become Republican or Cossack." The gloom of Russian despotism, like the black pall of midnight, is now settling down over all the Continent.

It is not always easy to ascertain the facts in reference to the private morals of one who occupies a conspicuous position in the eyes of the world. There was a time when Napoleon was accused of every crime of which a mortal can be guilty. All the members of the Bonaparte family were likewise represented as utterly infamous. Even his bitterest enemies now admit that, in this respect, he has been grievously wronged.

"At one time," says the Encyclopædia Britannica, "any slanderous or infamous story derogatory to Napoleon readily gained credit in this country (England). Indeed, the more slanderous or infamous the tale, the greater became the certainty that it would be believed. The credulity of national hatred was not shocked by ordinary improbabilities. For instance, it was commonly said, and, we may add, universally believed, that Josephine was a woman of infamous character, or worse. The common belief is, however, altogether unsupported by evidence. *Is it probable that he who so fully recognized the necessity of discountenancing immorality, and who afterward drove from his presence and his service all women of questionable reputation,* would have done so had he been conscious that he had married a person of doubtful or of indifferent character?"

"In the autumn of 1802," says Ingersoll, "I saw Bonaparte. Monstrous ambition and tremendous downfall have given color to the vast detraction to which Napoleon was subjected. It will be some time before the truth can be gradually established, but it has been in continual progress of emancipation since his fall. Posterity will recognize him not only as a great, but likewise, in many respects, a good man, excelling in private and domestic virtues. Napoleon's morals were not only exemplary, but singular, compared with contemporary monarchs—Napoleon, apart from rabid ambition, was a model of domestic, particularly matrimonial virtues."

Louis Bonaparte, a man of unsullied purity of character, thus speaks of his brother Napoleon:

"He was temperate, and had only noble passions. That which is incontestable is, that, the husband of a first wife much older than himself, he lived matrimonially with her, in the most perfect harmony, even to the last day of their union, without giving her any subject of complaint. It is undeniable that no one can reproach him with keeping any titled mistress, nor with any scandal; and when married a second time, at the age of forty-two years, he treated his second spouse with courtesy, amiability, and with a delicacy of attentions which was never intermitted."

Among the innumerable gross charges which were brought against Napoleon, he was accused of improper intimacy with Hortense, the daughter of Josephine. Bourrienne was the private secretary of Napoleon. He was charged with peculation, and was dismissed from office. Upon the restoration of the Bourbons, he was taken into their service, and, while drinking of their cup, he wrote a bitter work against his former master. And yet he says, "This calumny must be classed among those which malice delights to take with the character of men who become celebrated. Let not this reproach be made a charge against him by the impartial historian. His principles were rigid in an extreme degree. Any fault of the nature charged neither entered his mind, nor was it in accordance with his morals or his taste."

The Duchess of Abrantes says of Hortense: "In the year 1800 she was a charming girl. She afterward became one of the most amiable princesses of Europe. I have seen many, both in their own courts and in Paris, but I never knew one who had any pretensions to equal talents. The First Consul looked upon her as his child. It was only in that country, so fertile in the inventions of scandal, that so foolish an accusation could have been imagined as that any feeling less pure than paternal affection actuated his conduct toward her. The vile calumny met with the contempt it merited. It is now only remembered to be confuted. The fact is, that Bonaparte had but one real passion. In that all his other feelings were absorbed." "Josephine," she says, "was insufferably vain of the fidelity of her husband."

In reference to this charge, Josephine thus wrote to Hortense: "They who, in the affection which my husband manifests for you, have pretended to discover other sentiments than those of a parent and a friend, know *not* his soul. His mind is too elevated above that of the vulgar to be ever accessible to unworthy passions."

His habits in this respect were so peculiar in those times of universal corruption, that while one party accused him of the most revolting debauchery, another party affirmed that he was a *monster*, whom God had deprived of the ordinary energies and passions of a man. In confirmation of this view, they referred to the fact that he was childless.

The Duchess d'Aiguillon, a former friend and benefactress of Josephine, during the tumult of those times had not preserved a perfectly spotless character. She wished to be received at court. Josephine, grateful for past kindnesses, made application in her behalf. Napoleon peremptorily refused. Josephine thus wrote to the duchess: "I am deeply afflicted. My former friends, supposing that I can obtain the fulfillment of all my wishes, must think that I have forgotten the past. The Emperor, indignant at the total disregard of morality, and alarmed at the progress it might still make, is resolved that the example of a life of regularity and of religion shall be presented in the palace where he reigns."

"Few individuals," says Ingersoll, "probably no one, had more influence in undermining and discrediting the empire of Napoleon than a woman who made love to him, and then took vengeance because he treated her courtship not only repulsively, but contemptuously. When he returned from Egypt there were but two females who had any power over the young conqueror of thirty. They were his wife and his mother. General Bonaparte was a

chaste, faithful, fond husband and son, on whom all the feminine attractions and temptations of Paris were thrown away; dressed simply, lived domestically and unostentatiously, avoiding all female connections beyond his own family."

At St. Helena Napoleon was one day reading the *Secret History of the Cabinet of Bonaparte*, by Goldsmith. The character of the Emperor was painted in the darkest hues of infamy. As Napoleon read page after page, he sometimes shrugged his shoulders, and at times even laughed outright. At last he mildly said, without betraying the least sign of anger, "They are in the wrong to attack me on the score of morals. All the world knows that I have singularly improved them. They can not be ignorant that I was not at all inclined by nature to debauchery. Moreover, the multiplicity of my affairs would never have allowed me time to indulge in it." When he came to the pages where his mother was described as guilty of most infamous conduct, he repeated several times, in tones of blended grief and indignation, "Ah, madame! Poor madame! with her lofty character! if she were to read this! Great God!"

These facts sufficiently prove that Napoleon is not to be catalogued with the dissolute and licentious kings who have so often disgraced the thrones of Europe. History can not record his name with such profligates as Henry VIII., Charles II., and George IV. From the companionship of such men he would have recoiled with disgust.

As Napoleon was visiting the southern departments of his empire, an incident occurred peculiarly illustrative of his watchfulness and of his discrimination. He had ordered some very difficult and important works to be executed on a bridge of the canal of Languedoc. The engineer had admirably accomplished the arduous achievement. Napoleon wished to inspect the works, and to reward the author of them on the theatre of his glory. He sent orders to the prefect of the department and the chief engineer to repair to the spot. Napoleon, ever punctual, arrived before the prefect, and found only the chief engineer at the place. He immediately entered into conversation with him, and asked many questions upon every point of difficulty which must have been encountered in the execution of an enterprise so arduous. The engineer seemed embarrassed, and replied with hesitation and confusion. Soon the prefect appeared. Napoleon promptly said to him,

"I am not correctly informed. The bridge was not made by that man. Such a work is far beyond his capacity." The prefect then confessed that the chief engineer was neither the originator of the plan nor the author of the works, but that they both belonged to a modest, subordinate man, unknown to fame.

The Emperor immediately sent for this sub-engineer, and questioned him closely upon every point upon which he was desirous of receiving information. He was perfectly satisfied with the answers.

"I am quite pleased," said he, "at having come in person to inspect these splendid works, otherwise I should never have known that you were the author of them, and you would have been deprived of the reward to which you are so justly entitled." He appointed the young man, whose genius he had thus discovered, chief engineer, and took him to Paris.

In the month of August, 1808, Napoleon returned to the metropolis. Austria, ever hostile at heart, and intensely humiliated by her defeats, had long been watching for an opportunity to fall again upon the dreaded foe of aristocratic privilege, the renowned champion of popular rights. Encouraged by the hostile attitude of Spain, and believing that Napoleon would be compelled to direct his main energies to that point, she began to assume a menacing attitude. She affected to believe that Napoleon intended to overthrow all the ancient reigning families of Europe. Pointing to the dethronement of the Bourbons of Spain, she exclaimed, "This is the fate which awaits all the old royalties of the Continent." "We will die," exclaimed the Archduke Charles, "if it must be so, with arms in our hands. But the crown of Austria shall not be disposed of as easily as that of Spain has been."

Military preparations immediately resounded throughout the whole kingdom. Seven hundred thousand men were armed and exercised every day. Fourteen thousand artillery horses were purchased, and a million of muskets. Twenty thousand workmen were employed upon the fortifications of Hungary, that the Austrians, in case of defeat, might retire to those distant retreats for a prolonged and a desperate resistance. Powerful divisions of the army began to defile toward the frontiers of France. National enthusiasm was aroused to the highest pitch. The French, wherever they were found, at Vienna, at Trieste, at the watering-places of Germany, were wantonly insulted.

Napoleon dreaded another war. He had nothing to gain by it. It thwarted his magnificent plans for enriching and embellishing his majestic empire. Peace was the most intense desire of his heart. Under these circumstances, he had an interview with M. Metternich, the Austrian minister. Napoleon was particularly gracious and mild, but very decided. Many of the ministers of other courts were present. In a low and gentle tone of voice, but sufficiently loud to be overheard by many who were present, he said,*

"You wish, M. Metternich, either to make war on us or to frighten us."

"We wish, sire," M. Metternich replied, "to do neither the one nor the other."

"Why, then," replied Napoleon, "your armaments? They agitate yourselves and Europe. They put peace in jeopardy, and ruin your finances."

"These arrangements are only defensive," said M. Metternich.

Napoleon mildly but firmly replied:

* "Meanwhile, the Austrian embassador at Paris had the difficult task to discharge of maintaining apparently amicable relations with the French government at the time when his cabinet were openly preparing the means of decided hostility. But the Baron Metternich, who then filled that exalted situation at the court of Napoleon, was a man whose abilities were equal to the task. A statesman in the widest acceptation of the word; gifted with a sagacious intellect, a clear perception, a sound judgment; profoundly versed in the secrets of diplomacy, and the characters of the leading political men with whom he was brought in contact in the different European cabinets; persevering in his policy, far-seeing in his views, unrivaled in his discrimination, and at the same time skillful in concealing these varied qualities; a perfect master of dissimulation in public affairs, and yet honorable and candid in private life; capable of acquiring information from others at the very moment when he was eluding all similar investigation from them; unbounded in application, richly endowed with knowledge, he also enjoyed the rare faculty of vailing those great acquirements under the cover of polished manners, and causing his superiority to be forgotten in the charms of a varied and intellectual conversation."—*Alison.*



NAPOLEON AND METTERNICH.

"Were your armaments only defensive, they would not be so hurried. When new organizations are to be created, one takes time, does nothing abruptly. Things are done best that are done slowly. One does not, under such circumstances, erect magazines, order assemblages of troops, and buy horses, particularly artillery horses. Your army amounts to nearly four hundred thousand men. Your militia will nearly equal the same number. Were I to imitate you, I should add four hundred thousand men to my effective force. That would be an armament out of all reason. I will not follow your example. It would soon be necessary to arm women and children, and we should relapse into a state of barbarism. Wherefore all these military preparations? Have I demanded any thing of you? Have I advanced claims to any of your provinces? The treaty of Pressburg has settled all claims between the two empires. Your master's word ought to have settled every thing between the two sovereigns. I demand nothing of you—I want nothing of you except mutual quiet and security. Is there any difficulty—any one difficulty—between us? Let it be known, that we may settle it on the spot."

M. Metternich replied: "The Austrian government, sire, has no thought of attacking France. It has not ordered any movement of troops."

"You are mistaken," Napoleon with quiet decision rejoined. "Assemblages of troops have taken place in Gallicia and Bohemia, in front of the

quarters of the French army. The fact is incontestable. The immediate result must be the assemblage of equal forces on the French side. I must consequently, instead of demolishing the fortresses of Silesia, repair, arm, and provision them, and put every thing again on a war footing. You are well aware that I shall not be taken by surprise. I shall be always prepared. You rely, perhaps, upon aid from the Emperor of Russia. You deceive yourself. I am certain of his adhesion, of the disapprobation he has manifested respecting your armaments, and of the course he will adopt on the occasion. Do not imagine, then, that the opportunity is a favorable one for attacking France. It would be a grievous mistake on your part. *You* do not desire war. I believe it of *you*, M. Metternich, of *your emperor*, and of the *enlightened men* of your country. But the German nobility, dissatisfied with the changes which have occurred, fill Germany with their rancor. You allow yourselves to be influenced. You communicate your emotions to the masses in urging them to arm. By-and-by you will be brought to that point at which one longs for a crisis, as a means of escaping out of an insupportable situation. That crisis will be war. Moral and physical nature alike, when they are come to that troubled state which precedes the storm, have need to explode, in order to purify the air and bring back serenity. This is what I fear from your present conduct. I repeat to you, I want nothing of you. I demand nothing but peace. But, if you make preparations, I shall make such that the superiority of my arms will not be more doubtful than in the preceding campaigns. Thus, in order to preserve peace, we shall have brought on war."

This conversation was immediately committed to paper by the Austrian minister, and sent to Vienna. The next day, effectually to sound the disposition of Austria, the French embassador was instructed to repeat to the Austrian cabinet that these extraordinary armaments must be stopped, or that war must openly be declared. Napoleon also called upon Austria for the recognition of Joseph as King of Spain. At the same time, Napoleon addressed a circular to the princes of the Confederation of the Rhine, in which he called upon them "to make ready their contingents, *to prevent a war, without a pretext as without an object*, by showing to Austria that they were prepared for it." An article also appeared in the *Moniteur*, which was said to be from the pen of Napoleon, in which he accused Austria of attempting to rouse the populace of Europe again to arms:

"Austria has adopted the revolutionary system. She has now no right to complain of the conduct of the Convention in proclaiming war to the palace and peace to the cottage. A plan has been organized at Vienna for a general insurrection all over Europe, the execution of which is confided to the ardent zeal of the princes of the house of Austria, propagated by the proclamations of its generals, and diffused by its detachments at the distance of six hundred miles from its armies."

But, in the mean time, affairs in Spain had assumed a most disastrous aspect. The monks, whose influence was almost boundless over the ignorant and fanatical populace, were exasperated. All over the land they suddenly kindled a blaze of insurrection. The pride of the nation was wounded. The French and the friends of the French were massacred with every conceiva-



THE MONKS AROUSING THE PEASANTS.

ble act of barbarity. Chateaux were pillaged and burned All the tumultuous and sanguinary horrors of the French Revolution were renewed. The Spanish people defended the throne and the altar with the same ferocity with which the French had assailed them both.

While Austria was assuming such a threatening attitude, Napoleon did not dare to withdraw from the vicinity of the Rhine the veteran troops assembled there. He had, consequently, been compelled to send only young

recruits into Spain. Of the 80,000 inexperienced and youthful conscripts whom Napoleon had ordered to the Peninsula, 17,000 were in the hospitals, leaving an efficient force of but 63,000 men. The Spanish authorities friendly to Joseph could place but little reliance upon the army under their command. The Spanish soldiers fraternized with the people. Bells rang the alarm. Beacon-fires blazed on every hill the signal for revolt. The pauper peasantry, weary of the monotony of a merely vegetable life, were glad of any pretext for excitement and for the chance of plunder. Napoleon had conferred upon Spain a good prince and good institutions. The Spaniards hurled that prince from his throne, and riveted again upon their own limbs the fetters of the most unrelenting despotism. Napoleon smiled when the Abbé de Pradt said to him,

"Sire, you are in the condition of the benevolent man who has rescued a termagant wife from the brutality of her husband. She falls upon her benefactor and scratches out his eyes."

The British navy, swarming in the waters which washed the Spanish coast, without waiting for orders from home, immediately and ardently espoused the cause of the insurgents. The English government received the tidings with enthusiasm. The king exclaimed to his Parliament, "The Spanish nation, thus nobly struggling against the usurpation and tyranny of France, can no longer be considered by me as the enemy of Great Britain, but is recognized by me as a natural friend and ally." All the Spanish prisoners of war were immediately released, clothed, armed, and sent to Spain to swell the number of the insurgent host. The vast energies of the British navy were called into requisition to land upon the Peninsula money and all kinds of military supplies. This was done with such profusion as to amaze the Spaniards. An army of 30,000 men was also sent to co-operate with the Spanish forces. These English troops were placed under the command of the Duke of Wellington, then Sir Arthur Wellesley. The iron decision he had developed in the bombardment of Copenhagen proved him worthy of the trust.*

Joseph, mild, humane, and a lover of peace, was appalled by the storm of war which had suddenly burst upon him. In his alarm he wrote to Napoleon: "I have nobody for me. We want fifty thousand veteran troops and ten millions of dollars. If you delay, we shall want one hundred thou-

* "But the occult source," says Napier, the world-renowned historian of the Peninsular War, "of most of these difficulties is to be found in the inconsistent attempts of the British cabinet to uphold national independence with internal slavery, against foreign aggression with an ameliorated government. The clergy [of Spain], who led the mass of the people, clung to the English, because they supported aristocracy and Church domination. *The English ministers, hating Napoleon, not because he was the enemy of England, but because he was the champion of equality*, cared not for Spain unless her people were enslaved. They were willing enough to use a liberal Cortes to defeat Napoleon, but they also desired to put down that Cortes by the aid of the clergy and of the bigoted part of the people."—Vol. iv., p. 259.

"It was some time before the Church and aristocratic party [of Spain] discovered that the secret policy of England was the same as their own. It was so, however, even to the upholding of the Inquisition, which it was ridiculously asserted had become objectionable only in name."—Vol. iv., p. 350.

"The *educated classes* in Spain shrunk from the British government's known hostility to all free institutions."—*Ibid.*

sand troops and twenty-five millions of dollars." Already loving his own subjects, he complained bitterly of the outrages with which the French soldiers retaliated the ferocity of the Spaniards.

Napoleon replied, "Have patience and good courage. I will not let you want any resource. You shall have troops in sufficient quantity. Do not set yourself up as the accuser of my soldiers; to their devotedness you and I owe what we are. They have to do with brigands who murder them, and whom they must repress by terror. Strive to gain the affection of the Spaniards. But do not discourage the army; that would be an irreparable fault."

With Austria raising such formidable armaments in the north, it was not safe for Napoleon to withdraw any of the veteran troops who were still lingering beyond the Rhine. He could only send to Joseph young conscripts, and an abundant supply of all military stores. Matters grew worse every day. All Spain and Portugal were in a blaze of insurrection. A division of the French army, consisting of nearly 20,000 men, under General Dupont, was surrounded at Baylen by vastly superior forces of the Spaniards. The French, wasted by sickness and suffering, and emaciated with starvation, were compelled to surrender. It was the first disgrace which had befallen the French eagles. When Napoleon heard the news he trembled with emotion. He had reposed the utmost confidence in General Dupont, and felt that, under the peculiar circumstances of the case, he should have died rather than have capitulated. Napoleon was at Bordeaux when the first tidings of the capitulation reached him. He read the dispatches in silent anguish. The minister for foreign affairs, who was present, was alarmed at the deep dejection manifested by the Emperor.

"Is your majesty unwell?" he inquired.

"No!"

"Has Austria declared war?"

"Would that were all!" exclaimed the Emperor.

"What, then, has happened?"

Napoleon, in bitterness of soul, recounted the humiliating details of the capitulation, and added,

"That an army should be beaten is nothing; it is the daily fate of war, and is easily repaired; but that an army should submit to a dishonorable capitulation is a stain on the glory of our arms which can never be effaced. Wounds inflicted on honor are incurable. The moral effect of this catastrophe will be terrible. What! they have had the infamy to consent that the haversacks of our soldiers should be searched like those of robbers! Could I have expected that of General Dupont—a man whom I loved, and was rearing up to become a marshal? They say he had no other way to prevent the destruction of the army, to save the lives of the soldiers. Better, far better, to have perished with arms in their hands, that not one should have escaped. Their death would have been glorious. We would have avenged them. You can always supply the place of soldiers. Honor alone, when once lost, can never be regained."

In the first outburst of his anguish he exclaimed, in reference to those who had signed the capitulation,

"They have sullied our uniform. It shall be washed in their blood." Soon, however, more generous feelings regained the ascendency. Sincerely he pitied his unfortunate friend. "Unhappy man!" he exclaimed again and again; "unhappy man! What a fall, after Albeck, Halle, Friedland! What a thing war is! One day, one single day, is enough to tarnish the lustre of a lifetime."

General Savary now advised Joseph to retire from Madrid and fortify himself upon the Ebro.

"But what will Napoleon say?" asked Joseph.

"The Emperor will scold," quietly remarked Savary. "His fits of anger are boisterous, but they do not kill. *He*, no doubt, would stay here. But what is possible for him is not so for others."

Joseph retreated from Madrid, and from his intrenched camp upon the Ebro wrote to his imperial brother,

"I have not a single Spaniard left who is attached to my cause. As a *general* my part would be endurable—nay, easy; for, with a detachment of your veteran troops, I could conquer the Spaniards; but as a *king* my part is insupportable, for I must slaughter one portion of my subjects to make the other submit. I decline, therefore, to reign over a people who will not have me. Still, I desire not to retire as conquered. Send me, therefore, one of your old armies. I will return at its head to Madrid, and treat with the Spaniards. I shall demand back from you the throne of Naples. I will then go and continue, amid the quiet which suits my tastes, the happiness of a people that consents to be prosperous under my care."

Napoleon was keenly wounded by the covert harshness of judgment which this letter contained. He ever loved Joseph, and prized his judgment and his co-operation above that of any other of his brothers. By the energies of his own mind he strove to reanimate the waning courage of Joseph.

"Be worthy of your brother," he wrote. "Try to bear yourself as becomes your position. What care I for a parcel of insurgents, whom I shall settle with my dragoons, and who are not likely to defeat armies that neither Austria, Russia, nor Prussia could withstand? I shall find the Pillars of Hercules in Spain. I shall not find there the limits of my power." Napoleon promised him immediate and effectual re-enforcements, and gave the most minute and sagacious counsel in reference to the prosecution of the war. The most exaggerated reports were sent to him of the forces of the insurgents. "In war," Napoleon replied, "it is at all times and in all places *difficult* to know the truth. But it is always *possible* to collect it, if one will be at the pains. You have a numerous cavalry and the brave Lasalle. Send out your dragoons to sweep the country over a range of thirty or forty miles. Seize the alcaldes, the curés, the notable inhabitants. Keep them until they speak. Interrogate them judiciously, and you will learn the truth, which you will never learn by going to sleep within your lines."*

* "Joseph's errors," says Colonel Napier, "did not escape the animadversion of his brother, whose sagacity enabled him, although at a distance, to detect through all the glare of the insurrection all its inefficiency. His notes dictated upon the occasion are replete with genius, and evince his absolute mastery of the arts of war.—Then followed an observation which may be studied with advantage by those authors who, unacquainted with the simplest rudiments of military science, censure the conduct of generals, and are pleased, from some obscure nook, to point out their errors to the

Joseph had no heart to fire upon the Spaniards. The war was conducted with but little vigor. Napoleon at first smiled at the continued display of weakness. He then wrote to Joseph to remain quietly behind his intrenchments upon the Ebro until the Emperor should arrive to help him. Matters had now assumed so threatening an aspect, that Napoleon, notwithstanding the hostile attitude of Austria, ventured to withdraw about one hundred thousand troops from the Rhine. He sent them, by forced marches, across the vast territory of France, to climb the Pyrenees, and to await his arrival. One hundred thousand young conscripts, gathered from the fields of France, were ordered to the vacancies caused by the departure of the veteran battalions. All the great thoroughfares of France were thronged by these vast masses of men passing in opposite directions.

The well-trained soldier cares little for his life. He becomes a mere animal. The soul is brutalized. The conscience is dead. He seeks to enjoy, by every indulgence, the brief existence which is left for him. Napoleon was consummately skillful in touching all the secret springs of human action. For these immense bands of men traversing France, his foresight provided, in all the important towns through which they should pass, the most brilliant entertainments. Illuminations and banquets greeted them. Martial songs were composed to be sung at these fêtes, celebrating the heroic exploits of the army, and stimulating the passion for military glory. At the same time, vast magazines of the munitions of war were established at the foot of the Pyrenees.

When Alexander heard of the disasters in Spain, he said to M. Caulaincourt, Napoleon's embassador,

"You must make the best of a bad job, and go through this matter without flinching. Your master sent to Spain young soldiers, and not enough of them. Besides, *he* was not there, and blunders have been committed. He will, however, soon repair all that. Your Emperor can not suffer any Bourbon so near him. This is, on his part, a consistent policy, which I entirely admit. I am not jealous of his aggrandizement, especially when it is prompted by the same motive as the last. Let him not be jealous of those which are in like manner necessary to my empire, and quite as easy to justify. For my part, I shall be invariable. I am about to address Austria in language which will induce her to reflect seriously on her imprudent conduct. I will prove to your master that I am faithful in bad and good fortune. Tell him, however, that we must see each other as soon as possible."

"In 1807," says Caulaincourt, "when I was sent as embassador to Russia,

world; authors who, profoundly ignorant of the numbers, situation, and resources of the opposing armies, pretend, nevertheless, to detail, with great accuracy, the right method of executing the most difficult and delicate operations of war. As the rebuke of Turenne, who frankly acknowledged to Louvois that he could cross the Rhine at a particular spot if the latter's finger were a bridge, has been lost upon such men, perhaps the more recent opinion of Napoleon may be disregarded. 'But it is not permitted,' says that consummate general, '*it is not permitted, at the distance of three hundred leagues, and without even a statement of the situation of the army, to direct what should be done.*'" —*Napier*, vol. i., p. 186.

"I am astonished," says Louis Bonaparte, "that Sir Walter Scott not only ventures to criticise Napoleon, but even goes so far as to give him lessons in tactics. Since these lessons were not published during the life of Napoleon, it is not surprising that he did not profit by them."—*Réponse à Sir Walter Scott, par Louis Bonaparte, Frère de L'Empereur*, p. 130.

the Emperor Napoleon had attained the zenith of his political fortune. The Emperor always entertained a just idea of the noble and the grand. He was economical in his own personal expenses, and a decided foe to extravagance and wastefulness, yet he was munificent in all that related to the dignity of the crown. No sovereign had a nicer perception of what was due to his exalted position. He was desirous that the embassador of the greatest nation in the world should maintain with regal splendor the rank of the country he had the honor to represent. 'I give you a *carte blanche* for the expenses of the embassy. We must not appear like citizens grown rich. The court of France must not show itself mean and petty. Our brother of Russia loves pleasure and luxury. Give magnificent fêtes.'

"You wish that I should introduce you to the brilliant court of Russia, where I found realized all the traditions of the youthful days of Louis XIV. Indeed, the glories of the Grand Monarque seemed, at that time, a fond dream at the court of St. Petersburg. No court ever presented within itself so many elements of pleasure and excitement. Youth, beauty, gayety, and splendor were ever grouped around the throne.

"On reception days, the scene which presented itself in the saloons of the palace exceeded all that imagination can picture. It was a realization of the wonders of the 'Arabian Nights.' Women of the most captivating beauty, grace, and elegance were sparkling in diamonds, and arrayed in a gorgeousness truly Asiatic. Some were intelligent and well educated, others frivolous and ignorant, but all were beautiful, and all devotedly fond of music and dancing. The young men, by the grace of their manners and language, and the elegance and luxury of their dress, completely eclipsed our most approved Parisian models, our Richelieus, Narbonnes, &c.

"Every day brought new fêtes, new parties of pleasure. I confess that I found it no easy matter to maintain my establishment in a style corresponding with the Russian notions of munificence. Balls, concerts, plays, and suppers occupied the evenings, and sledge parties were a favorite day amusement. I will mention one instance out of a thousand to give you an idea of the profuse expenditure of money in Russia. At a supper given after a ball at the embassy, a plate of five pears cost five hundred and fifty dollars. On another occasion, cherries which had been purchased at the price of eighty cents each were served as abundantly as though they had cost no more than twenty cents the pound. You must not imagine that this was an exception worthy of remark or calculated to excite surprise. On the contrary, any attempt to spare this expense would have appeared shabby and absurd.

"I must repeat to you a remark made by the Emperor on this subject. In my private correspondence with him, I frequently entered into the most minute details of all that was going on. He had desired me to write him gossiping letters. They amused him. When I informed him of the pears at one hundred dollars apiece, he answered, 'When I was a sub-lieutenant, I should have thought myself very fortunate if my yearly income had been as much as the price of your plate of Russian pears. Such extravagances are only to be expected in madmen or fools.' I am certain that the Emperor was really angry at this silly profusion."*

* *Recollections of Caulaincourt*, vol. i., p. 26, 27.

The state of the empire was now such that the public funds began to decline. England, Spain, and Portugal had combined their arms in the south. Austria, in the north, was arming seven hundred thousand men. Prussia, in the depths of her humiliation, was longing for an opportunity to retrieve her fallen fortunes. It was well known that the nobility of Russia, headed by the queen mother, were bitterly hostile to Napoleon. It was doubtful how long Alexander would be able to withstand their opposition. Speculators in the public funds endeavored to excite a panic. The price fell from ninety-four to as low as seventy. Napoleon immediately roused himself to encounter this financial warfare with the same vigor with which he was accustomed to meet his foes upon the field. "I mean," said he, "*to make a campaign against the bears.*"* By means of judicious purchases, steadily executed for one or two months, the speculators for a fall were beaten. The public funds rose again to the price which Napoleon deemed it a point of honor for the government to maintain. He was extremely gratified at this success. "We have beaten the bears," he said; "they will not try the game again. We have preserved for the creditors of state the capital to which they have a right; we have also effected good investments for the army funds." Many of the speculators in this financial warfare were ruined. Napoleon, with his accustomed generosity, conferred upon them some private recompense.

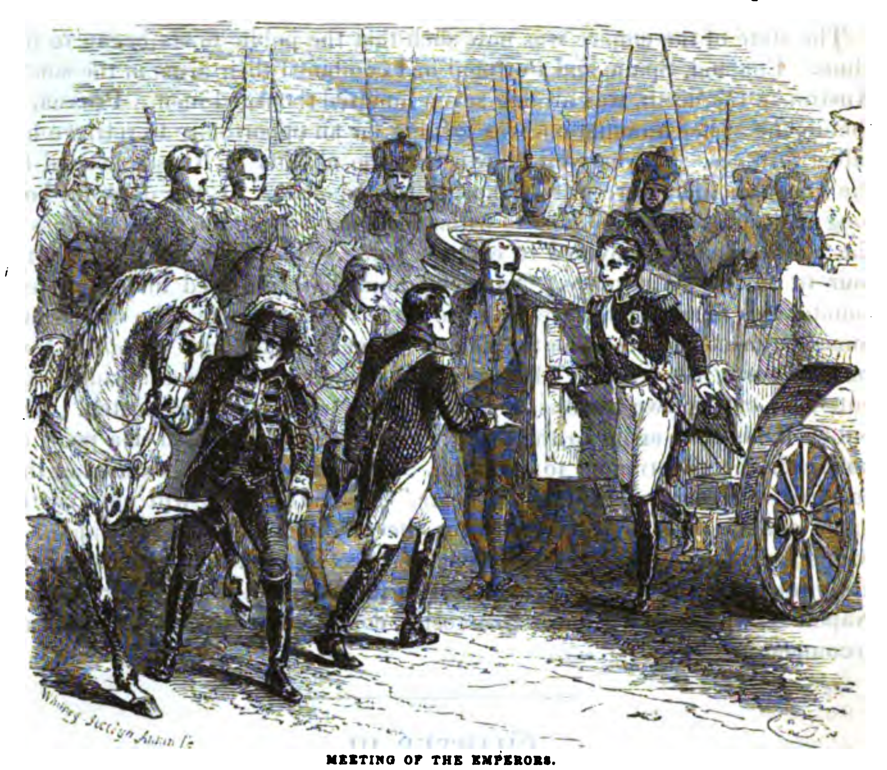
CHAPTER III.

THE EMPERORS AT ERFURTH.

Meeting of the Emperors at Erfurth—Homage of Napoleon to Men of Science and Genius—Character of Alexander—Letter to the Emperor of Austria—The Divorce alluded to—Minute and accurate Information of Napoleon—His prodigious Application—His Affection for Alexander—Letter to the King of England—Chilling Repulse of England—Napoleon's Remarks to O'Meara—Napier's Admission.

The 27th of September, 1808, the day appointed for the meeting at Erfurth, was drawing near. The attention of all Europe was directed to this celebrated interview. The destinies of the world seemed to depend upon its issues. Kings, princes, courtiers, from all parts of Europe, were crowding to witness the extraordinary spectacle. The Emperor of France was the hospitable host who was to receive them all as his guests. Napoleon left Paris surrounded by the most brilliant retinue which ever accompanied an earthly monarch. The people were proud to have their king, on this occasion, tower in splendor above all the kings of the nobles. Napoleon had previously dispatched thither all the appliances of gorgeous pleasure for the entertainment of those who live for pleasure only.

* "*Bears and Bulls*—terms applied to persons engaged in the gambling transactions of the Stock Exchange. A *Bear* is one who contracts to deliver, at a specified *future* time, stocks which he does not own; a *Bull* is one who contracts to take them. Hence, in the intervening time, it is the interest of the former to depress stocks, as the bear pulls down with his strong paws; and of the latter to raise stocks, as the bull throws upward with his horns. The stock is, in fact, never delivered, and was never meant to be. When the time for delivery arrives, the losing party pays the *difference* between the price of the stock *then* and at the time when the contract was made."—*Webster.*



MEETING OF THE EMPERORS.

He arrived at Erfurth at ten o'clock in the forenoon. The streets were already thronged with kings, dukes, princes, and high dignitaries of the Church, the army, and the state. After having received the homage and the congratulations of this illustrious throng, he rode at noon on horseback, accompanied by the King of Saxony, and attended by an immense and magnificent staff, to meet the Emperor Alexander, who was approaching in an open carriage. Napoleon met his friend and ally at the end of about six miles. On perceiving the carriage in which Alexander rode, he galloped toward it with the utmost eagerness. The two emperors alighted, and embraced each other with every expression of cordial friendship. Horses had been provided for Alexander and his suite. The two emperors rode into Erfurth side by side, conversing with most friendly animation.

At Erfurth, Napoleon presented to the Emperor Alexander all the illustrious personages admitted to the interview. He then escorted him to the palace prepared for his reception. It was arranged that Alexander should dine every day at Napoleon's table. In the evening there was a splendid banquet, crowded by the most illustrious personages Europe could furnish. The town was illuminated. A tragedy, developing the noblest traits of human nature, was performed by the most accomplished actors of France. Alexander sat by the side of Napoleon. As the sentiment was expressed from the stage,

"The friendship of a great man is a gift from the gods!"

Alexander gracefully rose, took the hand of Napoleon, and, bowing, said, "I experience the truth of that sentiment every day." An instinctive burst of

applause from a pit full of princes, nobles, and kings, shook the walls of the theatre.

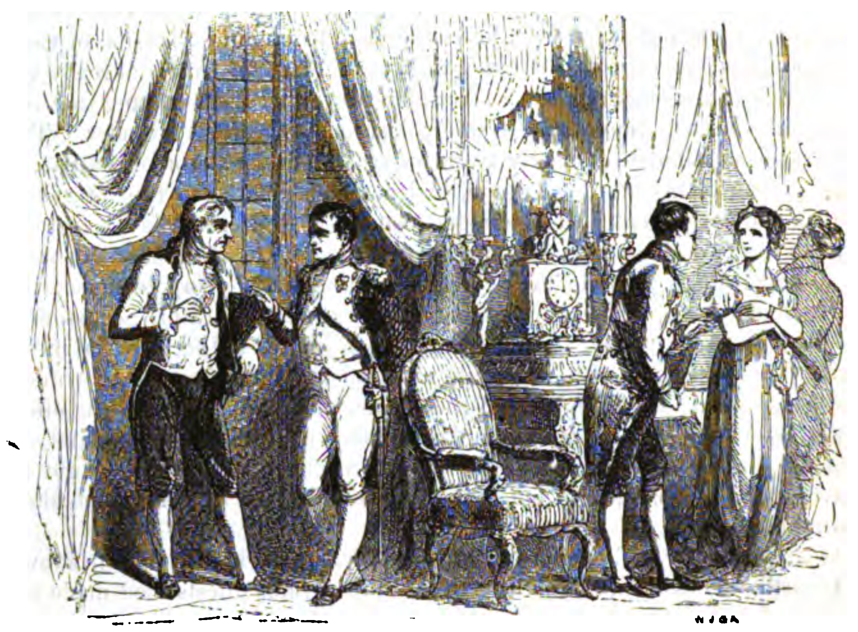
Napoleon had no relish for pleasure. Business was his only joy. Arrangements were immediately made for uninterrupted hours of conference. Alexander could hardly restrain his impatience to obtain possession of Constantinople. Napoleon was decided that, at all hazards, Russia, already too formidable in her gigantic power, must be prevented from making that acquisition. He was, however, extremely desirous to gratify Alexander. The conference continued for nearly twenty days. The Emperor of Austria, in consequence of his hostile attitude, had not been invited to the interview. Francis, however, sent an embassador, ostensibly to present his congratulations to the two sovereigns who had met so near to his empire, but in reality to penetrate, if possible, the secret of the interview. Napoleon received the Austrian envoy with courtesy, but with reserve. With his accustomed frankness, he said, "Your master has not been invited to this imperial meeting. We could not invite him while he is raising such threatening armies. If Austria desires the friendship of Russia and of France, she must manifest a friendly disposition. If she prefer the alliance of England, to England she must go for her intimacies." That the secrets of the interview might be safe, they were confided to but four persons—the two emperors and their two ministers.

All the splendor and the beauty of Germany had flocked to the little town of Erfurth. Napoleon, as the host of these illustrious guests, had made the most magnificent preparations for their enjoyment. While he kept them incessantly occupied with festivals, banquets, fêtes, and balls, all the energies of his mind were engrossed during the morning and afternoon, and deep into the hours of the night, by the majestic interests which were at his disposal.

There was a very distinguished lady whom the occasion had called to Erfurth, the Princess of Tour, sister of the Queen of Prussia. Her rank, her beauty, her intellectual fascination, attracted to her drawing-rooms all the refinement, loveliness, and genius of Germany. The highest names in literature and in science, allured by the patronage of Napoleon, mingled with the throng of princes and kings. Wieland and Goëthe were there. Napoleon turned aside from the brilliance of birth and of rank to pay his homage to the splendors of genius.

Wieland thus describes an interview with the Emperor in the saloon of the Princess of Tour: "I had been but a few minutes in the room when Napoleon crossed it to come to us. I was presented by the Duchess of Weimar. He paid me some compliments in an affable tone, fixing his eye piercingly upon me. Few men have appeared to me to possess, in the same degree, the power of penetrating at a glance the thoughts of others. I have never beheld any one more calm, more simple, more mild, or less ostentatious in appearance. Nothing about him indicated the feeling of power in a great monarch. He spoke to me as an old acquaintance would speak to an equal. What was more extraordinary on his part, he conversed with me exclusively for an hour and a half, to the great surprise of the assembly. He appeared to have no relish for any thing gay. In spite of the prepossessing amenity of his manners, he seemed to me to be of bronze. Toward mid

night I began to feel that it was improper to detain him so long, and I took the liberty to demand permission to retire. 'Go, then,' said he, in a friendly tone. 'Good-night!'"



SOIRÉE AT ERFURTH.

Müller, the celebrated Swiss historian, had an interview with Napoleon about the same time. He thus records the effect which the conversation produced upon his mind. "Quite impartially and truly, as before God, I must say, that the variety of his knowledge, the acuteness of his observation, the solidity of his understanding, filled me with astonishment. His manner of speaking to me inspired me with love for him. It was one of the most remarkable days of my life. By his genius and his disinterested goodness, he has conquered me also."

Alexander, with all his ambition, was a lover of pleasure, graceful and amiable. One evening, at a ball, while Alexander was dancing with the Queen of Westphalia, Napoleon was conversing with Goëthe, the author of Werter. At the close of the evening, Napoleon wrote to Josephine, "I have attended a ball in Weimar. The Emperor Alexander danced. But I? no! Forty years are forty years."*

Alexander was a man of gallantry. There was a distinguished actress at Erfurth, alike celebrated for her genius and her beauty. She attracted the

* "*Le 9 Octobre*, 1808.

"J'ai reçu, mon amie, ta lettre. Je vois avec plaisir que tu te porte bien. Je viens de chasser sur le champ du bataille de Jena. Nous avons déjeuné dans l'endroit où j'avais passé la nuit au bivouac.

"J'ai assisté au bal de Weimar. L'Empereur Alexandre danse, mais moi, non; quarante ans sont quarante ans.

"Ma santé est bonne au fond, malgre quelques petits maux. Adieu, mon amie. Tout à toi. J'espere te voir bientôt. NAPOLEON."

attention of the imperial gallant. He inquired of Napoleon if there would be any inconvenience in his forming her personal acquaintance. "None whatever," Napoleon coolly replied, "excepting that it would be a certain mode of making you known to all Paris. At the next post-house, the most minute particulars of your visit to her will be dispatched." The Czar was very sensitive to such notoriety, and this hint cooled his rising passion. It was at Erfurth that Napoleon made the memorable observation to Talma on his erroneous view of Nero in the Britannicus of Racine. "The poet," said he, "has not represented Nero as a merciless despot at the commencement of his career. It was not till love, his ruling passion at the moment, was thwarted, that he became violent, cruel, and tyrannical."

A fête was arranged on the field of the battle of Jena, where Napoleon had annihilated the Prussian army. It was given to Napoleon by those who were willing to forget their defeat in their desire to honor him. A magnificent tent was pitched on the summit of the Landgrafenberg, where Napoleon had bivouacked on the 19th of October, two years before. Napoleon, with a gorgeous retinue, rode over the field of battle. A vast multitude, from leagues around, thronged the field, and, dazzled by the splendor of the mighty conqueror, surrounded him with their acclamations. The little town of Jena had been seriously injured in the conflict of that dreadful day. Napoleon sent a gift of 60,000 dollars for the benefit of those inhabitants who had suffered from the calamity.

At last the two emperors had resolved all their difficulties, and signed the following convention. France and Russia solemnly renewed their alliance, and engaged to make peace or war in common. The two emperors agreed to make a formal proposal for peace to England, and to do this on terms so manifestly just that the *people* of England should demand peace of the English cabinet. Russia consented that the crown of Spain should remain upon the head of Joseph. France consented that Alexander should take possession of Finland, Moldavia, and Wallachia. Napoleon, with his own hand, drew up the letter, which was addressed directly to the King of England, proposing peace. It was signed by both of the emperors.

Austria was deeply irritated in not being admitted to this interview. Napoleon granted the embassador of Francis an audience of leave. He took occasion again to remonstrate against the unfriendly attitude Austria was assuming. "The court of Vienna," said he, "must expect to be excluded from the affairs of Europe so long as she manifests a disposition again to disturb the repose of Europe." Napoleon presented the embassador with a letter for the Emperor Francis. It was conceived in a frank, generous, and noble spirit. It was expressed as follows:

"Sire and Brother,—I have never doubted your majesty's upright intentions. I have, notwithstanding, had fears for a while of seeing hostilities renewed between us. There is a faction in Vienna which affects alarm, in order to hurry your cabinet into violent measures. I have had it in my power to dismember your majesty's monarchy, or at least to leave it less powerful. I did not choose to do so. What it is, it is by my consent. This is the most convincing proof that I desire nothing of your majesty. I am always ready to guarantee the integrity of your majesty's monarchy. I will never

do any thing contrary to the substantial interests of your dominions. But your majesty must not open questions which fifteen years of war have settled. Your majesty must prohibit every proclamation or proceeding provocative of war. By pursuing a straightforward and frank line of conduct, your majesty will render your people happy; you will enjoy yourself the repose which you must earnestly desire after so many troubles. Let your majesty's proceedings display confidence, and they will inspire it. The best policy in these days is simplicity and truth. Let your majesty make known to me your apprehensions. I will instantly disperse them."

During these private interviews, the question of the divorce of Josephine, and of a nuptial alliance with the Russian monarchy, was introduced. It is with deep pain that we approach that subject. It is the great and the ineffaceable stain which rests upon the character of Napoleon. Josephine, the gentle, the loving, the magnanimous, forgave him. The world never can. She had stood by his side during all the conflicts of their tumultuous life. She had aided in achieving his renown. She had loved him with a fervor and a faithfulness which never have been surpassed. No earthly motives ought to have sufficient power to sever the sacred ties which bound them. God seems to have frowned upon the deed. Napoleon himself was constrained to confess that it was the greatest calamity of his life. It is no excuse for Napoleon to admit that the temptation was stronger than was ever before presented to mortal man; that there were blended with the motives which instigated to the deed, sentiments as lofty and sublime as ever mingled with towering ambition.

But while we thus in sorrow condemn, let us still be just to Napoleon, and listen to the plea which he presents to mitigate the verdict of the world's censure. Josephine also, her face all bathed in tears, her heart all glowing with love, presents herself before that same severe tribunal to implore the forgiveness of that adored husband, who loved her as he loved no other mortal, and yet discarded her. The divorce of Josephine! it is one of the most extraordinary, the most sublime, the most touching of the tragedies which time has enacted. Listen to the plea of Napoleon. He says to Josephine, "I love you, and you only. To your affection I am indebted for the only few moments of happiness I have ever enjoyed on earth. Monarchical Europe is in arms against me, a plebeian monarch. All feudal thrones are in heart still hostile. There is no prospect of any termination to wars and woes, desolating ten thousand homes, and deluging all lands with blood. If I form an alliance with some imperial house like that of Russia or Austria, it introduces me into the family of kings. My child is recognized by other monarchs as of royal lineage. I secure an ally whose dignity is involved in sustaining my rights. Peace is restored to Europe. Thousands of dwellings are rescued from the ravages of war. We can still love each other. We can still be, in heart, the nearest and dearest friends. We can still correspond and meet in the most confiding friendship. Ought we not to be willing to sever the *one tie* which makes us husband and wife, to accomplish purposes so infinitely vast? United as our hearts are, it is the greatest sacrifice that mortals ever made, but it is to accomplish the greatest benefits which were ever presented to mortal choice.

"Should I die, Josephine, who is to succeed me upon the throne of France? A hundred ambitious claimants, grasping the sword, will rouse the nation to anarchy. Fire, blood, ruin, will be the legacy we shall bequeath to France. Should God bless me with an heir, all these woes will be arrested. The nation will go on in prosperity and peace. Is it not, then, a noble offering for us to place upon the altar of our country—the sacrifice of our hearts? France will appreciate the offering. The blessings of unborn generations will rest upon us."

No one can be insensible to the grandeur of these sentiments. Napoleon had not been educated in the school of strict religious principle. He could not contemplate the subject as it is regarded by the well-instructed Christian. He heard no voice uttering the solemn words, "Thus saith the Lord." He was influenced only by considerations of worldly justice and expediency. In that view, it was, apparently, a noble sacrifice, promising most beneficial results. But there is a divine justice which sustains divine law, even when mortal vision is blind to its requisitions. Napoleon sinned against the law of God. High upon a pinnacle of glory, his sin was witnessed by the world. The world has seen the penalty.

Alexander, with the most flattering expressions of regard, replied to the overture which M. Talleyrand suggested upon this delicate subject. He immediately signified to Napoleon how ardently he anticipated the day when they should be not only friends, but brothers. His countenance beamed with satisfaction as he alluded to the period when, in visiting Paris, he might embrace his sister as the Empress of France. He, however, spoke freely of the strong prejudices cherished by his mother, and by the majority of the nobles. They were violently opposed to that popular monarch who was shaking every where in Europe the foundations of feudal power. The subject was but briefly alluded to in this interview. Napoleon had often pondered the matter deeply. He had, however, often been arrested in that design by the sincere affection which bound him to the wife of his youth. A thousand busy tongues had often whispered the dreadful rumor to Josephine, but Napoleon had not yet ventured to allude to the subject in her presence.

Alexander was never weary of expressing his admiration of the French Emperor, not only as regarded his genius, but his grace, his fascinating vivacity, and his kindliness of heart. "He is not only," he often said, "the greatest man living, but he is also the best man. People think him ambitious and fond of war. He is no such thing. He only makes war from political necessity, from the compulsion of circumstances."

All were amazed at the extent and the accuracy of Napoleon's information upon every subject which was introduced. He conversed with divines, philosophers, historians, dramatists, and his intellectual superiority was universally recognized. His acute criticisms upon Tacitus, as picturing his own times in hues too sombre; his powerful contrast between Christianity and Mohammedanism; his rapid glance at the defects in the literature of modern times, impressed all scholars with the consciousness of the universality of his genius. Speaking of the German drama, imitated from Shakspeare, in which tragedy and comedy, the terrible and the ludicrous, are strangely blended, he said to Goëthe, "I am astonished that a great intellect like yours does not

prefer the more distinctly defined forms!" "A profound saying," remarks Thiers, "which very few critics of our day are capable of comprehending."

At one of the dinner-parties, a question arose concerning a certain Papal decree known as the "*Golden Bull.*" Some one, in quoting this document, assigned its date to the year 1409. "You are wrong," said Napoleon; "the Bull was published in 1336, in the reign of the Emperor Charles IV." A curiosity was immediately expressed to learn how Napoleon could be acquainted with such minute matters of learning. "*When I was a lieutenant in the army,*" said Napoleon, smiling at the surprise of his princely auditors, "I was three years in the garrison at Valence. Not being addicted to society, I lived very retired. I happened to lodge at the house of a bookseller, to whose library I had ready access. I read through the books it contained more than once, and have forgotten little of their contents, whether relating to military or other affairs."

Indeed, his powers of application and memory seemed almost preternatural. There was scarcely a man in France of any note with whose private history, character, and qualifications he was not acquainted. He had tables drawn up with great accuracy by his ministers, which he called "the moral statistics of his empire." These he carefully corrected by ministerial reports and private correspondence. He received all letters himself, read them, and never forgot their contents. He slept but little, and improved every moment of time when awake. So retentive was his memory, that sums over which he had once glanced his eye were never effaced from his mind. He recollected the respective produce of all taxes through every year of his administration. His detection of errors in accounts appeared so marvelous as to create a general persuasion that his vigilance was almost supernatural. In running over an account of expenditure, he perceived the rations of a particular battalion charged on a certain day at Besançon. "But the battalion was not there," said Napoleon. "It is an error." The minister, remembering that at that time Napoleon was absent from France, insisted that the account was correct. It proved to be a fraud. The dishonest accountant was dismissed. The anecdote circulated through the empire, a warning to every unfaithful clerk.

The Swiss deputies, in 1801, were astonished at his familiar acquaintance with the history, laws, and usages of their country. The envoys of the obscure republic of San Marino were bewildered on finding that Napoleon was perfectly acquainted with the families, the feuds, and the local politics of their society.

When Napoleon was passing to the island of Elba in the Undaunted, he conversed much upon naval affairs. One day, at the dinner-table, he alluded to a plan which he had once conceived of building a vast number of ships of the line. It was suggested that he would find much difficulty in forming thorough seamen, as the English fleet had command of all seas. Napoleon replied that he had organized exercises for the seamen not only in harbor, but in smaller vessels near the coast, that they might be trained in rough weather to the most arduous maneuvers of seamanship. Among other difficulties which he enumerated, he mentioned that of keeping a ship clear of her anchors in a heavy sea. One gentleman at the table asked him the

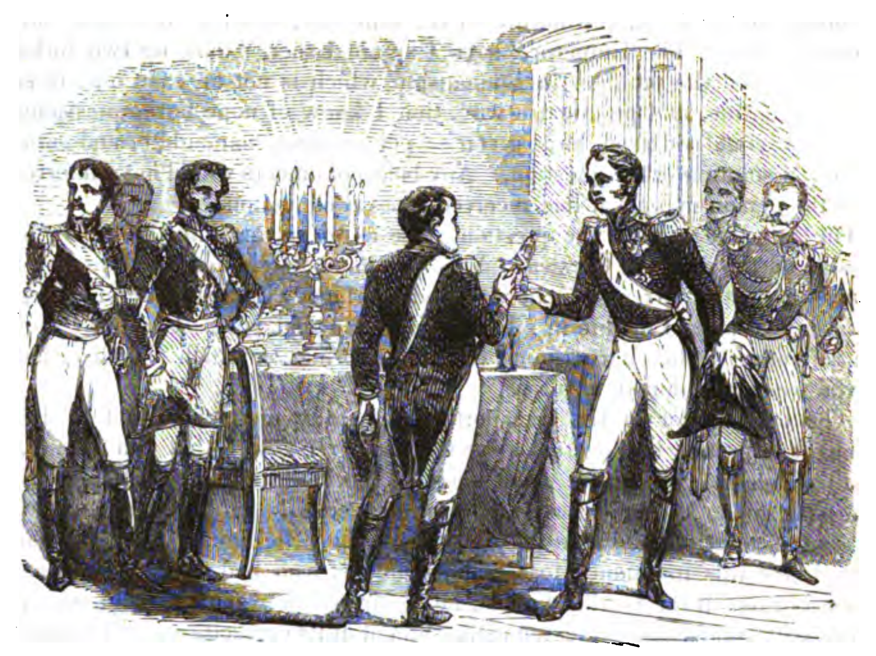
meaning of the term, the nature of the difficulty, and the method of surmounting it. "The Emperor," says Captain Usher, "took up two forks, and explained the problem in seamanship, which is not an easy one, in so short, scientific, and practical a way, that I know of none but professional men who could, offhand, have given so perspicuous, seamanlike, and satisfactory a solution of the question. Any board of officers would have inferred that the person making it had received a naval education."

On the same voyage, the question arose as to putting into the harbor of Bastia, on the island of Corsica. Napoleon immediately described the depth of water, shoals, currents, anchorage, and bearings, with as much minuteness as if he had passed his life in piloting ships into that port. Captain Usher, on reference to the charts, found that the information which Napoleon had given was scrupulously accurate.

The commander of the transports incidentally mentioned that he had thought of putting into a creek near Genoa. "It is well that you did not," said Napoleon. "It is the worst place in the Mediterranean. You would not have got to sea again for a month or six weeks." He then proceeded to a minute description of the peculiarities of the little bay. When this circumstance was mentioned to Captain Dundas, who had recently returned from a cruise in the Gulf of Genoa, he confirmed the report of Napoleon in all its particulars, and expressed astonishment at its correctness. "I thought it," said he, "a discovery of my own, having ascertained all you have just told me about that creek by observation and experience."

Napoleon possessed a power of intense and protracted application which has probably never been surpassed. In the deliberations on the civil code, he was often employed twelve or fifteen hours without any abatement of energy. He established an office with twelve clerks, and Mounier at their head, whose sole duty it was to extract and classify the contents of the English newspapers. He charged Mounier to omit no abuse of him, however coarse or malignant. Mounier ventured to soften, and sometimes to suppress, the virulent abuse which was occasionally thrown upon Josephine. Napoleon questioned others upon the contents of the English journals. He thus detected Mounier in his kindly-intentioned mutilations. He forbade him to withhold any intelligence or any censure. He found time for private and varied reading, garnering, at a glance, the contents of a volume. Every morning his librarian was employed for some time in replacing books and maps which the Emperor's insatiable and unwearied curiosity had examined before breakfast.

On one occasion, at Erfurth, the Czar, on entering Napoleon's dining-room, was about to lay aside his sword, but found that he had forgotten it. Napoleon immediately presented him with his own weapon. Alexander accepted it with the most evident gratification. "I accept your majesty's gift," he exclaimed, "as a pledge of your friendship. You may be assured that I shall never draw it against you." "We exchanged," said Napoleon, "the most striking testimonies of affection, and passed some days together, enjoying the delights of perfect intimacy, and the most familiar intercourse of private life. We were like two young men of fortune; who, in our common pleasures, had no secrets from each other." Napoleon wrote to Josephine, "I



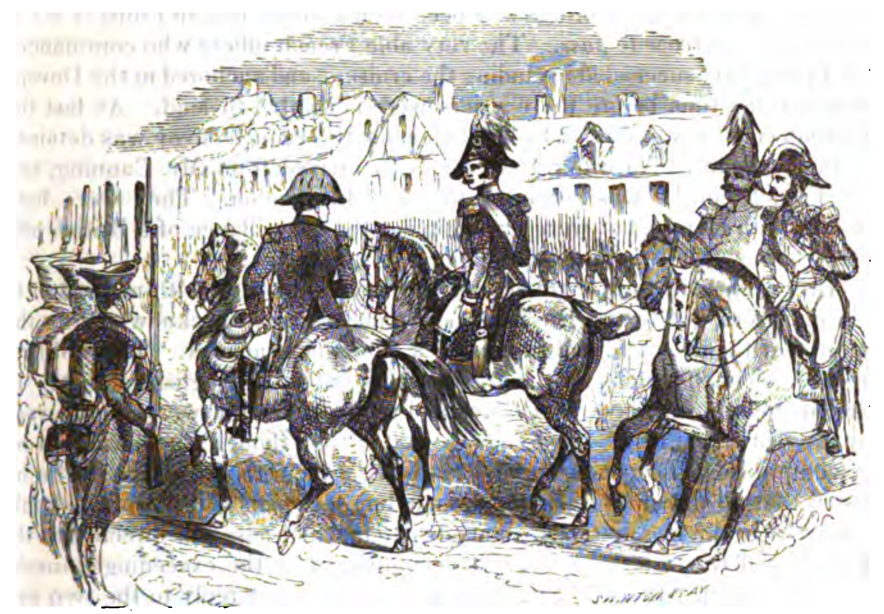
THE PRESENT OF THE SWORD.

am content with Alexander. He ought to be so with me. If he were a woman, I think I should fall in love with him."*

On the morning of the 14th of October, Napoleon and Alexander rode out of Erfurth on horseback, side by side. The troops were under arms. A vast multitude from all the adjoining country thronged the streets to witness their departure. They rode a few miles together, and then dismounted. While grooms led their horses, they walked for a short time, deeply engaged in confidential communings. They then embraced with cordial affection. The ties of sincere friendship, as well as those of policy and ambition, united them. Alexander entered his carriage. Napoleon mounted his horse. They then clasped hands in a final adieu. The rumbling of wheels and the clatter of hoofs were heard as the two emperors, surrounded by their brilliant suites, separated. Alexander departed for St. Petersburg. Napoleon returned, silent and thoughtful, to Erfurth. They never met again. But their respective armies soon rushed to the conflict against each other, amid the flames of Moscow, and on the ensanguined field of Waterloo.

Napoleon, upon returning to Erfurth, took leave of the princes and other illustrious personages who still remained. In the afternoon of the same day he took his carriage for Paris. The little town, which had thus suddenly become the theatre of the most gorgeous display of earthly grandeur, was left to its accustomed silence and solitude. Napoleon, with his ordinary disregard of sleep or of rest, pressed forward with the utmost velocity by day and by night. On the morning of the 18th he arrived at St. Cloud.

* "Je suis content d'Alexandre ; il doit l'être de moi. S'il était femme, je crois que j'en ferais mon amoureuse."



LAST INTERVIEW BETWEEN THE EMPERORS.

An embassy, consisting of two couriers—one from France, the other from Russia—was immediately dispatched, to convey to the King of England the united letter of the emperors imploring peace. The following is a copy of this remarkable document, which was signed by Napoleon and Alexander:

"Sire! The present situation of Europe has brought us together at Erfurth. Our first wish is to fulfill the desire of all nations, and, by a speedy pacification with your majesty, to take the most effectual means for relieving the sufferings of Europe. The long and bloody war which has convulsed the Continent is at an end, and can not be renewed. Many changes have taken place in Europe; many governments have been destroyed. The cause is to be found in the uneasiness and the sufferings occasioned by the stagnation of maritime commerce. Greater changes still may take place, and all will be unfavorable to the politics of England. Peace therefore is, at the same time, the common cause of the nations of the Continent and of Great Britain. We unite in requesting your majesty to lend an ear to the voice of humanity, to suppress that of the passions, to reconcile contending interests, and to secure the welfare of Europe and of the generations over which Providence has placed us."

This important dispatch was directed to Mr. Canning, the prime minister, inclosed in an envelope, the superscription of which signified that it was addressed, by their majesties the Emperor of the French and the Emperor of Russia, to his majesty the King of Great Britain. The couriers were requested to say every where that they came with proposals of peace. Napoleon wished the English people to understand that the responsibility of the war, if hostilities were to continue, rested not with him, but with the cabinet at London. The couriers dispatched from Boulogne found no little difficulty in reaching England. The British ministers were so opposed to peace,

that the most stringent orders had been issued to the British cruisers *not to allow a flag of truce to pass.* The very able French officer who commanded the French brig succeeded in eluding the cruisers, and anchored in the Downs. It was some time before the couriers were permitted to land. At last the Russian courier was sent on to London, while the French envoy was detained at the seaboard. An order, however, soon arrived from Mr. Canning, and the French courier was permitted to repair to London. They were both treated with civility, but were placed under the surveillance of a British officer, who never left them for a moment.

After a lapse of forty-eight hours, they were sent back with notes, not to the emperors, but to the Russian and French *ministers*, acknowledging the receipt of the dispatch, and promising a subsequent answer. This cold response indicated too clearly the unrelenting spirit of the English cabinet. In the course of a few days, an evasive and recriminative answer was returned by the British minister. The message stated that, though England often received proposals for peace, she did not believe them to be sincere. She insisted that all the allies of England, including the Spanish insurgents, should take part in the negotiations. This dispatch, which also was directed to the French and Russian *ministers*, was accompanied by the exceedingly insulting declaration, "that the English ministers could not reply to the two *sovereigns*, since *one of them was not recognized by England.*" Notwithstanding this chilling repulse and this unpardonable insult, Napoleon had so much respect for his own glory, and was so intensely anxious for peace, that he returned a friendly reply. He promptly consented to admit all the allies of England to participate in the negotiations, excepting only the Spanish insurgents. Upon the receipt of this note, England peremptorily declared, in most offensive terms, to both France and Russia, that no peace was possible with two courts, one of which dethroned and imprisoned the most legitimate kings, and the other of which, from interested motives, countenanced such atrocities.

Colonel Napier admits "the insulting tone of Mr. Canning's communication," and says, what Napoleon's "real views in proposing to treat were it is difficult to determine. He could not expect that Great Britain would have relinquished the cause of Spain. He must therefore have been prepared to make some arrangement upon that head, unless the whole proceeding was an artifice to sow distrust among his enemies. The English ministers asserted that it was so. But what enemies were they among whom he could create this uneasy feeling? Sweden, Sicily, Portugal! The notion as applied to them was absurd. It is more probable that he was sincere. He said so at St. Helena, and the peculiar circumstances of the period at which the conferences of Erfurth took place warrant a belief in that assertion."

Thus the English minister broke off the negotiation, and all hopes of peace vanished. The gold and the diplomacy of the cabinet of St. James now infused new vigor into the warlike spirit of Austria, and roused anew the fanatic peasantry of Spain. The storms of war again swept, in flame and blood, over ill-fated Europe, and new changes were rung upon "*the insatiable ambition of Bonaparte.*"*

* It is a little remarkable that Sir Archibald Alison should not have deemed these extraordinary events of sufficient moment to be recorded in his voluminous and glowing pages.

Colonel Napier censures the British government severely for refusing to negotiate. He justifies Napoleon in his refusal to admit the Spaniards as a party to the conference. "To have done that," he says, "would have been to resign the weapon in his hands before he entered the lists. That England could not abandon the Spaniards is unquestionable, but that was not a necessary consequence of continuing the negotiations. There was a bar put to the admission of a Spanish diplomatist, but no bar was thereby put to the discussion of Spanish interests. The correspondence of the English minister would not of necessity have compromised Spanish independence; it need not have relaxed, in the slightest degree, the measures of hostility, nor retarded the succors preparing for the patriots.

"But such an enlarged mode of proceeding was not in accordance with the shifts and subterfuges that characterized the policy of the day, when it was thought wise to degrade the dignity of such a correspondence by a ridiculous denial of Napoleon's titles, and praiseworthy to render a state paper, in which such serious interests were discussed, offensive and mean, by miserable sarcasm, evincing the pride of an author rather than the gravity of a statesman. There is sound ground also for believing that hope, derived from a silly intrigue carried on through the Princess of Tour and Taxis with Talleyrand and some others, who were even then ready to betray Napoleon, was the real cause of the negotiation having been broken off by Mr. Canning."*

"Let your ministers say what they like," said Napoleon to O'Meara, at St. Helena, "I was always ready to make peace. At the time that Fox died, there was every prospect of effecting one. If Lord Lauderdale had been sincere at first, it would also have been concluded. Before the campaign in Prussia, I caused it to be signified to him that he had better persuade his countrymen to make peace, as I should be master of Prussia in two months; for this reason, that although Russia and Prussia united might be able to oppose me, yet that Prussia alone could not. The Russians were three months' march distant. As I had intelligence that the Prussians intended to defend Berlin instead of retiring to obtain the support of the Russians, I could destroy their army and take Berlin before the Russians came up. The Russians alone I could easily defeat afterward. I therefore advised him to take advantage of my offer of peace before Prussia, who was your best friend on the Continent, was destroyed. After this communication, I believe that Lord Lauderdale was sincere, and that he wrote to your ministers recommending peace. But they would not agree to it, thinking

Sir Walter Scott briefly says, "The two emperors joined in a letter to the King of Great Britain, proposing a general peace. The proposal, as must have been foreseen, went off on Britain demanding that the Spanish government and the King of Sweden should be admitted as parties to the treaty." We can but admire the felicitous ambiguity of the phrase "*went off.*"

* "The insulting tone of Mr. Canning's communication produced an insulting reply from M. de Champagny, which also finished by proposing the 'uti possidetis' as a basis for a treaty, and expressing a hope that, without losing sight of the inevitable results of the force of states, it would be remembered that between great powers there could be no solid peace but that which was equal and honorable for both parties. Upon the receipt of these replies, the English minister broke off the negotiations, and all chance of peace vanished; but, previous to the conclusion of this remarkable correspondence, Napoleon had returned to Paris."—*Napier*, vol. i., p. 171

that the King of Prussia was at the head of a hundred thousand men; that I might be defeated, and that a defeat would be my ruin. This was possible. A battle sometimes decides every thing; and sometimes the most trifling event decides the fate of a battle. The event, however, proved that I was right. After Jena, Prussia was mine. After Tilsit and at Erfurth, a letter, containing proposals of peace to England, and signed by the Emperor Alexander and myself, was sent to your ministers, but they would not accept of them."

"The real principle," says Napier, "of his [Napoleon's] government and secret of his popularity made him the *people's monarch*, not the *sovereign of the aristocracy*. Hence Mr. Pitt called him 'the child and the champion of democracy;' a truth as evident as that Mr. Pitt and his successors were *the children and the champions of aristocracy*. Hence, also, the privileged classes of Europe consistently transferred their natural and implacable hatred of the French Revolution to his *person*; for they saw that in him innovation had found a protector; that he alone, having given pre-eminence to a system so hateful to them, was really what he called himself, 'The State.' The treaty of Tilsit, therefore, although it placed Napoleon in a commanding situation with regard to the potentates of Europe, unmasked the real nature of the war, and brought him and England, the respective champions of *Equality* and *Privilege*, into more direct contact. Peace could not be between them while they were both strong, and all that the French emperor had hitherto gained only enabled him to choose his future field of battle."

CHAPTER IV.

A MARCH INTO SPAIN.

England renews Assistance to Spain—Address of Napoleon to the French Legislature—Proclamation to the Army—Untiring Efforts of the Emperor—The French at Vittoria, Burgos, Espinosa—Storming the Pass of Somisierra—Napoleon's Clemency to the People of Madrid—Interview with General Morla—Surrender of the City—Testimony of Lamartine—Wild Passes of the Guadarrama—Conduct of the English Soldiery—Reception of Dispatches at Astorga.

ENGLAND, encouraged by the insurrection in Spain, and by the threatening aspect of Austria, now redoubled her exertions.* She encouraged by every means in her power the rising of the fanatic peasants of the Spanish Peninsula. Her invincible fleet swept the coasts of Spain and Portugal, and landed at every available point money, arms, and the munitions of war. Na-

* "July 4, 1808, the alliance of Great Britain with the Spanish nation was proclaimed, and a struggle began which, whatever opinion may be entertained respecting the conduct of Napoleon, every one will admit to have led, as far as respected Spain, to nothing but evil."—*Encyclopædia Britannica*, Art. *Spain*. The final triumph of the English inflicted upon Spain the heaviest curse which could have befallen the nation. It riveted the chains of ignorance, despotism, and the most intolerable religious fanaticism.

"Future ages will find it difficult to credit the enthusiasm and the transport with which the tidings of the insurrection in Spain were received in the British islands. Never was public joy more universal; the general rapture knew no bounds. All classes joined in it. All degrees of intellect were swept away by the flood. The aristocratic party, who had so long struggled with almost hopeless constancy against the ever-advancing wave of revolutionary ambition, rejoiced that it had at last broke on a rugged shore."—*Alison*, vol. iii., p. 56.

poleon, unsuccessful in his renewed endeavors for the attainment of peace, was prepared for the arbitrations of battle.

Before leaving Paris for the Spanish campaign, he assembled the Legislative Body, and thus addressed them:

"I have traveled this year more than three thousand miles in the interior of my empire. The spectacle of this great French family—recently distracted by intestine divisions, now united and happy—has profoundly moved me. I have learned that I can not be happy myself unless I first see that France is happy. A part of my army is marching to meet the troops which England has landed in Spain. It is an especial blessing of that Providence which has constantly protected our arms, that passion has so blinded the English counsels as to induce them to renounce the possession of the seas, and to exhibit their army on the Continent. I depart in a few days to place myself at the head of my troops, and, with the aid of God, to crown in Madrid the King of Spain, and to plant our eagles upon the forts of Lisbon. The Emperor of Russia and I have met at Erfurth. Our most earnest endeavor has been for peace. We have even resolved to make many sacrifices, to confer, if possible, the blessings of maritime commerce upon the hundred millions of men whom we represent. We are of one mind, and we are indissolubly united for peace as for war."*

An army of two hundred thousand men accustomed to battle was now assembled in the gloomy fastnesses of the Pyrenees. Napoleon had stimulated their march by the following nervous proclamation:

"Soldiers! After triumphing on the banks of the Vistula and the Danube, with rapid steps you have passed through Germany. This day, without a moment of repose, I command you to traverse France. Soldiers! I have need of you. The hideous presence of the leopard contaminates the Peninsula of Spain and Portugal. In terror he must fly before you. Let us bear

* "Upon the 18th of October Napoleon returned to Paris, secure of the present friendship and alliance of Russia, but uncertain of the moment when the stimulus of English subsidies would quicken the hostility of Austria into life; yet, if his peril was great, his preparations to meet it were likewise enormous. He called out two conscriptions. The first, taken from the classes of 1806, 7, 8, and 9, afforded eighty thousand men arrived at maturity; these were destined to replace the veterans directed against Spain. The second, taken from the class of 1810, also produced eighty thousand, which were disposed of as reserves in the depôts of France. The French troops left in Germany were then concentrated on the side of Austria; Denmark was evacuated, and one hundred thousand soldiers were withdrawn from the Prussian states. The army of Italy was powerfully re-enforced, and placed under the command of Prince Eugene, who was assisted by Marshal Massena; Murat also, who had succeeded Joseph in the kingdom of Naples, was directed to assemble a Neapolitan army on the shores of Calabria, and to threaten Sicily. In short, no measures that prudence could suggest were neglected by this wonderful man, to whom the time required by Austria for the mere preparation for a campaign seemed sufficient for the subjection of the whole Peninsula.

"Then, departing from Paris, he repaired to Bayonne; but the labors of his ministers continued; their speeches and reports, more elaborate and explicit than usual, exposed the vast resources of France, and were well calculated to impress upon the minds of men the danger of provoking the enmity of such a powerful nation. From those documents, it appeared that the expenses of the year, including the interest of the national debt, were under thirty millions sterling ($150,000,000), and completely covered by the existing taxes, drawn from a metallic currency; that no fresh burdens would be laid upon the nation; that numerous public works were in progress; that internal trade and the commerce carried on by land were flourishing, and nearly one million of men were in arms."—*Napier's Peninsular War*, vol. i., p. 173.

our triumphal eagles to the Pillars of Hercules. There also we have injuries to avenge. Soldiers! You have surpassed the renown of modern armies, but you have not yet equaled the glory of those Romans who, in one and the same campaign, were victorious upon the Rhine and the Euphrates, in Illyria and upon the Tagus. A long peace, a lasting prosperity, shall be the reward of your labors. But a real Frenchman could not, ought not to rest until the seas are free and open to all. Soldiers! All that you have done, all that you will do for the happiness of the French people and for my glory, shall be eternal in my heart."*

On the 29th of October, Napoleon took his carriage for Bayonne, "traversing the earth," says Sir Walter Scott, "as a comet does the sky, working changes wherever he came." Madrid was distant from Paris about seven hundred miles. The cold rains of approaching winter had deluged the earth. The roads were miry and often perilous. Regardless of fatigue and danger, Napoleon pressed on through darkness and storms. His carriage was dragged through ruts cut axle deep by the wheels of military wagons and of ponderous artillery. At length, in his impatience for greater speed, he abandoned his carriage and mounted his horse. Apparently insensible to physical exhaustion or suffering, with his small cortège, like the rush of the tornado, he swept through the valleys and over the hills. At two o'clock in the morning of the third of November he arrived at Bayonne.

Immediately he sent for General Berthier, to question him respecting the state of affairs. He had given particular directions that the French generals should do nothing to circumvent the plans of the insurgents. He wished to place his veteran troops in the very midst of the Spanish armies, that he might strike blows heavy and fast in all directions. He had therefore ordered his generals to permit the Spaniards to advance as far as they pleased upon his wings. "I sent them lambs," said he, in reference to the young and inexperienced soldiers who were first ordered to Spain, "and they devoured them. I will now send them wolves."

Napoleon found, much to his disappointment, that his orders had been but imperfectly executed. A sufficient amount of clothing had not been obtained for the soldiers. Mules and horses were wanting. There was but a scanty supply of provisions. Joseph, instead of concentrating the troops that they might be enveloped in the masses of the enemy, incapable of appreciating so bold a maneuver, had timidly dispersed them to guard his flanks and rear. Napoleon expressed his regrets, but wasted no time in recriminations. The incredible activity of his mind may be inferred from the labors of a single day succeeding his exhausting journey from Paris to Bayonne. He ordered all contracts which had not yet been executed to be thrown up. Agents were dispatched to purchase with ready money all the cloths of the south which could be obtained. Immense work-shops were established, and

* "The moment was critical and dangerous. He was surrounded by enemies whose pride he had wounded, but whose means of offense he had not destroyed. If he bent his forces against the Peninsula, England might again excite the Continent to arms, and Russia and Austria, once more banding together, might raise Prussia, and renew the eternal coalitions. The designs of Austria, although covered by the usual artifices of that cunning, rapacious court, were not so hidden but that, earlier or later, a war with her was to be expected as a certain event; and the inhabitants of Prussia, subdued and oppressed, could not be supposed tranquil."—*Napier*, vol. i., p. 168.

hundreds of hands were busy making clothes. All the orders for corn and cattle were countermanded, that the funds might be appropriated to the purchase of clothing. Barracks were ordered to be immediately constructed at Bayonne for the shelter of the troops arriving there. Agents were dispatched to spur on the march of the conscripts to the designated points. The troops which had arrived at Bayonne were carefully reviewed by the eagle eye of the Emperor. Many letters were dictated to administrators of posts, bridges, and roads, filled with most important directions. As rest from the toil of such a day, when the sun had gone down he leaped into his saddle and galloped sixty miles over the mountains to Tolosa. He here passed the night of the 4th, busy in making preparations for a speedy and a decisive conflict. The next day he proceeded thirty miles farther to Vittoria. Napoleon encamped, with the Imperial Guard who accompanied him, at a little distance outside of the city. He wished to appear in Spain but as a general, leaving Joseph, as the king, to occupy the first place in the eyes of the Spaniards. If there were any unpopular acts to be performed, he assumed the responsibility of them himself, that he might shield his brother from odium.

It was late in the night when Napoleon arrived at Vittoria. He leaped from his horse, entered the first inn, called for his maps, and in two hours



NAPOLEON IN THE INN AT VITTORIA.

decided the plan for the whole campaign. Orders were immediately dispatched for the simultaneous movement of 200,000 men. In the morning he had a hurried interview with Joseph, and immediately entered upon a series of operations which have ever been considered as among the most remarkable of his military career.

The Spaniards, in alliance with the English, had met with some astonishing triumphs. They were perfectly intoxicated with success. Their boasting was unparalleled. They had conquered the armies of the great Napoleon. They were surrounding, and in a few days would utterly devour, those hosts whom Russia, Austria, and Prussia had found invincible. Five hundred thousand peasants, headed by priests and monks, were to cross the Pyrenees and march triumphantly upon Paris. The French generals, unable to endure the audacious movements of the boasting Spaniards, had occasionally attacked and repulsed them. Had Napoleon's orders been faithfully executed, he would have found his troops strongly concentrated and almost entirely surrounded by the swarming Spanish armies. Then, leaving a veteran band to check the movements of the right wing of the enemy, and another to check the movements of the left he intended, with 80,000 men, to cut the Spanish armies in two at the centre. He would then have fallen successively upon the two wings, and have enveloped and destroyed them. Bold as was this design, there could have been no question of its triumphant success when undertaken by veteran French soldiers headed by Napoleon. This plan could not now be so safely executed, for the various corps of the French army were widely dispersed, and the Spanish generals had been prevented from thoroughly entangling themselves. Napoleon, however, decided still to adopt essentially the same plan. He made his disposition to cut the Spanish line into two parts, in order to fall first upon the one and then upon the other.



SPAIN AND PORTUGAL.

The moment Napoleon arrived at Vittoria, the whole army seemed inspired with new energy. Orders were dispatched in every direction. Hospitals were reared, magazines established, and an intrenchment thrown up as a precaution against any possible reverse; for, while Napoleon was one of the most bold, he was ever one of the most cautious of generals. Having stationed two strong forces to guard his flanks, he took fifty thousand men, the *élite* of his army, and rushed upon the centre of his Spanish foes. The onset was resistless. The carnage was, however, comparatively small. The peasant soldiers, accustomed to the mountains, threw down their arms, and

fled with the agility of goats from crag to crag. Colors, cannon, baggage—all were abandoned. In the night of the 11th of November, Napoleon arrived at the head of his troops at Burgos. Upon the intrenched heights which surround the city, the Spaniards had collected in great force. The French, regardless of shot and shell, which mowed down their front ranks, and strewed the ground with the dead, advanced with fixed bayonets, and swept every thing before them. The Spaniards fled with incredible alacrity, not merely defeated, but disbanded.

The conqueror strode sternly on, picking up by the way muskets, cannon, and munitions of war which the enemy had abandoned, until he arrived at the little town of Espinosa. Thirty thousand men were here strongly intrenched. Six thousand men marched up to the bristling ramparts. They fought all day. They did not conquer. Night separated the exhausted and bleeding combatants. The Spaniards were overjoyed at their successful defense. They built bonfires, and filled the air with their defiant shouts. Another division of the French army arrived in the evening. There were now eighteen thousand Frenchmen on the plain. There were thirty thousand Spaniards upon the intrenched heights. At the dawn of day the sanguinary conflict was renewed. One of the most awful scenes of war ensued. The rush of the assailants was resistless. Thirty thousand men, in frightful confusion, plunged down the precipitous rocks into the narrow street of Espinosa. Eighteen thousand men, in wild pursuit, rushed after them, intoxicated with the delirious passions of war. Death, in its most revolting forms, held high carnival. Swords and bayonets were clotted with blood. Bullets and shells pierced the dense masses of the affrighted and breathless fugitives. The unearthly clamor of the tumultuous and terrified host, the phrensied shouts of the assailants, the clangor of trumpets and drums, the roar of cannon and musketry, the shrieks of the wounded and the moans of the dying, created a scene of horror which no imagination can compass. The River Trueba, rushing from the mountains, traversed the town. One narrow bridge crossed it. The bridge was immediately choked with the miserable throng. An accumulated mass, in one wild maelstrom of affrighted men, struggling in frantic eddies, crowded the entrance. A storm of bullets swept pitilessly through the flying multitude. Great numbers threw themselves into the torrent, swollen by the rains of winter, and were swept away to an unknown burial. After this awful discomfiture, General Blake with difficulty rallied six thousand men to continue a precipitate retreat. The rest were either slain, or dispersed far and wide through the ravines of the mountains.

The Spaniards made one more effort to resist the conqueror. It was at the apparently impregnable Pass of the Somosierra.

The storming of this defile was one of the most astounding achievements of war. At daybreak the advance of Napoleon's columns was arrested. There was a narrow pass over the mountains, long and steep. Rugged and craggy cliffs of granite rose almost perpendicularly on either side to the clouds. A battery of sixteen guns swept the pass. An army of twelve thousand men, stationed behind field-works at every available point, were prepared to pour a storm of bullets into the bosoms of the French, crowded together in the narrow gorge. As soon as the advancing columns appeared,

a murderous fire was opened upon them. The stern battalions, inured as they were to the horrors of war, staggered and recoiled before a torrent of destruction which no mortal men could withstand.

Napoleon immediately rode into the mouth of the defile, and attentively examined the scene before him. He dispatched two regiments of sharpshooters to clamber along the brink of the chasm, among the rocks on either side, from height to height. An active skirmishing fire immediately commenced, which was as actively returned. A dense fog, mingled with the smoke, settled down upon the defile, enveloping the dreary gorge in the gloom of night. Suddenly Napoleon ordered a squadron of Polish lancers, on their light and fleet horses, to charge. In the obscurity of the unnatural darkness, they spurred their horses to the utmost speed. A terrific discharge from the battery swept the whole head of the column, horses and riders, into



STORMING THE PASS OF SOMOSIERRA.

one mangled and hideous mass of death. Those behind, galloping impetuously forward over those mutilated limbs and quivering nerves, dashed upon the artillerymen before they had time to load, and sabred them at their

guns. The French army poured resistlessly through the defile. The Spaniards threw down their arms, and, scattering in all directions, fled over the mountains. The battery and muskets, ammunition and baggage in large quantities, fell into the hands of the victor.

"It is, indeed, almost incredible," says Napier, "even to those who are acquainted with Spanish armies, that a position, in itself nearly impregnable, and defended by twelve thousand men, should, without any panic, but merely from a deliberate sense of danger, be abandoned at the wild charge of a few squadrons, which two companies of good infantry would have effectually stopped. The charge itself, viewed as a simple military operation, was extravagantly rash. But, taken as the result of Napoleon's sagacious estimate of the real value of Spanish troops, and his promptitude in seizing the advantage offered by the smoke and fog that clung to the sides of the mountains, it was a most felicitous example of intuitive genius."

An English army, under Sir John Moore, was hurrying across the north of Portugal to the aid of the Spaniards. Napoleon could not ascertain their numbers. He resolved, however, first to disembarrass himself of the Spanish forces, and then to turn upon the English. With resistless steps he now pressed on toward Madrid. There was no further opposition to be encountered. The insurgents had been scattered like autumnal leaves before the gale. On the morning of the 2d of December he arrived before the walls of the metropolis. It was the anniversary of the coronation and also of the battle of Austerlitz. In the minds of the soldiers a superstition was attached to that memorable day. The weather was superb. All nature smiled serenely beneath the rays of an unclouded sun. As Napoleon rode upon the field, one unanimous shout of acclamation burst from his adoring hosts. A still louder shout of defiance and rage was echoed back from the multitudinous throng crowding the ramparts of the city. Napoleon was now standing before the walls of Madrid at the head of 30,000 victorious troops. The city was in the power of the insurgents. An army of 60,000 men had collected within its walls. It was composed mainly of peasants, roused by the priests to the highest pitch of fanatic enthusiasm. The population of the city, men, women, and children—amounted to 180,000. Napoleon was extremely perplexed. He recoiled from the idea of throwing his terrible bombshells and red-hot balls into the midst of the mothers, the maidens, and the children cowering helplessly by their firesides. On the other hand, he could not think of retiring, as if discomfited, and of yielding Madrid and Spain to the dominion of the English. "His genius," says M. Chauvet, "inspired him with a plan which conciliated at the same time the claims of his own glory and the exigencies of humanity. Happily, fortune had not yet abandoned him, and gave him still another proof of her partiality."

Napoleon sat upon his horse, and for a few moments gazed earnestly upon the capital of Spain. The soldiers, flushed with victory, and deeming every thing possible under their extraordinary chieftain, were impatient for the assault. He made a reconnoisance himself, on horseback, around the city, while the balls from the enemy's cannon plowed up the ground beneath his horse's feet. He stationed his forces, and planted his batteries and his mortars in such a position as to reduce the city, if possible, by intimidation, and

thus to save the effusion of blood. The sun had now gone down, and a brilliant moon diffused almost midday splendor over the martial scene. "The night," says Napier, "was calm and bright. The French camp was silent and watchful. But the noise of tumult was heard from every quarter of the city, as if some mighty beast was struggling and howling in the toils." The tocsin from two hundred convent bells came pealing through the air.

At midnight Napoleon sent a summons for the surrender. He assured the governor that the city could not possibly hold out against the French army, and entreated him to reflect upon the fearful destruction of property and of life which must inevitably attend a bombardment. A negative answer was returned. An attack was immediately made upon the outposts. They were speedily taken. A formidable battery was then reared to effect a breach in the wall. Another letter was now sent, mild and firm, again demanding the surrender. It was noon of the second day. The authorities still refused a capitulation; they solicited, however, a few hours' delay, that an opportunity might be afforded for consulting the people. With difficulty Napoleon restrained the impetuosity of his troops, and waited patiently until the next morning. In the mean time, the scene in the city was awful beyond description. Fanatic peasants, dressed like brigands, patrolled the streets, assassinating all who were suspected of favoring the French. The bells of the churches and convents tolled incessantly. The monks, heading the peasants, guided them in tearing up the pavements, and in raising barricades at every corner. The stone houses were secured and loop-holed for musketry. The inhabitants, who had property to lose and families to suffer, were anxious for the surrender. The fanatic peasants were eager for the strife. The monks had promised the reward of heaven without purgatory to every Spaniard who should shoot three Frenchmen.

As soon as the brilliant sun had dispelled the morning fog, Napoleon himself gave orders for a battery of thirty cannon to open its fire upon the walls. He still refused to throw his cruel shells into the thronged homes of the city. A breach was soon opened. The French soldiers, with wild hurrahs, rushed over the ruins into the barricaded streets. Again Napoleon curbed his restive army. At his imperious command the action was promptly suspended. His troops were now in the city.

His batteries were upon the neighboring heights, and could speedily reduce the metropolis to ashes. A third time he sent the summons to surrender. "Though I am ready," said he, "to give a terrible example to the cities of Spain which persist in closing their gates against me, I choose rather to owe the surrender of Madrid to the reason and humanity of those who have made themselves its rulers." Even the populace were now satisfied that resistance was unavailing. The Junta, consequently, sent two negotiators to the head-quarters of Napoleon; one of these men was Thomas de Morla, governor of Andalusia. He had made himself notorious by violating the capitulation of Baylen; he had also treated the French prisoners with horrible inhumanity. Napoleon received the deputation at the head of his staff with a cold and stern countenance. He fixed his piercing eyes upon Morla. The culprit quailed before his indignant glance. With downcast looks he said to Napoleon, "Every sensible man in Madrid is convinced of the necessity of

surrendering. It is, however, necessary that the French troops should retire, to allow the Junta time to pacify the people, and to induce them to lay down their arms." In the following indignant strain, which echoed through all Europe, Napoleon addressed him. We quote the literal translation of his words, as recorded in the "Moniteur" of that day:

"In vain you employ the name of the people. If you can not find means to pacify them, it is because you yourselves have excited them, and misled them by falsehood. Assemble the clergy, the heads of the convents, the alcaldes, and if between this and six in the morning the city has not surrendered, it shall cease to exist. I neither will, nor ought to withdraw my troops. You have slaughtered the unfortunate French who have fallen into your hands. Only a few days ago, you suffered two servants of the Russian embassador to be dragged away, and put to death in the streets, because they were Frenchmen. The incapacity and weakness of a general had put into your hands troops which had capitulated on the field of battle of Baylen, and the capitulation was violated. You, M. de Morla, what sort of a letter did you write to that general?* Well did it become you to talk of pillage—you, who, having entered Roussillon in 1795, carried off all the women, and divided them as booty among your soldiers. What right had you, moreover, to hold such language? The capitulation of Baylen forbade it. Look what was the conduct of the English, who are far from priding themselves upon being strict observers of the law of nations: they complained of the convention of Cintra, but they fulfilled it. To violate military treaties is to renounce all civilization—to put ourselves on a level with the Bedouins of the desert. How, then, dare you demand a capitulation—you, who violated that of Baylen? See how injustice and bad faith ever recoil upon those who are guilty of them. I had a fleet at Cadiz. It had come there as to the harbor of an ally. You directed against it the mortars of the city which you commanded. I had a Spanish army in my ranks. I preferred to see it escape in English ships, and to fling itself from the rocks of Espinosa,† than to disarm it. I preferred having nine thousand more enemies to fight to violating good faith and honor. Return to Madrid. I give till six o'clock to-morrow evening. You have nothing to say to me about the people but to tell me that they have submitted. If not, you and your troops shall be put to the sword."

These severe and deserved reproaches caused Morla to shudder with terror. Upon returning to head-quarters, his agitation was so great that he was

* Alluding to a letter which Morla wrote to General Dupont, in which he endeavored to vindicate the violation of the capitulation of Baylen.

† It will be remembered that the Prince of Peace, upon the eve of the battle of Jena, issued a proclamation rousing Spain to attack France in her unprotected rear. The result of that battle alarmed the Spanish government, and the Prince of Peace hypocritically protested that *his object was to send the troops to the aid of Napoleon.* The Emperor, feigning to be duped, expressed his *gratitude*, and called for the troops. Sixteen thousand men, under the Marquis Romana, were furnished, and were finally marched to the shores of the Baltic. Upon the breaking out of the war with Spain, a Catholic priest was sent to Romana to induce him to return with his troops to Spain. With ten thousand men he embarked on board an English fleet, and was transported to the Peninsula, where his army was united with the armies of England. These men, under General Blake, swelling his force to thirty thousand men, had intrenched themselves upon the heights of Espinosa. Napoleon hurled upon them a division of eighteen thousand of his veterans, and drove them, with frightful slaughter, over the rocks into the river.

quite unable to make a report. His colleague was obliged to give an account for him. Morla was sent again to inform Napoleon of the consent to surrender. Thus, through the generosity and firmness of the conqueror, the city of Madrid was taken with but a very slight expenditure of blood and suffering. The French army took possession of the city. Perfect security of property and of life was, as by enchantment, restored to the inhabitants. The shops were kept open; the streets were thronged; the floods of business and of pleasure flowed on unobstructed.*

Napoleon immediately proclaimed a general pardon for all political offenses. He abolished the execrable tribunal of the Inquisition. He reduced one third the number of the convents, which were filled with lazy monks. One half of the proceeds of these convents was appropriated to the increase of the salary of the laboring clergy, the other half was set apart for the payment of the public debt. The vexatious line of custom-houses between the several provinces, embarrassing intercourse and injuring trade, he abolished entirely, and established collectors of imposts only at the frontiers. All feudal rights were annulled. General courts of appeal were organized, where justice could be obtained from the decisions of corrupt local authorities. Before the insurrection, Napoleon had refrained from these important measures, to avoid exasperating the clergy and the nobility. It was no longer necessary to show them any indulgence. These were vast benefits. They promised boundless good to Spain. It is humiliating to reflect that England, our mother land, could deluge the Peninsula in blood to arrest the progress of such reforms, and to plunge enfranchised Spain back again into the darkness and the tyranny of the Middle Ages.

Napier's Peninsular War affords demonstrative evidence that the conflict in Spain was a conflict between the friends of popular rights and the advocates of despotism. It was so understood and so declared by all parties. The dispatches of Wellington are filled with assertions of the necessity of crushing the spirit of *democracy* in Portugal and Spain. Joseph Bonaparte was the noble advocate of popular reform and of equal laws. The infamy of Ferdinand has as yet found no apologist; and the Princess Carotta of Portugal was, according to the declaration of the Duke of Wellington, "the worst woman in existence." Yet these were the rulers whom England fastened upon Spain.

Joseph returned, not to Madrid, but to the royal mansion of the Prado, about six miles from the capital. To the various deputations which called upon Napoleon, he declared that he would not restore King Joseph to the Spaniards till he deemed them worthy to possess a ruler so enlightened and liberal; that he would not replace him in the palace of the kings of Spain to see him again expelled; that he had no intention to impose upon Spain a monarch whom she wished to reject; but that, having conquered the coun-

* "In a short time every thing wore the appearance of peace; the theatres were reopened, the shop-keepers displayed their tempting wares, secure in the discipline of the conquerors; the Prado and public walks were crowded with spectators. Numerous deputations, embracing some of the most wealthy and respectable inhabitants of Madrid, waited on the Emperor, and renewed their protestations of fidelity to his brother Joseph. It then appeared how completely and fatally the corruptions and enjoyments of opulence and civilized life disqualified men from acting a heroic part in defense of their country."—*Alison*, vol. iii., p. 100.

try, he would extend over it the rights of conquest, and treat it as he should think proper. In a proclamation which he then issued, he said to the Spanish nation,

"I have declared, in a proclamation of the 2d of June, that I wished to be the regenerator of Spain. To the rights which the princes of the ancient dynasty have ceded to me, you have wished that I should add the rights of conquest. That, however, shall not change my inclination to serve you. I wish to encourage every thing that is noble in your own exertions. All that is opposed to your prosperity and your grandeur I wish to destroy. The shackles which have enslaved the people I have broken. I have given you a liberal Constitution, and, in the place of an absolute monarchy, a monarchy mild and limited. It depends upon yourselves whether that Constitution shall still be your law."

Thus, in less than five weeks, Napoleon had become master of half of Spain. The Spanish armies had every where been scattered like dust before him. This whirlwind march of the conqueror had astonished the English, who were hastening to the aid of their allies. In their embarrassment, they hardly knew which way to turn. Advance was inevitable ruin. Retreat, without the firing of a gun, was the most humiliating disgrace. Sir John Moore, with an army of about 30,000 men, was marching rapidly from Portugal, to form a junction with Sir David Baird, who was approaching from Corunna with 10,000 men. With this army of highly-disciplined British troops, to form the nucleus of uncounted thousands of Spaniards, the English entertained little doubt of immediate and triumphant success. The tidings of disaster which they encountered left for them, however, no alternative but a precipitate retreat. Napoleon had done nothing to arrest the march of the English. He earnestly desired to draw them as far as possible from their ships, that he might meet them on an open field.

Establishing his head-quarters at a country seat about four miles from Madrid, he devoted the most unremitted attention to the welfare of the army. An intrenched camp was constructed, bristling with cannon, which commanded the city, where his sick and wounded would be safe, and where his military supplies could be deposited without fear of capture.

A deputation of 1200 of the notables of Spain called upon him. He recounted to them the services which he had rendered Spain, and closed by saying, "The present generation will differ in opinion respecting me. Too many passions have been called into exercise. But your posterity will be grateful to me as their regenerator. They will place in the number of memorable days those in which I have appeared among you. From those days will be dated the prosperity of Spain. These are my sentiments. Go consult your fellow-citizens. Choose your part, but do it frankly, and exhibit only true colors."*

* The Marquis of Londonderry, at that time colonel in the 2d British regiment of Life Guards, thus testifies in reference to the perfidy of both Spain and Portugal: "The prospect of that rupture with Prussia which ended with the peace of Tilsit, struck Godoy as furnishing a favorable opportunity of stirring up all Europe against a man *whose ambition seemed to be unbounded.* A secret arrangement was accordingly entered into between him and the embassador Strogonoff (the Russian minister), into which the Portuguese envoy was admitted, that the two kingdoms of Spain and Portugal should instantly arm, for the purpose of attacking France, at a moment when her

Every speech which Napoleon made bears the impress of his genius. Every line which he wrote is stamped with his majestic power. Lamartine, who assails Napoleon in terms of measureless animosity, and with a glow of eloquence rarely equaled, thus testifies to the Emperor's energy with the pen:

"He was, perhaps, the greatest writer of human events since Machiavel. He is much superior to Cæsar in the account of his campaigns. His style is not the written exposition alone—it is the action. Every sentence in his pages is, so to speak, the counterpart and the counter-impression of the fact. There is neither a letter, a sound, nor a color wasted between the fact and the word, and the word is himself. His phrases, concise and struck off without ornament, recall those times when Bajazet and Charlemagne, not knowing how to write their names at the bottom of their imperial acts, dipped their hands in ink or blood, and applied them, with all their articulations impressed upon the parchment."

While here, two events occurred peculiarly characteristic of Napoleon. He had issued an order of the day enjoining the strictest discipline, and threatening the most severe military rigor against any person who should be guilty of acts of violence. Two of his soldiers had been arrested for a shameful assault upon a female. By a council of war they were condemned to death. Earnest petitions were presented for their pardon. Napoleon firmly refused, and they were shot. Their execution produced a very salutary effect upon the army, and restrained the outbreak of depraved passion.*

The Marquis of St. Simon, a French Royalist emigrant, had taken at Bayonne the oath of fidelity to King Joseph. He was captured, at the head of a band of Spanish insurgents, fighting against his country. A military commission condemned him to death. The daughter of the guilty man, aided by some of Napoleon's kind-hearted officers, obtained access to the Emperor. He was on horseback at the head of his staff. She sprang from her carriage, rushed through a file of soldiers, and threw herself upon her knees before the horse of the Emperor. "Pardon, sire, pardon!" she exclaimed, with suppliant hands and flooded eyes. Napoleon, surprised at the sudden apparition of the graceful and fragile maiden, reined in his horse, and, fixing his eye earnestly upon her, said,

"Who is this young girl? What does she wish?"

troops should be called away to oppose the Emperor of Russia in the north. These preparations were to begin in Portugal, with the ostensible view of overawing which, Spain was next to increase her armies, while, expeditions being fitted out in the English ports, a combined force was to invade the south of France, which, it was believed, would not be in a fit state to offer any efficient opposition. Had Bonaparte, as soon as the designs of Spain became known to him, directed his victorious legions upon Madrid, the dethronement of Charles would have been viewed by the rest of Europe as an arrangement of self-defense. But it was not in the nature of the French emperor to act, in any case, either with openness or candor. *Though a passionate lover of war, he never effected that by force of arms which he believed it practicable to effect by diplomacy.*"—*Story of the Peninsular War, by the Marquis of Londonderry*, p. 24, 26. The perfidious court merited its overthrow. It was humane to try to save the benighted populace from the carnage of war.

* "The Spanish insurrection," says Napier, "presented, indeed, a strange spectacle. Patriotism was seen supporting a vile system of government; a popular assembly working for the restoration of a despotic monarch; the higher classes seeking a foreign master; the lower armed in the cause of bigotry and misrule. The upstart leaders, secretly abhorring freedom, though governing in her name, trembled at the democratic activity they had themselves excited; they called forth all the bad passions of the multitude, and repressed the patriotism that would regenerate as well as save."

"Sire," she replied, "I am the daughter of St. Simon, who is condemned to die this night." Suddenly a deathly pallor spread over her countenance, and she fell insensible upon the pavement.



NAPOLEON AND THE DAUGHTER OF ST. SIMON.

Napoleon gazed for a moment upon her prostrate form with a look expressive of the deepest commiseration. Then, in hurried accents, he exclaimed, "Let the very best care be taken of Mademoiselle St. Simon. Tell her that her father is pardoned." With a slight movement of the reins he urged on his horse, evidently struggling to conceal his emotion, and at the same time looking back to see if his orders were executed. Offenses, ever so weighty, committed against himself, he could with magnanimity forgive. Wrongs inflicted upon helpless females were unpardonable.

General Moore was now directing his retreating steps toward Corunna. He had ordered a fleet of English transports to repair to that port to receive his troops. On the morning of the 22d of December, Napoleon left Madrid,

with an army of 40,000 men, to overtake and overwhelm the English. He well knew that the British soldiers would present a very different front from that which the Spaniards had opposed to him. He consequently took the whole of the Imperial Guard, foot and horse, and a large reserve of artillery. The Spaniards had all fled. The English, exasperated by the cowardice of their allies, were left alone. Napoleon was sweeping down upon them with a power which they could not resist. Their salvation depended upon the rapidity of their flight.*

Napoleon urged his troops impetuously on till they arrived in the savage defiles of the mountains of Guadarrama. It was necessary to make forced marches to overtake the retreating foe. Suddenly the weather, which had been till then superb, changed into a series of the most violent storms. The wind blew with hurricane fury. The snow, in blinding, smothering sheets, blocked up the mountain paths, clogged the ponderous wheels of the artillery carriages and baggage-wagons, and effectually prevented the advance of the army. The mighty host of horsemen and footmen, with all the appliances and machinery of war, became entangled in inextricable confusion. Napoleon forced his way through the thronged gorge to the head of the column, which he found held at bay by the fury of the hurricane. The peasant guides declared that it was impossible to effect the wild passes of the Guadarrama in such a tempest. But he who had set at defiance the storm-spirit of the Alps was not to be thus intimidated. Napoleon ordered the chasseurs of his guard to dismount and form into a close column, occupying the whole width of the road. Every cavalier led his horse. Thus each platoon was composed of eight or ten men, followed by an equal number of horses. These veteran warriors, with iron sinews, trampled down the snow, and made a path for those who followed.

* "The Spanish insurgents, conscious that they were fighting the battles of England, demanded ten millions of dollars instantly, five hundred thousand yards of cloth, four million yards of linen for shirts and for the hospitals, three hundred thousand pairs of shoes, thirty thousand pairs of boots, twelve millions of cartridges, two hundred thousand muskets, twelve thousand pairs of pistols, fifty thousand swords, one hundred thousand arobas of flour, besides salt meats and fish."—*Napier*, vol. iii., p. 78.

"To restore Ferdinand to Spain, England expended one hundred millions sterling ($500,000,000) on her own operations. She subsidized Spain and Portugal besides, and with her supply of clothing, arms, and ammunition, maintained the armies of both, even to the guerillas. From thirty up to seventy thousand troops were employed by her constantly, and while her naval squadrons continually harassed the French with descents upon the coast, her land forces fought and won nineteen pitched battles and innumerable combats; they killed and took about two hundred thousand enemies, and the bones of forty thousand British soldiers lie scattered on the plains and mountains of the Peninsula."—*Id.*, vol. iv., p. 438.

"The wife of the Rev. Dr. Thompson, late the agent of the British and Foreign Society at Madrid, suddenly sickened and died, while her husband was absent for a few days. Having died a heretic, it was with difficulty that her remains were allowed to be kept in the room of her hotel till they could be made ready for interment. Mrs. Colonel Stopford (wife of an English officer, long a resident of Madrid) alone dressed the body for the grave, because she could obtain no one who would assist her in these last sad offices to a heretic. With the utmost difficulty a place for a grave could be obtained, not in a consecrated cemetery, but on the premises, and in the obscure yard of a glass factory, owned by an English gentleman, who afterward, in selling the property, suffered a heavy loss in price because a heretic had been buried there. Her venerable husband still mourns the lonely grave of the loved one."—*New York Evangelist*, March 30, 1854. Such is the gratitude which Spain manifests toward a nation which calls itself her deliverer. Such is the "*liberty*" which England has established in Spain by the carnage of the Peninsular War.

Napoleon, in the midst of these toiling bands, climbed the mountains on foot. He placed himself behind the first platoon, and, leaning upon the arm of Savary, shared the fatigues of his grenadiers in breasting the storm, and in struggling along the drifted and tempest-swept defile. Such an example could not be resisted. The army with enthusiasm followed its leader. The



THE PASSAGE OF THE GUADARRAMA.

Emperor was greatly exhausted by the march. The main body of the army, encumbered by heavy guns and wagons, had not been able to keep pace with the advancing column. The Emperor stopped for the night at a miserable post-house in the midst of the mountains. Those engaged in his service were untiring in their endeavors to anticipate all his wants. Napoleon seemed ever to forget himself in thinking only of others. The single mule which carried his baggage was brought to this wretched house. "He was therefore provided," says Savary, "with a good fire, a tolerable supper, and a bed. On those occasions the Emperor was not selfish. He was quite unmindful of the next day's wants when he alone was concerned. He shared his fire and his supper with all who had been able to keep up with him, and even compelled those to eat whose reserve kept them back." As he gather-

ed his friends around the glowing fire, he conversed with unusual cheerfulness and frankness upon the extraordinary incidents of his extraordinary life, commencing at Brienne, "to end," he said, "I know not where."

Having crossed the mountains, the snow was succeeded by rain. The troops, drenched and exhausted, waded knee-deep through the inundated roads, while the artillery wagons sank to the axle in the miry ruts. The anxiety of the Emperor was intense to throw a part of his forces in advance of the English, and to cut off their retreat. His measures had been so skillfully formed, that, but for the unusual severity of the weather and badness of the roads, the whole army would have been taken. "If the English retreat," he wrote to Marshal Soult, "pursue them with the sword at their loins. If they attack you, beat a retreat; for the farther they venture, the better it will be. If they remain one day longer in their present position, they are undone, for I shall be upon their flank." General Moore was now at Sahagun, and Napoleon, with his advance guard, was within one day's march of him. The British general had not a moment to lose to escape from the net in which he was nearly enveloped. With the utmost precipitation he urged his flight, blowing up the bridges behind him. The rain still continued to fall in torrents; the streams were swollen, and the roads, cut up by the passage of the retreating army, were almost impracticable.

No pen can describe the scene which now ensued. Notwithstanding the most firm and honorable endeavors of General Moore to restrain his troops, they plunged into every conceivable excess. Becoming furiously intoxicated with the wine which they found every where in abundance, they plundered without mercy, and wantonly burned the houses of the wretched peasants. Often, in helpless drunkenness, they perished in the midst of the flames which their own hands had kindled. The most bitter hostility sprang up between the English soldiers and the Spaniards. The English called the Spaniards ungrateful wretches. "We ungrateful!" exclaimed the Spaniards; "you came here to serve your own interests, and now you are running away without even defending us." The enmity became so inveterate, and the brutality of the drunken English soldiers so insupportable, that the Spaniards almost regarded the French troops, who were under far better discipline, as their deliverers.*

The road, league after league, was strewed with the wrecks of the British army. Baggage-wagons were abandoned; artillery carriages were broken down and overturned; the sick, the wounded, the dying, and multitudes of stragglers, in every grade of intoxication, strewed the wayside. Napoleon

* "The native and uneradicable vice of northern climates, drunkenness, here appeared in frightful colors. The great wine-vaults of Bembibre proved more fatal than the sword of the enemy. And when the gallant rear guard, which preserved its ranks unbroken, closed up the array, they had to force their way through a motley crowd of English and Spanish soldiers, stragglers and marauders, who reeled out of the houses in disgusting crowds, or lay stretched on the roadside, an easy prey to the enemy's cavalry, which thundered in close pursuit. The condition of the army became daily more deplorable; the frost had been succeeded by a thaw; rain and sleet fell in torrents; the roads were almost broken up; the horses foundered at every step; the few artillery wagons which had kept up, fell, one by one, to the rear; and, being immediately blown up to prevent their falling into the hands of the enemy, gave melancholy tokens, by the sound of their explosions, of the work of destruction which was going on. . . . . Disorders went on accumulating with frightful rapidity along the whole line."—*Alison's History of Europe*, vol. iii., p. 105.

pressed on vigorously, by day and by night, that he might overtake his fugitive foes. On the 2d of January he arrived, with his advance guard, at Astorga. In ten days he had marched an army of fifty thousand men two hundred miles. It was the dead of winter. Desolating storms clogged the passes of the mountains with snow, and deluged the plains. The rivers, swollen into rapid torrents, obstructed his path. Horses and men, knee-deep in the mire, painfully dragged the heavy guns along, as they sank to the axles in the ruts.

It was a stormy morning when Napoleon left Astorga. Gloomy clouds floated heavily in the sky. The snow-flakes, melting as they fell, were swept in blinding sheets over the drenched and shivering host. Napoleon, sharing all the exposure and fatigue of his devoted army, had proceeded but a few miles in the storm, when he was overtaken by a courier from France, bearing dispatches of the utmost importance. There was nȯ house near. Napoleon immediately dismounted, and ordered a fire to be kindled by the roadside. His officers gathered respectfully around him, watching his countenance with intensest interest. Standing by the fire in the cold wintry air, with the snow-flakes falling thickly upon him, and his unfaltering battalions crowding by, as they breasted the storm, he read these documents.



RECEPTION OF DISPATCHES.

They informed him that Austria, taking advantage of his absence in Spain, and of the withdrawal of 100,000 troops from the army of the Rhine, was

entering into an alliance with England to attack him in the North; that the Turks, exasperated with his alliance with Alexander, were assuming a threatening aspect in the East; that the queen mother of Russia and the great majority of the nobles were increasingly bitter in their hostility, since Napoleon would not consent to the annexation of Constantinople to the Russian empire; and that Alexander, though still firm in his friendship, was struggling against an opposition daily increasing in strength.

The whole frightful vision of another Continental war at once flashed upon his mind. For a moment his herculean energies seemed paralyzed by the appalling prospect. He now bitterly regretted that he was involved in the Spanish war. But he could not abandon the struggle, for the combined English and Spanish armies would immediately throng the defiles of the Pyrenees in the invasion of France. He could do nothing to avert the rising conflict in the North, for he was the illustrious representative of those popular principles which banded Europe was determined to crush. It was a desperate enterprise to carry on war with England and Austria on the banks of the Danube, and with England, Spain, and Portugal south of the Pyrenees, while the other half of Europe were watching for an opportunity to spring upon their foe in the very first hour of his reverse. France was weary of war. Napoleon was weary of war. There was but one alternative before him: either to abandon the interminable conflict in despair, and surrender France to the tender mercies of the Allies, or to struggle to the last.

Napoleon, from the cheerless fire, whose flames were fanned by the storm, turned his horse, and slowly and sadly rode back to Astorga. Not a word was spoken. All about him were impressed with the entire absorption of his mind. But in an hour his dejection passed away; his customary equanimity reappeared; his plans were formed. Firmly and calmly he girded his strength to encounter the new accumulation of perils which thronged his path. It became necessary for him immediately to direct his energies toward the Rhine. He, consequently, relinquished the further pursuit, in person, of the English, and commissioned Marshal Soult to press them, in their flight, as vehemently as possible.

He then returned to Valladolid, where he remained for a few days, giving very minute directions respecting affairs in Spain, and dispatching innumerable orders for the organization of his armies in France, Italy, and Germany.*

* "But the event to which the Peninsula owed its escape from immediate conquest was the unlooked-for arming of Austria, and consequent departure of Bonaparte to another scene of operations."—*Story of the Peninsular War, by the Marquis of Londonderry*, p. 171.

CHAPTER V.

A NEW COALITION.

Retreat of Sir John Moore—Dreadful Condition of Spain—Siege of Saragossa—Perilous Position of the Emperor—Austrian Alliance with England—Views of Alexander—Vigorous Preparations of the French—The Emperor and Empress leave Paris.

MARSHAL SOULT pursued the enemy in one of the most disastrous retreats recorded in the annals of modern warfare. The wrecks of the fugitive host, in melancholy fragments, every where met the eye. Such was the precipitation and dismay of the flight, that the treasure casks of the English army, containing a large amount of money in specie, were rolled over the precipices, and the glittering coin was scattered among the rocks. The French soldiers, as they rushed along, filled their pockets with English gold. The sick and the wounded, in wan and haggard groups, threw themselves down by the wayside, and struggled, in the agonies of death, upon the storm-drenched sods. Almost every conceivable atrocity was perpetrated by the drunken soldiers upon the wretched inhabitants of the villages through which they passed. Women and children were driven from their plundered and burning dwellings to perish in the freezing air. The dying and the dead, upon the bleak hill-sides, every where presented a scene most revolting to humanity. "There was never," says Napier, "so complete an example of a disastrous retreat. The weather was frightful. The rigors of a Polish winter seemed to have been transported to Spain. Incessant storms of sleet and rain swept the frozen hills. The English dragoons, as fast as their horses gave out, shot them, to prevent their falling into the hands of the enemy."*

During this retreat, which was conducted with consummate skill by Sir John Moore, the advance guard of the pursuers had many conflicts with the rear guard of the pursued. The English, whenever they stood at bay, fought with the most determined valor. Having arrived at Corunna, the retreating army, taking a position upon the circuit of hills which almost inclosed the city, threw the gauntlet of defiance to their foes. They had gathered in a magazine, about three miles from the dwellings of the inhabitants, four thousand barrels of powder. To prevent these stores from falling into the hands of the enemy, the torch was applied. An explosion of inconceivable sublim-

* "That no horror might be wanting, women and children accompanied this wretched army. Some were frozen in the baggage-wagons, which were broken down, or left on the road for the want of cattle. Some died of fatigue and cold, while their infants were pulling at the exhausted breasts. One woman was taken in labor upon the mountain. She lay down upon the turning of an angle, rather more sheltered than the rest of the way from the icy sleet which drifted along. There she was found dead, and two babes which she had brought forth struggling in the snow. A blanket was thrown over her to cover her from sight, the only burial which could be afforded. The infants were given in charge to a woman who came up in one of the bullock-carts, to take their chance of surviving through such a journey."—*Southey.*

ity was the result. "When the train reached the great store," says Colonel Napier, who was an eye-witness of the scene, "there ensued a crash like the bursting forth of a volcano. The earth trembled for miles; the rocks were torn from their bases, and the agitated waters rolled the vessels as in a storm. A vast column of smoke and dust, shooting out fiery sparks from its sides, arose perpendicularly and slowly to a great height, and then a shower of stones and fragments of all kinds, bursting out of it with a roaring sound, killed many persons who remained near the spot. Stillness, slightly interrupted by the lashing of the waves, succeeded, and the business of the war went on."

A sanguinary battle ensued. Sir John Moore, the heroic leader of this awful retreat, fell fearfully mutilated by a cannon ball. Night and utter exhaustion separated the combatants. The mangled body of the unfortunate general, wrapped in his bloody cloak, was hastily and silently interred on the ramparts of Corunna. It was one of the most melancholy of earthly scenes. A gloomy winter's night brooded over the exhausted and bleeding armies. Not a word was spoken, as, by torch-light, a shallow grave was dug, and a few sods were thrown over upon his remains. The genius of the poet has recorded his burial in lines which will never perish.* The French officers, admiring the heroism of their fallen foe, erected a monument to his memory.

In the night, leaving their camp-fires blazing to conceal their movements, the English commenced the embarkation. This was accomplished with no very heavy addition to their disasters. The Spaniards manned the ramparts, and beat off the approaches of the French. In this calamitous retreat, the

* "Not a drum was heard, nor a funeral note,
As his corse to the ramparts we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

"We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning;
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

"No useless coffin inclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we bound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

"Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
And we bitterly thought on the morrow.

"We thought, as we hollow'd his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow.

"But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock struck the hour for retiring,
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

"Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone in his glory."

English lost nearly six thousand men in killed, wounded, and prisoners. Three thousand horses were shot by their riders. An immense quantity of the munitions of war were either destroyed or fell into the hands of the victors.*

Alison thus describes the effect produced in England by the return of these emaciated, war-worn, and bleeding columns: "The inhabitants of the towns along the Channel had seen the successive expeditions which composed Sir John Moore's army embark, in all the pride of military display, with drums beating and colors flying, amid the cheers and tears of a countless host of spectators. When, therefore, they beheld the same regiments return, now reduced to half their number, with haggard countenances, ragged accoutrements, and worn-out clothing, they were struck with astonishment and horror, which was soon greatly increased by a malignant fever which the troops brought back with them—the result of fatigue, confinement on shipboard, and mental depression—joined to the dismal and often exaggerated accounts which were spread by the survivors of the hardships and miseries they had undergone."

Spain was filled with robberies and assassinations. The fanatic populace, under pretense of attachment to their ancient kings, committed the most revolting acts of violence. There was no protection for property or life except in those portions of Spain occupied by the French armies. Some Spanish soldiers, enraged against one of their most brave and illustrious generals, Don Juan Benito, seized him in his bed, dragged him to a tree, hung him by the neck, and amused themselves for hours in riddling his body with balls. With a firm hand, Napoleon repressed these disorders wherever he had sway. At Valladolid he arrested a dozen well-known assassins, and promptly shot them.

He wrote to Joseph: "You must make yourself feared first, and loved

* Major Napier, a brother of Colonel Napier the historian, was wounded and taken prisoner in this battle. "Being hurt in the leg," says Colonel Napier, "he endeavored to retire, but was overtaken and thrown to the ground with five wounds. A French drummer rescued him; and when a soldier, with whom he had been struggling, made a second attempt to kill him, the drummer once more interfered. The morning after the battle, Marshal Soult sent his own surgeon to Major Napier, and, with a kindness and consideration very uncommon, wrote to Napoleon desiring that his prisoner might not be sent to France, which, from the system of refusing exchanges, would have ruined his professional prospects; the drummer also received the Cross of the Legion of Honor. When the second corps quitted Corunna, Marshal Soult recommended his prisoner to the attention of Marshal Ney, and the latter treated him rather with the kindness of a friend than the civility of an enemy. He lodged him with the French consul, supplied him with money, gave him a general invitation to his house, and not only refrained from sending him to France, but when, by a flag of truce, he knew that Major Napier's mother was mourning for him as dead, he permitted him, and with him the few soldiers taken in the action, to go at once to England, merely exacting a promise that none should serve until exchanged. I would not have touched at all upon these private adventures, were it not that gratitude demands a public acknowledgment of such generosity, and that demand is rendered more imperative by the after-misfortunes of Marshal Ney. That brave and noble-minded man's fate is but too well known. He who had fought five hundred battles for France, and not one against her, was shot as a traitor! Could the bitterest enemy of the Bourbons have more strongly marked the difference between their interests and those of the nation!"—*Napier's Peninsular War*, vol. i., p. 260.

According to Hart's Army List, Sir Charles had his leg broken by a musket shot, a bayonet stab in his back, a sabre cut on his head, several of his ribs broken by a spent ball, and severe contusions on his head from the butt end of a musket. Sir Charles died August 30, 1853.

afterward. They have been soliciting me here for the pardon of some bandits who have committed murder and robbery. But they have been delighted not to obtain it; and subsequently every thing has returned to its proper course. Be, at the same time, just and strong, and as much the one as the other, if you wish to govern." He ordered a hundred assassins in Madrid to be executed. These men had broken into the hospitals, and, with slow tortures, had murdered the wounded French soldiers in their beds. They had also burned the houses and taken the lives of many Spaniards, under the pretext that they, as friends of the French, were traitors to their country. Napoleon resolved to inspire the guilty with terror. With his accustomed magnanimity, he wished to draw upon himself the odium which these necessary acts of severity might excite. The popularity of all acts of clemency he endeavored to pass over to the credit of his brother.

In a complimentary letter on the occasion of the new year, Joseph wrote to Napoleon, "I pray your majesty to accept my wishes that, in the course of this year, Europe, pacified by your efforts, may render justice to your intentions."

Napoleon replied, "I thank you for what you say relatively to the new year. I do not hope that Europe can this year be pacified. So little do I hope it, that I have just issued a decree for levying 100,000 men. The rancor of England, the events of Constantinople, every thing, in short, indicates that the hour of rest and quiet is not yet arrived."

The Spaniards were every where vanquished in the open field. Numerous bands had, however, thrown themselves behind the walls of fortified cities. Here they prolonged the conflict with the most prodigious and desperate valor. But ere long the strongest posts were reduced by the skill of the French engineers and the valor of the French armies. The siege of Saragossa was one of the most memorable and one of the most awful recorded in ancient or modern annals. The English had filled the city with military supplies. Forty thousand Spanish soldiers, headed by monks and inspired with fanaticism, had intrenched themselves in stone houses behind its massive walls. One hundred thousand individuals thronged the streets of the city. With but 18,000 men the French invested the place. For two months the cruel conflict raged without cessation and without mercy. The walls were battered down and convents blown into the air. Still the infuriate bands fought from street to street, from house to house. At length the disciplined valor of the French triumphed over the fanatic enthusiasm of the Spaniards. When Marshal Lannes, with but eleven thousand men, took possession of the ruins of the smouldering city, a spectacle was presented such as has rarely been witnessed in this lost world of sin and woe. The city was filled with devastated dwellings and putrefying corpses. Fifty-four thousand of the inhabitants had perished. The cries of the mangled—men, women, and children—with their wounds inflamed and festering, ascended piteously from every dwelling. One third part of the city was entirely demolished. The other two thirds, shattered and bloodstained, were reeking with deadly miasmata. Of the forty thousand Spanish soldiers who had fought with such desperation from window to window and from roof to roof, but ten thousand infantry and two thousand horse, pale, gaunt, and hag-

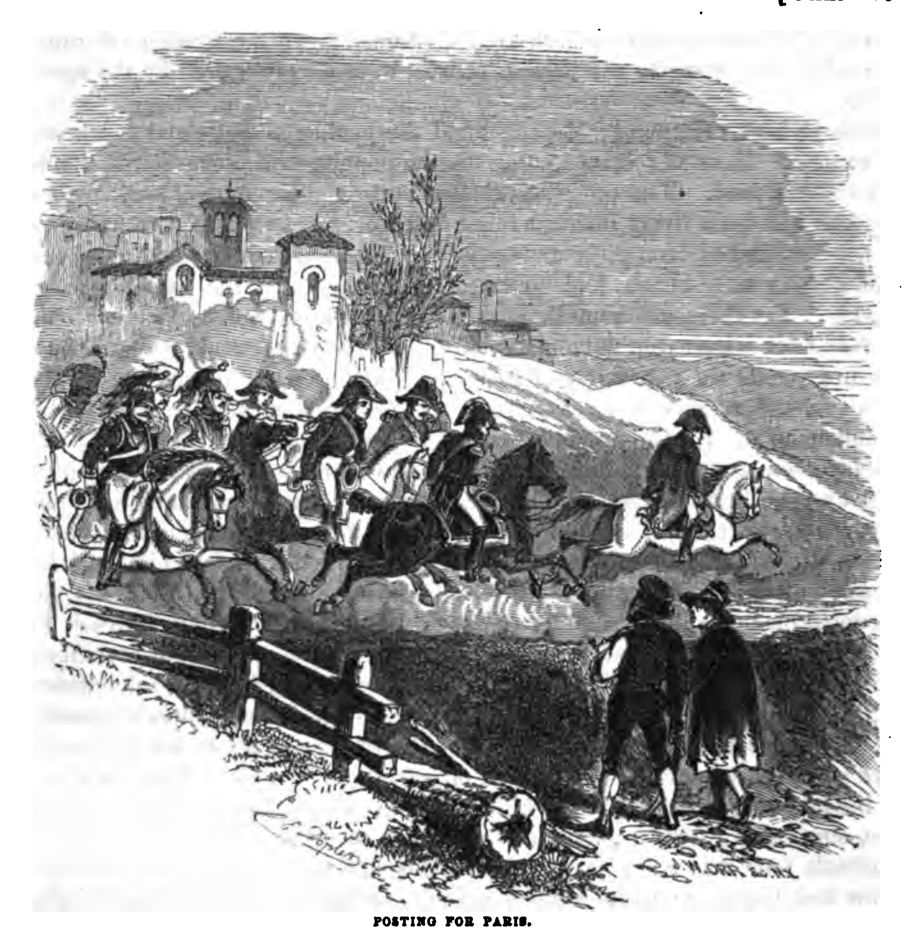
gard, as prisoners defiled before their captors. Even the French veterans, inured as they were to the horrors of war, were deeply moved by the spectacle.

Joseph now returned to Madrid, amid the pealing of bells and the firing of cannon. He was received coldly by the populace, who considered themselves dethroned. The more respectable portion of the inhabitants, however, who had been living under a reign of terror, received him with satisfaction. Joseph had been presented to the Spaniards as their protector—as the one who, in their behalf, had implored the clemency of the resistless conqueror. Yet there was something in the inflexibly just and heroic character of Napoleon which won universal admiration. Notwithstanding his endeavors to promote the popularity of Joseph by drawing upon himself the odium of all necessary acts of severity, the Spaniards were more attracted by the grandeur of the Emperor than by the more gentle spirit of his brother.

Napoleon stopped five days at Valladolid, writing dispatches to every part of Europe. In those five days he accomplished work which would have engrossed the energies of any ordinary mind for a year. His armies in France, Spain, Italy, and Germany were spread out as a map before him, and he grasped all their possible combinations. Having finished his dispatches, he mounted his horse and posted for Paris. "In the first five hours," says J. T. Headley, "he rode the astonishing distance of eighty-five miles, or seventeen miles the hour. This wild gallop was long remembered by the inhabitants of the towns through which the smoking cavalcade of the Emperor passed. Relays of horses had been provided along the road; and no sooner did he arrive at one post than he flung himself on a fresh horse, and, sinking his spurs in his flanks, dashed away in headlong speed. Few who saw that short figure, surmounted with a plain chapeau, sweep by on that day, ever forgot it. His pale face was calm as marble, but his lips were compressed, and his brow knit like iron; while his flashing eye, as he leaned forward, still jerking impatiently at the bridle, as if to accelerate his speed, seemed to devour the distance. No one spoke, but the whole suite strained forward in the breathless race. The gallant chasseurs had never had so long and so wild a ride before."*

At Bayonne Napoleon took coach. Directing the Imperial Guard to march as rapidly as possible toward the Rhine, he departed for Paris. On the night of the 22d of January he arrived at the Tuileries, surprising every one by his sudden appearance. Napoleon, governing by the energies of his own mind, revealed but little to the people of the plots and counterplots which agitated Europe. Public opinion, uninformed of the secret and continued perfidy of the court of Madrid, had generally condemned the Spanish war, as involving an unnecessary expenditure of blood and treasure, and as an act of injustice toward stupid and degraded princes. Napoleon himself now deeply regretted that he was involved in this calamitous war. He had

* The Emperor had his saddle-horses arranged by divisions of nine at every ten miles along the road. These horses were ever kept in the most admirable condition. The horses belonging to the grooms carried portmanteaus with complete changes of dress, and with portfolios containing paper, pens, ink, maps, and telescopes. The Emperor often made these arrangements himself, and in the utmost secrecy.—*See Memoirs of the Duke of Rovigo*, vol. ii., part ii., p. 31.



POSTING FOR PARIS.

hoped to confer such benefits upon the Spanish nation that it would rejoice at the peaceful removal of its worthless and despotic princes. But for the intervention of England, Spain would thus have been regenerated. It is possible that, if Napoleon had not been engaged in this war, Austria might not have ventured to attack him. It is *certain* that the Spanish princes would have taken advantage of Napoleon's first hour of exposure to rush, in alliance with England, an invading host, upon the southern provinces of France.

Though Napoleon often subsequently expressed regret that he had attempted the overthrow of the Spanish Bourbons, there was no course which he could have pursued which was not fraught with the utmost peril. Had he left Spain to herself, a civil war would immediately have desolated the Peninsula, waged between the partisans of Don Carlos the father and Ferdinand the son. England would at once have espoused the cause of Ferdinand, and thus Spain would have become, as it were, an English colony. On the other hand, had Napoleon, the Emperor of the French Republic, the great champion of popular rights, marched his armies to rivet the chains of an intolerable despotism upon a benighted people, to strengthen the bars and

deepen the dungeons of the Inquisition, he would have done the most atrocious violence to his own principles. Napoleon, in the desperate endeavor for self-preservation, sought also to confer upon Spain a humane and enlightened prince and a liberal Constitution. England—and with pain we record it of our revered father-land—deluged the Peninsula in blood to arrest the establishment of free institutions, and to rivet upon the Spanish nation the shackles of perhaps the very worst system of civil and priestly slavery which ever cursed a civilized people. Look at Spain now, and see the result.*

From all quarters Napoleon had received intelligence that Austria, with intense activity, was urging her preparations for a new war. From Vienna, Munich, Dresden, and Milan, the Emperor was furnished with precise details of those military preparations. There was no room for doubt of the imminence and magnitude of the danger. All Napoleon's efforts for the promotion of peace had proved unavailing. There could be no peace. England refused even to treat with him—even to allow his flag of truce to visit her shores. Though the Bourbons had been dethroned when he was but a boy, and though he had been elevated to the supreme command by the almost unanimous suffrages of the nation, England declared him to be a usurper, seated upon the legitimate throne of the Bourbons.

"Down with the Democratic Emperor!" was the cry which resounded through Austria, and which was echoed from the lips of the queen mother and of the powerful nobles of Russia. "We wage no warfare against France," exclaimed banded Europe. "Our warfare is directed solely against Napoleon, who has usurped the crown of France."

Napoleon, in the hour of victory, was ever ready to make any concessions in behalf of peace. But when disasters thickened, and his enemies were exultant, his proud spirit, unintimidated, roused itself to the highest pitch of defiance. In two months he had scattered the Spanish armies to the winds, had driven the English out of the Peninsula, and had conducted back his brother in triumph to Madrid. Still, the Spanish war was by no means ended. New insurrections might break out in every province. The fleets of England still crowded the shores of Spain and Portugal, striving to rouse the people, and offering them abundant supplies of men, money, and the munitions of war.

It will be remembered that Napoleon had previously explained himself most fully to the Austrian embassador. He had assured M. Metternich of his earnest desire for peace. He had declared to him that if Austria had

* The hostile historians of Napoleon have accused him of entering upon this war influenced by insatiable ambition and by love for the excitements of the battle-field. We have recorded *the motives which Napoleon has assigned for his conduct.* It is fair that he should be heard. Whether facts are in accordance with the declarations of Napoleon, or verify the accusations of his foes, the impartial reader must judge. Respecting the material facts there is no controversy. The treachery and perfidy of Spain, the degraded character of the royal family, the appeal to Napoleon, the scenes at Bayonne, the abdication of both father and son, the insurrection of the people, the efforts of England, the sanguinary war, all these *facts* are beyond dispute. The only question left for history to decide is whether this war was a measure of self-defense on the part of Napoleon, or an act of wanton, aggressive ambition. The friends of the English government and of the Bourbons have asserted it to be the latter. They have succeeded in communicating that impression very extensively.

any cause of complaint, if she would make that cause known, he would immediately endeavor to remove it. The immense military preparations which Austria was now making were known to all Europe, and the object of these preparations was perfectly understood. Austria, however, was not yet prepared to commence hostilities, and her minister was still in Paris. Napoleon, with the faint hope of still averting the calamities of another conflict, proposed to Russia the idea of offering to Austria the double guarantee of France and Russia for the integrity of her actual dominions. If Austria were actuated by an honest fear that Napoleon had designs upon her territory, this double guarantee would surely satisfy her and prevent a war. But Austria wished to reconquer Italy, and to arrest the progress of democratic ideas, and to remove from Europe the dangerous spectacle of an elected and plebeian monarch upon the throne of exiled legitimacy. Napoleon did not deem it consistent with self-respect to make any further advances toward winning the favor of Austria. He treated her embassador with politeness, but with great distance and reserve. He assumed neither the aspect of defiance nor of obsequiousness.

To the embassadors of other powers he, with the most perfect frankness, explained his views. He openly avowed that it was Austria and her armaments which had brought him back to Paris, that he might respond to them by armaments no less formidable. "It seems," he said one day to a group collected around him in the Tuileries, "that the waters of Lethe, not those of the Danube, flow past Vienna. They have forgotten the lessons of experience; they want fresh ones. They shall have them. And this time they shall be terrible. I do not desire war. I have no interest in it. All Europe is witness that all my efforts and my whole attention were directed toward the field of battle which England has selected in Spain. Austria, which saved the English in 1805, when I was about to cross the Straits of Calais, has saved them once more, when I was about to pursue them to Corunna. Had I not been called back, not one of the English would have escaped me. She shall pay dearly for this new diversion in their favor. Either she shall disarm instantly, or she shall have to sustain a war of destruction. If she disarm in such a manner as to leave no doubt on my mind as to her future intentions, I will myself sheathe the sword, for I have no wish to draw it except in Spain against the English. If she continue her military preparations, the conflict shall be immediate and decisive, and such that England shall for the future have no allies upon the Continent." "The Emperor produced upon all who heard him," says Thiers, "the effect he intended; for he was sincere in his language, and spoke the truth in asserting that he did not desire war, but that he would wage it tremendously if forced into it again."

"There must be," said Napoleon to Savary, "some plans in preparation which I do not penetrate, for there is madness in declaring war against me. They fancy me dead, but we shall soon see how matters will turn out. It will be laid to my charge that I can not remain quiet—that I am ambitious. But their follies alone compel me to war. It is impossible that they could think of fighting single-handed against me. I expect a courier from Russia. If matters go on there as I have reason to hope, I will give them work."

War was a fatal necessity of Napoleon. By accepting the throne of revolutionized France, he inevitably drew upon himself the blows of combined Europe. He could only choose between inglorious submission to despotic thrones, and a terrific conflict for national rights.

To the Russian embassador Napoleon said: "If your emperor had followed my advice at Erfurth, we should now be in a different position. Instead of mere exhortations, we should have held out serious threats, and Austria would have disarmed. But we have talked instead of acting, and we are about, perhaps, to have war. In any case, I rely on your master's word. He promised that if the cabinet of Vienna should become the aggressor, he would place an army at my disposal. As for me, I will assemble on the Danube and on the Po 300,000 French and 100,000 Germans. Probably their presence will oblige Austria to leave us at peace, which I should prefer, for your sake and for my own. If these demonstrations are not sufficient—if we must employ force, then we will crush forever the resistance made to our common projects."

He immediately wrote to his allies, the Kings of Bavaria, Saxony, Würtemberg, and Westphalia, and to the Dukes of Baden, Hesse, and Wurtzburg. He assured them that he was very unwilling to expose them to premature expense, but that, as he was seriously threatened with war, he wished them to prepare to raise their contingencies. "I am about," said he, "to assemble forces which will either prevent war or render it decisive." Distrusting Prussia, he notified her that if she increased her military force above the 42,000 authorized by the treaty into which she had entered with France, he would declare war against her.

All France was again in a tumult of commotion. The superhuman energies of Napoleon's mind pervaded every province, and inspired with enthusiastic activity ten thousand agents. Orders were dispatched in every direction. He exhausted his amanuenses in keeping them at work by night and by day, writing letters innumerable to generals, embassadors, engineers, kings, and princes. New conscriptions were levied. Vast magazines were established. Foundries glowed, and arsenals resounded, as the machinery of war was multiplied. Enormous bands of armed men were moving in every direction, apparently in inextricable confusion, yet all unerringly guided by the prescience of one mighty mind. He ordered twelve thousand fresh artillery horses to be purchased and accoutred. Anticipating every possible contingency of the war, he even laid in a store of fifty thousand pick-axes and shovels, which were to follow the army in artillery wagons. These shovels and pick-axes eventually contributed essential aid to his success. Conscious that the broad stream of the Danube would play an important part in the conflict, he joined with the Imperial Guard a battalion of 1200 sailors from Boulogne.* Carefully avoiding any act of hostility, he con-

* "Paris, March 9, 1809.

"Vice-admiral Decrès,—I wish to have with the army of the Rhine one of the battalions of the flotilla. This is the object I have in view. Let me know if it can be accomplished. Twelve hundred sailors would be very serviceable to this army for the passage of rivers and the navigation of the Danube. Our sailors of the guard rendered me essential service in the last campaign; but the duty they performed was unworthy of them. Are all the sailors, comprising the battalions of the flotilla, men able to swim? Are they all competent to bring a boat into a road or a river? Do

spicuously displayed before the eyes of Austria his gigantic preparations, and placed his troops in such a position that it might be seen that he was abundantly prepared to meet any force she could bring against him. Napoleon had nothing to gain by the war. He hoped that these demonstrations might inspire Austria with more prudent reflections. "These very active and provident arrangements," says Thiers, "prove that Napoleon took as much pains to prevent war as to prepare for it."

Such vast preparations demanded enormous financial means. But Napoleon in the science of finance was as great as in the arts of war. To meet the estimated expenses of the year 1809, it became necessary to raise one hundred and seventy-eight millions of dollars. Philanthropy must weep over such enormous sums squandered in extending ruin and woe. Europe, from the North Cape to the Mediterranean, would now have been almost a garden of Eden, had the uncounted millions which have been expended in the desolations of war been appropriated to enriching and embellishing her sunny valleys and her romantic hill-sides.

Austria had now gone too far to retract. Every possible effort was made to rouse the enthusiasm of the nation. It was represented in every variety of colors, and stated in every form of expression, that Napoleon, harassed by England and Spain in the Peninsula, could not withdraw the veteran troops sent across the Pyrenees; that his unguarded positions invited attack; that his German allies would abandon him upon the first disaster; that Prussia would rise with enthusiasm to the last man to retrieve her disgrace; that the Emperor Alexander, entangled in a policy which the queen mother and the nobles condemned, would be compelled to abandon an alliance which threatened him only with danger. Napoleon, they affirmed, intends to treat Austria as he has treated Spain. It is his plan to supersede all the old dynasties by others of his own creation. In proof of this, extraordinary stress was laid upon an expression addressed by Napoleon to the Spaniards beneath the walls of Madrid: "If you do not like Joseph for your king," he said, "I do not wish to force him upon you. I have another throne to give him. And as for you, I will treat you as a conquered country." That *other throne*, they declared, was the throne of Austria.

Numerous agents of England were very busy in Vienna, endeavoring to excite the nation to arms. She offered to co-operate most cordially with her fleet, and to furnish abundant assistance in men and in munitions of war. Under the influence of such motives, the nation was roused to the most extraordinary pitch of enthusiasm. Regiments of artillery and infantry, with bugles and banners, daily traversed the streets of Vienna, amid the acclamations of the people. Five hundred thousand troops were daily exercised and inured to all the employments of the field of battle. Hungary had voted a levy *en masse*, which would bring into action a force whose numbers it would be difficult to estimate. An agent was immediately dispatched to Turkey to represent to the Porte that France and Russia were seeking the

they understand infantry exercise? If they possess these qualifications they would be useful to me. It would be necessary to send with them some officers of the naval artillery, and about a hundred workmen with their tools. They would be a great resource for the passage and navigation of a river. NAPOLEON."

dismemberment of the Ottoman empire. Austria entreated the Porte, therefore, to forget the recent passage of the Dardanelles by an English squadron, and to join Austria and England to resist these formidable foes. The Turks were exasperated. Hardly a year ago, in high favor with France, they had chased the detested English through their straits, pelting them with red-hot balls. Now the whole population were invoking the presence of the English, and no Frenchman could show himself in the streets of Constantinople without being exposed to insult. England immediately sent a frigate to Constantinople; and the Porte, with enthusiasm, entered into the new coalition against France.

The Emperor Alexander began to show the most unequivocal signs of coldness and alienation. He had been perfectly sincere in his relations with Napoleon. He had, however, been much disappointed in the results of the friendly alliance. Constantinople was the great object of his all-engrossing ambition. For that his soul incessantly hankered, and that conquest Napoleon would not allow him to make.

Napoleon reluctantly consented not to interfere in the annexation to the Russian empire of the provinces at the mouth of the Danube. But even those provinces Alexander had not yet obtained, and he could only obtain them by the energies of conquest. A war with Austria would ally Austria and England with Turkey, and thus render the conquest of the Danubian provinces still more difficult. Influenced by these motives, and annoyed by constant reproaches at home, Alexander became very lukewarm in his friendship.

The Austrian cabinet clearly foresaw the embarrassments which must crowd upon the Czar, and were encouraged to believe that they could even draw him into their alliance. An embassador, M. Schwartzenberg, was sent from Vienna with this object to the court at St. Petersburg. He was received with the utmost cordiality by the higher circles of society, and was very sanguine of success. He found every body opposed to France—even the members of the imperial family. He had an interview with Alexander. The emperor, with noble frankness, reproached Austria with dissimulation and falsehood in professing peace, while making every preparation for war. He declared that he was under formal engagements to France, which he was resolved honorably to fulfill. "If Austria," said he, "is foolish enough to come to a rupture, she will be crushed by Napoleon. She will force Russia to unite her troops with those of France. She will make him whom you call an overwhelming Colossus still more overwhelming, and she will give England the power of still longer postponing that peace which the Continent so greatly needs. I shall regard as an enemy whoever renders peace more remote." These were noble words. Unfortunately, we can not receive them at their full apparent value when we reflect that Alexander desired peace with Austria, because war with that power would frustrate his designs upon Turkey. He was eager at any moment to draw the sword, if, by so doing, he could annex to his dominions dismembered provinces of the Turkish empire. The Austrian minister was, however, confounded, and sent discouraging dispatches to his government.

Alexander then expressed himself with equal apparent frankness to M.

Caulaincourt, the minister of Napoleon at St. Petersburg. He declared that it would be extremely painful for him to fight against the old allies by whose side he had stood at Austerlitz. He affirmed that even the success of the new war would cause him extreme perplexity, for he should look with alarm on the extinction of Austria, and on the vast preponderance of France, which would be the necessary consequence. He therefore expressed the desire to do every thing in his power to prevent the war. He was unwilling to intrust a matter of so much importance to the two ministers of France and Russia, but decided personally to reassure Austria that no designs were entertained against her, and to warn her of the disastrous results which, by a renewal of the war, she would bring upon herself. "Our ministers," said he, "will make a medley of every thing. Let me be left to act and to speak, and if war can be avoided, I will avoid it. If it can not, I will act, when it becomes inevitable, loyally and frankly."

The pacific views of Alexander were in perfect accordance with those of Napoleon. So anxious was the Emperor of France to avoid a rupture, that he authorized Alexander to promise not only the joint guarantee of Russia and France for the integrity of the Austrian dominions, but also the complete evacuation of the territory of the Confederation of the Rhine. Thus not a single French soldier would be left in Germany.

But the banded foes of Napoleon now felt strong. They regarded his strenuous efforts for peace but as indications of conscious weakness. With renewed alacrity they marshaled their hosts, and combined their armies, and set their majestic columns in motion. Napoleon remained in Paris calmly awaiting the onset. He knew not upon what point the storm would fall. Engaged in myriad cares by day and by night, he provided for every possible emergency. The energies of his tireless spirit swept over the broad expanse of Spain, Italy, France, and Germany. Never before did a single mind grasp and control interests of such prodigious magnitude. All hope of peace was now at an end, and Napoleon issued his orders with extraordinary ardor and with unparalleled activity.

The King of Bavaria wished to place the Bavarian troops under the command of his son, a young man of energy, but inexperienced. Napoleon would not give his consent. "Your army," he wrote, "must fight in earnest in this campaign. It concerns the conservation and the extension of the aggrandizements which Bavaria has received. Your son may be able to command when he shall have made six or seven campaigns with us. Meanwhile, let him come to my head-quarters. He will be received there with all the consideration due to him, and he will learn *our trade*." Napoleon gave the young prince command of one of the Bavarian divisions. The King of Würtemberg furnished a quota of 12,000 men. They were placed under the command of General Vandamme. The king objected to the appointment. Napoleon wrote, "I know General Vandamme's defects, but he is a true soldier. In this difficult calling, much must be forgiven in consideration of great qualities." Napoleon concentrated divisions of his army amounting to over 100,000 men in the vicinity of Ratisbon. A line of telegraphs was established from the extreme frontiers of Bavaria to the Tuileries. Special relays of post-horses were kept, that Napoleon might pass, with the utmost

rapidity, from the Seine to the Danube. Thus prepared, Napoleon awaited the movements of the Austrians. He wished to remain as long as possible in Paris, to attend to the innumerable interests of his vast empire.

The River Inn forms the eastern boundary between Austria and Bavaria. The Austrians had assembled an army of nearly 200,000 men on the banks of that stream. The passage of the river, and the consequent violation of the territory of Bavaria, would be decisive of the war. Napoleon had been taught by past experience not to expect any declaration of hostilities. On the morning of the 10th of April, 1809, the Archduke Charles, with his formidable force, crossed the Inn, and marched resolutely upon Munich, the capital of Bavaria. He sent a letter at the same time to the King of Bavaria, stating that he had orders to advance and liberate Germany from its oppressor, and that he should treat as enemies whatever troops should oppose him. This letter was the only declaration of war addressed to France and her allies.*

Many noble Austrians were opposed to this perfidious attack upon Napo-

* "The repeated instances of gratuitous regal perfidy exhibited toward Napoleon might mislead us to suppose that sovereigns conceived treachery to be among their special prerogatives, but for our knowledge of the fact that the sophists of the day had decided that no offense against virtue or honesty was committed by any breach of faith or want of candor toward '*the common enemy of Europe.*' Justice was outraged only when Napoleon disregarded it. Truth had a twofold significance as applied for or against him. The most solemn treaties were esteemed but as waste parchment when they contained stipulations in favor of the 'Corsican soldier of Fortune.' The whole code of morality seems to have been resolved into legitimacy and its opposite."—*History of Napoleon, by George M. Bussy*, vol. ii., p. 84.

Bourrienne remarks, "The Emperor Francis, notwithstanding the instigations of his counselors, hesitated about taking the first step; but at length, yielding to the open solicitations of England, and the secret insinuations of Russia, and, above all, seduced by the subsidies of Great Britain, he declared hostilities, not first against France, but against her allies of the Confederation of the Rhine." —*Bourrienne's Memoirs of Napoleon*, p. 434.

In the Encyclopædia Britannica, a very noble article upon Napoleon is concluded with the following words:

"Posterity will judge of the treatment which Napoleon experienced at the hands of England. A prisoner in another hemisphere, he labored to defend the reputation which he knew history was preparing for him, and which various parties exaggerated or blackened, according to the dictates of their respective prejudices or passions. But death surprised him at the moment when he was putting his commentaries into shape, and he consequently left them imperfect. They contain much, however, that is not only valuable in itself, but calculated to dispel prejudice, and to throw light upon some of the most important events in his life; and no one can read them attentively without experiencing a feeling of respect and sympathy mixed with admiration. No man, perhaps, was ever made the object of such unsparing abuse, such bitter detraction, such inveterate and unrelenting rancor. But it is already certain that neither envy, nor hatred, nor malice, nor slander will ultimately succeed in depriving him of his just fame. By his victories of Montenotte, Castiglione, Rivoli, the Pyramids, Marengo, Ulm, Austerlitz, Jena, Friedland, Abensberg, Ratisbon, Wagram, Dresden, Champaubert, Montmirail, and Ligny, he acquired enough of glory to efface the single disaster of Waterloo. His five codes embody a system of jurisprudence, in the formation of which he had a principal share, and which has not only proved a boon of inestimable value to France, but is even at this day received as authoritative in a great portion of Europe, thus justifying his own proud anticipation that he would go down to posterity with the codes in his hand. The monuments which he has left in France and Italy will also attest his grandeur to the most remote ages. And though he can never be freed from the reproach of ambition, yet, in extenuation of this 'glorious fault,' he might say, like Mohammed,

Je fus ambitieux . . . . .
Mais jamais roi, pontife, ou chef ou citoyen
Ne conçut un projet aussi grand que le mien.

leon. Count Louis von Cobentsel was then lying upon his death-bed. He addressed the Emperor Francis in a vigorous letter as follows: "Your majesty ought to consider yourself as fortunate with respect to the situation in which the peace of Pressburg has placed you. You stand in the second rank among the powers of Europe, which is the same your ancestors occupied. Avoid a war for which no provocation is given, and which will be the ruin of your house. Napoleon will conquer, and will then have the right to be inexorable." Manfredini obtained an audience with the Emperor, and ventured to express the opinion that the war would bring down ruin upon Austria. "Nonsense!" exclaimed Francis; "Napoleon can do nothing now. His troops are all in Spain." When Count Wallis saw the Emperor Francis set out to join the army, he said, "There is Darius running to meet an Alexander. He will experience the same fate."

The Inn is distant some six hundred miles from Paris. At ten o'clock at night, the telegraphic dispatch announcing the commencement of hostilities was placed in the hands of Napoleon. As he read the eventful communication, he calmly said, "Very well! Behold us once more at Vienna. But what do they wish now? Has the Emperor of Austria been bitten by a tarantula. Well! since they force me to it, they shall have war to their hearts' content." At midnight he entered his carriage, taking Josephine with him, and set out for Strasburg. England sent her fleet and her troops to cooperate with the Austrians. The Allies pressed vigorously on in their march of invasion, clamoring more vociferously than ever against "*the insatiable ambition of the bloodthirsty Bonaparte.*"

To this clamor Napoleon uttered no response. Sublimely leaving his reputation to be vindicated by history, he girded himself anew for the strife. He knew full well that no powers of despotism could obliterate that record of facts which would guide the verdict of posterity.

CHAPTER VI.

ECKMUHL.

Napoleon and Washington compared—The Archduke crosses the Inn—Error of Berthier—Spirited Dispatches—The Emperor's Bivouac—Battle of Eckmuhl—General Cervoni—Retreat of the Austrians—Napoleon Wounded—Extraordinary Achievements.

THERE are some, even in liberty-loving America, who still defend the cause of those banded kings by whom Napoleon was finally crushed. But their number is daily diminishing. The time is not far distant when the generous sympathies of an intelligent, unprejudiced people will with unanimity respond to the great advocate of republican equality. America taught France to hunger for liberty. Washington in the New World, and Napoleon in the Old, were struggling alike against aristocratic usurpation.* Na-

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I was ambitious . . . . .
But never did king, pontiff, chief, or citizen
Conceive a project as grand as was mine."

* "The great questions which the historians will have to decide in forming a judgment of Na-

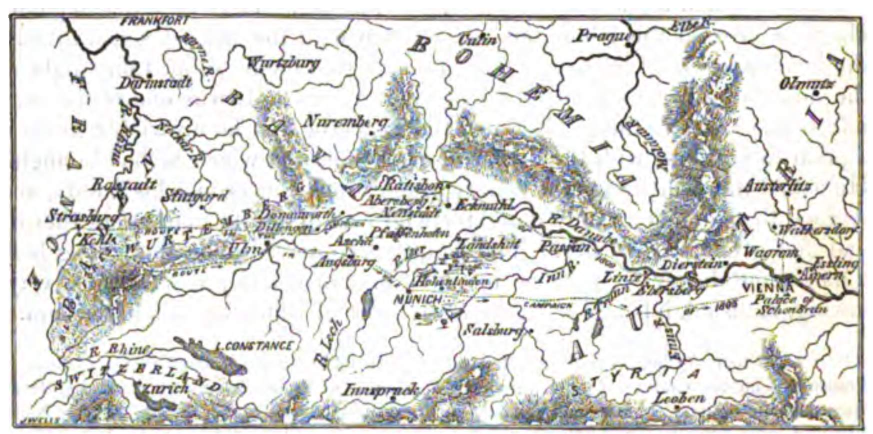
poleon, overpowered by numbers, fell, contending heroically to the last. The barrier of the ocean alone rescued Washington from a similar doom. Had he perished upon the scaffold, "a hoary-headed traitor," as he was then called, and had his confederates been shot as rebels, it is instructive to reflect upon the position which Washington would now have occupied in the pages of the caressed historians of Buckingham Palace.*

Austria had now on the march an army of 500,000 men to crush "the child and the champion of democratic rights." With nearly 200,000 highly disciplined troops the Archduke Charles had crossed the Inn. Napoleon, embarrassed by the war in Spain, could not oppose these forces with equal numbers. He trusted, however, by superior skill in combinations, to be able successfully to meet his foes. Napoleon was at St. Cloud when the tidings arrived that the territory of his ally was invaded. It was late at night. In an hour he was in his carriage. His faithful Josephine sat by his side. He traveled day and night until he reached Strasburg. Here he left Josephine. He then crossed the Rhine, and pressed on with the utmost speed toward the head-quarters of his army. In his rapid passage he supped one night at the house of a ranger of the King of Würtemberg. It was one of the very interesting traits in the character of the Emperor that he invariably made it a point to converse with the owner of every house at which he had to alight. He asked this worthy man a variety of questions concerning his family, and learned that he had an only daughter who was of age to marry, but that he had no fortune to give her. The Emperor conferred upon this young lady a handsome dowry. Again he mounted his horse and pressed on his way, having, as usual, left a blessing beneath the roof which had sheltered him.

poleon seem to us to be, first, whether he was right in taking it for granted that a republic in France was impracticable; secondly, whether the situation of France actually required that development of the military spirit which Napoleon so completely effected; and, thirdly, whether Napoleon was obliged to concentrate the whole government in himself. If this growth of the military spirit was necessary, that is to say, if Napoleon could not prevent it in existing circumstances, and if it were even advisable to promote it, in order to prevent the greater evil of the loss of national independence; and if the concentration of the whole government in himself was required to avert internal dissensions, and all the miseries following from them, insecurity of justice, property, and person, then *the necessity is to be deplored, not the individual to be condemned.* A proper estimate of Napoleon's character depends upon the settlement of these points, which will require great study, comprehensiveness of view, and sagacity, with a sense of justice unbiased by libels or panegyric. One remark, however, we must be permitted to make, that Napoleon can not be said to have abolished republican liberty, as it did not in fact exist when he took the reins of government. Republican forms, indeed, had been presented in abundance, but they had no living principle. The government had always been essentially concentrated in Paris. Equality had been effected, but liberty remained to be established. Until the former was properly secured, the latter could have no sufficient basis. It was expected, and still is insisted on by some writers, that he should have beaten foreign enemies, quelled civil dissensions, put a stop to anarchy, established justice and public confidence, counteracted conspiracies, recalled the emigrants, re-established the Church, and yet have left perfect liberty to all!"—*Encyclopædia Americana*, Article *Napoleon*.

* We would advise every intelligent reader, who wishes to see how strong a case can be made out against popular rights and republican equality, to turn to the History of Europe by Sir Archibald Alison. Even those who dissent entirely from his principles will be charmed with the unaffected sincerity of his convictions, the gentlemanly tone of his address, and the glowing eloquence of his periods. He is immeasurably the most efficient advocate of aristocratic usurpation the world has yet produced. His labors are appreciated by those whose cause he so cordially espouses. The court of St. James smiles gratefully upon him, and has conferred upon him the well-earned reward of a baronetcy.

It was late in the hours of the night when Napoleon, without guards, aids, or staff, arrived at Dillengen. The King of Bavaria, who had fled before the invaders, from Munich, his capital, was sojourning in this, his rural palace. Not expecting the Emperor, he had retired to rest. He immediately rose to meet Napoleon. For an hour they conversed very earnestly together. "In fifteen days," said Napoleon, "I will free your country from the invaders, and restore you to your capital." It was a bold promise. He could by no possibility assemble more than 200,000 men to encounter the 500,000 arrayed against him.* After a hurried interview of but an hour, the King of Bavaria returned to his pillow. Napoleon again mounted his horse and galloped forty miles farther to Donauworth. He immediately assembled his officers around him, and by hasty interrogations soon ascertained the condition of the two armies. He was astounded at the perilous position in which his troops were placed.



ECKMUHL, ASPERN, AND WAGRAM.

Napoleon was perfectly aware of the vast numerical superiority of his foes. He knew that his army, if divided, could be easily overwhelmed by resistless numbers. He had accordingly enjoined it upon Berthier, upon the first hostile movement of the enemy, to concentrate all his forces either at Ratisbon or at Donauworth. To his utter consternation, he found that Berthier, seized with the insane idea of stopping the advancing Austrians at

* The forces which Napoleon had raised for this widely-extended conflict are thus given by M. Chauvet: In Poland, 18,000, commanded by Bernadotte; in Saxony, 12,000, under Gratien; in Westphalia, 15,000, under King Jerome. The main army consisted of the division of Lannes, 25,000; that of Davoust, 45,000; that of Massena, 30,000; that of Lefebvre, 30,000; that of Vandamme, 30,000. The Confederation of the Rhine furnished him with 12,000 men. Eugene, the King of Italy, had 45,000 men under his command. Marmont was in Dalmatia, at the head of 15,000. Dispersed through these various corps there were 560 pieces of artillery. This makes a total of 287,000 men. It is, however, impossible to state with precision the forces engaged in these vast campaigns. No two historians give the same numbers. Alison enumerates the French *army of Germany* at 325,000. Of these, he says, "At least 100,000 had not yet arrived Still 140,000 French troops and 60,000 of the Confederation might be relied on for active operations in the valley of the Danube." Napoleon had at the same time an army of 200,000 in Spain. The mind which could grasp such interests and guide such enormous combinations must have been one of extraordinary mould.

all points, had widely dispersed his battalions. Had the Archduke Charles possessed a tithe of the activity of Napoleon he could have crushed the French at a blow. Napoleon was utterly amazed. In breathless haste, he dispatched officers in every direction, on their fleetest horses, countermanding all the orders of Berthier, and directing every corps to make immediate and the most desperate efforts for concentration. Davoust and Massena were separated more than a hundred miles from each other.*

He wrote to Berthier, "What you have done appears so strange, that if I were not aware of your friendship, I should think you were betraying me. Davoust is at this moment more completely at the disposal of the Archduke than of myself." "You can not imagine," said Napoleon afterward, "in what a condition I found the army on my arrival, and to what dreadful reverses it was exposed if we had had to deal with an enterprising enemy." To Massena, at Augsburg, he wrote, "Leave all the sick and fatigued, with two German regiments to protect them. Descend toward the Danube in all haste. Never have I had more need of your devoted *zeal, activity, and speed!*" To Davoust he wrote, "Quit Ratisbon immediately. Leave there a regiment to defend the town. Ascend the Danube with your division of the army. Break down the bridge at Ratisbon so effectually as to prevent its being repaired. Move cautiously, but resolutely, between the river and the mass of the Austrians. Beware of running any risk of permitting your troops to come to any engagements previously to joining me in the environs of Abensberg."

The whole French army was instantly in motion. A series of sanguinary conflicts ensued. Napoleon seemed to be every where present. His troops were every where victorious. These varied movements, by which Napoleon concentrated his army, in the midst of enemies so numerous and so advantageously posted, have ever been considered as among the most remarkable in the annals of war. In three days he had ninety thousand men drawn up before him. During these three days, in desperate battles which had transpired, the Austrians had lost, in killed, wounded, and prisoners, nearly twenty thousand men. The Archduke Charles, not a little disheartened by these reverses, had concentrated at Eckmuhl an army one hundred thousand strong. A decisive action was now inevitable.

Napoleon thus addressed his troops: "Soldiers! The territory of the Confederation of the Rhine has been violated. The Austrian general supposes that we are to fly at the sight of his eagles, and abandon our allies to his mercy. I arrive with the rapidity of lightning in the midst of you. Soldiers! I was surrounded by your bayonets when the Emperor of Austria arrived at my bivouac in Moravia. You heard him implore my clemency, and swear an eternal friendship. Conquerors in three wars, Austria has owed every thing to our generosity. Three times she has perjured herself! Our

* "Berthier, incapable of acting a principal part, was surprised, and made a succession of false movements, that would have been fatal to the French army if the Emperor, journeying day and night, had not arrived at the very hour when his lieutenant was on the point of consummating the ruin of the army. But then was seen the supernatural force of Napoleon's genius. In a few hours he changed the aspect of affairs, and in a few days, maugre their immense numbers, his enemies, baffled and flying in all directions, proclaimed his mastery in an art which up to that moment was imperfect; for never, since troops first trod a field of battle, was such a display of military skill made by man."—*Napier*, vol. i., p. 127.

former successes are our guarantee for our future triumphs. Let us march, then, and at our aspect let the enemy recognize his conquerors."

On the night of the 19th of April Savary announced to Napoleon the safe arrival of Davoust. He found the Emperor in a rude room, stretched upon a wooden bench, his feet close to a heated stove, and his head resting on a soldier's knapsack. He was carefully studying a map of the country. Delighted with the intelligence, he leaped upon his horse, and galloped along the whole extent of the bivouacs of the troops. The Prince Royal of Bavaria and a few of his generals accompanied the Emperor. Napoleon, gratified with the zeal and energy which the Prince Royal displayed, tapped him gently on the shoulder and said,



THE EMPEROR'S BIVOUAC.

"Well, Prince Royal, if you uphold, in this manner, the dignity of the King of Bavaria, when your turn comes to reign these gentlemen will never desert you. If, on the contrary, you should remain at home, they will all follow your example. From that moment you may bid farewell to your kingdom and to glory."*

* On the 18th Napoleon wrote to Massena, "It is indispensable that Oudinot, with his corps, and your three other divisions, with your cuirassiers and cavalry, should sleep at Pfaffenhofen to-morrow night. Those in the rear should do their utmost to reach Ascha, or at least get on as far as they can on the road from Augsburg to Ascha. One word will explain to you the urgency of affairs: Prince Charles, with 80,000 men, debouched yesterday from Landshut on Ratisbon. The Bavarians contended the whole day with his advance guard. Orders have been dispatched to Davoust to move with 60,000 in the direction of Neustadt, where he will form a junction with the Bavarians. To-morrow (19th), all your troops who can be mustered at Pfaffenhofen, with the Würtembergers, a division of cuirassiers, and every man you can collect, should be in a condition to fall upon the rear of Prince Charles. A single glance must show you that never was there more pressing occasion for diligence and activity than at present. With 60,000 good troops, Davoust may, indeed, make head against the Archduke, but I consider Prince Charles ruined without resource if Oudinot and your three divisions are on his rear before daybreak on the 19th, and you inspire the soldiers

Napoleon slept a few hours in his chair. Before the dawn of the morning he was marshaling his hosts for the battle. A dense fog enveloped the rural scene which was soon to be drenched with blood. Upon the fertile plain of Eckmuhl a hundred thousand men were quietly sleeping, unaware of their impending peril. The military science of Napoleon was guiding from various points upon them ninety thousand troops flushed with victory. The mild, warm sun of a pleasant April day rose over the hills and dispelled the vapor. The green valley reposed before the eye in surpassing loveliness. Verdant meadows, winding streams, gardens, villages, and rural mansions embowered in trees, presented an aspect of extraordinary beauty. Banners were silently fluttering in the breeze. The white tents of the Austrians profusely sprinkled the plain. The gleam of polished armor flashed through the osiers and willows which, fringing the stream, were just bursting into leaf. Innumerable steeds were quietly cropping the fresh herbage. To the eye it was a perfect scene of peace and beauty. But the demon of war was there, to transform it into the most revolting aspect of misery and blood.

As the various divisions of the French army arrived upon the heights which commanded the plain, they involuntarily paused and gazed with admiration upon the varied and beautiful spectacle. The clangor of approaching battle now filled the air. Trumpets sounded. Martial bands poured forth their soul-stirring peals. Artillery, cavalry, infantry, all were in movement to take position for the fight. Squadrons of horse swept the field. Not a cannon or a musket was fired before noon. Both parties were as peacefully employed in taking their positions as if engaged in a holiday review. The sun was in the meridian when the first shot was fired. It was the signal for the burst of such a roar of battle as even this war-desolated globe has seldom witnessed. The awful sublimities of the scene deeply impressed even those who were most familiar with the horrors of war. The military genius of Napoleon was never more conspicuous than on this day. The various divisions of his army, guided by the highest teachings of military science, appeared upon the field with all the unembarrassed precision of the movements of a game of chess. For five hours the carnage continued.

The sun was now declining. The enemy began to falter. The cavalry of the Imperial Guard had been held in reserve, impatiently waiting the order for its resistless charge. Encased in helmets and breastplates of glittering steel, and mounted on steeds of enormous power, these squadrons, which had never yet moved but with the sweep of victory, rose majestically over the hills and poured down upon the plain. Their advance was at first slow and dignified, as their proud chargers, in a gentle trot, emerged into the view of both armies. The French regarded the Imperial Guard as Na-

with all they should feel on so momentous an occasion. In the 18th, 19th, and 20th the whole affairs of Germany will be decided."—*Savary*, vol. iv., p. 51, 52.

Again, at noon of the next day, he wrote to Massena, "Prince Charles, with his whole army, was this morning a day's march from Ratisbon. Davoust has evacuated Ratisbon to move upon Neustadt. I look, therefore, for an affair every moment. Every thing will be cleared up to-day. The moments are precious. The hours must be counted. Twelve or fifteen thousand of such rabble as you have defeated this morning should be easily disposed of by six thousand of our people."—*Peletier*, i., p. 285, 286.

poleon's right arm. They felt sure that a blow was now to be struck which would terminate the conflict. A wild shout of enthusiasm burst from their lips, which rose above the thunders of the battle. The Austrian cuirassiers, equally numerous, as heavily armed, and inspired with as determined courage, were on the alert, ready to repel the anticipated onset. Their swords and helmets glittered in the rays of the setting sun, and they also came sweeping down into the vast arena.



CAVALRY CHARGE AT ECKMUHL.

The opposing squadrons, now spurring their steeds into a headlong gallop, came rushing onward with the frantic energy of fiends. Innumerable trumpets in clarion tones pealed forth the charge. The plain seemed to tremble beneath the tread of the advancing hosts. With plumes and banners floating in the breeze, and helmets and sabres gleaming in the sun, and each party rending the skies with their unearthly shrieks, the two bodies, in full career, rushed upon each other. The spectacle was so sublime, so aw-

ful, so sure to be followed by decisive results, that each army, as by common consent, suspended its fire to await the issue of this extraordinary duel. The roar of musketry and the heavy booming of artillery ceased. The soldiers rested upon their muskets, and the exhausted cannoniers leaned upon their guns, as in intense absorption they gazed upon the appalling grandeur of the scene.

The concussion was terrific. Hundreds of horses and riders were instantly overthrown and trampled in the dust. Over their mangled bodies the rushing squadrons plunged and fought. It was a new spectacle, even to those most inured to all the aspects of war. The fresh breeze speedily swept the smoke from the plain. The unclouded sun shone down brilliantly upon the vast arena. The two armies, in breathless silence, intrusted the issue of the conflict to the Imperial Guards of Austria and of France. Nothing was heard but the blast of the trumpets and the clear ringing of steel, as sabre clashed against sabre, and cuirass and helmet resounded beneath the blows of these men of iron sinews. The sun went down, and the struggle still continued. Twilight darkened over the plain, but a blaze of intensest light from clashing steel gleamed over the contending hosts. One by one the stars came out calmly in the sky, and the moon, in silent beauty, rose serenely in the east, and looked down with her mild reproof upon the hideous carnage, and still the struggling squadrons, with unintermitted fury, dashed against each other. Beneath such blows men and horses rapidly fell; the clangor of the strife grew fainter and fainter. Still, in the gloom of the night, as the eye gazed upon the tumultuous mass swaying to and fro, it was impossible to judge who were gaining the victory.

At length, the Austrian horsemen, having lost two thirds of their number, were no longer able to withstand their foes. They wavered, recoiled, and then the tramp of rushing steeds was heard as they broke and fled. A wild shout of *Vive l'Empereur!* burst from the lips of the victorious cuirassiers. Spurring their steeds in the mad pursuit, they trampled down horses and riders, piled together on the ensanguined plain. The dispirited Austrians gazed in silent dismay upon the rout of their Imperial Guard, and immediately commenced a retreat. The whole French army, with frantic enthusiasm, re-echoed the shout of their conquering comrades.

Instantaneously the thunders of war again filled the plain. The lightning flashes and heavy booming of the cannon, the clamor of rushing armies, pursuers and pursued, the storm of shot, shells, and bullets, which swept mutilation and death through the retreating ranks, and the sulphurous canopy of smoke, which darkened the moon and the stars, presented a spectacle which neither pen nor pencil can delineate. But immediately, notwithstanding the earnest remonstrances of Lannes, Napoleon ordered the army to halt. The French soldiers, utterly exhausted by the herculean toils of the last five days, threw themselves upon the bloody sod of the hard-fought field and fell asleep. The Austrians, through the night, continued their retreat toward Ratisbon, hoping to escape across the Danube.

When Napoleon gave the order for this decisive attack of the cavalry of the Imperial Guard, General Cervoni was holding a map of the country open before him. A heavy cannon ball struck this brave officer, and he vanished

from the Emperor's sight. Only the scattered fragments of his body could be found. Soon after, one of Napoleon's aids arrived to make known a position taken by the enemy. While in the act of communicating his errand, he pointed with his right hand. At that instant a shot, passing close by the head of the Emperor, struck the unfortunate officer's arm and tore it from his body. Napoleon manifested the most sincere sympathy for the wounded man, but made no movement to change his dangerous position. The officers who surrounded the Emperor, knowing that the salvation of the army depended upon his life, earnestly remonstrated with him for exposing himself so heedlessly. "What can I do?" he mildly replied; "I must see how matters go on."

For the first time in four days and nights, Napoleon indulged himself in a few hours of sleep; but before the dawn of another morning he was again on horseback, rousing his slumbering army to pursue the fugitives. The situation of the Archduke was now extremely critical. Napoleon, with a victorious army, was pressing upon him. The broad Danube, crossed by the single bridge of Ratisbon, was in his rear. His army was in a state of deep dejection. Whenever they met Napoleon, it was only to encounter discomfiture and ruin. Prince Charles had left six thousand dead and wounded upon the plain of Eckmuhl. Nearly twenty thousand prisoners, fifteen standards, and an immense quantity of the munitions of war, fell into the hands of the victor.*

Under these circumstances, the Archduke resolved to cross the Danube as speedily as possible, and to seek refuge for his army in the wilds of Bohemia. He hoped soon to be able to form a junction with powerful divisions of Austrian troops, marching to re-enforce him. Keeping large watch-fires blazing all the night to conceal his design, he retreated rapidly to the Danube. A bridge of boats was immediately thrown across the stream. By that, and by the bridge at Ratisbon, the army defiled the whole night without intermission. Early in the morning, Napoleon moved forward his cavalry to attack the rear guard of the Austrians, which was drawn up in front of Ratisbon to protect the passage of the river. After a short conflict, the Austrians retreated behind the walls of the city, closed the gates, and lined the ramparts with infantry. The batteries of Napoleon were immediately reared.

* It is seldom easy to ascertain with accuracy the numbers who were engaged or who fell in these conflicts. We here give some of the estimates which have been made respecting the battle of Eckmuhl.

"Twenty thousand prisoners, a great quantity of artillery, all the wounded of the enemy, and fifteen flags, were the trophy of the victory of Eckmuhl."—*M. de Norvins*, vol. iii., p. 187.

"The battle of Eckmuhl cost the Austrians about six thousand killed and wounded, a great number of pieces of artillery, and three or four thousand prisoners."—*Thiers, History of the Consulate and Empire*, book xxxiv., p. 694.

"Five thousand men had been killed and wounded, and seven thousand made prisoners, in the battle [of Eckmuhl], besides twelve standards and sixteen pieces of cannon which had fallen into the enemy's hands."—*Alison*, vol. iii., p. 189.

"The enemy left us fifteen thousand prisoners, the greater part of his artillery, all his wounded, and fifteen flags."—*M. Chauvet*, p. 312.

"Prince Charles, on quitting the field of Eckmuhl, left twenty thousand prisoners, fifteen colors, and nearly all his artillery in the hands of Napoleon."—*George Mair Bussey*, vol. ii., p. 90.

"All the Austrian wounded, great part of their artillery, fifteen stand of colors, and twenty thousand prisoners, remained in the power of the French."—*Scott*, vol. ii., p. 48.

A storm of shells rained down destruction upon the masses crowding through the streets and hurrying across the bridge. A breach was soon battered in the walls. The French troops rushed into the city. French and Austrians were mingled together in inextricable confusion. A hand to hand fight ensued, with awful carnage.

While Napoleon was guiding this assault, a musket ball struck him upon the foot, not breaking the bone, but making a severe contusion, and causing intense pain. "Ah," said he, very coolly, "I am hit. It must have been a Tyrolese marksman to have struck me at such a distance. Those fellows fire with wonderful precision." He immediately dismounted, and his wound was dressed upon the spot. Had the ball struck a little higher up, the limb would have been shattered, and amputation would have been inevitable.



NAPOLEON WOUNDED AT RATISBON.

The news spread that the Emperor was wounded. The soldiers of the nearest corps, forgetting their own peril and the excitement of battle, broke from their ranks and crowded around their beloved chieftain. Regardless of the cannon balls which swept through the dense group, fifteen thousand men, leaving muskets, guns, and horses, hastened to the spot, with the most intense expressions of anxiety and affection. Napoleon smiled kindly upon them, shook hands with all who were within his reach, and assured them that the wound was merely a trifle. To relieve their solicitude, as soon as

the wound was dressed, though suffering excruciating pain, he mounted his horse and rode along the lines. An almost delirious shout of joy and enthusiasm greeted him. Such a shout no man ever won before. The pain, however, became so severe that he was compelled to retire to the hut of a peasant, where he fainted entirely away. Soon, however, recovering, he again mounted his horse, and, pale and exhausted, still guided the tremendous energies of battle.

As the French rushed through the breach into the city of Ratisbon, most of the Austrians had crossed the river. The retreating host rapidly disappeared over the wooded heights of the Bohmerwald. Napoleon, having thus driven the invaders from the territory of his ally, left the fugitives to wander among the mountains of Bohemia, and established his head-quarters at Ratisbon. Such achievements seem like the creation of fancy. But twelve days had elapsed since Napoleon left Paris. In six days he had passed over the vast space intervening between the Seine and the Danube. In forty-eight hours he had concentrated his army from its wide dispersion, fighting in the mean time almost an incessant battle, and gaining an incessant victory. By the most extraordinary combination of maneuvers he had assailed, at all points, an enemy superior in numbers upon the field of Eckmuhl, routed him entirely, and driven him across the Danube. Fifteen days before, 200,000 men, with the pride of resistless conquerors, had invaded the territory of Bavaria. Now, discomfited, bleeding, dejected, they were seeking refuge from the terrible blows of their victor in the wild passes of the Bohemian mountains. In these six disastrous days the Austrians had lost, in killed, wounded, and prisoners, 60,000 men. Of this number, 40,000 had been struck down by the fire of infantry or by the sabres of the cavalry.* The Austrians had also lost 600 ammunition wagons, 40 standards, more than a hundred pieces of artillery, two pontoon trains, and an incalculable quantity of baggage.

The physical and intellectual activity displayed by the Emperor during this extraordinary campaign would seem incredible were it not substantiated by conclusive evidence. It was a drive of nearly six hundred miles from Paris to the encampments of the army on the banks of the Danube. During this journey he took no rest but such as he could find in his carriage. At several places he was delayed for a few hours to examine fortifications, and to dictate orders to a thousand agents in France, in Spain, in Italy, in Germany. Upon reaching the army, he spent the succeeding five days and nights in a series of herculean labors. At midnight, leaning back in his chair, without removing either his hat or his boots, he would sleep for an hour, and then, with an invigorated mind, renew his dictation, or mount his horse, and gallop through darkness, storms, and mire, from post to post of the army. The letters which he wrote to his officers during these five days would fill a large volume. After the most exhausting ride on horseback of fifteen hours, he would impetuously, with apparently exhaustless energies, dictate dispatches half of the night.

* These are the numbers given by Thiers, after the most careful examination of the statements of both parties.

CHAPTER VII.

DESCENDING THE DANUBE.

The Traveling-carriage of Napoleon—Address to the Army at Ratisbon—The Syrian Soldier—Napoleon repairs Ratisbon—Bridge of Ebersberg—Dierstein—Vienna summoned to Surrender—Maria Louisa—Andreossi Governor of Vienna—Conversation with Savary—Letter to Eugene—The disgraced Surgeon.

THE traveling-carriage of Napoleon was taken at Waterloo. It is now to be seen at a museum in London. In all its arrangements it is characteristic of the Emperor. Perfectly simple in its structure, and unostentatious in its adornments, it was provided with all the conveniences for labor. A sliding-board supplied him with a table for writing. A neat desk, encased in the sides, contained stationery. Around the panels were a variety of boxes, filled with books, charts, dispatches, and the daily journals. A lamp from behind threw sufficient light to enable him to read and write by night as well as by day. The seat was so arranged that he could attain a half reclining attitude when traveling through the night, while cushions prevented his being too severely jostled by the rugged roads. As he dashed along, he examined the reports of military and civil engineers, of statesmen, of commanders of divisions, brigades, and battalions. As each paper was finished, it was torn into fragments and thrown from the windows. His marvelous memory retained every thing. It was his custom to have a copy of every new work that was published in Paris sent to him, whether literary, scientific, or religious. If, at a glance, he deemed the book worthless, he tossed it into the road. His route might be traced by fragments of papers, journals, and volumes scattered by the wayside. He had invariably suspended in the carriage before him the best possible chart of the district through which he was passing.

Whenever he halted, the order and system of the imperial household was immediately introduced. The most convenient apartment was at once selected as his cabinet or chamber of work. On a table placed in the middle of the room were arranged maps of the countries in which his armies were operating. The positions of each corps, division, and brigade were laid down. The roads, communications, bridges, and defiles were accurately delineated. The posts of the enemy, and the forces of different nations, were distinguished by pins with heads of various colors, red, black, and green. All this was accomplished with such perfect promptness and regularity by the devotion of those who surrounded him, that, let him reach his head-quarters where he might or when he might, no time was lost.

At the four corners of the room tables were set for his secretaries. To these tireless servants he was accustomed to dictate simultaneously. He possessed the rare faculty of giving judgment upon almost any number of subjects at the same time. He usually paced the floor with his hat on, and his hands clasped behind his back. In short and pithy sentences he pro-

nounced his opinions or issued his orders. To one scribe he would dictate instructions for the maneuvers of the army. Turning to another, he would give his decisive opinion on a difficult question of finance, or on the administrative government of the empire. To a third he would communicate answers to the letters of his embassadors in foreign countries. A fourth was not unfrequently intrusted with his private correspondence. Having thus dictated for a few hours, he would seize the pen, dash off a few glowing and scarcely legible lines to his faithful Josephine, and then, entering his carriage or mounting his horse, disappear like a meteor.

In the midst of these operations, he wrote thus to Josephine:

"Donauworth, April 18th, 1809.

"I arrived here yesterday, at four o'clock in the morning. I leave immediately. Every thing is in movement. Military operations are in intense activity. To this hour there is nothing new. My health is good. Entirely thine,

NAPOLEON."

Napoleon shunned no fatigue which he imposed upon his soldiers. Not one of them underwent any thing like the bodily labor to which he exposed himself. At Ratisbon he thus addressed his army:

"Soldiers! You have justified my anticipations. You have supplied by bravery the want of numbers, and have shown the difference which exists between the soldiers of Cæsar and the armed rabble of Xerxes. Within the space of a few days we have triumphed in the battles of Thaun, Abensberg, and Eckmuhl, and in the combats of Peissing, Landshut, and Ratisbon. One hundred pieces of cannon, forty standards, fifty thousand prisoners, three bridge equipages, three thousand baggage-wagons with their horses, and all the money-chests of the regiments, are the fruits of the rapidity of your marches and of your courage. The enemy, seduced by a perjured cabinet, appeared to have lost all recollection of you. His wakening has been speedy; you have appeared more terrible than ever. Lately he crossed the Inn, and invaded the territory of our allies. Lately he talked of nothing less than carrying the war into the bosom of our country. Now, defeated, dispersed, he flies in consternation. Already my advance guard has passed the Inn. In one month we will be in Vienna."

At St. Helena, Napoleon, speaking of this campaign, remarked: "The greatest military maneuvers I ever made, and those for which I give myself most credit, were performed at Eckmuhl. They were infinitely superior to those at Marengo, or to any other of my actions." The next day the Emperor reviewed a part of his army at Ratisbon. The dead were all buried. The blood was washed from the streets. The mutilated and the dying, with splintered bones and festering wounds, were moaning upon beds of agony in the secluded wards of the hospitals. Nothing was seen but the glitter and the pomp of war. Plumes, and banners, and prancing steeds, and polished armor, reflected the rays of the unclouded sun. As each regiment defiled before him, Napoleon demanded of the colonel who of his soldiers had proved themselves worthy of distinction. He often conferred the reward on a common soldier which had been expected by those of a higher grade. As he

was tying the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor in the button-hole of one of these veterans from the ranks, the soldier inquired if the Emperor did not recognize him. "How should I?" answered Napoleon. "It was I," the soldier replied, "who, in the desert of Syria, at the moment of your utmost necessity, gave you a portion of my rations." Napoleon immediately rejoined, "Indeed! I recollect you now perfectly. I make you a knight, with an annual endowment of two hundred dollars." These appeals to honor and generous feeling inspired the bosoms of the French soldiers with incredible ardor and enthusiasm.

A large portion of Ratisbon was consumed by the flames. The city belonged to Napoleon's ally, the King of Bavaria. The Austrians, as they fled from the burning streets, witnessed with pleasure the conflagration. Napoleon, with his accustomed magnanimity, repaired the damages, amounting to several millions of dollars, at his own expense. "From the morning of the 19th," says Alison, "when the battle of Abensberg began, till the night of the 22d, when that of Ratisbon terminated, he was on horseback or dictating letters at least eighteen hours a day. When all around him were ready to drop down with exhaustion, he began to read and dictate dispatches, and sat up half the night receiving reports from the generals and marshals, and completing the directions for the ensuing day."*

The Danube now flowed between Napoleon and the great mass of his foes. The road was open to Vienna. This city was situated on the same side of the river which was occupied by the French army. From Ratisbon to Vienna is a distance of about two hundred miles. Many rivers were to be crossed, and many defiles to be forced which were strongly guarded by the Austrians. Napoleon resolved, however, to march directly upon the capital, and there to settle his difficulties with that faithless cabinet which had so perfidiously assailed him. The conquering legions of France poured resistlessly down the valleys of the Danube. All opposition was swept before them. The retreating Austrians planted their batteries upon the opposite banks of every stream, having blown up the bridges and destroyed the boats. The crags which commanded every defile glittered with armed men, and were defended by the most destructive enginery of war.

Napoleon had done every thing which mortal man could do to avert the conflict.† He now consecrated the entireness of his tremendous energies,

* In reference to these events, Sir Walter Scott remarks: "At no period in his momentous career did the genius of Napoleon appear more completely to prostrate all opposition; at no time did the talents of a single individual exercise such an influence on the fate of the universe. The forces he had in the field had been not only unequal to those of the enemy, but they were, in a military point of view, ill placed and imperfectly combined. Napoleon arrived alone, found himself under all these disadvantages, and we repeat, by his almost unassisted genius, came, in the course of five days, in complete triumph out of a struggle which bore a character so unpromising. It was no wonder that others, nay, that he himself, should have annexed to his person the degree of superstitious influence claimed for the chosen instrument of Destiny, whose path must not be crossed, and whose arms can not be arrested."

† Thiers was perfectly familiar with all the efforts which Napoleon had made to avoid these wars. He honestly records them all. And yet he could allow himself to say, "His real fault, his stupendous fault, was that unbridled policy which, after having carried him to the Niemen, whence he had returned only by dint of miracles, had next carried him to the Ebro and the Tagus, whence he had returned in person, leaving his best armies behind him, now hurried him to the Danube, where he contrived to maintain himself only by other miracles, the series of which might cease at

without any faltering, to drive the war to a decisive conclusion. Beneath the guns of the Austrians he constructed new bridges, and, reminding his veterans of Lodi and of Arcola, breasted all the engines of mutilation and death. The Austrians had so wantonly and pertinaciously provoked the war, that they were ashamed to ask for peace. The Archduke Charles had, however, from the beginning, been opposed to the hostile measures of his government. He now wrote to his brother, the Emperor Francis, giving an account of their sudden and overwhelming reverses. With the consent of the terrified emperor, he ventured to address the following lines of graceful flattery to Napoleon:

"Your majesty has announced your arrival by a salvo of artillery. I had no time to reply to it. But, though hardly informed of your presence, I speedily discovered it by the losses which I experienced. You have taken many prisoners from me. I have taken some from you in quarters where you were not present. I propose to your majesty to exchange them, man for man, rank for rank. If this proposal proves agreeable to you, point out the place where it may be possible to put it into effect. I feel flattered, sire, in combating the greatest captain of the age; but I should esteem myself more happy if heaven had chosen me to be the instrument of procuring for my country a durable peace. Whatever may be the events of war, or the chances of an accommodation, I pray your majesty to believe that my desires will always outstrip your wishes, and that I am equally honored by meeting your majesty, either with the sword or the olive-branch in your hand."

But, before this apologetic note reached Napoleon, he was far advanced in the valley of the Danube. Nothing now remained to arrest his triumphant march upon Vienna. He decided to send his reply from the palace of Schönbrunn. The French army was now approaching the River Traun, one of the tributaries of the Danube. Napoleon decided to cross it at several points some miles distant from each other. Massena, with seven thousand men, advanced to the Traun, opposite Ebersberg. Here occurred one of the most extravagant acts of reckless courage, and one of the most revolting scenes of human butchery recorded in military history. The river was very broad, and was crossed by a narrow bridge 1200 feet in length. At the farther end of the bridge was an escarped plateau. Above it rose the little town of Ebersberg, surmounted by a strong castle which was bristling with cannon. In front of the bridge, on the escarpment of the plateau, nearly 40,000 men were drawn up in line of battle. The bridge, at its western extremity, was enfiladed by houses all filled with musketeers. A formidable array of artillery, disposed on the heights above, commanded the whole extent of the frail structure. The bridge was of wood, and by the application of the torch would immediately have been enveloped in flames. The Aus-

any moment and give place to disasters."—*Thiers*, book xxxv., p. 732. That England and Austria, as one of the artifices of war, should have filled the ears of benighted Europe with this cry, is not strange. But it is, indeed, no trivial offense thus to trifle with the sacredness of historic truth, and with the memory of the noble dead. Napoleon was struggling heroically in self-defense. He had left no efforts untried for the promotion of peace. The banded foes of revolutionized France gave him no alternative but to fight, or to surrender his country to be trampled down beneath the iron hoofs of their invading squadrons.

trians, however, deemed its passage so utterly impossible, that they did not suppose that the French would even attempt it.

But the impetuous Massena delayed not a moment.* He ordered an immediate charge, as he feared that an hour's delay might induce the Austrians to blow up the bridge. General Cohorn, a man of diminutive stature, but of the most intensely forceful and impetuous spirit, placed himself at the head of his brigade. At double-quick step the dense column pressed along the bridge. An unexampled scene of horror ensued. The troops were soon enveloped in a cloud of smoke. A storm of grape-shot and canister swept mutilation and death through their ranks. Two or three ammunition-wagons blew up in the midst of the struggling throng, and scattered awful carnage around. The bridge was soon so encumbered with the wounded and the dead, that Massena deemed himself driven to the horrible necessity of commanding the fresh troops that came up to toss their mangled and struggling comrades into the swollen torrent which swept furiously below.

Those who performed this revolting service were soon struck down themselves, and were treated in the same manner by those who next came up to the attack. There was no alternative. But for this dreadful measure, the bridge would soon have become utterly impassable, and all upon it would have perished. Enveloped in smoke, deafened with the roar of battle, and with shots, shells, and bullets mowing down their ranks, these veteran soldiers, who, in becoming veterans, had almost ceased to be men, pressed sternly on, trampling upon severed limbs, wading through blood, and throwing their wounded and beseeching comrades into the surging flood. Well might the Duke of Wellington say, "A man of refined Christian sensibilities is totally unfit for the profession of soldier."

Through this frightful storm of shot, the French rushed along till they reached the gate at the farther end of the bridge. Here the whole head of the column was swept away; those in the rear, however, rushed on over their mangled comrades, dashed down the gates, and drove their foes before them. The Austrians retreated through the town, setting fire to the houses, and disputing every inch of ground. The French struggled on, trampling on the bodies of the dead and wounded of either army. In the blazing streets the conflict raged with unparalleled ferocity. Ebersberg was at last taken. It was, however, but a heap of smoking ruins. The town was so much in flames that the wounded could not be withdrawn. The blazing rafters fell

* "Massena," said Napoleon to O'Meara, "was a man of superior talent. He generally, however, made bad dispositions previous to battle. It was not till the dead fell around him that he began to act with that judgment which he ought to have displayed before. In the midst of the dying and the dead, of balls sweeping away those who encircled him, then Massena was himself—gave his orders, and made his dispositions with the greatest coolness and judgment. This is true nobleness of blood. It was truly said of Massena that he never began to act with judgment until the battle was going against him. He was, however, a robber. He went halves with the contractors and commissaries of the army. I signified to him often that if he would discontinue his speculations, I would make him a present of eight hundred thousand or a million francs. But he had acquired such a habit that he could not keep his hands from the money. On this account he was hated by the soldiers, who mutinied against him three or four times. However, considering the circumstances of the times, he was precious, and, had not his great parts been soiled by the vice of avarice, he would have been a great man."

on these wretched victims of war, and, shrieking in agony, their mangled limbs were slowly consumed by the fire. Their hideous cries blended with the hateful clamor of these demoniac scenes. An intolerable stench of burning corpses filled the air.

Still, through the blazing streets, and over the mangled and blackened fragments of human bodies, the French rushed on with horse, and artillery, and ammunition-wagons, crushing flesh, and bones, and cinders, and blood-mingled mire into a hideous mass of corruption. The Austrians, appalled at such incredible daring, sullenly retired, leaving six thousand of the slain behind them. Napoleon, at a distance, heard the loud cannonade. He spurred his horse to the scene of the conflict. Accustomed as he had long been to the horrors of war, he was shocked at the awful spectacle. Though admiring the desperate daring of Massena, he could not refrain from testifying his displeasure at the carnage which might, perhaps, have been averted by waiting for an attack upon the flank of the enemy by the corps of Lannes, which had passed the river a few miles above.

Napoleon, accompanied by Savary, entered the smouldering town. He found two or three of the wounded still alive, who had crawled into the square where the flames could not reach them. "Can any thing," says Savary, "be more dreadful than the sight of men first burned to death, then trodden under the horses' feet, and crushed to atoms by the wheels of gun-carriages? The only outlet from the town was by walking through a heap of baked human flesh, which produced an insufferable stench. The evil was so great that it became necessary to procure spades, such as are used to clear mud from the public roads, in order to remove and bury this fetid mass. The Emperor came to see this horrid sight, and said to us as he went over it, 'It were well if all promoters of wars could behold such an appalling picture. They would then discover how much evil humanity has to suffer from their projects.' He spoke some obliging words to General Cohorn on the feat of gallantry he had displayed, but pointed out to him that, if he had not suffered himself to be hurried along by his courage, but had waited for the troops that were coming up, previously to making the attack, this heavy loss would have been spared."

The army now pressed on with the utmost rapidity toward Vienna. There was but little more opposition to be encountered. Napoleon, with his peculiar thirst for knowledge, took with him a guide, who rode by his side, and who pointed out to him every object of interest by the way. Upon a distant eminence he descried the mouldering Gothic towers of Dierstein, the scene of the captivity of Richard the Lion-hearted. He reined in his horse, and for some moments riveted his eyes upon the pile which rose in gloomy magnificence before him; then, addressing Berthier and Lannes, who were with him, he said,

"Richard also was a warrior in Syria and Palestine. He was more fortunate than we were at St. Jean d'Acre. But the Lion-hearted was not more valiant than you, my brave Lannes. He beat the great Saladin. Yet hardly had he returned to Europe than he fell into the hands of persons who were certainly of very different calibre. He was sold by a duke of Austria to an emperor of Germany, who by that act only has been rescued from oblivion.

The last of his court, Blondel alone remained faithful to him. But the nation made no sacrifice for his deliverance."



THE RUINS OF DIERSTEIN.

After a moment's pause, still keeping his eyes riveted upon the towers, he continued:

"These were barbarous times, which they have the folly to represent to us as so heroic, when the father sacrificed his children, the wife her husband, the subject his sovereign, the soldier his general, and all without shame or disguise! How much are times changed now! You have seen emperors and kings in my power, as well as the capitals of their states, and I exacted from them neither ransom nor sacrifice of honors. The world has seen how I treated the Emperor of Austria, whom I might have imprisoned; and that successor of Leopold and Henry, who is already more than half in our power, will not be worse treated on this occasion than on the preceding, notwithstanding that he has attacked us with so much perfidy." Little did Napoleon then imagine that on the rock of St. Helena he was to experience an imprisonment more barbarous in all the refinements of cruelty than Richard had endured beneath the towers of Dierstein.

On the 10th of May, just one month from the time when the Austrian standards crossed the Inn, Napoleon with his army appeared before the walls of Vienna. The Archduke Charles, having received powerful re-enforcements, was hurrying down the opposite banks of the river for the relief of the capital. The city is built on a small arm of the Danube, some two miles from the main stream. The central city is circular, and about three miles

in circumference. It contains 100,000 inhabitants, and is surrounded by an ancient rampart of brick-work, flanked by strong bastions. A beautiful glacis, about one fourth of a mile in width, planted with trees, and laid out in public walks like the parks of London, girdles the city. Beyond this esplanade are reared the immense faubourgs, which contain 200,000 inhabitants, and which are also inclosed by a line of ramparts. The suburbs are about ten miles in circumference.

Napoleon was very anxious to save Vienna from the horrors of a bombardment. He immediately sent a flag of truce into the city. The bearer was assailed and wounded; and the butcher's boy who had struck him down was placed upon the officer's horse, and borne in triumph through the streets. Without difficulty Napoleon surmounted the ramparts and entered the faubourgs; but as soon as his troops appeared upon the esplanade, which extends between the faubourgs and the ramparts of the old city, they were met by volleys of grape-shot from the walls. Napoleon immediately invested the place on all points, and summoned it to surrender. A deputation from each of the faubourgs was selected to carry this summons.*

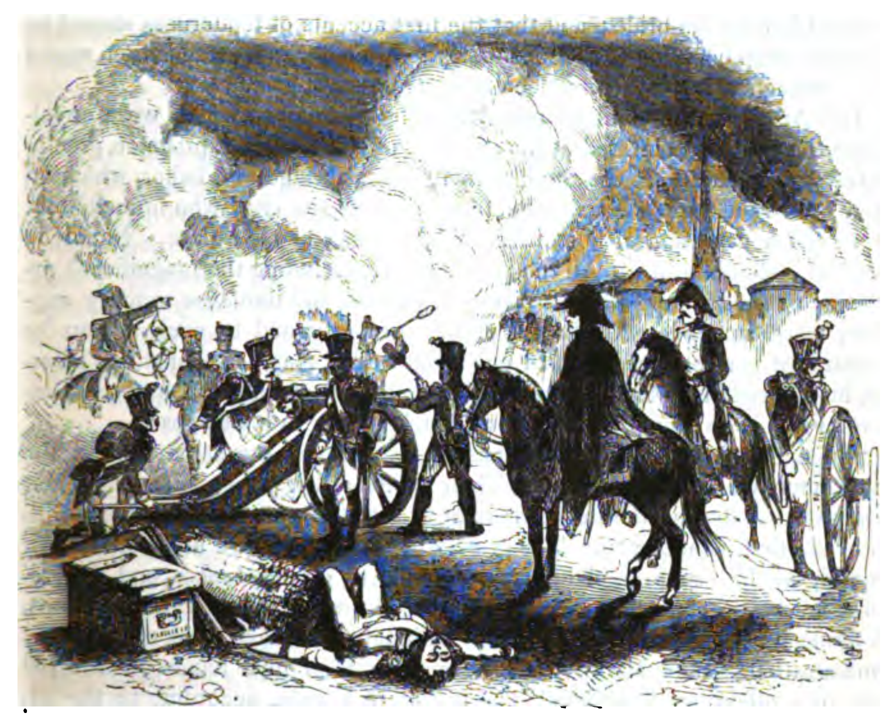
But the fire of the ramparts redoubled at the arrival of the deputies, and many of them were slain by their fellow-citizens. Napoleon's patience was now exhausted. Still he humanely resolved to spare the unfortunate faubourgs as much as possible. There are few conquerors who, under such circumstances, would not have availed themselves of the houses of their enemies. Accompanied by Massena, he rode around the southern portion of the fortifications of the city, *and selected a place for the erection of his batteries where the answering fire from the ramparts would endanger only very*

* The following is a copy of the letter sent by Berthier to the Archduke Maximilian, who conducted the defense of the city:

"Monseigneur,—The Duke of Montebello sent this morning to your highness an officer in the character of a flag of truce, with a trumpeter. That officer has not yet returned. I request to be informed when it is intended to send him back. The unusual course adopted on this occasion compels me to avail myself of the inhabitants of this city for holding communication with your highness. His majesty, the emperor and king, my master, having been brought to Vienna by the events of the war, is desirous of sparing the numerous and interesting population of that capital from the calamities which threaten it. He directs me to represent to your highness that, by persisting to defend the place, your highness will cause the destruction of one of the finest cities in Europe, and expose to the miseries of war a multitude of people who ought effectually to be protected by their condition, age, and sex from the evils which war necessarily occasions. The Emperor, my master, has always manifested, in every country where he has been brought by the events of war, his anxiety to save unarmed populations from such calamities. Your highness can not but be persuaded that his majesty is deeply affected at contemplating the approaching ruin of that great city, which he claims, as one of his titles to glory, to have saved on a former occasion. Nevertheless, contrary to the practice of all fortified towns, your highness has had guns fired in the direction of the suburbs, and the shot might have killed, not an enemy of your sovereign, but the child or wife of one of his most devoted subjects. I do myself the honor to submit to your highness that, during the whole day, the Emperor has refused to allow any troops to enter the suburbs, and merely had the gates occupied, and sent patrols round for the purpose of maintaining good order. But if your highness persists in attempting to defend the place, his majesty will be compelled to make his preparations for an attack, and the ruin of the capital will be accomplished in thirty-six hours by the howitzers and bombs of our batteries, at the same time that the exterior town must likewise be destroyed by the fire from your own batteries. His majesty is persuaded that these considerations will have their influence, and induce your highness to renounce an attempt which could only delay for a few moments the taking of the city. I beg to be made acquainted with your highness's final resolution. (Signed), BERTHIER."

thinly-scattered dwellings. Upon this spot he constructed very formidable batteries; and at nine o'clock in the evening, when all the awful enginery of war was arranged to rain down a horrible tempest upon the city, he sent another summons. The only answer was a continued discharge of cannon balls.

The terrible cannonade then commenced. For ten hours the storm of destruction fell upon the city. Three thousand shells were thrown into its thronged dwellings. The midnight sky was filled with these terrible meteors, curving in paths of fire through the air, and, by their continuous explosion, deafening the ear with unintermitted thunders. Flames were bursting forth from all parts of the metropolis, and immense volumes of black smoke, as if ejected from a volcano, blended with the portentous glare. In the



BOMBARDMENT OF VIENNA.

midst of this awful scene of unimaginable horror, when the heavens seemed rent by the explosions of artillery, and the crash of falling buildings, and the shrieks of the wounded, and the wild cry of two hundred thousand combatants, and when the wasting conflagration illumined the whole arena as with the lurid blaze of infernal fires, the gates of the city were thrown open, and a flag of truce emerged upon the plain. The flag was conducted to the head-quarters of the Emperor. It informed him that in the imperial palace, directly opposite the French batteries, a young princess, daughter of the Emperor Francis, lay sick. Upon the approach of Napoleon, the royal family had fled. They were under the cruel necessity of leaving their sick child behind them.

Napoleon immediately ordered the direction of all the pieces which could endanger the helpless maiden to be changed. This young princess, thus strangely rescued from the carnage of war, became subsequently the bride of Napoleon. Eloquently has Alison said, "It was by the thunders of artillery and the flaming light of bombs across the sky that Napoleon's first addresses to the Archduchess, Maria Louisa, were made. While the midnight sky was incessantly streaked with burning projectiles, and conflagration was commencing in every direction around her, the future Empress of France remained secure and unharmed in the imperial palace. Strange result of those days, not less of royal than of national revolution! that a daughter of the Cæsars should be wooed and won by a soldier of fortune from Corsica; that French arms should be exerted to place an Austrian princess on the throne of Charlemagne; that the leader of a victorious invading host should demand her for his bride; and that the first accents of tenderness should be from the deep booming of the mortars, which, but for his interposition, would have consigned her father's palace to destruction."

The Archduke Maximilian, intimidated by the flames which were enveloping the city, and alarmed at the prospect of being made a prisoner, precipitately retreated across the Danube by the great bridge of Thabor, which he blew up behind him. A subordinate was left in the city, who immediately requested a cessation of hostilities, and proposed to capitulate. Napoleon exacted no harsh terms. All the public stores, including the magnificent arsenal, containing four hundred pieces of cannon and immense military supplies, were surrendered. To all private property and to each person he guaranteed perfect security. In one month after Napoleon left the Tuileries, he entered in triumph the gates of Vienna. From the palace of the Emperor Francis he issued the following proclamation to his troops:

"In a month after the enemy passed the Inn, on the same day, at the same hour, we entered Vienna. Their militia, their levies *en masse*, their ramparts, created by the impotent rage of the house of Lorraine, have fallen at the first sight of you. The princes of that house have abandoned their capital, not like soldiers of honor, who yield to circumstances and the reverses of war, but as perjurers haunted by the sense of their own crimes. In flying from Vienna, their adieux to its inhabitants have been murder and conflagration. Like Medea, they have, with their own hands, massacred their own offspring. Soldiers! The people of Vienna, according to the expression of a deputation of the suburbs, *abandoned*, *widowed*, shall be the object of your regards. I take its good citizens under my especial protection. As to the turbulent and the wicked, they shall meet with exemplary justice. Soldiers! Be kind to the poor peasants; to those worthy people who have so many claims upon your esteem. Let us not manifest any pride at our success. Let us see in it but a proof of that divine justice which punishes the ungrateful and the perjured."

General Andreossy was appointed governor of Vienna. He had been Napoleon's embassador to Austria, and was highly respected by the inhabitants of the capital. Napoleon, by this appointment, wished to indicate to the Viennese his friendly feelings. He took the utmost pains to mitigate the bitterness of their humiliation. Instead of employing his own troops to main-

tain order in the city, he raised a burgher force of 6000 Austrians, 1500 of whom mounted guard every day. Provisions becoming scarce in consequence of the presence of such a vast number of men, he ordered herds of cattle and large quantities of grain to be brought from Hungary, that the citizens might be saved from paying an extravagant price for food. He furnished labor for the lower classes, paying them reasonable wages—often employing them in works to embellish the capital of his perfidious enemy, "that their bread," says Thiers, "might not be too bitter."

Napoleon, though thus victorious, was nevertheless in a situation extremely critical. The Austrian forces still outnumbered his own, three to one. All the energies of England, Austria, and Spain were combined against him. Let the reader for a moment contemplate the terrific and wide-spread conflict in the midst of which Napoleon was now struggling. He had liberated a portion of dismembered Poland from the despotism of Prussia, and placed it under the protection of the kingdom of Saxony, with Warsaw for its capital. The Archduke Ferdinand, brother of the Emperor Francis, with an army of 40,000 men, was ravaging the territory of this grateful ally of France. Alexander had tardily sent a small army into Saxony professedly to aid Napoleon. After a signal defeat of the Saxon troops by the Austrians, an Austrian courier was taken prisoner. There was found in his possession a letter from the commander of the Russian forces, addressed to the Archduke Ferdinand, *congratulating him upon his victory, and expressing the hope that very soon the Russian army would be permitted to co-operate with the Austrians against the French.* Napoleon immediately sent the letter to Alexander without note or comment. The Czar, embarrassed by the known wishes of the queen mother and of the nobles, received the letter in silence, and merely recalled the indiscreet officer.

Napoleon, though he lost no time in unavailing regrets, was much disappointed. He fully understood the peculiar difficulties which surrounded the Czar, and was conscious that his inefficient alliance might at any moment be turned into active hostility. Indeed, Alexander, finding all Europe rising against the republican monarch, and annoyed by the incessant reproaches of his mother and the nobles, began himself to regret the uncongenial alliance of the great champion of despotism with the great champion of popular rights. The extraordinary personal ascendency alone of Napoleon had detached the Czar from that coalition to which he naturally belonged.

As Napoleon was one day riding along, with Savary by his side, after an interval of silence, in which he seemed to have been lost in thought, he said,

"It appears that Alexander is marching an army of 50,000 men into Poland to support me. This is something, though I certainly expected more."

Savary replied, "It is but little that Russia is doing. The Austrians will hardly suspend their operations at the approach of 50,000 men. If Alexander does not furnish a greater force, it is my opinion that his army will not act at all. I should not wonder if it turned out to be a premeditated arrangement. Such co-operation as this is truly ridiculous when we consider that Alexander, in alliance with Austria, brought 200,000 men against us."

"Therefore," replied Napoleon, calmly but very seriously, "I must rely upon my own strength and not upon their assistance."*

Again he said to Savary, upon the same subject, "I was perfectly in the right not to trust to such allies. What worse could have happened if I had not made peace with the Russians? What have I gained by their alliance? It is more than probable that they would have declared openly against me if a remnant of regard to the faith of treaties had not prevented them. We must not deceive ourselves; they have all fixed a rendezvous on my tomb, but they have not courage openly to set out thither. It is plain that I can no longer reckon on an alliance in that quarter. Perhaps he thinks that he does me a great favor by not declaring war. Had I, however, entertained any doubt on that subject before engaging in the affairs of Spain, I should have cared very little for the part which he took. And yet, after all, they will probably say that I am wanting to my engagements, and can not remain at peace."

Prussia, by the treaty of Tilsit, was solemnly bound not to draw the sword against Napoleon. But the Prussian cabinet, restless under the humiliation which had befallen their arms, were eager to renew the war. Russia, Prussia, and Austria were accomplices in the infamous dismemberment of Poland. They, consequently, were bound together by the sympathies of copartnership in this most atrocious of political crimes. Innumerable conspiracies were formed to rouse the nation to arms. At last Colonel Schill, an enthusiastic officer in the Prussian army, marched boldly from Berlin, at the head of the whole cavalry of the garrison, and raised the standard of war against France. He every where proclaimed that the King of Prussia, with all his forces, was about to join the Allies. The national pride was aroused, and multitudes flocked to his banners.

The Tyrol, an ancient possession of the house of Austria, had been, by the treaty of Pressburg, annexed to Bavaria. In no other part of Europe did the priests and the monks hold so boundless a sway as with the superstitious peasantry of those wild mountain ravines. Napoleon had induced the King of Bavaria to avoid all invidious religious distinctions. Although the Roman Catholic was still the established religion, the Protestants were allowed the free exercise of their mode of worship, and were equally admissible with Catholics to all civil offices. In Prussia, which was a Protestant country, Napoleon exerted the same influence in behalf of the Catholics; and, notwithstanding the inveterate prejudices of the times, wherever he had power, he granted entire relief to the Jews.

He was ever true to his favorite principle of removing from the Continent of Europe all restraints on religious opinions, and of granting perfect liberty of conscience. This often armed against him all the energies of the Roman Catholic priesthood. The conspiracy in the Tyrol, fomented by emissaries from Austria, was wide-spread. At the preconcerted signal, when the Aus-

* "At that time, also, the Russian naval commander in the Adriatic, being ordered to sail to Ancona for the purpose of conveying Marmont's troops from Dalmatia to Italy, refused, on the plea that his ships were not seaworthy, yet secretly he informed the Governor of Trieste that they would be in excellent order to assist an Austrian corps against the French."—*Napier*, vol. iii., p. 274.

trians were crossing the Inn, beacon-fires blazed from almost every crag in the Tyrol, and the convent bells in every valley tolled the tocsin of popular insurrection. The benighted populace, stimulated by religious fanaticism, were ready to fight against their own deliverer and against their own rights. The Bavarian government had failed to conciliate the Tyrolese, by neglecting to carry out in full the enlarged and humane policy of Napoleon. "The Bavarians," said Napoleon, "did not know how to govern the Tyrolese. They were unworthy to rule that noble country." The war which ensued was shocking in its barbarity. It is a remarkable fact, that, in all these wars, no troops were so ferocious as those guided by the Romish priests. In four days all the French and Bavarian troops were swept away by the torrent of a general insurrection.

At the same time, England was secretly fitting out an expedition to enter the Scheldt, to attack Antwerp, the great naval arsenal of France. Its garrison, consisting of but two thousand invalid soldiers, was quite unequal to the defense of the extensive works of this important maritime depôt. Napoleon, with all his energies absorbed by the war in Spain and on the Danube, could send no considerable force for its relief. The British armament consisted of one hundred and seventy-five vessels of war, besides innumerable transports, and conveyed, in soldiers and sailors, an army of one hundred thousand combatants. It was considered the largest and best-equipped expedition which had put to sea in modern times. The effect of the conquest of Antwerp would have been immense. "It would destroy at once," says Alison, "the principal naval resources and fleets of the enemy; animate all the north of Germany by the prospect of a powerful army having gained a footing on their own shores; and intercept, by pressing dangers at home, a large portion of the re-enforcements destined for the *Grand Army*." The expedition was intrusted to Lord Chatham, son of the illustrious statesman, and brother of William Pitt.*

In Italy, the Archduke John, with 80,000 Austrians, was driving before him Prince Eugene, who could oppose to him but 50,000 troops. Eugene had imprudently hazarded a battle, and was signally defeated.

His discomfiture had been so entire that he feared to announce the facts to Napoleon. He wrote to him, "My father, I need your indulgence. Fearing your censure if I retreated, I accepted the offer of battle, and have lost it." Napoleon was much embarrassed. He knew not how great the losses were, nor what danger might consequently menace him from his right flank. Displeased with Eugene, not for his defeat, but for withholding information, he wrote,

"You have been beaten. Be it so. I ought to have known how it would

* "The exertions of England at the same period," says Sir Walter Scott, "were of a nature and upon a scale to surprise the world. It seemed as if her flag literally overshadowed the whole seas on the coasts of Italy, Spain, the Ionian Islands, the Baltic Sea. Wherever there was the least show of resistance to the yoke of Bonaparte, the assistance of the English was appealed to, and was readily afforded. The general principle was indeed adopted that the expeditions of Britain should be directed where they could do the cause of Europe the most benefit, and the interests of Napoleon the greatest harm. But still there remained a lurking wish that they could be so directed as, at the same time, to acquire some peculiar and separate advantage to England, and to secure what was called a British object."

be when I named as general a young man without experience. As for your losses, I will send you wherewith to repair them. The advantages gained by the enemy I shall know how to neutralize. But to do this, I must be in possession of every particular; and I know nothing! I am compelled to seek in foreign bulletins for the facts of which you ought to inform me. I am doing that which I have never before done, and which must, of all things, be most repugnant to a prudent general; I am marching with my wings in the air, unconscious of what is passing on my flanks. Fortunately, I can brave all risks, thanks to the blows I have struck, but it is miserable to be kept in such a state of ignorance. War is a serious game, in which are staked one's reputation, one's troops, and one's country. A man should reason and examine himself, in order to learn whether or not he is fitted by nature for the art.

"I know that in Italy you affect to despise Massena. If I had sent him, this would not have occurred. Massena possesses military talents before which you all should bow; and if he has faults, they must be forgotten, for every man has some. In confiding to you my army of Italy, I have committed an error. I should have sent Massena, and have given you command of the cavalry under his orders. The Prince Royal of Bavaria admirably commands a division under the Duke of Dantzig. I think that, if circumstances become urgent, you should write to the King of Naples [Murat] to join the army. You will give up the command to him, and put yourself under his orders. It is a matter of course that you should have less experience in war than a man whose occupation it has been for eighteen years." Such were the disasters which were accumulating around Napoleon even in the hour of victory; so numerous and so unrelenting were the foes against whom he was most heroically struggling.

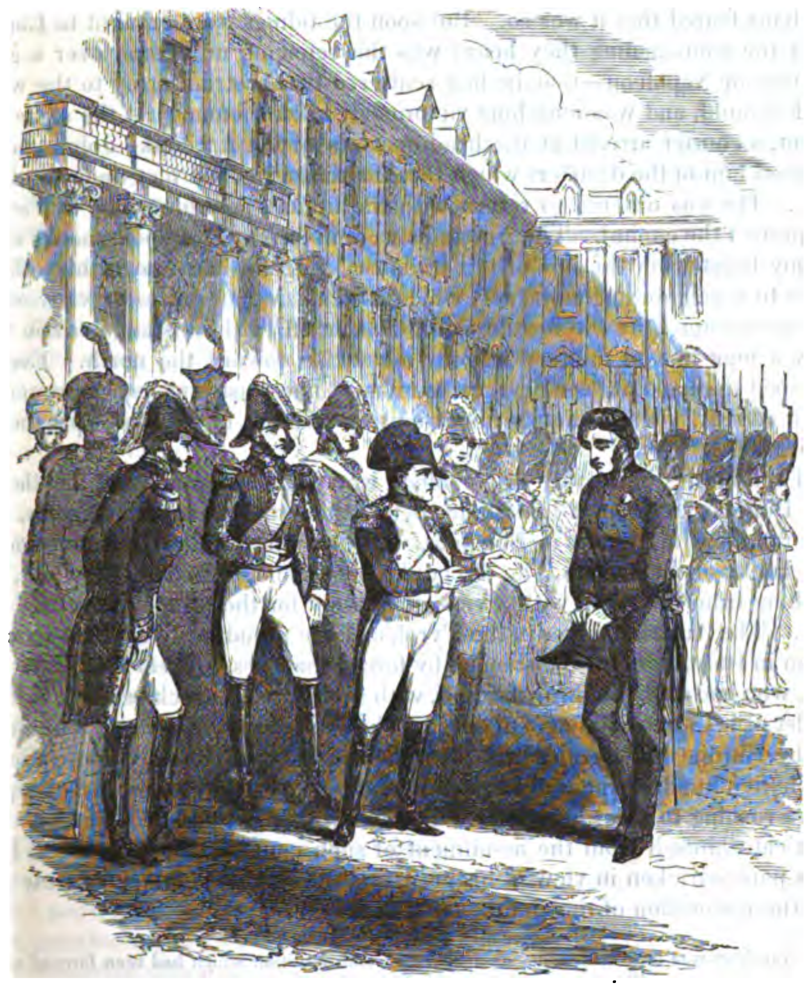
While at Vienna a little incident occurred which develops the native nobleness of character which all must recognize and admire. One of the chief surgeons of the army was lodged in the suburbs of the city, at the house of an aged canoness. The surgeon, having one day taken too much wine, wrote her an impertinent letter. She immediately appealed to General Andreossy for protection, sending to him the letter. He forwarded her letter, and also the one she had received from the surgeon, to the Emperor. Napoleon immediately sent an order for the surgeon to appear on parade the following morning. At the appointed hour, Napoleon rapidly descended the steps of his palace, with a countenance expressive of deep indignation, and, without speaking to any one, advanced toward the ranks, holding the letters in his hand.

"Let M—— come forward," he exclaimed. As the surgeon approached, the Emperor extended the letter toward him, and said, in indignant tones, "Did you write this infamous letter?"

"Pardon, sire," the overwhelmed surgeon exclaimed; "I was intoxicated at the time, and did not know what I did."

"Miserable man," exclaimed Napoleon, "to outrage a canoness worthy of respect, and bowed down with the calamities of war. I do not admit your excuse. I degrade you from the Legion of Honor. You are unworthy to bear that venerated symbol. General Dersonne, see that this order is ex-

ecuted. Insult an aged woman! I respect an aged woman as if she were my mother!"



THE SURGEON DISGRACED.

The news of Napoleon's astonishing triumph at Eckmuhl, and of his resistless march to Vienna, spread rapidly through Europe. It animated the friends of Napoleon, and sent dismay to the hearts of his enemies. Schill was pursued, and his army entirely put to the rout. The Archduke Ferdinand, who was ravaging Saxony, and who had captured Warsaw, was compelled to retreat precipitately, to lend aid to the Archduke Charles. The Austrians were unable to send any succor to the Tyrolese, and the sanguinary insurrection was soon put down. In Italy Eugene was retreating before the forces of the triumphant Archduke John. At last, almost in despair, he resolved to try the issue of another battle. He concentrated his army near Verona. The Austrians, flushed with success, and far outnumbering the army of the viceroy, came rushing over the hills, sure of an easy victory.

Suddenly there was heard in the distance a tremendous cannonading. Neither party knew the cause. The Austrians, however, were confident that it was a division of the Austrian army commencing the attack. The Italians feared that it was so. But soon the tidings were brought to Eugene that the cannonading they heard was the rejoicing in Verona over a great victory of Napoleon—that he had scattered the Austrian army to the winds at Eckmuhl, and was marching victoriously upon Vienna. At the same moment, a courier arrived at the head-quarters of the Archduke John, and informed him of the disasters which the Austrian arms had met upon the Danube. He was ordered to return with the utmost possible speed to Vienna, to protect the capital. The Austrians were in dismay. A spontaneous shout of joy burst from the lips of the Italians. Eugene and one of his officers rode to a neighboring eminence, which commanded an extensive view of the region occupied by the hostile armies. Far off in the distant horizon they saw a long line of military wagons advancing toward the north. Eugene grasped the hand of his officer, exclaiming, "The Austrians have commenced their retreat." Immediately his own army was put in motion to pursue the retiring foe.

Thus, while the legions of Napoleon were thundering down the valley of the Danube, sweeping all resistance before them, the Archduke Charles, having recruited his forces in Bohemia, was hurrying to the capital down the left banks of the river. The Archduke Ferdinand, abandoning Poland, was rushing from the north with a victorious army for the protection of the capital. The Austrian forces in the Tyrol, and the proud army of the Archduke John in Italy, were also hastening, by forced marches, to meet that audacious foe, who had dared to throw himself, with such apparent recklessness, into the midst of his multitudinous enemies. Thus Napoleon, the victor, was deemed by Europe irretrievably ruined. He was marching boldly upon Vienna, while five hundred thousand armed men, from every quarter of the compass, were rushing to meet him there. It was not thought possible that he could extricate himself from the assailment of such countless hosts. Even Paris was panic-stricken in view of his peril, and the Royalists fomented new plots for the restoration of the Bourbons.*

* Napoleon was now contending against the seventh coalition which had been formed against Republican France. The *first* coalition against France was concluded between Austria and Prussia, to check the progress of the French Revolution, February 7, 1792. The *second* coalition was that of 1793, in which Germany declared war against Republican France, and was joined by Portugal, Naples, Tuscany, and the Pope. The *third* coalition was formed at St. Petersburg, between England, Russia, and Austria, the 28th of September, 1795. Napoleon was then just emerging into manhood. He drove the English from Toulon; repelled the invading Austrians, and shattered the coalition by the tremendous blows he struck in the first Italian campaign. England, from her inaccessible island, continued the war, and organized a *fourth* coalition against France with Russia, Austria, Naples, and Turkey, December 28, 1798. The ties of this coalition Napoleon severed with his sword at Marengo. Peace soon smiled upon Europe. Napoleon was hailed as the great pacificator. Hardly had one short year passed ere England again declared war, and formed the *fifth* coalition, the 18th of April, 1803, between England, Russia, Austria, and Prussia. At Ulm and Austerlitz Napoleon again repelled his assailants, and again compelled them to sheathe the sword. But hardly had the blade entered the scabbard before it was again drawn and fiercely brandished, as England, Russia, Prussia, Saxony, and other minor powers formed a *sixth* coalition, and marched upon France. Napoleon met them at Jena and Auerstadt, at Eylau and Friedland, and disciplined them again into good behavior. The peace of Tilsit was signed the 9th of July,

CHAPTER VIII.

ISLAND OF LOBAU.

Preparations of the Emperor—Essling and Aspern—Rising of the Danube—Loss of the Bridge—Death of Lannes—The French retire to Lobau—Lofty Character of Napoleon—Council of War—New Bridge, and the Manner of its Construction—Narrow Escape of the Emperor and Oudinot.

NAPOLEON had now in Vienna nearly 90,000 men. The Archduke Charles, having recruited his forces in Bohemia, had marched down the left bank of the Danube, and was intrenched opposite the metropolis with an army 100,000 strong. From all parts of the widely-extended dominions of Austria powerful divisions were rapidly marching to join him. The Danube, opposite Vienna, is a majestic stream, one thousand yards in width. The river was swollen by the melting of the snow among the mountains. How could it be possible to transport an army across such a flood, with such formidable hosts on the opposite banks, prepared with all the tremendous enginery of war to dispute the passage? This was the great problem for Napoleon to solve.

A short distance below Vienna the Danube expanded into a bay, interspersed with many islands, where the water was more shallow, and the current less rapid. One of these islands, that of Lobau, divided the river into two branches. It was situated six miles below Vienna, and was about four and a half miles long and three miles wide. The two channels which separated Lobau from the banks of the river were of very unequal width. One or two small creeks, which in time of inundation were swollen into torrents, ran through the island.

To reach the island from the right bank of the river, where Napoleon's troops were encamped, it was necessary to cross an arm of water about 900 yards wide. Having arrived upon the island, and traversed it, there was another narrow channel to be crossed, but about one hundred and eighty feet in width, which separated it from the main land. Though the swollen torrent poured impetuously through these channels, it was not very difficult to throw a bridge from the right bank to the island, since the island, wide and overgrown with forest, afforded protection, not only from the balls, but also from the view of the enemy. The bridge, however, from the island to

1807. Not two years had passed before England had organized a *seventh* coalition with the insurgents of Spain and Portugal and with Austria. On the bloodstained field of Wagram Napoleon detached Austria from this alliance. The peace of Vienna was signed October 14, 1809. Then came the last great combination of nearly all the monarchs of Europe. England, Spain, Portugal, Russia, Austria, Prussia, Sweden, Naples, Denmark, and various minor princes, with more than a million of bayonets, rushed upon exhausted France. Napoleon, overpowered by numbers, yet struggling heroically to the last, fell, and the chains of feudal despotism were riveted anew upon Europe. The wrong which England has inflicted upon humanity by organizing and heading these coalitions of despotism she never can repair. As Napoleon thus saw coalition after coalition organized against him, he one day said sadly, "We shall have to fight till we are eighty years of age." See article "Coalition," *Encyclopædia Americana*.

the left bank of the river was to be constructed while the works were exposed to the batteries of the Austrians.

For these important operations a large number of boats was needed, and many thousand planks, and powerful cables. But the Austrians had destroyed most of the boats, and, though there was an abundance of wood, ropes were very scarce. It was impossible to drive piles for fastening the boats, since it would occupy too much time, and would attract the attention of the enemy. No heavy anchors, to moor the boats, could be obtained in Vienna, as they were not used in that part of the Danube. By great efforts, Napoleon succeeded in obtaining about ninety boats, some of which he raised from the river, where the Austrians had sunk them, and others were brought from a distance. A substitute for anchors was found by sinking heavy cannon, and chests filled with cannon balls. These were all carefully arranged, so that, at the last moment, there should be nothing to do but to throw them into the river.



At ten o'clock at night on the 19th of May, the operation of passing to the island of Lobau commenced. With such secrecy had all the preparations been conducted, that the Austrians anticipated no danger from that quarter. Concealed by the darkness, the first boat pulled off from the shore, at some distance above the contemplated spot for the bridge, and, steering around the intermediate islands, landed upon Lobau. The services of the sailors, whom Napoleon had brought from Boulogne, were now found to be of inestimable value. Seventy large boats were immediately brought into place, to support the planks for a floating bridge. This was a work of great difficulty, as the impetuous torrent swept them continually down the stream. The boats, however, were finally moored, and a spacious wooden bridge extended across the channel.

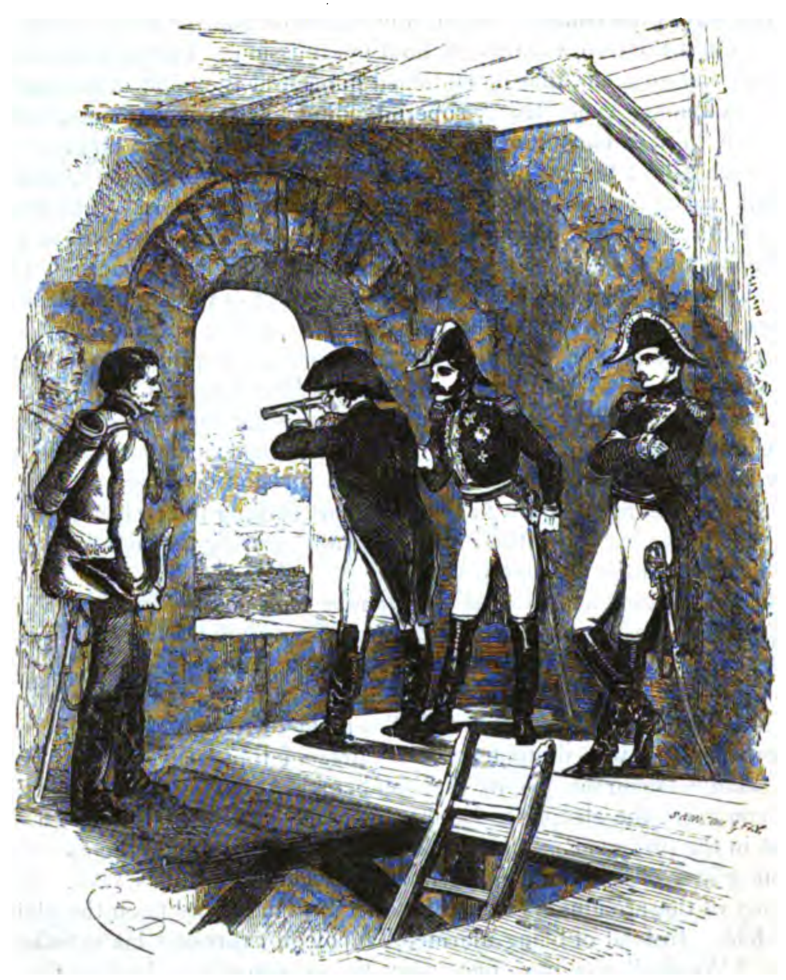
Along this single pass the French army began to defile. A few Austrian troops occupied the island, but they were speedily dispersed. The divisions which first crossed the bridge promptly erected batteries to sweep the opposite shore. By means of pontoons, the well-trained engineers, in a few hours, constructed a bridge across the narrow channel which separated the island from the left bank of the river. With so much energy were these works executed, that by noon of the next day the bridges were completed, and a

road cut across the island. During the afternoon and the whole of the succeeding night the troops defiled without intermission. The solicitude of the Emperor was so great, that he stationed himself at the point of passage, minutely examining every thing, superintending all the movements, and addressing a word of encouragement to almost every individual man.

For such a host to cross so narrow a pass, with horse, artillery, ammunition, and baggage-wagons, was a long and tedious operation. The earliest dawn of the 21st found, however, twenty thousand men drawn up in battle array upon the northern banks of the Danube. Still, not one half of the army had passed, and Napoleon's position was full of peril. The Archduke Charles, with an army 100,000 strong, was but a few miles distant. The danger was imminent that the enemy, in overwhelming numbers, might fall upon these divisions and cut them in pieces before others could come to their rescue. Recent rains were causing an appalling rise of the water. In the middle of the afternoon several of the boats composing the great bridge were swept away by the current. A division of cavalry, which was at the time crossing, was cut in two, one part drifting to the island, and the other part being left upon the opposite bank. During the night the bridge was repaired and the passage resumed.

The troops which had crossed the Danube took possession of the villages of Aspern and Essling, situated about a mile from each other, on the edge of the great plain of Marshfeld. Napoleon, surrounded by his guard, bivouacked in front of the forest which skirted the river between the two villages. Several officers were sent out during the night to reconnoiter. The whole northern horizon was illumined by the fires of the Austrian army, which was encamped upon the heights of Bisamberg. About noon of the next day, Napoleon, from the steeple of Essling, discerned with his telescope a cloud of dust in the distance. At intervals the wind would sweep the dust away, and the glitter of helmets and bayonets glanced in the sun's rays. It was the army of the archduke, marching down in proud array upon the plain of Marshfeld. Instead of being alarmed, Napoleon expressed his satisfaction, saying, "We shall now have once more the opportunity of beating the Austrian army, and of having done with it."

Just then the tidings came that there was a fresh rupture of the great bridge, caused by the hourly increasing flood, and that all the moorings were giving way to the force of the current. This was indeed appalling news. But twenty-three thousand men had crossed. They were but poorly supplied with artillery and ammunition. Nearly one hundred thousand men, in five heavy columns, were marching down upon them. While Napoleon was hesitating whether to retreat back to the island of Lobau, or to give battle behind the stone houses of Essling and Aspern, word was brought that the bridge was repaired, and that the ammunition-wagons were rapidly crossing. About three o'clock in the afternoon the conflict began, and three hundred pieces of Austrian artillery thundered upon the little band. Thirty-six thousand men came rushing upon Aspern. Seven thousand Frenchmen defended it. For five hours the desperate conflict raged unabated, and the Austrians and the French, alternately victors and vanquished, in horrid tumult swept up and down the long street of the village. More than half of the



THE CHURCH TOWER AT ESSLING.

French were now either killed or wounded. At that moment Massena appeared at the head of a fresh division which had just crossed the bridge, and drove the Austrians again from Aspern.

While this terrific strife was going on, a similar one, with similar inequality of numbers, took place at Essling, which Lannes defended with his heroic and invincible obstinacy. Both villages were now but heaps of smouldering ruins, in the midst of which the combatants were still furiously fighting. At the same time, a desperate battle was raging between the cavalry of the two armies, in equally disproportionate force, upon the plain of Marshfeld.

Napoleon was confident that, could he but sustain his position until 20,000 more men had crossed the bridge, he should have nothing to fear. Aware that the salvation of the army depended upon the issues of those dreadful hours, he was every where present, entirely exposed to the fire of the infantry and artillery, which was covering the ground with the dying and the dead. The waters of the Danube were still rising. The flood swept with

fearful velocity against the frail bridges, threatening every moment to tear them away. To break down these structures, the Austrians sent adrift large boats loaded with stones; and mills, which were loosed by the unwonted flood, and which they set on fire. These large buildings, filled with combustibles and with explosive engines, were hurled by the torrent against the bridges, making frequent breaches. At times, the enormous load of men and artillery wagons sank the boats, so that the soldiers were compelled to wade over the submerged planks. The sailors struck out in boats to tow the floating masses to the shore, fearlessly encountering in this service a storm of bullets and grape-shot which swept the water.

Darkness at length put an end to the bloody conflict. But the flashes of ten thousand bivouac fires, and of the floating masses blazing upon the river, illumined the scene, far and wide, with portentous light. The dead were left unburied. The surgeons were busy with knife and saw, cutting from the wounded their mangled limbs. The shrieks of the sufferers pierced the midnight air, but did not disturb the slumbers of the veteran soldiers, who slept soundly in the midst of smouldering ruins and upon the blood-stained sod. Napoleon sought no repose. All the night long he was urging the passage of the troops and of ammunition. The elements seemed to conspire against him. The flood rose seven additional feet during the day, making the enormous rise of fourteen feet above the usual level of the river.

Notwithstanding the herculean exertions of the sailors, who vied with each other, under the eye of their Emperor, to protect the bridges, frequent breaches were made, and the passage was as often interrupted. Yet, during the night, nearly 30,000 men had passed; and when the next morning dawned, Napoleon had about 60,000 men in order of battle. With these and with the fresh troops continually crossing, he had no fear of the 100,000 whom the Archduke Charles could bring against him. Still but 144 pieces of artillery had crossed, while the Austrians had 300 pieces. But a small supply of ammunition had as yet been conveyed over. The first dawn of the morning renewed the battle. Both parties fought with the utmost desperation. Massena was directed to defend Aspern. To General Baudet was assigned the task of holding Essling. The impetuous Lannes, animated by the most enthusiastic love of the Emperor, placed himself at the head of 20,000 infantry and 6000 horse, and with resistless vigor charged the centre of the enemy's line. Napoleon stood upon an eminence calmly regarding the awful spectacle. The movements he had ordered were perfectly successful. Both of his wings retained their position. The central charge swept every thing before it. The Austrians were driven back in confusion. The heroic Archduke Charles, appalled at the approaching catastrophe, seized a flag, and, placing himself at the head of a column, in the midst of the fire, attempted to stem the torrent. It was all in vain. The Austrians were defeated, and were driven tumultuously back over the plain. Shouts of "Vive l'Empereur!" rang like thunder peals above the clangor of the battle.

At that critical moment the disastrous intelligence was brought to Napoleon that at last the flood had swept the great bridge completely away. A column of cuirassiers who were on it at the time were severed in two, and were carried with the boats down the stream—some to the right, others to

the left. The ammunition of the army was nearly exhausted. A large number of ammunition wagons, which were just upon the point of being passed over, were left upon the other side. More appalling tidings could hardly have been communicated to mortal ears. The resistless torrent of the Danube had split the French army in two. The Emperor, with but one half of his troops, and without ammunition, was left on one side of the river, with an army of 100,000 Austrians before him.

Still Napoleon did not indicate, by the slightest gesture, that he felt any alarm. His wonderfully trained spirit received the intelligence with perfect composure, as if it were merely one of the ordinary casualties of war. He immediately dispatched an aid to Lannes, directing him to suspend his movements, to spare his ammunition, and to fall back so gradually as not to embolden the enemy. With almost insupportable grief, Lannes found himself thus suddenly arrested in the midst of victory. The Austrians now heard of the destruction of the bridge, and in the slackened fire and the sudden hesitation of their victors they interpreted the defenseless state of the French. A shout of exultation burst from the lips of the vanquished, and the pursued became pursuers. Slowly, sullenly, and with lion-like obstinacy the division of Lannes retraced their steps across the plain of Marshfeld. Two hundred pieces of artillery plowed their ranks. Incessant charges of cavalry broke their serried squares. The ranks, continually thinned by the missiles of death, closed up, and, reserving their fire, that every shot might tell, retired in as perfect order as if on a field of parade.

Just at that moment a fresh disaster came, by which the Emperor was for a moment entirely unmanned. Lannes was struck by a cannon ball, which carried away both of his legs. Napoleon had but just heard this heart-rending intelligence, when he saw the litter approaching bearing the heroic marshal extended in the agonies of death. Forgetting every thing in that overwhelming grief, the Emperor rushed to the litter, threw himself upon his knees before it, and with his eyes flooded with tears, clasped the hand of Lannes, and exclaimed,

"Lannes! do you know me? It is the Emperor. It is Bonaparte. It is your friend. Lannes! you will yet be preserved to us."

The dying warrior languidly raised his eyes to the Emperor, and, pressing his hand, said, "I wish to live to serve you and my country, but in an hour you will have lost your most faithful companion in arms, and your best friend. May you live and save the army."

Napoleon was quite overcome with emotion. To Massena he said, "Nothing but so terrible a stroke could have withdrawn me for a moment from the care of the army." But there was no time to indulge in grief in the midst of the thunders of the battle, the shock of rushing squadrons, and the unintermitted carnage. Napoleon silently pressed the hand of his dying friend, and turned again to the stern duties of the hour.*

* To Josephine he wrote: "The loss of the Duke of Montebello, who died this morning, deeply afflicts me. Thus all things end. Adieu, my love. If you can contribute to the consolation of the poor marchioness, do it." Subsequently Napoleon paid the highest tribute in his power to the memory of his friend, by appointing the widowed Duchess of Montebello a lady of honor to the Empress.



NAPOLEON AND LANNES.

After the amputation of both limbs, Lannes lingered for a few days, and died. "He would hear," said Napoleon at St. Helena, "of none but me. Undoubtedly he loved his wife and children better, yet he spoke not of them. He was their protector, I his. I was to him something vague and undefined, a superior being, a providence whom he implored. He was a man on whom I could implicitly rely. Sometimes, from the impetuosity of his disposition, he suffered a hasty expression against me to escape from him, but he would have blown out the brains of any one who would have ventured to repeat it. Originally his physical courage predominated over his judgment, but the latter was every day improving; and at the period of his death, he had reached the highest point of his profession, and was a most able commander. I found him a dwarf, but I lost him a giant. Had he lived to witness our reverses, it would have been impossible for him to have swerved from the path of duty and honor; and he was capable, by his own weight and influence, of changing the whole aspect of affairs."

Massena, in the midst of a scene of horrible slaughter, still held Aspern. The archduke directed an overwhelming force upon Essling. The salvation of the French army depended upon retaining that post. Napoleon sent to the aid of the exhausted division struggling there, in the midst of blood,



THE COUNCIL OF WAR.

"The day has been a severe one, but it can not be considered a defeat, since we remain masters of the field of battle. It is doing wonders to retire safe after such a conflict, with a large river at our back and our bridges destroyed. Our loss in killed and wounded is great, but that of the enemy must be a third greater. It may therefore be assumed that the Austrians will be quiet for a time, and leave us at leisure to wait the arrival of the army of Italy, which is approaching victoriously through Styria; to bring back to the ranks three fourths of the wounded; to receive numerous re-enforcements, which are on the march from France; to build substantial bridges over the Danube, which will make the passage of the river an ordinary operation. When the wounded shall have returned to the ranks, it will be but ten thousand men less on our side, to be set off against fifteen thousand on the adversary's. The campaign will be merely prolonged two months. When fifteen hundred miles from Paris, maintaining war in the heart of a conquered monarchy, in its very capital, there is nothing in an accident to astound men of courage. Indeed, in what has happened, we must consider ourselves as very fortunate, if we take into account the difficulties of the enterprise, which were no less than crossing, in the teeth of a hostile army, the largest river in Europe, to go and give battle beyond it. We have no cause

for discouragement. It is necessary to cross the small arm of the Danube into the island of Lobau, there to wait for the subsidence of the waters, and the reconstruction of the bridge over the large branch. This retreat can be performed during the night without losing a single man, a single horse, a single cannon, and, more than all, without losing honor.

"But there is another retrograde movement both dishonoring and disastrous. It is to repass not only the small, but the great arm of the Danube, scrambling over the latter as we can, with boats which can carry only sound men, without one cannon, one horse, one wounded man, and abandoning the island of Lobau, which is a precious conquest, and which offers the true ground for ultimately effecting the passage. If we do this, instead of retiring with 60,000 men, which we numbered at our departure, we shall go back with 40,000 men, without artillery or horses, leaving behind us 10,000 of the wounded, who, in a month, might be capable of service. Under such circumstances, we should do well not to show ourselves to the Viennese. They would overwhelm their vanquishers with scorn, and would soon summon the Archduke Charles to expel us from a capital where we should no longer be worthy to remain. And in that case, it is not a retreat to Vienna, but to Strasburg, for which we are to prepare. Prince Eugene, now on his march to Vienna, would find the enemy there instead of the French, and would perish in the trap. Our allies, dismayed and made treacherous by weakness, would turn against us. The fortune of the empire would be annihilated, and the grandeur of France destroyed. Massena and Davoust," said he, turning to them, "you live. You will save the army. Show yourselves worthy of what you have already done."

Every man felt his energies invigorated by these words. In the ardor of the moment, the impetuous Massena grasped the hand of the Emperor, exclaiming, "You are a man of courage, sire! You are worthy to command us. No! we will not fly like cravens who have been beaten. Fortune has not been kind to us, but we are victorious nevertheless; for the enemy, who ought to have driven us into the Danube, has bitten the dust before our positions. Let us only cross the small arm of the Danube, and I pledge myself to drown in it every enemy who shall endeavor to cross in pursuit of us." Davoust, on his part, promised to defend Vienna from any attack during the renovation of the bridges.

Massena immediately returned to Essling and Aspern. The cannonade of the Austrians was still sullenly continued, though the soldiers sank in exhaustion at their guns. Between eleven and twelve o'clock at night, Napoleon, with Savary, in a frail skiff, crossed the rushing torrent of the Danube to the right bank. It was a night of Egyptian darkness. The rain fell in floods. Enormous floating masses were continually swept down by the swollen current, and the passage was attended with imminent danger. Having safely arrived at the little town of Ebersdorf, upon the right bank of the Danube, he ordered every attainable barge to be collected and sent immediately across to Lobau, freighted with biscuit, wine, brandy, and every comfort for the wounded, and also with ammunition for the army. The boats which had composed the floating bridge were used for this purpose. The corps of sailors whom his foresight had provided were found invaluable in this trying hour.

breach of good conduct on the part of his soldiers was punished upon the spot.

In the mean time, the Archduke Charles was constructing formidable works to arrest the passage of the French, and accumulating from all quarters fresh troops. Napoleon, busily employed behind the screen of woods on the island of Lobau, had packed together in that circumscribed place, but about three miles in diameter, one hundred and fifty thousand men, five hundred and fifty pieces of artillery, and forty thousand horses.

Napoleon at St. Helena said, "When I had caused my army to go over to the island of Lobau, there was, for some weeks, by common and tacit consent, on both sides, between the soldiers, not by any agreement between the generals, a cessation of firing, which, indeed, had produced no benefit, and only killed a few unfortunate sentinels. I rode out every day in different directions. No person was molested on either side. One day, however, riding along with Oudinot, I stopped for a moment on the edge of the island, which was about eighty yards distant from the opposite bank, where the enemy was. They perceived us, and, knowing me by the little hat and gray coat, they pointed a three-pounder at us. The ball passed between Oudinot and me, and was very close to both of us. We put spurs to our horses, and speedily got out of sight. Under the actual circumstances, the attack was little better than murder; but if they had fired a dozen guns at once, they must have killed us."

Napoleon was indefatigable in his endeavors to promote the comfort of his soldiers. Walking one day with one of his marshals on the shore of the isle of Lobau, he passed a company of grenadiers seated at their dinner.

"Well, my friends," said Napoleon, "I hope you find the wine good."

"It will not make us drunk," replied one of the number; "there is our cellar," pointing to the Danube. The Emperor, who had ordered the distribution of a bottle of wine to each man, was surprised, and promised an immediate inquiry. It was found that forty thousand bottles, sent by the Emperor a few days before for the army, had been purloined and sold by the commissaries. They were immediately brought to trial and condemned to be shot.

CHAPTER IX.

WAGRAM.

The Archduke unconscious of Danger—Macdonald's Charge—Bessières Wounded—The Battle-field of Wagram—Testimony of Savary—Descent of the English on the Belgian Coast—The Emperor Francis seeks Peace—Interview between Napoleon and M. Bubna—Fourth Treaty with Austria—The young Assassin—Coolness of Alexander—Defeat of the French at Talavera—Proclamation to Hungary—War in Spain—Want of Discipline of the English Soldiers in Spain—Letter to the Pope—Hostility of the Papal Court—Rome annexed to France—Expenditures in Italy.

THE fourth of July, 1809, was dark and gloomy. As night came on, the wind rose to a tempest. Heavy clouds blackened the sky, and the rain fell in torrents. The lightning gleamed vividly, and heavy peals of thunder shook the encampment of the hostile armies. It was a favorable hour for the gigantic enterprise. At the voice of Napoleon the whole army was in motion.

To bewilder the Austrians, simultaneous attacks were made on all points. At once, nine hundred guns of the largest bore rent the air with their detonations. The glare of bombs and shells blended with the flashes of the lightning, and the thunder of Napoleon's artillery mingled with the thunder of the heavens. Never has war exhibited a spectacle more sublime and awful. Napoleon rode up and down the bank with perfect calmness. His officers and men seemed to imbibe his spirit, and all performed their allotted task without confusion or embarrassment, regardless of the rain, the bullets, the exploding shells, the rolling of the thunder, and the terrific cannonade. All Vienna was roused from its slumber by this awful outburst of war. The enterprise was highly successful.

At the earliest dawn of the morning, a most imposing spectacle was presented to the eyes of both armies. The storm had passed away. The sky was cloudless. One of the most serene and lovely of summer mornings smiled upon the scene. The rising sun glittered on thousands of bayonets, and helmets, and plumes, and gilded banners, and gayly-caparisoned horses prancing over the plain. Seventy thousand men had already passed the river, and were in line of battle, and the bridges were still thronged with horse, infantry, and artillery, crowding over to the field of conflict. The French soldiers, admiring the genius of their commander, who had so safely transported them across the Danube, greeted him as he rode along their lines with enthusiastic shouts of *Vive l'Empereur!* The Archduke Charles was by no means aware of the peril with which he was threatened. He supposed that it would take at least four-and-twenty hours for the French to cross the river, and that he should have ample time to destroy one half of the army before the other half could come to its rescue. He stood upon the heights of Wagram, by the side of his brother Francis, the emperor, who was questioning him as to the state of affairs.

"The French have indeed," said the Archduke Charles, "forced the Danube, and I am letting a portion of them pass over." "*Very good,*" rejoined the Emperor; "but do not let too many of them come across."*

Napoleon had now seven bridges completed, and he had crossed in such a way as to take the enemy in flank, and to deprive him of all advantage from his intrenchments. During the day the two mighty armies passed through an incessant series of skirmishes, as they took their positions on the field of Wagram. Night came. A cold, dense fog settled down over the unsheltered troops. There was no wood on the plain for fires. Each man threw himself down on the wet ground, shivering with cold, and slept as he could.

Napoleon, however, did not sleep. He rode in the darkness to all points of the widely-extended field, that he might with his own eyes see the position of his troops. At midnight he sent for all the marshals, and gave them the most minute directions for the proceedings of the ensuing day. It was his principle to give his directions, not merely so that they *might* be understood, but so plainly that by no possibility could they be misunderstood. For three days and three nights he had allowed himself no repose whatever. At the earliest dawn of the next morning the battle was renewed. For twelve long hours, three hundred thousand men, extending in dense masses of infantry

* This remark became subsequently quite a by-word in the army.

and cavalry along an undulating line nine miles in length, fired into each others' bosoms with bullets, grape-shot, cannon balls, and shells. Sabre crossed sabre, and bayonet clashed against bayonet, as squadrons of horse and columns of infantry were hurled against each other. Whole battalions melted away before the discharge of eleven hundred pieces of artillery. No man in either army seemed to pay any more regard to the missiles of death than if they had been snow flakes. Napoleon was every where present, encouraging his men, and sharing with them every peril. The ground was covered with the bodies of the wounded and the dead in every conceivable form of mutilation. The iron hoof of the war-horse trampled the marred visage and the splintered bones of shrieking sufferers into the dust. Thousands in either army who were in search of *glory* on that bloody field, found only protracted agony, a horrid death, and utter oblivion.

Massena, though very severely wounded by a recent fall from his horse, was present, giving his orders from an open carriage, in which he lay swathed in bandages. In the heat of the battle, Napoleon, upon his snow-white charger, galloped to the spot where Massena, from his chariot, was urging on his men. A perfect storm of cannon balls plowed the ground around him. When Napoleon saw his impetuous marshal in the midst of the conflict, his unyielding soul triumphing over excruciating bodily pain, he exclaimed, "Who ought to fear death when he sees how the brave are prepared to meet it!" The Emperor immediately alighted from his horse, and took a seat by the side of the marshal. He informed him of a movement then in progress which he hoped would be decisive. Pointing to the distant towers of Neusiedel, he indicated that Davoust, with his veteran division, was to fall upon the left wing of the Austrian army there, while an immense reserve of infantry, artillery, and cavalry were to pierce the enemy's centre. Just then, there came up at a gallop a hundred pieces of artillery, making the very earth to tremble beneath their ponderous wheels. Behind this battery, in solid column, followed the infantry of Macdonald, with their fixed bayonets. Then came fourteen regiments of cuirassiers of the Guard, with sabres long accustomed to be bathed in blood. The hundred guns instantly commenced the most tremendous cannonade upon the enemy's lines, and the indomitable column moved sternly on. The Austrians, slowly retiring in front, but closing in on either side, opened a cross fire upon the advancing column, while the archduke in person hastened to meet the terrible crisis which was approaching. At every step huge chasms were made in the ranks.

"Nothing," says Headley, "could exceed the sublimity and terror of the scene. The whole interest of the armies was concentrated here, where the incessant and rapid roll of the cannon told how desperate was the conflict. Still Macdonald slowly advanced, though his numbers were diminishing, and the fierce battery at his head was gradually becoming silent. Enveloped in the fire of its antagonist, the guns had one by one been dismounted, and, at the distance of a mile and a half from where he started on his awful mission, Macdonald found himself without a protecting battery, and a centre still unbroken. Marching over the wreck of his guns, and pushing the naked head of his column into the open field and into the devouring cross-fire of the Austrian artillery, he continued to advance. The carnage then became terrible.

At every discharge the head of that column disappeared as if it sank into the earth, while the outer ranks on either side melted like snow-wreaths on the river's brink. Still Macdonald towered unhurt amid his falling guard; and, with his eye fixed steadily upon the enemy's centre, moved sternly on. At the close and fierce discharge of these cross batteries at its mangled head, that column would sometimes stop and stagger back like a strong ship when smitten by a wave. The next moment the drums would beat their hurried charge, and the calm, steady voice of Macdonald would ring back through his exhausted ranks, nerving them to the same desperate valor which filled his own spirit. Never before was such a charge made, and it seemed at every moment that the torn and mangled mass must break and fly. The Austrian cannon are gradually wheeled around till they stretch away in parallel lines, like two walls of fire, on each side of this band of heroes, and hurl an incessant tempest of lead against their bosoms. But the stern warriors close in and fill up the frightful gaps made at every discharge, and still press forward. Macdonald has communicated his own settled purpose to conquer or to die to his devoted followers. But now he halts, and casts his eye over his little surviving band, that stand all alone in the midst of the enemy. He looks back upon his path, and as far as the eye can reach he sees the course of his heroes by the black swarth of dead men that stretches like a huge serpent over the plain. *Out of the sixteen thousand men with which he started, but fifteen hundred are left beside him. Ten out of every eleven have fallen.* And here at length the tired hero pauses, and surveys with a stern and anxious eye his few remaining followers. Looking away to where his emperor sits, he sees the dark masses of the 'Old Guard' in motion, and the shining helmets of the brave cuirassiers sweeping to his relief. 'Forward!' breaks from his iron lips. The rolling of drums and the pealing of trumpets answer the volley that smites the exhausted column, and the next moment it is seen piercing the Austrian centre. The day is won, the empire saved, and the whole Austrian army is in full retreat."

"In the height of the danger," says Savary, "Napoleon rode in front of the line upon a horse as white as snow. He proceeded from one extremity of the line to the other, and returned at a slow pace. Shots were flying about him in every direction. I kept behind, with my eyes riveted upon him, expecting every moment to see him drop from his horse. The Emperor had ordered that, as soon as the opening which he intended to make in the enemy's centre should have been effected, the whole cavalry should charge, and wheel round upon the right wing of the Austrians."

As Napoleon, with his glass, earnestly watched the advance of Macdonald through this terrific storm of grape-shot and bullets, he exclaimed several times, "What a brave man!" For three miles Macdonald forced his bloody way, piercing, like a wedge, the masses of the Austrians. Anxiously Napoleon kept his eye upon the tower of Neusiedel, where Davoust, with a powerful force, was to attack in flank the wing of the Austrian army cut off by Macdonald. At length the cannon of Davoust were seen to pass the tower, and the slopes of the plateau beyond were enveloped in the smoke of his fire. "The battle is gained!" exclaimed Napoleon. Bessières was immediately ordered to charge with the cavalry of the Guard. Riding through a tempest



NAPOLEON AT WAGRAM.

of cannon balls at the head of his men, he was spurring furiously forward, when a heavy shot in full sweep struck his horse, and hurled it, torn and shattered, from under him. Bessières was pitched headlong to the ground, covered with blood and dust, and apparently dead. Napoleon, in anguish, averted his eyes, and, turning his horse, said, "Let us go; I have no time to weep." A cry of grief rose from the whole battalion of the Guard.

The Emperor sent Savary to see if the marshal were still alive. Most singularly, Bessières, though stunned, was but slightly wounded. When Napoleon next saw him after the battle, he said, "The ball which struck you, marshal, drew tears from all my Guard. Return thanks to it. It ought to be very dear to you."

At three o'clock in the afternoon, the Archduke Charles, leaving twenty-four thousand men, wounded or dead, stretched upon the plain, and twelve thousand prisoners in the hands of the French, gave orders for a general but cautious retreat. The Emperor Francis, from the towers of the imperial residence of Wolkersdorf, had watched the progress of this disastrous battle. In the deepest dejection he mounted his horse, and sought the protection of the retreating army.

Napoleon had performed a feat which, more than any other he ever performed, astonished the world. He had crossed the broadest river in Europe in the face of an army 150,000 strong, supplied with all the most destructive enginery of war. He had accomplished this with such precision, rapidity, and security, as to meet the enemy on their own ground with equal numbers. The Austrians could no longer keep the field, and Austria was at the mercy of the conqueror.

As soon as the conflict had terminated, Napoleon, according to his custom, rode over the field of battle. The plain was covered with the wounded and the dead. Twenty-four thousand Austrians and eighteen thousand of the French army were weltering in blood. The march of Macdonald's column was specially distinguishable by the train of dead bodies which lay along its course. The multitude of the wounded was so great that, four days after the battle, the mutilated bodies of those still living were found in the ravines and beneath the trampled grain. The vast battle-field of Wagram extended over a space nearly nine miles long and three or four miles wide. The weather was intensely hot. A blazing sun glared fiercely upon them. Flies in swarms lighted upon their festering wounds. And thus these mangled victims of war lingered through hours and days of inconceivable agony.

The Emperor frequently alighted, and with his own hand administered relief to the wounded. The love of these poor men for the Emperor was so strong that tears of gratitude filled their eyes as he approached them with words of sympathy and deeds of kindness. Napoleon alighted from his horse to minister to a young officer whose skull had been fractured by a shot; he knelt beside him, felt of his pulse, and with his own handkerchief wiped the blood and dust from his brow and lips. The dying man slightly revived, and recognized his emperor kneeling as a nurse by his side. Tears gushed into his eyes; but he was too weak to weep, and soon breathed his last.

After having traversed the field, Napoleon inspected the soldiers who were to march in pursuit of the enemy. He met Macdonald. A coldness had for some time existed between them, which had been increased by malevolence and misrepresentation. Napoleon stopped and offered his hand, saying, "Accept it, Macdonald. Let there be no more animosity between us. From this day we will be friends. I will send you, as a pledge of my sincerity, your marshal's staff, which you have so gloriously earned." Macdonald cordially grasped the proffered hand, exclaiming, as his eyes filled with tears and his voice choked with emotion, "Ah, sire, we are now united for life and for death!"*

Napoleon recognized among the slain a colonel who had given him cause for displeasure. He stopped, and gazed for a moment sadly upon his mutilated body stretched upon the gory field, and said, with emotions which every generous heart will understand, "I regret not having been able to speak to him before the battle, in order to tell him that I had long forgotten every thing."†

Napoleon, having taken the utmost care of the wounded, was seized with

* Macdonald was the son of a Scotch gentleman, who joined the Pretender, and after the battle of Culloden escaped to France. On the breaking out of the French Revolution, Macdonald embraced its principles and joined the army. Upon Napoleon's return from Egypt he warmly espoused his cause. In consequence of remarks he was reported to have made in reference to the conspiracy of Moreau, the Emperor had for some time regarded him with coldness. At Wagram he won his marshal's staff. He continued the faithful friend of the Emperor until the abdication at Fontainebleau. After the fall of Napoleon, the new government made him a peer of France and Chancellor of the Legion of Honor. He died in Paris in 1840, leaving daughters, but no son.

† "There was no injury," says Savary, "Napoleon was so well disposed to forgive as that which was personal to himself. A single good action had the effect of removing from his mind the unfavorable impression created by ten bad ones. But a breach of the laws of honor, or a breach of courage, would forever ruin, in his mind, the person guilty of either."



NAPOLEON AND THE DYING OFFICER.

a burning fever, the effect of long-continued exposure and exhaustion. He, however, indulged himself in but a few hours of rest, and then mounted his horse to overtake and guide the columns which were pursuing the enemy.*

* "Napoleon's attention," says Savary, "was particularly directed to the hospitals, and he had them regularly visited by his aids-de-camp. After the battle he made them the bearers of a gratuity of sixty francs, in crown pieces, to each wounded soldier, and from one hundred and fifty to fifteen hundred francs to each of the officers, according to their respective ranks. He sent still larger sums to the wounded generals. The Emperor's aids-de-camp had for several days no other occupation to attend to. I can assert, as far as concerned myself, that I was constantly engaged, during forty-eight hours, in making the distribution to three of the hospitals. The Emperor had given orders that this should be done in the manner most calculated to soothe the feelings of the wounded. The visits to the hospitals, for example, were made by the aids-de-camp in full uniform,

A violent storm came on, and the rain fell in torrents. Napoleon, though sick and weary, sought no shelter from the drenching flood. He soon overtook the troops, and found that Marmont had received from the Austrians proposals for an armistice. With the utmost reluctance, Napoleon had been forced into this conflict. He had nothing to gain by it, and every thing to fear. Promptly he acceded to the first overtures for peace. "It has been the fashion," says Savary, "to represent Napoleon as a man who could not exist without going to war; and yet, throughout his career, he has ever been the first to make pacific overtures, and I have often and often seen indications of the deep regret he felt whenever he had to embark in a new contest."

All the marshals were assembled in the Emperor's tent, and the question of the proposed armistice was earnestly discussed. "Austria," said one party, "is the irreconcilable enemy of the popular government in France. Unless deprived of the power of again injuring us, she will never cease to violate the most solemn treaties whenever there is the prospect of advantage from any violation, however flagrant, of the public faith. It is indispensable to put an end to these coalitions perpetually springing up, by dividing Austria, which is the centre of them all." The other party contended: "Should Prince Charles retreat to the Bohemian Mountains, there is danger of an open declaration from Prussia; and Russia may join the coalition. In anticipation of the great and final conflict evidently approaching between the South and the North, it is of the utmost importance to conciliate Austria, and to terminate the war in Spain, so as to secure the rear in France, and liberate the two hundred thousand veteran soldiers engaged in an inglorious warfare there."

Napoleon listened patiently and in silence to the arguments on both sides, and then broke up the conference with the decisive words, "Gentlemen, enough blood has been shed; I accept the armistice."*

accompanied by the war commissary, the officers of health, and the director. The secretary of the hospital went before them, with the register of the sick in hand, and named the men as well as the regiment to which they belonged; after which, twelve five-franc pieces were placed at the head of the bed of each wounded soldier, this sum being taken out of baskets full of money, carried by four men dressed in the Emperor's livery. These gratuities were not drawn from the military chest, but entirely supplied out of the Emperor's private purse.

"A collection might have been made, no less valuable as materials for the Emperor's history than as redundant to his glory, of the many expressions of gratitude uttered by these gallant fellows, as well as of the language in which they gave vent to their love and attachment to his person. Some of the men could not hope to spend those twelve crown-pieces; but, at the very brink of death, the tears running down their cheeks strongly indicated how feelingly alive they were to this mark of their general's remembrance. At no time did I feel so enthusiastic an admiration of the Emperor as when he was attending to the wants of his soldiers. His heart expanded at hearing of any service rendered to them, or of his being the object of their affection. He has been accused of being unsparing of their lives; but they never encountered any danger without having him at their head. He was every thing at once. Nothing but the basest malevolence can calumniate the sentiment which was nearest his heart, and which is one of the numberless claims which his immense labors have given him to the homage of posterity. He was beloved by his soldiers, and he loved them in return. It is impossible that they could have for him a greater attachment than he entertained for them."—*Memoirs of the Duke of Rovigo, written by himself*, vol. ii., p. 96, 97.

* Bernadotte ventured to arrogate to himself the privilege of issuing an independent bulletin, in which he claimed for the Saxon troops under his command a principal share in the victory. Napoleon, justly displeased, caused the following private order to be distributed to each marshal of his army: "His imperial majesty expresses his disapprobation of Marshal the Prince of Ponte Cor-

Immediately after exchanging friendly messages with the Archduke Charles, Napoleon set off for Schönbrunn, there to use all his exertions to secure peace, or to terminate the war by a decisive effort. By most extraordinary exertions, he raised his army to 300,000 men, encamped in brilliant order in the heart of Austria. He replenished the exhausted cavalry horses, and augmented his artillery to 700 guns. While thus preparing for any emergency, he did every thing in his power to promote the speedy termination of the war. The French and Austrian plenipotentiaries met to arrange the treaty of peace. Austria endeavored to prolong the negotiations, hoping that the English expedition against Antwerp would prove so successful as to compel Napoleon to withdraw a portion of his troops, and enable Austria to renew hostilities. The whole month of August thus passed away.

The English, on the 31st of July, had landed upon the island of Walcheren, at the mouth of the Scheldt. Lord Chatham was in command of the expedition. Eighty thousand of the National Guard immediately marched to expel the invaders from the soil of France. Although Napoleon entertained a deep aversion for the vanity, the ambition, and the petty jealousy of Bernadotte, he fully appreciated his military abilites, and intrusted to him the chief command of this force. Napoleon was neither surprised nor alarmed by this formidable descent upon the coasts. He wrote· "Make no attempt to come to action with the English. *A man is not a soldier.* Your National Guards, your young conscripts, led pell-mell, almost without officers, with an artillery scarcely formed, opposed to Moore's soldiers, who have met the troops of the Grand Army, would certainly be beaten. The English must be opposed only with the fever of the marshes, with inundations, and with soldiers behind intrenchments. In a month, the English, decimated by fever, will return in confusion."



MOUTH OF THE SCHELDT.

He enjoined it upon the French to defend Flushing—a fortification at the mouth of the river—to the last extremity, so as to keep the English as long as possible in the fever district; immediately to break the dikes, and thus lay the whole island of Walcheren under water; to remove the fleet above Antwerp; but by no means to sink hulls of vessels in the channels of the river, as he did not wish to destroy the Scheldt by way of defending it.

vo's order, which was inserted in the public journals of the 7th of July. As his majesty commands in person, to him belongs the exclusive right of assigning to all their respective degrees of glory. His majesty owes the success of his arms to *French* troops, and not to others. The Prince of Ponte Corvo's order of the day, tending to give false pretensions to troops of secondary merit, is contrary to truth, to discipline, and to national honor. To Marshal Macdonald belongs the praise which the Prince of Ponte Corvo arrogates to himself. His majesty desires that this testimony of his displeasure may operate as a caution to every marshal not to attribute to himself more glory than is due to him. That the Saxon army, however, may not be afflicted, his majesty desires that this order may be kept secret."

In ten days fifteen thousand of the English troops were attacked by fever. They were dying by thousands. Seventeen days had been employed in forcing their vast armament of fifteen hundred vessels a few leagues up the crooked channel of the Scheldt. Lord Chatham became discouraged. Four thousand had died of the fever. Twelve thousand of the sick had been shipped for England, many of whom died by the way; and the number on the sick-list was daily increasing. A council of war was called, and it was determined to abandon the expedition. The English retired, covered with confusion.

Napoleon was exceedingly rejoiced at this result. He said that his lucky star, which for a time had seemed to be waning, was now shining with fresh lustre. He wrote: "It is a piece of the good fortune attached to present circumstances that this same expedition, which reduces to nothing the greatest efforts of England, procures us an army of 80,000 men, which we could not otherwise have obtained."

The Austrians now saw that it was necessary to come to terms. The perfidious monarchy was at Napoleon's disposal. He was at the head of an army which could not be resisted, and he had all the strong places of the empire under his control; and yet he treated Francis with a degree of generosity and magnanimity which should have elicited an honest acknowledgment even from the pens of his envenomed historians. Francis, finding it in vain any longer to protract negotiations, resolved to send his aid, M. Bubna, as a confidential agent to Napoleon, "who should," says Thiers, "address himself to certain qualities in Napoleon's character, his good nature and kindly spirit—qualities which were easily awakened when he was approached in the right way." Napoleon received the emissary with cordiality, threw off all reserve, and, in the language of ingenuousness and sincerity, said:

"If you will deal honestly with me, we will bring matters to a conclusion in forty-eight hours. I desire nothing from Austria. I have no great interest in procuring a million more inhabitants for Saxony or for Bavaria. You know very well that it is for my true interest either to destroy the Austrian monarchy by separating the three crowns of Austria, Bohemia, and Hungary, or to attach Austria to me by a close alliance. To separate the three crowns will require more bloodshed. Though I ought, perhaps, to settle the matter in that way, I give you my word that I have no wish to do so.*

"The second plan suits me. But how can a friendly alliance be expected of your Emperor? He has good qualities, but he is swayed by the violence and animosity of those about him. There would be one way of bringing about a sincere and firm alliance. It is reported that the Emperor Francis is weary of his crown. Let him abdicate in favor of his brother, the Grand Duke of Würzburg, who likes me, and whom I like. He is an enlightened prince, with no prejudices against France, and will not be led by his ministry or by the English. Let this be done, and I will withdraw from Austria, without demanding a province or a farthing, notwithstanding all the war has cost me. I shall consider the repose of the world as secured by that event.

* "To separate the three crowns would be to destroy the house of Austria; and to do that required two or three more great victories, which Napoleon was very likely to gain, but which would, probably, make Europe desperate, alarm Russia, and disgust her with our alliance, and cause a general rising of the nations."—*Thiers' Consulate and Empire*, book xxxvii., p. 816.

Perhaps I will do still more, and give back to Austria the Tyrol, which the Bavarians know not how to govern."

As Napoleon uttered these words, he fixed his eyes with a penetrating gaze upon M. Bubna. The Austrian minister hesitatingly replied: "If the Emperor Francis thought this possible, he would abdicate immediately. He would rather insure the integrity of the empire for his successors than retain the crown upon his own head."

"Well," replied Napoleon, "if that be so, I authorize you to say that I will give up the whole empire on the instant, with something more, if your master, who often declares himself disgusted with the throne, will cede it to his brother. The regards mutually due between sovereigns forbid me to propose any thing on this subject. But you may hold me as pledged should the supposition I make be realized. Nevertheless, I do not believe that this sacrifice will be made. In that case, not wishing to separate the three crowns at the cost of prolonged hostilities, and not being able to secure to myself the reliable alliance of Austria by the transfer of the crown to the Archduke of Würzburg, I am forced to consider what is the interest which France may preserve in this negotiation. Territories in Gallicia interest me little; in Bohemia not more; in Austria rather more, for they would serve to remove your frontiers farther from ours. In Italy, France has a great interest to open a broad route toward Turkey by the coasts of the Adriatic. Influence over the Mediterranean depends upon influence with the Porte. I can not have that influence but by becoming the neighbor of the Turkish empire. By hindering me from crushing the English as often as I have been upon the point of doing so, and obliging me to withdraw my resources from the ocean to the Continent, your master has constrained me to seek the land instead of the sea route in order to extend my influence to Constantinople. Let us meet half way. I will consent to fresh sacrifices. I renounce the '*uti possidetis*.'* I claimed three provinces in Bohemia; I will say no more about them. I insisted upon Upper Austria to the Ems; I give up the Ems, and even Traun, and restore Lintz. In Italy I will forego a part of Carinthia. I will retain Villach, and give you back Klagenfurth. But I will keep Carniola, and the right bank of the Save as far as Bosnia. I demanded of you 2,600,000 subjects in Germany. I will not require of you more than 1,600,000. If you will come back in two days, we will settle all in a few hours; while our diplomatists, if we leave them alone, will never have done, and will set us on a game to cut each other's throats."†

"After this long and amicable interview," says Thiers, "in which Napoleon treated M. Bubna so familiarly as to pull him by the mustaches, he made the latter a superb present, and sent him away fascinated and grateful." On the 21st of September, M. Bubna appeared again at Schönbrunn

* "*Uti possidetis*," a basis of settlement by which each party retains the territories which their respective armies occupy, subject to such exchanges as may be mutually convenient. Napoleon was in possession of Vienna and of nearly the whole valley of the Danube, including a population of nine millions of inhabitants, which amounted to one third of the Austrian empire. Upon this basis, Austria would be compelled to cede, from other portions of her dominions, as much territory and population as might be restored to her in the centre of her monarchy.

† Accounts of this interview, drawn up by both Napoleon himself and by M. Bubna, are deposited in the imperial archives.

with a letter from the Emperor Francis, stating that the concessions which Napoleon had made amounted to nothing, and that greater ones must still be proposed in order to render peace possible. On receiving this letter, Napoleon could not restrain a burst of impatience. "Your ministers," he exclaimed, "do not even understand the geography of their own country. I relinquish my claim to a population of more than a million of subjects. I have retained only what is necessary to keep the enemy from the Passau and the Inn, and what is necessary to establish a contiguity of territory between Italy and Dalmatia. And yet the Emperor is told that I have abated none of my claims! It is thus they represent every thing to the Emperor Francis. By deceiving him in this way they have led him to war. Finally, they will lead him to ruin." Under the influence of these feelings, he dictated a bitter letter to the Emperor of Austria. Upon becoming more calm, however, he abstained from sending it, remarking to M. Bubna, "It is not becoming in one sovereign to tell another, in writing, *You do not know what you say.*"

In all this delay and these subterfuges Napoleon saw but continued evidence of the implacable hostility of Austria, which no magnanimity on his part had been able to appease. He immediately gave orders that the army should be prepared for the resumption of hostilities. Earnestly as he desired peace, he did not fear the issues of war. Negotiations having been for a few days suspended, Napoleon sent for his embassador, M. Champagny, and said to him, "I wish negotiations to be resumed immediately. I wish for peace. Do not hesitate about a few millions more or less in the indemnity demanded of Austria. Yield on that point. I wish to come to a conclusion. I leave it all to you." Time wore away, until the middle of October, in disputes of the diplomatists over the maps. At length, on the 14th of October, the treaty was signed. This was the fourth treaty which Austria had made with France within sixteen years. She soon, however, violated this pledge as perfidiously as she had broken all the rest.

Napoleon was full of satisfaction. With the utmost cordiality and freedom he expressed his joy. By the ringing of the bells of the metropolis, and the firing of cannon in all the encampments of the army, the happy event was celebrated. In twenty-four hours he had made his arrangements for his departure from Vienna. But a few days before this, on the 12th of October, Napoleon was holding a grand review at Schönbrunn. A young man, about nineteen years of age, named Staps, presented himself, saying that he had a petition to offer to the Emperor. He was repulsed by the officers. The obstinacy with which he returned again and again excited suspicion. He was arrested and searched, and a sharp knife was found concealed in his bosom, evidently secreted for a criminal purpose. With perfect composure, he declared that it was his intention to assassinate the Emperor. The affair was made known to Napoleon, who sent for the lad. The prisoner entered the private cabinet of the Emperor. His mild and handsome countenance, and bright eye beaming with intelligence, interested Napoleon. "Why," said he, kindly, "did you wish to kill me? Have I ever harmed you?"

"No," Staps replied; "but you are the enemy of my country, and have ruined it by the war."

"But the Emperor Francis was the aggressor," Napoleon replied, "not I. There would have been less injustice in killing him."

"I admit, sire," the boy replied, "that your majesty is not the author of the war. But if the Emperor Francis were killed, another like him would be put upon the throne. But if you were dead, it would not be easy to find such another."

The Emperor was anxious to save his life, and, "with a magnanimity," says Alison, "which formed at times a remarkable feature in his character," inquired, "If I were to pardon you, would you relinquish the idea of assassinating me?"

"Yes," the young fanatic replied, "if we have peace; no, if we have war."



THE YOUNG ASSASSIN.

The Emperor requested the physician Corvisart to examine him, and ascertain if he were of sound mind. Corvisart reported that he was perfectly sane. He was reconducted to prison. Though Napoleon contemplated pardoning him, he was forgotten in the pressure of events, and, after the departure of the Emperor for Paris, he was brought before a military commission, condemned, and executed. He remained unrelenting to the last.*

One day General Rapp was soliciting for the promotion of two officers. "I can not make so many promotions," said Napoleon; "Berthier has al-

* "An adventure of a different character," says Alison, "befell Nopoleon at Schönbrunn during this period. A young Austrian lady, of attractive person and noble family, fell so desperately in love with the renown of the Emperor, that she became willing to sacrifice to him her person, and was, by her own desire, introduced, at night, into his apartment. Napoleon was so much struck with the artless simplicity of this poor girl's mind, and the devoted character of her passion, that, after some conversation, he had her reconducted, untouched, to her own house."

ready made me do too much in that way." Then, turning to Lauriston, he continued, "We did not get on so fast in our time, did we? I continued for many years in the rank of lieutenant." "That may be, sire," General Rapp replied, "but you have since made up famously for your lost time." Napoleon laughed at the repartee, and granted the request.

As he left Vienna, he gave orders for the springing of the mines which had been constructed under the ramparts of the capital. He knew that Austria would embrace the first opportunity to enter into another coalition against him. The magistrates of Vienna, in a body, implored him to spare the fortifications of the city. The Emperor refused to comply with the request. "It is for your advantage," said he, "that they should be destroyed. It will prevent any one from again exposing the city to the horrors of bombardment to gratify private ambition. It was my intention to have destroyed them in 1805. On the present occasion, I have been under the painful necessity of bombarding the city. If the enemy had not opened the gates, I must either have destroyed the city entirely, or have exposed myself to fearful risks. I can not expose myself to the encounter of such an alternative again."

Alison thus eloquently describes the destruction of the fortifications, and his opinion of the act: "Mines had previously been constructed under the principal bastions, and the successive explosions of one after another presented one of the most sublime and moving spectacles of the whole revolutionary war. The ramparts, slowly raised in the air, suddenly swelled, and bursting like so many volcanoes, scattered volumes of flame and smoke into the air. Showers of stones and fragments of masonry fell on all sides. The subterraneous fire ran along the lines with a smothered roar, which froze every heart with terror. One after another the bastions were heaved up and exploded, till the city was enveloped on all sides by ruins, and the rattle of the falling masses broke the awful stillness of the capital. This cruel devastation produced the most profound impression at Vienna. It exasperated the people more than could have been done by the loss of half the monarchy. These ramparts were the glory of the citizens; shaded by trees, they formed delightful public walks; they were associated with the most heart-stirring eras of their history. They had withstood all the assaults of the Turks, and been witness to the heroism of Maria Theresa. To destroy these venerable monuments of former glory, not in the fury of assault, not under the pressure of necessity, but in cold blood, after peace had been signed, and when the invaders were preparing to withdraw, was justly felt as a wanton and unjustifiable act of military oppression. It brought the bitterness of conquest home to every man's breast; the iron had pierced into the soul of the nation. As a measure of military precaution, it seemed unnecessary, when these walls had twice proved unable to arrest the invader; as a preliminary to the cordial alliance which Napoleon desired, it was in the highest degree impolitic."

By the treaty of Vienna, Napoleon extended and strengthened the frontiers of *Bavaria*, that his ally might not be again so defenselessly exposed to Austrian invasion. He added fifteen hundred thousand souls to the kingdom of *Saxony*. Thus he enabled the portion of enfranchised and regenerated Po-

land, rescued from Prussia, more effectually to guard against being again ravaged by Austrian troops.* The infant kingdom of *Italy* Austrian hoofs had trampled in the dust. Napoleon enlarged its territory, that it might be able to present a more formidable front to its despotic and gigantic neighbor. His only object seemed to be so to strengthen his allies as to protect them and France from future aggression. Had Napoleon done less than this, the world might justly have reproached him with weakness and folly. In doing no more than this, he signally developed the native generosity of his character. His moderation astonished his enemies. Unwilling to recognize any magnanimity in Napoleon, they allowed themselves to accuse him of the most unworthy motives. "When compared," says Lockhart, "with the signal triumphs of the campaign at Wagram, the terms on which Napoleon signed the peace were universally looked upon as remarkable for moderation. Bonaparte soon after, by one of the most extraordinary steps of his personal history, *furnished abundant explanation of the motives which had guided his diplomacy at Schönbrunn.*" According to such representations, Napoleon was indeed a wayward lover, making his first addresses to Maria Louisa in the bombardment of Vienna, prosecuting his suit by the bribe of a magnanimous treaty, and putting a seal to his proposals by blowing up the ramparts of the metropolis !†

Alison, on the other hand, following Bourrienne, ventures to suggest that Napoleon was frightened into peace by the sharp knife of Stâps. The historian is safe when he records what Napoleon *did* and what he *said*. Upon such facts the verdict of posterity will be formed. In this case, friend and foe admit that he was dragged into the war, and that he made peace, upon the most magnanimous terms, as soon as he possibly could.

Alexander was much displeased that Napoleon had strengthened the Polish kingdom of Saxony, and thus rendered it more probable that the restoration of Poland might finally be effected. But Napoleon, aware that even the attempt to wrest from the iron grasp of Russia and Austria the provinces of dismembered Poland would but extend more widely the flames of war, resolved not to embark in the enterprise, which still enlisted all his sympathies. Alexander, however, complained bitterly that Prussian Poland had been restored, and that thus the danger of the final restoration of the whole kingdom was increased. The coldness of Alexander, and the daily-growing hostility of the haughty empress-mother and of the nobles, rendered it more and more evident that France would soon be involved again in difficulties with that mighty despotism which overshadowed with its gloom the boundless regions of the north.‡

* The Duchy of Warsaw, organized by Napoleon from Prussian Poland, was independent, though placed under the protection of the King of Saxony.

† Napoleon signed the treaty with but little confidence in the honor of Austria. "He could not forget," says the Baron Meneval, "that twelve years before Austria had implored peace when the French were at Leoben, and that, as soon as he was in Egypt, she had again grasped arms; that she had again signed the treaty of Luneville after the defeat of Hohenlinden, which she violated when she saw us seriously occupied in preparing for the descent upon England; that she had signed again a treaty of peace after the battle of Austerlitz, which she again violated when she hoped to surprise Napoleon while pursuing the English in the heart of Spain; and that now she reluctantly sheathed the sword only because Napoleon was in possession of Vienna."

‡ Alexander felt much solicitude about this treaty. He wrote to Napoleon, "My interests are

Alison, in the following terms, condemns Napoleon for his moderation in not wresting from Austria and Russia the Polish provinces: "He more than once touched on the still vibrating chord of Polish nationality, and by a word might have added two hundred thousand Sarmatian lances to his standard; but he did not venture upon the bold step of re-establishing the throne of Sobieski; and by the half measure of the Grand Duchy of Warsaw, permamanently excited the jealousy of Russia, without winning the support of Poland." It is with such unparalleled injustice that history has treated Napoleon. His efforts to defend France from her multitudinous assailants are alleged as proofs of his insatiable ambition and a bloodthirsty spirit. His generosity to his vanquished foes, and his readiness to make almost any sacrifice for the sake of peace, were stigmatized as weakness and folly.

A deputation from one of the provinces of Austria had called upon Napoleon just before the treaty, soliciting relief from some of the burdens imposed upon them by the presence of the French army. "Gentlemen," the Emperor replied, "I am aware of your sufferings. I join with you in lamenting the evils entailed upon the people by the conduct of your government, but I can afford you no relief. Scarcely four years have elapsed since your sovereign pledged his word, after the battle of Austerlitz, that he would never again take up arms against me. I trusted that a perpetual peace was cemented between us; and I have not to reproach myself with having violated its conditions. Had I not firmly relied upon the protestations of sincerity which were then made to me, rest assured that I should not have retired as I did from the Austrian territories. Monarchs forfeit the rights which have been vested in them by the public confidence from the moment that they abuse such rights and draw down such heavy calamities upon nations."

One of the members of the deputation began to defend the Emperor of Austria, and ended his reply in these words: "Nothing shall detach us from our good Francis."

"You have not rightly understood me," the Emperor rejoined, "or you have formed a wrong interpretation of what I laid down as a general axiom. Did I speak of your relaxing in your affection for the Emperor Francis? Far from it. Be true to him under any circumstances of good or bad fortune. But, at the same time, you should suffer without murmuring. By acting otherwise, you reproach him as the author of your sufferings."

While negotiations were pending, Napoleon received the untoward tidings of the defeat of the French by Wellington at the battle of Talavera. He was much displeased by the conduct of his generals in Spain. "Those

entirely in the hands of your majesty. You may give me a certain pledge in repeating what you said at Tilsit and Erfurth on the interests of Russia in connection with *the late kingdom of Poland.*" Napoleon replied, "Poland may give rise to some embarrassment between us; but the world is large enough to afford us room to arrange ourselves." Alexander promptly and energetically responded, "*If the re-establishment of Poland is to be agitated,* '*the world is not large enough,*' for I desire nothing further in it." The ferment in St. Petersburg was so intense that a national outbreak was contemplated, and even the assassination of the Emperor was openly spoken of if he should yield. Napoleon was not ignorant of this state of the Russian mind. He has been severely blamed for his *insatiable ambition* in restoring Prussian Poland by establishing the Duchy of Warsaw. He has been as severely blamed, and by the same historians, for not liberating the Austrian and Prussian provinces of dismembered Poland, though he could only have done this by involving Europe in the most destructive war.—See *Bignon,* vol. viii., p. 351, 354.

men," said he, "are very self-confident. I am allowed to possess some superiority of talent, and yet I never think that I can have an army sufficiently numerous to fight a battle even with an enemy I have been accustomed to defeat. I collect about me all the troops I can bring together. They, on the contrary, advance boldly to attack an enemy with whom they are scarcely acquainted, and yet they only bring one half of their troops to the contest. Is it possible to maneuver more awkwardly? I can not be present every where."*

A deputation of Hungarians called upon Napoleon to implore him to take Hungary under his protection, and to aid the Hungarians in their efforts to break from the thraldom of Austria.† Napoleon had reflected upon this, and had thought of placing upon the throne of Hungary the Archduke of Würzburg, brother of the Emperor Francis. This young prince admired Napoleon, and was much influenced by his lofty principles. When Austria was striving to influence the whole Hungarian nation against France, Napoleon issued the following proclamation:

"Hungarians! The moment is come to revive your independence. I offer you peace, the integrity of your territory, the inviolability of your constitutions, whether of such as are in actual existence, or of those which the spirit of the time may require. I ask nothing of you. I desire only to see your nation free and independent. Your union with Austria has made your misfortune. Your blood has flowed for her in distant regions. Your dearest interests have always been sacrificed to those of the Austrian hereditary estates. You form the finest part of the empire of Austria, yet you are treated as a province. You have national manners, a national language; you boast an ancient and illustrious origin. Resume, then, your existence as a nation. Have a king of your own choice, who will reside among you, and reign for you alone."

Napoleon, in departing, issued a proclamation to the inhabitants of Vienna, in which he thanked them for the attentions they had bestowed upon the wounded of his army, and expressed how deeply he lamented his inability to lighten the burdens which had pressed upon them. "It was the Emperor's intention," says Savary, "to have had pavements laid in the suburbs of the metropolis, which stand much in need of them. He was desirous, he said, of leaving that token of remembrance to the inhabitants of Vienna. But he did not find time to accomplish this object."

"If I had not conquered at Austerlitz," said Napoleon at St. Helena, "I should have had all Prussia on me. If I had not proved victorious at Jena, Austria and Spain would have assailed me in my rear. If I had not tri-

* An important town of Spain had been lost in consequence of the treason of some who betrayed its weakness, and the criminal neglect of the commandant. "The persons," says Napier, "who had betrayed the place to Rovera were shot by Macdonald, and the commandant, whose negligence had occasioned the misfortune, was condemned to death; but Napoleon, who has been so foully misrepresented as a sanguinary tyrant—Napoleon, who had commuted the sentence of Dupont, now pardoned General Guillot: a clemency in both cases remarkable, seeing that the loss of an army by one, and of a great fortress by the other, not only tended directly and powerfully to the destruction of the Emperor's projects, but were in themselves great crimes; and it is to be doubted if any other sovereign in Europe would have displayed such a merciful greatness of mind."—*Napier*, vol. iii., p. 66.

† Souvenirs Historiques de M. Le Baron Meneval, vol. i., p. 303.

umphed at Wagram—which, by-the-by, was a less decisive victory—I had to fear that Russia would abandon me, that Prussia would rise against me; and, meanwhile, the English were already before Antwerp.

"Yet what was my conduct after the victory? At Austerlitz I gave Alexander his liberty, though I might have made him my prisoner. After Jena, I left the house of Prussia in possession of a throne which I had conquered. After Wagram, I neglected to parcel out the Austrian monarchy. If all this be attributed merely to magnanimity, cold and calculating politicians will doubtless blame me. But, without rejecting that sentiment, to which I am not a stranger, I had higher aims in view. I wished to bring about the amalgamation of the great European interests in the same manner as I had effected the union of parties in France. My ambition was one day to become the arbiter in the great cause of nations and kings. It was therefore necessary that I should secure to myself claims on their gratitude, and seek to render myself popular among them. This I could not do without losing something in the estimation of others. I was aware of this. But I was powerful and fearless. I concerned myself but little about transient popular murmurs, being very sure that the result would infallibly bring the people over to my side.

"I committed a great fault, after the battle of Wagram, in not reducing the power of Austria still more. She remained too strong for our safety, and to her we must attribute our ruin. The day after the battle, I should have made known, by proclamation, that I would treat with Austria only on condition of the preliminary separation of the three crowns of Austria, Hungary, and Bohemia."

While these scenes were transpiring in Austria, the war in Spain was raging with renewed fierceness. The English and the Spanish insurgents had their hopes revived by the absence of Napoleon, and believing that he would be compelled soon also to withdraw his troops to meet his exigencies upon the Danube, they with alacrity returned to the conflict. Joseph Bonaparte was one of the most amiable and excellent of men, but he was no soldier. The generals of Napoleon were fully conscious of this, and had no confidence in his military operations. Having no recognized leader, they quarreled among themselves. It was difficult for Napoleon, in the midst of the all-absorbing scenes of Essling, and Lobau, and Wagram, to guide the movements of armies six hundred leagues distant, upon the banks of the Tagus and the Douro.

The Duke of Wellington, then Sir Arthur Wellesley, landed with 30,000 British troops in Portugal, and rallied around his banner 70,000 Portuguese soldiers, inspired by the most frantic energies of religious fanaticism. Marshal Soult had in Portugal 26,000 men under arms to oppose them. The most horrible scenes of demoniac war ensued. Retaliation provoked retaliation. No imagination can conceive the revolting scenes of misery, cruelty, and blood which desolated the land. The wounded French soldiers were seized even by women, and tortured and torn to pieces, and their mutilated remains polluted the road; villages were burned; shrieking women hunted and outraged; children, trampled by merciless cavalry, and torn by grape-shot, moaned and died, while the drenching storm alone sighed their requiem.

It was no longer man contending against his brother man, but demon struggling with demon. The French and English officers exerted themselves to the utmost to repress these horrible outrages, but they found that, easy as it is to rouse the degraded and the vicious to fight, it is not so easy again to soothe their depraved passions to humanity. The Duke of Wellington wrote to his government the most bitter complaints of the total insubordination of his troops. "I have long been of opinion," he wrote, "that a British army could bear neither success nor failure; and I have had manifest proofs of the truth of this opinion in the first of its branches in the recent conduct of the soldiers of this army. They have plundered the country most terribly, which has given me the greatest concern."

Again he wrote to Lord Castlereagh on the 31st of May, 1809: "The army behave terribly ill. They are a rabble who can not bear success, any more than Sir John Moore's army could bear failure. I am endeavoring to tame them; but, if I should not succeed, I must make an official complaint of them, and send one or two corps of them home in disgrace. They plunder in all directions."

Again, on the 17th of June, he wrote to Lord Castlereagh, then Secretary of State: "I can not, with propriety, omit to draw your attention again to the state of discipline of the army, which is a subject of serious concern to me, and well deserves the consideration of his majesty's ministers. It is impossible to describe to you the irregularities and outrages committed by the troops. Notwithstanding the pains which I take, not a post or a courier comes in, not an officer arrives from the rear of the army, that does not bring me accounts of outrages committed by the soldiers who have been left behind on the march. There is not an outrage of any description which has not been committed on a people who have uniformly received us as friends, by soldiers who have never yet, for one moment, suffered the slightest want or the smallest privation."

The French army, by universal admission, was under far better discipline than the English. The English soldiers were drawn from the most degraded portion of the populace. The French army, levied by the conscription, was composed of men of much higher intelligence and education. The violent populace of Portugal, rioting unrestrained, rendered existence insupportable by the order-loving portion of the community. They were regarded with horror by those of their own countrymen whose easy circumstances induced a love of peace and quietness. They saw clearly that the zeal the English affected in behalf of Portugal was mainly intended to secure English commerce and their own aggrandizement. They complained bitterly that England had turned loose upon their doomed land all the reckless and ferocious spirits of Great Britain and of Portugal. "So, without liking the French," says Thiers, "who in their eyes were still foreigners, they were ready, if compelled to choose between them and the English, to prefer them as a lesser evil, as a means of ending the war, and as holding out the hope of a more liberal rule than that under which Portugal had lived for ages. As for the house of Braganza, the classes in question were inclined, since the Regent's flight to Brazil, to consider it as an empty name, which the English made use of to upset the land from top to bottom."

Neither Spain nor Portugal were at all grateful to England for the work which she had performed. Lord Wellington wrote: "The British army, which I have the honor to command, has met with nothing but ingratitude from the government and authorities in Portugal for their services. Every thing that could be done has been done by the civil authorities lately to oppress the officers and soldiers on every occasion in which it has, by any accident, been in their power. I hope, however, that we have seen the last of Portugal." "The only bond of sympathy," says Colonel Napier, "between the two governments [Spain and Portugal], was hatred of the English, who had saved both." England re-established upon thrones of despotism the most despicable tyrants, and these very tyrants requited her for her ignoble work with insult and outrage.

Napoleon had again vanquished his foes. He was still, however, exposed to the greatest peril. No one saw this more clearly than himself. England, unrelenting and heedless of all supplications for peace, continued her assaults.* With unrepressed zeal, she endeavored to combine new coalitions of feudal Europe against the great advocate of popular rights. It was her open avowal that the triumph of democratic principles threatened the subversion of every European throne.†

While Napoleon was marshaling his forces at Lobau for the decisive battle of Wagram, an English fleet was hovering along the shores of Italy, watching for an opportunity to aid the Austrians there. All the sympathies of the Pope were evidently with the enemies of France. The fanatic peasantry of Spain and of the Tyrol were roused by the emissaries of the Church. The danger was imminent that England, effecting a landing in Italy, and uniting with the Austrians and all the partisans of the old regime in that country, would crush the infant kingdoms of Italy and Naples. Under these circumstances, Napoleon wrote as follows to the Pope:

"The Emperor expects that Italy, Rome, Naples, and Milan should form

* "All the wars of the European Continent," says the Encyclopædia Americana, "against the revolution and against the empire, were begun by England, and supported by English gold. At last, the object was attained. Not only was the ancient family restored to the throne, but France was reduced to its original limits, its naval force destroyed, and its commerce almost annihilated. But victory brought bitter fruits even to England."

In 1793, the public debt of Great Britain was estimated at 1,200,000,000 of dollars. It is now estimated at about 4,000,000,000. The most of this enormous increase was caused by the wars against Napoleon. "It is impossible," says the Encyclopædia Americana, "to prevent the burden of the taxation from falling directly or indirectly, in a very great degree, upon the laboring or active classes; and in Great Britain, this has become so heavy to the mere laborer, who has no capital, that his wages will but just support, or will not support, himself and his family in the cheapest manner of living, and his life becomes one desperate struggle against want and starvation."

† "The assumption," says Richard Cobden, member of Parliament, "put forth that we were engaged in a strictly defensive war, is, I regret to say, historically untrue. If you will examine the proofs as they exist in the unchangeable public records, you will be satisfied of this. And let us not forget that our history will ultimately be submitted to the judgment of a tribunal over which Englishmen will exercise no influence beyond that which is derived from the truth and justice of their cause, and from whose decision there will be no appeal. I allude, of course, to the collective wisdom and moral sense of future generations of men. In the case before us, however, not only are we constrained by the evidence of facts to confess that we were engaged in an aggressive war, but the multiplied avowals and confessions of its authors and partisans themselves leave no room to doubt that they entered upon it to put down *opinions* by physical force—one of the worst, if not the very worst, of motives with which a people can embark in war."

a league, offensive and defensive, to protect the Peninsula from the calamities of war. If the Holy Father assents to this proposition, all our difficulties are terminated. If he refuses, he announces by that refusal that he does not wish for any arrangement, any peace with the Emperor, and that he declares war against him. The first result of war is conquest, and the first result of conquest is a change of government; for if the Emperor is forced to engage in war with Rome, will it not be to make the conquest of Rome, and to establish another government, which will make common cause with Italy and Naples against their common enemies? What other guarantee can the Emperor have of the tranquillity and the safety of Italy, if the two realms are separated by a state in which their enemies continue to have a secure retreat? These changes, which will become necessary if the Holy Father persists in his refusal, will not deprive him of any of his spiritual rights. He will continue to be Bishop of Rome, as his predecessors have been during the last eight centuries."

The continued refusal of the Pope to enter into an alliance with France induced the Emperor to issue a decree uniting the States of the Church with the French empire. The only apology which can be offered for this act is its apparent necessity. The Pope, claiming neutrality, was aiding the enemies of France. Napoleon, in the midst of ten thousand perils, was struggling, almost single handed, against the combined sovereigns of Europe. In self-defense, he was compelled to treat those with severity who were secretly assisting his foes. Solicitous for his good name, he announced to Europe as the reason for this arbitrary measure, "The sovereign of Rome has constantly refused to make war with the English, and to ally himself with the kings of Italy and Naples for the defense of the peninsula of Italy. The welfare of the two kingdoms, and also that of the armies of Italy and Naples, demand that their communication should not be interrupted by a hostile power."*

The French troops immediately entered Rome, and drove from it the emissaries of England and Austria, who, in the pontifical court, were secretly fomenting their intrigues. To this act of violence the Pope replied by a bull of excommunication. Murat, the King of Naples, with his usual thoughtless impetuosity, immediately arrested the Pope and sent him out of Italy. When Napoleon, who was then at Lobau, heard of this act, he expressed the most sincere regret that a measure so violent and inconsiderate had been adopted. But, with his accustomed disposition to regard himself as the child of destiny, he seemed to consider it an indication of Providence, or rather of Fate, that he was to organize the whole of Italy, with its twenty millions of

* "Have you any commands for France?" said a Frenchman at Naples to an English friend. "I shall be there in two days." "In France!" answered his friend; "I thought that you were setting off for Rome." "True; but Rome, by a decree of the Emperor, is now indissolubly united to France."

"I have no news to burden you with," said his friend; "but can I do nothing for you in England? I shall be there in half an hour." "In England!" said the Frenchman; "and in half an hour!" "Yes!" was the reply. "Within that time I shall be at sea, and the sea has been indissolubly united to the British empire." She who arrogated to herself the dominion of the wide world of waters, ought to have some charity for him who, when struggling against combined Europe, strove to avert from himself destruction by reluctantly annexing to France the feeble States of the Church.

inhabitants, into one homogeneous kingdom, glowing with the energies of free institutions, and with renovated Rome for its capital. It was a brilliant and an exciting vision. It was rich in promise for the welfare of Europe. It was almost probable that it would be realized. The Pope was sent to Savona, on the Gulf of Genoa, where a palace was prepared for his reception. He was afterward removed, for greater security, to Fontainebleau. Napoleon had a high regard for the Pope, and often expressed his sincere veneration for his character. He ordered that Pius should be treated with the greatest respect; gave him an annual income of four hundred thousand dollars, and sent gorgeous furniture and troops of domestics to the imperial palace, where he was securely but most magnificently detained. He ordered that the Pope should be allowed to do what he pleased, perform all the ceremonies of religion, and receive without restraint the homage of the numerous population who would flock to greet him. Thus Napoleon, though he at first regretted the injudicious seizure of the Pope, assumed the responsibility of his captivity.*

The energy of Napoleon immediately diffused its vivifying influence through the drowsy streets of Rome. Many of the most intelligent men rejoiced to escape from the lethargic sway of the Church. The fanatic populace, however, were horror-stricken in view of the sacrilege inflicted upon the Vicar of Christ. Still, there were many in Rome, then as now, weary of ecclesiastical domination. They were hungering and thirsting for political freedom and for republican liberty. A deputation of prominent Italians from Rome called upon Napoleon with expressions of confidence and congratulation.

"My mind," replied the Emperor, "is full of the recollections of your ancestors. The first time that I pass the Alps, I desire to remain some time among you. France and Italy must be governed by the same system. You have need of a powerful hand to direct you. I shall have a singular pleasure in being your benefactor. Your bishop is the spiritual head of the Church, as I am its Emperor. I 'render unto God the things that are God's, and unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's.'"

Immense improvements were immediately undertaken by Napoleon in the time-hallowed metropolis. His herculean energies infused new life into the tombs of the departed. The hum of industry was diffused through all the venerable streets of Rome. The claims of utility and of beauty were alike

* Upon this subject Louis Bonaparte remarks, in his response to Sir Walter Scott:

"I was well acquainted with Pope Pius VII. At the time of his journey to Paris in 1804, and since then until his death, I have not ceased to receive from that venerable pontiff proofs, not only of friendliness, but even of confidence and affection. Since the year 1814 I have resided at Rome. I had frequent occasions to see him, and I can affirm that, in the greater number of my interviews with his Holiness, he has assured me that he was treated by the Emperor Napoleon with all the personal respect which he could desire. These are his words:

"'Personalmente non ho avuto di che dolermi; non ho mancato di nulla; la mia persona fu sempre rispettata e trattata in modo da non potermi lagnare.'

"*I have no cause personally to complain. I was never permitted to want for any thing. My person was always respected, and treated in such a manner as to afford me no occasion for complaint.*"

The palace of Fontainebleau, with its magnificent furnishing and appliances, was a very different residence from the dilapidated, rat-infested hut at St. Helena. Napoleon was not an ungenerous foe.

regarded. Majestic monuments, half buried beneath the ruins of centuries, were restored to the world in renovated splendor. The stately column of the temple of Jupiter Tonans, and the beautiful pillars of the temple of Jupiter Stator, were relieved of encumbering loads of rubbish, and again exhibited their exquisite proportions in the bright Italian sun. The immense area of the Coliseum was cleared of the accumulated débris of ages, revealing to the astonished eye long-buried wonders. The buildings which deformed the ancient Forum were removed, and all the gigantic remains of ancient Rome were explored and rescued from destruction, by the wakeful eye and the refined taste of Napoleon. Large sums were expended upon the Quirinal palace. A salutary and efficient police was immediately organized, instantly arresting those multiplied disorders which had so long disgraced the Papal metropolis. A double row of ornamental trees was planted to embellish the walk from the Arch of Constantine to the Appian Way, and thence to the Forum. Energetic measures were adopted for the drainage of the immense Pontine Marshes, so fertile in disease and death. Preparations were commenced for turning aside the channel of the Tiber, to reclaim those inestimable treasures of art which were buried beneath its waves by Gothic invaders. Such were Napoleon's exertions for public improvement, while the combined monarchs of Europe were struggling to crush him.*

CHAPTER X.

THE DIVORCE OF JOSEPHINE.

Duty of the Historian—Deeds and Sayings—Announcement to Josephine—Interview between the Emperor and Eugene—Consummation of the Divorce—Departure of the Empress—Letters of the Emperor—Interview at Malmaison of Napoleon and Josephine—Remarks of Napoleon at St. Helena.

IT is the duty of the historian of Napoleon faithfully to record what he has said and what he has done. His sayings are as remarkable as his doings. Both alike bear the impress of his wonderful genius. Fortunately, respecting the deeds which he performed, there is no room for controversy. They are admitted by all. The gaze of the world was upon him. Whether he had a right to do what he did, and what the motives were which impelled him, are questions upon which the world is divided. We are not aware that there is a single important fact stated in these pages which is not admitted by Napoleon's most hostile biographers.

The striking explanations of Napoleon, and his comments upon his career, are equally authentic. His words are presented as recorded by Count Pelet

* "Napoleon," says Sir Walter Scott, "was himself an Italian,[1] and showed his sense of his origin by the particular care which he always took of that nation, where, whatever benefits his administration conferred on the people, reached them more profusely and more directly than in any other part of his empire. That swelling spirit entertained the proud, and, could it have been accomplished consistently with justice, the noble idea of uniting the beautiful peninsula of Italy into one kingdom, of which Rome should once more be the capital. He also nourished the hope of clearing out the Eternal City from the ruins in which she was buried, of preserving her ancient monuments, and of restoring what was possible of her ancient splendor."

[1] Sir Walter is inaccurate; Napoleon was a Frenchman, of Italian ancestry.

de Lozerne, Savary, the Duke of Rovigo, Caulaincourt, the Duke of Vicenza, the Baron Meneval, the Duchess of Abrantes, General Rapp, Louis Bonaparte, General Count Montholon, Dr. O'Meara, Count Las Casas, Dr. Antommarchi, and others who were near his person, and who received his words from his own lips. In recording the sublime tragedy of the divorce, we act but as the scribe of history. The scenes which transpired and the words which were uttered are here registered.

Savary, the Duke of Rovigo, was perhaps as well acquainted with the secret thoughts of Napoleon as any one could be. He thus speaks of the motives by which the Emperor was influenced:

"A thousand idle stories have been related concerning the Emperor's motives for breaking the bonds which he had contracted upward of fifteen years before, and separating from a person who was the partner of his existence during the most stormy events of his glorious career. It was ascribed to his ambition to connect himself with royal blood; and malevolence has delighted in spreading the report that to this consideration he had sacrificed every other. This opinion was quite erroneous, and he was as unfairly dealt with on the subject as all persons are who happen to be placed above the level of mankind. Nothing can be more true than that the sacrifice of the object of his affections was the most painful that he experienced throughout his life, and that he would have preferred adopting any other course than the one to which he was driven by motives which I am about to relate. Public opinion was, in general, unjust to the Emperor when he placed the imperial crown upon his head. A feeling of personal ambition was supposed to be the main spring of all his actions. This was, however, a very mistaken impression. I have already mentioned with what reluctance he had altered the form of government, and that if he had not been apprehensive that the state would again fall a prey to those dissensions which are inseparable from an elective form of government, he would not have changed an order of things which appeared to have been the first solid conquest achieved by the Revolution. Ever since he had brought the nation back to monarchical principles, he had neglected no means of consolidating institutions which permanently secured those principles, and yet firmly established the superiority of modern ideas over antiquated customs. Differences of opinion could no longer create any disturbance respecting the form of government when his career should be closed. But this was not enough. It was further requisite that the line of inheritance should be defined in so clear a manner, that, at his death, no pretense might be made for the contention of any claimants to the throne; for, if such a misfortune were to take place, the least foreign intervention would have sufficed to revive a spirit of discord among us. His feeling of personal ambition consisted, in this case, in a desire to hand his work down to posterity, and to resign to his successor a state resting upon his numerous trophies for its stability. He could not be blind to the fact that the perpetual warfare into which a jealousy of his strength had plunged him, had, in reality, no other object than his own downfall, because with him must necessarily crumble that gigantic power which was no longer upheld by the revolutionary energy he had himself repressed.

"The Emperor had not any children. The Empress had two. But he

never could have entertained a thought of them without exposing himself to most serious inconveniences. I believe, however, that if the two children of the Empress had been the only ones in his family, he would have made some arrangements for securing his inheritance to Eugene. He, however, dismissed the idea of appointing him his heir, because he had nearer relations, and it would have given rise to disunions, which it was his principal object to avoid. He also considered the necessity in which he was placed of forming an alliance sufficiently powerful, in order that, in the event of his system being at any time threatened, that alliance might be a resting-point, and save it from total ruin. He likewise hoped that it would be the means of putting an end to that series of wars, of which he was desirous above all things to avoid a recurrence. These were the motives which determined him to break a union so long contracted. He wished it less for himself than for the purpose of interesting a powerful state in the maintenance of the order of things established in France. He reflected often on the mode of making this communication to the Empress. Still he was reluctant to speak to her. He was apprehensive of the consequences of her tenderness of feeling. His heart was never proof against the shedding of tears."

The moral sentiment of France had been severely shaken by the Revolution. The Christian doctrine of the unalterable sacredness of the marriage tie was but feebly recognized. "Though Josephine," says Thiers, "was loved as an amiable sovereign, who represented goodness and grace by the side of might, the French desired, with regret for her, another marriage, which should give heirs to the empire. Nor did they confine themselves to wishes on the subject." Such was the state of public feeling, which Napoleon fully apprehended. He sent for the Arch-chancellor Cambacères, and communicated to him the resolution he had adopted. He stated the reasons for the divorce, spoke of the anguish which the stern necessity caused his affections, and declared his intention to invest the act with forms the most affectionate and the most honorable to Josephine. "I will have nothing," said he, "which can resemble a repudiation; nothing but a mere dissolution of the conjugal tie, founded upon mutual consent—a consent itself founded on the interests of the empire. Josephine is to be provided with a palace in Paris; with a princely residence in the country; with an income of six hundred thousand dollars; and is to occupy the first rank among the princesses after the future empress. I wish ever to keep her near me as my best and most affectionate friend."

At length the fatal day arrived for the announcement of the dreadful tidings to Josephine. It was the last day of November, 1809. Rumors of the approaching calamity had for a long time reached the ears of the Empress, and had filled her heart with anguish. Napoleon and Josephine were at Fontainebleau. A general instinct of the impending woe seemed to have shrouded the palace in gloom. The guests had departed, and the cheerless winds of approaching winter sighed through the leafless forest. Josephine spent the morning alone in her chamber, bathed in tears. Napoleon had no heart to approach his woe-stricken and injured wife. He also passed the morning alone in his cabinet. They met at the dinner-table. They sat down in silence. It was a strange repast. Not a word was uttered. Not

a glance was interchanged. Course after course was brought in and removed untasted. A mortal paleness revealed the anguish of each heart. Josephine sat motionless as a marble statue. Napoleon, in his embarrassment, mechanically struck the edge of his glass with his knife, absorbed in painful musings. The tedious ceremony of the dinner was at last over. The attendants retired. Napoleon arose, closed the door, and was alone with Josephine. Pale as death, and trembling in every nerve, he approached the Empress. He took her hand, placed it upon his heart, and with a faltering voice said,

"Josephine, my own good Josephine, you know how I have loved you. It is to you alone that I owe the only few moments of happiness I have known in the world. Josephine, my destiny is stronger than my will. My dearest affections must yield to the welfare of France."



THE ANNOUNCEMENT.

The cruel blow, all expected as it was, pierced that loving heart. Josephine fell lifeless upon the floor. Napoleon, alarmed, rushed to the door, and called for assistance. The Count de Beaumont entered, and with the aid of the Emperor conveyed the helpless Josephine up a flight of stairs to her apartment. She murmured as they bore her along, "Oh, no! no! you can not do it. You surely would not kill me."

Napoleon was intensely agitated. He placed her upon her bed, rang for her waiting-women, and hung over her with an expression of deep affection and anxiety. As consciousness seemed returning, he retired to his own apartment, where he paced the floor in anguish until the dawn of the morning.

He gave free utterance to his agitated feelings, regardless of those who were present. Trembling with emotion, and with tears filling his eyes, he said, as he walked restlessly to and fro, articulating with difficulty, and frequently pausing between his words,

"The interests of France and my destiny have wrung my heart. The divorce has become an imperious duty, from which I must not shrink. Yet the scene which I have just witnessed cuts me to the soul. Josephine should have been prepared for this by Hortense. I communicated to her the melancholy obligation which compels our separation. I am grieved to the heart. I thought she had more firmness. I looked not for this excess of agony."

Every hour during the night he called at her door to inquire respecting her situation. The affectionate Hortense was with her mother. In respectful, yet reproachful terms, she assured the Emperor that Josephine would descend from the throne, as she had ascended it, in obedience to his will; and that her children, content to renounce grandeurs which had not made them happy, would gladly go and devote their lives to comforting the best and most affectionate of mothers. Napoleon could no longer restrain his emotion. He freely wept. He gave utterance to all the grief he felt, and reiterated the urgency of the political considerations which, in his view, rendered the sacrifice necessary.

"Do not leave me, Hortense," said he; "but stay by me with Eugene. Help me to console your mother, and render her calm, resigned, and even happy in remaining my friend, while she ceases to be my wife."

Eugene was summoned from Italy. His sister threw herself into his arms, and acquainted him with their mother's sad lot. Eugene hastened to the saloon of his beloved mother. After a short interview with her, he repaired to the cabinet of the Emperor, and inquired if he intended to obtain a divorce from the Empress. Napoleon, who was strongly attached to Eugene, could make no reply, but simply pressed the hand of the noble son. Eugene immediately recoiled from the Emperor, and said, severely,

"Sire, in that case, permit me to withdraw from your service."

"How!" exclaimed Napoleon, looking upon him sadly; "will you, Eugene, my adopted son, forsake me?"

"Yes, sire," Eugene replied; "the son of her who is no longer Empress can not remain viceroy. I will follow my mother into her retreat. She must now find her consolation in her children."

Tears filled the eyes of the Emperor. "Eugene," said he, in a mournful voice, tremulous with emotion, "you know the stern necessity which compels this measure; and will you forsake me? Whom then should I have for a son? the object of my desires and preserver of my interests; who would watch over the child when I am absent? If I die, who will prove to him a father? who would bring him up? who is to make a man of him?"

Eugene, deeply moved, took Napoleon's arm, and they retired to the garden, where they conversed a long time together.

The noble Josephine, with a heroic spirit of self-sacrifice never surpassed, urged her son to remain the friend of Napoleon. "The Emperor," she said, "is your benefactor, your more than father, to whom you are indebted for every thing, and to whom, therefore, you owe boundless obedience."

The melancholy day for the consummation of this cruel tragedy soon arrived. It was the 15th of December, 1809. In the grand saloon of the Tuileries there were assembled all the members of the imperial family and the most illustrious officers of the empire. Gloom overshadowed all. Napoleon, with a pallid cheek, but with a firm voice, thus addressed them:

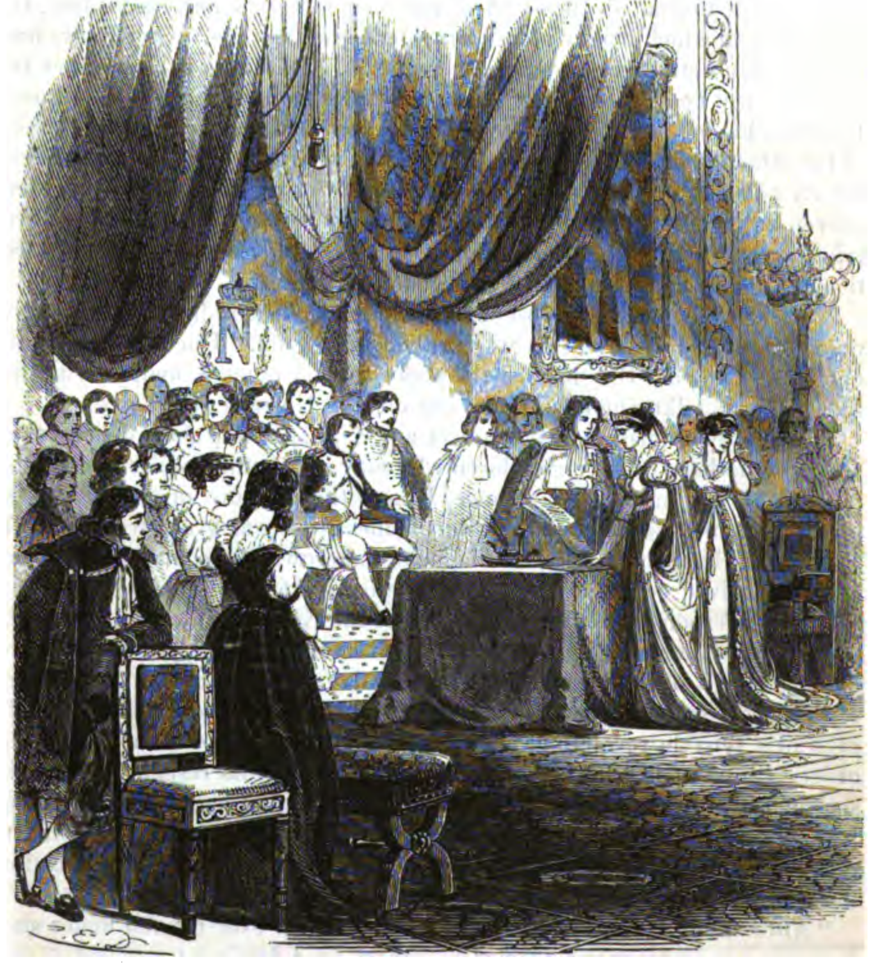
"The political interests of my monarchy, and the wishes of my people, which have constantly guided my actions, require that I should transmit to an heir, inheriting my love for the people, the throne on which Providence has placed me. For many years I have lost all hopes of having children by my beloved spouse, the Empress Josephine. It is this consideration which induces me to sacrifice the dearest affections of my heart, to consult only the good of my subjects, and to desire the dissolution of our marriage. Arrived at the age of forty years, I may indulge the reasonable hope of living long enough to rear, in the spirit of my own thoughts and disposition, the children with which it may please Providence to bless me. God knows how much such a determination has cost my heart. But there is no sacrifice too great for my courage when it is proved to be for the interests of France. Far from having any cause of complaint, I have nothing to say but in praise of the attachment and tenderness of my beloved wife. She has embellished fifteen years of my life, and the remembrance of them will be forever engraven on my heart. She was crowned by my hand. She shall always retain the rank and title of Empress. Above all, let her never doubt my affection, or regard me but as her best and dearest friend."

Napoleon having ended, Josephine, holding a paper in her hands, endeavored to read. But her heart was broken with grief. Uncontrollable sobs choked her voice. She handed the paper to M. Reynaud, and, burying her face in her handkerchief, sank into her chair. He read as follows:

"With the permission of my august and dear spouse, I must declare that, retaining no hope of having children who may satisfy the requirements of his policy and the interests of France, I have the pleasure of giving him the greatest proof of attachment and devotedness that was ever given on earth. I owe all to his bounty. It was his hand that crowned me, and on his throne I have received only manifestations of affection and love from the French people. I respond to all the sentiments of the Emperor in consenting to the dissolution of a marriage which is now an obstacle to the happiness of France, by depriving it of the blessing of being one day governed by the descendants of that great man, who was evidently raised up by Providence to efface the evils of a terrible revolution, and to restore the altar, the throne, and social order. But the dissolution of my marriage will in no respect change the sentiments of my heart. The Emperor will ever find in me his best friend. I know how much this act, commanded by policy and exalted interests, has rent his heart; but we both glory in the sacrifices we make for the good of the country."

"After these words," says Thiers, "the noblest ever uttered under such circumstances—for never, it must be confessed, did vulgar passions less prevail in an act of this kind—Napoleon, embracing Josephine, led her to her own apartment, where he left her, almost fainting, in the arms of her children."

On the ensuing day the Senate was assembled in the grand saloon to witness the legal consummation of the divorce. Eugene presided. He announced the desire of his mother and the Emperor to dissolve their marriage. "The tears of his majesty at this separation," said the prince, "are sufficient for the glory of my mother." The Emperor, dressed in the robes of state, and pale as a statue of marble, leaned against a pillar, care-worn and wretched. Folding his arms upon his breast, with his eyes fixed upon vacancy, he stood in gloomy silence. It was a funereal scene. The low hum of mournful voices alone disturbed the silence of the room. A circular table was placed in the centre of the apartment. Upon it there was a writing apparatus of gold. A vacant arm-chair stood before the table. The company gazed silently upon it as the instrument of the most soul-harrowing execution.



SUNDERING THE TIE.

A side-door opened, and Josephine entered. Her face was as white as the simple muslin robe she wore. She was leaning upon the arm of Hor-

tense, who, not possessing the fortitude of her mother, was sobbing most convulsively. The whole assembly, upon the entrance of Josephine, instinctively arose. All were moved to tears. With her own peculiar grace, Josephine advanced to the seat provided for her. Leaning her pale forehead upon her hand, she listened with the calmness of stupor to the reading of the act of separation. The convulsive sobbings of Hortense, mingling with the subdued and mournful tones of the reader's voice, added to the tragic impressiveness of the scene. Eugene, pale, and trembling as an aspen-leaf, stood by the side of his adored mother.

As soon as the reading of the act of separation was finished, Josephine, for a moment, in anguish, pressed her handkerchief to her eyes, and then, rising, in tones clear, musical, but tremulous with repressed emotion, pronounced the oath of acceptance. She sat down, took the pen, and affixed her signature to the deed which sundered the dearest hopes and the fondest ties which human hearts can feel. Eugene could endure this anguish no longer. His brain reeled, his heart ceased to beat, and he fell lifeless upon the floor. Josephine and Hortense retired with the attendants who bore out the insensible form of the affectionate son and brother. It was a fitting termination of this mournful yet sublime tragedy.

Josephine remained in her chamber overwhelmed with speechless grief. A sombre night darkened over the city, oppressed by the gloom of this cruel sacrifice. The hour arrived at which Napoleon usually retired for sleep. The Emperor, restless and wretched, had just placed himself in the bed from which he had ejected his faithful and devoted wife, when the private door of his chamber was slowly opened, and Josephine tremblingly entered. Her eyes were swollen with weeping, her hair disordered, and she appeared in all the dishabille of unutterable anguish. Hardly conscious of what she did in the delirium of her woe, she tottered into the middle of the room, and approached the bed of her former husband. Then irresolutely stopping, she buried her face in her hands, and burst into a flood of tears. A feeling of delicacy seemed for a moment to have arrested her steps—a consciousness that she had *now* no right to enter the chamber of Napoleon. In another moment all the pent-up love of her heart burst forth, and, forgetting every thing in the fullness of her anguish, she threw herself upon the bed, clasped Napoleon's neck in her arms, and exclaiming, "My husband! my husband!" sobbed as though her heart were breaking. The imperial spirit of Napoleon was entirely vanquished. He also wept convulsively. He assured Josephine of his love—of his ardent and undying love. In every way he tried to soothe and to comfort her. For some time they remained locked in each other's embrace. The valet-de-chambre, who was still present, was dismissed, and for an hour Napoleon and Josephine continued together in this their last private interview. Josephine then, in the experience of an intensity of anguish such as few human hearts have ever known, parted forever from the husband whom she had so long and so faithfully loved. An attendant entered the apartment of Napoleon to remove the lights. He found the Emperor so buried beneath the bed-clothes as to be invisible. Not a word was uttered. The lights were removed, and the unhappy monarch was left alone in darkness and silence to the melancholy companionship of his own thoughts.

The next morning, the death-like pallor of his cheek, his sunken eye, and the haggard expression of his countenance, attested that the Emperor had passed the night in sleeplessness and in suffering.

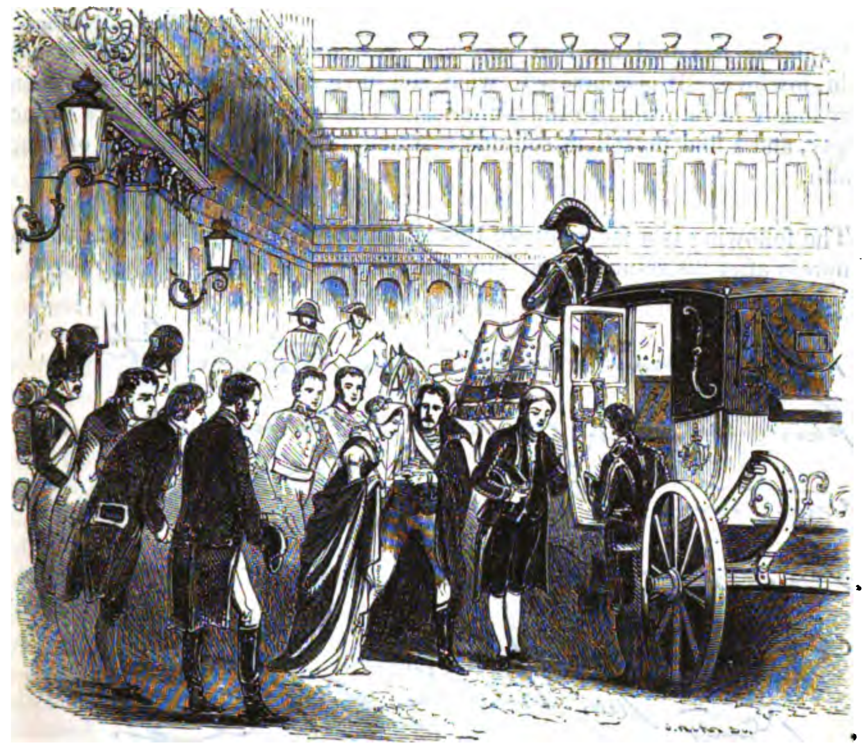
The beautiful palace of Malmaison, which Napoleon had embellished with every possible attraction, and where the Emperor and Empress had passed many of their happiest hours, was assigned to Josephine for her future residence. She retained the rank and title of Empress, with a jointure of about 600,000 dollars a year.

The grief of Napoleon was unquestionably sincere. It could not but be so. He had formed no new attachment. He was influenced by no vagrant passion. He truly loved Josephine. He consequently resolved to retire for a time to the seclusion of Trianon. He seemed desirous that the externals of mourning should accompany an event so mournful.

"The orders for the departure for Trianon," says the Baron Meneval, Napoleon's private secretary, "had been previously given. When, in the morning, the Emperor was informed that his carriages were ready, he took his hat and said, 'Meneval, come with me.' I followed him by the little winding staircase which, from his cabinet, communicated with the apartment of the Empress. Josephine was alone, and appeared absorbed in the most melancholy reflections. At the noise which we made in entering, she eagerly rose, and threw herself, sobbing, upon the neck of the Emperor. He pressed her to his bosom with the most ardent embraces. In the excess of her emotion she fainted. I rang the bell for succor. The Emperor, wishing to avoid the renewal of scenes of anguish which he could no longer alleviate, placed the Empress in my arms as soon as she began to revive. Directing me not to leave her, he hastily retired to his carriage, which was waiting for him at the door. The Empress, perceiving the departure of the Emperor, redoubled her tears and moans. Her women placed her upon a sofa. She seized my hands, and franticly urged me to entreat Napoleon not to forget her, and to assure him that her love would survive every event. She made me promise to write her immediately on my arrival at Trianon, and to see that the Emperor wrote to her also. She could hardly consent to let me go, as if my departure would break the last tie which still connected her with the Emperor. I left her, deeply moved by the exhibition of a grief so true, and an attachment so sincere. I was profoundly saddened during my ride, and I could not refrain from deploring the rigorous exigencies of state, which rudely sundered the ties of a long-tried affection, to impose another union offering only uncertainties. Having arrived at Trianon, I gave the Emperor a faithful account of all that had transpired after his departure. He was still oppressed by the melancholy scenes through which he had passed. He dwelt upon the noble qualities of Josephine, and upon the sincerity of the affection which she cherished for him. He ever after preserved for her the most tender attachment. The same evening he wrote to her a letter to console her solitude."

At eleven o'clock all the household of the Tuileries were assembled upon the grand stair-case to witness the departure of their beloved mistress from scenes where she had so long been the brightest ornament. Josephine descended from her apartment, veiled from head to foot. Her emotions were

too deep for utterance. Silently she waved an adieu to the affectionate and weeping friends who surrounded her. A close carriage with six horses was before the door. She entered it, sank back upon the cushions, buried her face in her handkerchief, and, sobbing bitterly, left the Tuileries forever.



DEPARTURE OF JOSEPHINE.

Napoleon passed eight days in the retirement of Trianon. During this time he visited Josephine at Malmaison, and also received her to dine with him and with Hortense at Trianon.

The following letter, written to Josephine by Napoleon at this time, reveals his feelings:

"Eight o'clock in the evening, Dec., 1809.

"My Love,—I found you to-day more feeble than you ought to be. You have exhibited much fortitude, and it is necessary that you should still continue to sustain yourself. You must not yield to funereal melancholy. Strive to be tranquil, and, above all, to preserve your health, which is so precious to me. If you are attached to me, if you love me, you must maintain your energy, and strive to be cheerful. You can not doubt my constancy and my tender affection. You know too well all the sentiments with which I regard you to suppose that I can be happy if you are unhappy, that I can be serene if you are agitated. Adieu, my love. Sleep well. Believe that I wish it.

"Napoleon."

The Emperor soon returned to Paris, where he remained for three months,

burying himself entirely in the multiplicity of his affairs. He was calm and joyless, and a general gloom surrounded him. He expressed himself as much affected by the dreary solitude of the palace, which was no longer animated by the presence of Josephine. From the Tuileries he thus wrote to his exiled wife:

"Wednesday noon.

"Eugene has told me that you were yesterday very sad. That is not right, my love. It is contrary to what you have promised me. I have been very lonely in returning to the Tuileries. This great palace appears to me empty, and I find myself in solitude. Adieu, my love. Be careful of your health. NAPOLEON."

The following is a fac-simile of this letter, the first which he wrote to the Empress after his return to the Tuileries:*

Negotiations were now in progress for the new nuptials. It was for some time undecided whether the alliance should be with Austria, with Russia, or with Saxony.

* "Eugene m'a dit que tu avais été toute triste hier. Cela n'est pas bien, mon amie. C'est contraire à ce que tu m'avais promis. J'ai été fort ennuyé de revoir les Tuileries. Ce grande palais m'a paru vide, et je m'y suis trouvé isolé.
Adieu, mon amie. Porte toi bien.
"NAPOLEON."

Josephine was still surrounded with all the external splendors of royalty. Napoleon frequently called upon her, though from motives of delicacy he never saw her alone. He consulted her respecting all his plans, and assiduously cherished her friendship. It was soon manifest that the surest way of securing the favor of Napoleon was to pay marked attention to Josephine. The palace of Malmaison consequently became the favorite resort of the court. Some time after the divorce, Madame de Rochefoucault, formerly mistress of the robes to Josephine, deserting the forsaken empress, applied for the same post of honor in the household of her successor. To the application Napoleon replied, "No, she shall retain neither her old situation nor have the new one. I am charged with ingratitude toward Josephine. But I will have no imitators, especially among those whom she has honored with her confidence and loaded with benefits."

Josephine remained for some time at Malmaison. In deeds of kindness to the poor, in reading, and in receiving, with the utmost elegance of hospitality, the members of the court, who were ever crowding her saloons, she gradually regained equanimity of spirits, and surrendered herself to a quiet and pensive submission. Napoleon frequently called to see her, and, taking her arm, he would walk for hours in the embowered paths of the lovely chateau, confidingly unfolding to her all his plans. He seemed to desire to do every thing in his power to alleviate the intensity of anguish with which he had wrung her heart. His own affections still clung to Josephine. Her lovely and noble character commanded increasingly his homage.

Josephine thus describes an interview with Napoleon at Malmaison: "I was one day painting a violet, a flower which recalled to my memory my more happy days, when one of my women ran toward me, and made a sign by placing her finger upon her lips. The next moment I was overpowered —I beheld Napoleon. He threw himself with transport into the arms of his old friend. Oh, then I was convinced that he could still love me; for that man really loved me. It seemed impossible for him to cease gazing upon me, and his look was that of most tender affection. At length, in a tone of deepest compassion and love, he said,

"'My dear Josephine, I have always loved you. I love you still. Do you still love me, excellent and good Josephine? Do you still love me, in spite of the relations I have again contracted, and which have separated me from you? But they have not banished you from my memory?'

"'Sire!' I replied—

"'Call me Bonaparte!' said he; 'speak to me, my beloved, with the same freedom, the same familiarity as ever.'

"Bonaparte soon disappeared, and I heard only the sound of his retiring footsteps. Oh, how quickly does every thing take place on earth! I had once more felt the pleasure of being loved."

The divorce of Josephine, strong as were the political motives which led to it, was a violation of the immutable laws of God. Like all wrong doing, however seemingly prosperous for a time, it promoted final disaster and woe. Doubtless Napoleon, educated in the midst of those convulsions which had shaken all the foundations of Christian morality, did not clearly perceive the extent of the wrong. He unquestionably felt that he was doing right—that

the interests of France demanded the sacrifice. But the penalty was none the less inevitable. At St. Helena Napoleon remarked,

"My divorce has no parallel in history. It did not destroy the ties which united our families, and our mutual tenderness remained unchanged. Our separation was a sacrifice demanded of us by reason for the interests of my crown and of my dynasty. Josephine was devoted to me. She loved me tenderly. No one ever had a preference over me in her heart. I occupied the first place in it, her children the next. She was right in thus loving me, and the remembrance of her is still all-powerful in my mind."

Again he said, "Josephine was really an amiable woman—she was so kind, so humane. She was the best woman in France."

Upon another occasion he said, "A son by Josephine would have completed my happiness, not only in a political point of view, but as a source of domestic felicity. As a political result, it would have secured to me the possession of the throne. The French people would have been as much attached to the son of Josephine as they were to the King of Rome, and I should not have set my foot on an abyss covered with a bed of flowers. But how vain are all human calculations! Who can pretend to decide on what may lead to happiness or unhappiness in this life!"

CHAPTER XI.

MARIA LOUISA.

Assembling of the Privy Council—Noble Reply to the Wishes of Alexander—Napoleon's Overtures at the Austrian Court accepted—The Marriage solemnized at Vienna—Celebration of the civil Marriage in Paris—Letters from Josephine—Unavailing Efforts for Peace with England—Correspondence of the Emperor and the King of Holland—Von der Sulhn—Baron Kolli—Birth of the King of Rome—Letter of Josephine—Note of the Emperor—Letter of Josephine after seeing the Child—Testimony of Baron Meneval—Anecdote—Justice of the Emperor.

THE question was still undecided who should be the future empress. Many contradictory opinions prevailed; and Napoleon himself remained for a time in uncertainty. On the 21st of January, 1810, a Privy Council was assembled in the Tuileries to deliberate upon a matter of such transcendent importance to the welfare of France. Napoleon, grave and impassible, was seated in the imperial chair. All the grand dignitaries of the empire were present. Napoleon opened the meeting by saying,

"I have assembled you to obtain your advice upon the greatest interest of state—upon the choice of a spouse who is to give heirs to the empire. Listen to the report of M. de Champagny, after which you will please, each of you, give me your opinion."

An elaborate report was presented upon the three alliances between which the choice lay—the Russian, the Austrian, and the Saxon. After the report there was a long silence, no one venturing to speak first. Napoleon then commenced upon his left, and called upon each individual, in his turn, for his opinion. There was in the council a strong majority in favor of the Austrian princess. During the interview Napoleon remained calm, silent, and impenetrable. Not a muscle of his marble face revealed any bias of his

own. At the close, he thanked the members for their excellent advice, and said,

"I will weigh your arguments in my mind. I am convinced that, whatever difference there may be between your views, the opinion of each of you has been determined by an enlightened zeal for the interests of the state, and by a faithful attachment to my person."

Some cautious words were at first addressed to the court of St. Petersburg. Alexander favored the alliance. He was, however, much annoyed by the opposition which he had already encountered from the queen mother and the nobles. He hoped to regain their favor by constraining Napoleon, as a condition of the alliance, to pledge himself never to allow the re-establishment of the kingdom of Poland, or any enlargement of the Duchy of Warsaw.

"To enter," Napoleon nobly replied, "into an absolute and general engagement that the kingdom of Poland shall never be re-established, were an undignified and imprudent act on my part. If the Poles, taking advantage of favorable circumstances, should rise up of themselves, alone, and hold Russia in check, must I then employ my forces against them? If they find allies, must I march to combat those allies? This would be asking of me a thing impossible—dishonoring. I can say that no co-operation, direct or indirect, shall be furnished by me toward an attempt at reconstituting Poland. But I can go no further. As to the future aggrandizement of the Duchy of Warsaw, I can not bind myself against them, except Russia, in reciprocity, pledges herself never to add to her dominions any portion detached from the old Polish provinces."*

The haughty empress mother was not prepared to decline so brilliant a proposal. She, however, was disposed to take time for consideration. "A Russian princess," said she, "is not to be won, like a peasant girl, merely by the asking." The impetuous nature of Napoleon could not brook such dalliance. With characteristic promptness, he dispatched a communication to St. Petersburg, informing Alexander that he considered himself released from

* Caulaincourt, the French minister at St. Petersburg, hoping to facilitate the negotiations then pending for a matrimonial alliance, signed a convention on the 5th of January, 1810, containing the following conditions: "That the Polish kingdom should never be re-established; that the names of Poland and the Poles should cease to be used in all public acts; and that the Duchy of Warsaw should receive no new territorial accessions from any portion of ancient Poland." *Bu Napoleon promptly refused to ratify such preliminaries.* To avenge the affront, Alexander immediately withdrew many of the restrictions by which British commerce had been excluded from his ports. Sir Archibald Alison, though aware of this fact, yet attributing to Napoleon the *act of the French minister*, which Napoleon *refused to recognize*, says:

"Napoleon, however, spared no efforts to appease the Czar; and, being well aware that it was the secret dread of the restoration of Poland which was the spring of all their uneasiness, he engaged not only to concur with Alexander in every thing which should tend to efface ancient recollections, but even declared that he was desirous that the name of Poland and of the Poles *should disappear, not merely from every political transaction, but even from history.* How fortunate that the eternal records of history are beyond the potentates who for a time oppress mankind!"

That *Alexander* desired this iniquity is universally admitted. But Alexander was the ally of England in the overthrow of Napoleon. *Alexander became the foe of Napoleon because Napoleon would not permit the Czar to annex Constantinople to his empire, and would not aid him in crushing the Poles. The guns of the Allies demolished the Duchy of Warsaw, and annihilated the hopes of Po'ind.* We marvel at the boldness of the historian who, in view of such uncontradicted facts, can speak of the Allies as contending for the liberties of Europe.

the preference he had thought due to the sister of a monarch who had been his ally and his friend.

On the same day a communication was opened with the court of Austria. The propositions were with alacrity accepted. The Emperor Francis was highly pleased with the arrangement, as it sundered the union of Russia with France, and secured to his daughter the finest fortune imaginable. The young Princess Maria Louisa was eighteen years of age, of graceful figure, excellent health, and a fair German complexion. "She accepted," says Thiers, "with becoming reserve, but with much delight, the brilliant lot offered her." The Emperor of Russia was exceedingly disappointed and vexed at this result. He is reported to have exclaimed, when he heard the tidings, "This condemns me to my native forests." The alliance of Austria with France annihilated his hopes of obtaining Constantinople.*

Arrangements were immediately made for the nuptials. Berthier was sent as Napoleon's embassador extrordinary to demand Maria Louisa in marriage. Napoleon selected his illustrious adversary, the Archduke Charles, to stand as his proxy and represent him in the marriage ceremony. How strange the change! But a few months before, Napoleon and the archduke had struggled against each other in the horrid carnage of Eckmuhl, Essling, and Wagram. Now, in confiding friendship, the Austrian prince, personating the Emperor of France, received his bride.

On the 11th of March, 1810, the marriage ceremony was solemnized with a splendor which Vienna has never seen paralleled, and in the midst of a universal outburst of popular gladness. Maria Louisa was conveyed in triumph to France. Exultant joy greeted her every step of the way. It was arranged that at the magnificent royal palace of Compiegne she was to meet Napoleon for the first time, surrounded by his whole court. To save her from the embarrassment of such an interview, Napoleon set out from Compiegne, accompanied by Murat, that he might more privately greet her on the road. Neither of them had as yet seen the other. As the cavalcade approached, Napoleon, springing from his carriage, leaped into that of the Empress, and welcomed her with the most cordial embrace. The high-born

* "We are pleased with this event," said Romanzoff, the Chancellor of Russia, to Caulaincourt. "We feel no envy at Austria. We have no cause of complaint against her. Every thing that secures her tranquillity and that of Europe can not but be agreeable to us." "Congratulate the Emperor," said Alexander, "on his choice. He wishes to have children. All France desires it. This alliance is for Austria and France a pledge of peace, and I am delighted. Personally, I may have some reason to complain. But I do not do so. I rejoice at whatever is for the good of France." In the same interview, however, Alexander did complain most bitterly.

"When such," says Alison, "was the language of the Emperor, it may be conceived what were the feelings of St. Petersburg, and how materially the discontent of the court weakened the French influence, already so hateful to the nobles and the people. These details are not foreign to the dignity of history; they are intimately blended with the greatest events which modern history has witnessed; for though governed in his policy generally only by state policy, and a perfect master of dissimulation, Alexander was scrupulously attentive to his private honor; the coldness between the two courts soon became apparent; but such is the weakness of human nature, alike in its most exalted as in its humblest stations, that possibly political considerations might have failed to extricate the cabinet of St. Petersburg from the fetters of Tilsit and Erfurth if they had not been aided by private pique, and Napoleon been still on the throne if to the slavery of Europe and the wrongs of the Emperor had not been superadded, in the breast of the Czar, the wounded feelings of the man."—*Alison's History of Europe*, vol. iii., p. 334.

bride was much gratified with the unexpected ardor and with the youthful appearance of her husband. The Emperor took his seat by her side, and seemed much pleased by her mild beauty, her intelligence, and her gentle spirit.* Napoleon was at this period of his life remarkably handsome. There was not a furrow upon his cheek; his complexion was an almost transparent olive, and his features were of the most classic mould. Maria Louisa was surprised to find her illustrious husband so attractive in his person and in his address. "Your portrait, sire," said she, "has not done you justice."

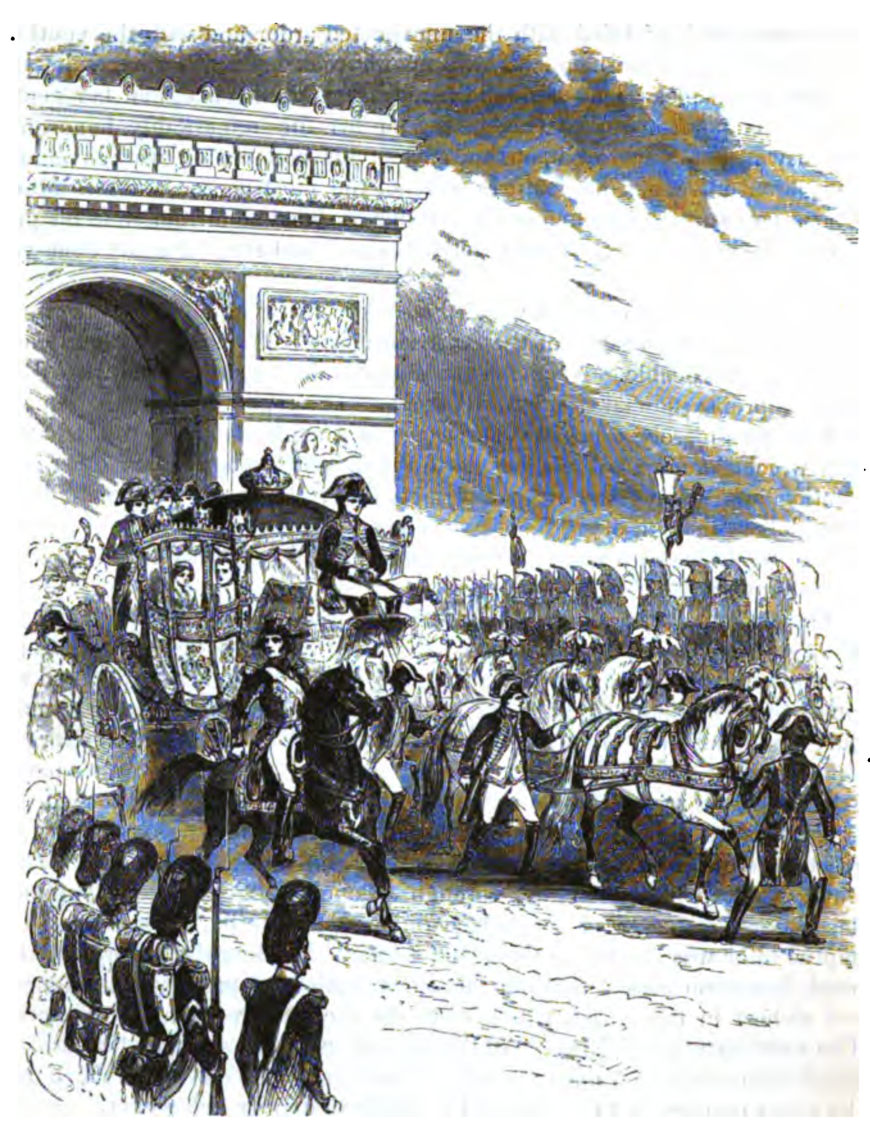
The marriage ceremonies which had taken place in Vienna were in accordance with the usages of the Austrian court. The marriage was complete and irrevocable. Napoleon made particular inquiries upon this point of the supreme judicial tribunal of France. The repetition of the ceremony at Paris was merely a formality, arranged as a mark of respect to the nation over which the new sovereign came to reign. Napoleon, among other benefactions on the occasion of his marriage, gave a dowry of one hundred and forty dollars to each of six thousand young girls who, on the day of the solemnization of his own nuptials, should marry a soldier of his army, of established bravery and good conduct.

The bridal party remained at Compiegne three days. The civil marriage was again celebrated at St. Cloud on the 1st of April. The next day Napoleon and Maria Louisa, surrounded by the marshals of the empire, and followed by the imperial family and the court in a hundred carriages, made their triumphal entry into Paris by the Arch of the Etoile. The Emperor and Empress were seated in the coronation carriage, whose spacious glass panels exhibited them to the three hundred thousand spectators who thronged that magnificent avenue. As the imperial couple moved slowly along, they were greeted in one continuous and exultant roar of enthusiastic acclaim. They traversed the Champs Elysées through a double range of most sumptuous decorations, and entered the palace of the Tuileries by the garden. The nuptial altar was erected in the grand saloon. Leading the Empress by the hand, Napoleon passed through that noble gallery of paintings, the longest and richest in the world, which connects the Louvre with the Tuileries. The most distinguished people of the empire, in two rows, lined his path and gazed with admiration upon the man whose genius had elevated France from the abyss of anarchy to the highest pinnacle of dignity and power.

In the evening, in a chapel dazzling with gold, and illuminated to a degree of brilliance which surpassed noonday splendor, he received the nuptial benediction. All Paris seemed intoxicated with joy. Every murmur was hushed. Every apprehension seemed to have passed away. The dripping

* Maria Louisa afterward confessed to Napoleon that, when her marriage was first proposed, she could not help feeling a kind of terror, owing to the awful accounts she had heard of him. Upon mentioning these reports to her uncles, they replied, "That was all very true while he was our enemy. But the case is altered now."

"To afford an idea of the sympathy and good-will with which the different members of the Austrian family were taught to regard me," said the Emperor, "it is sufficient to mention that one of the young archdukes frequently burned his dolls, which he called *roasting Napoleon*. He afterward declared that he would not roast me any more, for he loved me very much, because I had given his sister Louisa plenty of money to buy him playthings."



ENTRANCE INTO PARIS.

sword was sheathed, and peace again smiled upon the Continent, so long ravaged by war.

The ringing of the bells and the booming of the cannon, which announced the marriage of Napoleon, forced tears of anguish into the eyes of Josephine in her silent chamber. With heroism almost more than mortal, she struggled to discipline her feelings to submission.

The beautiful chateau of Malmaison is but a few miles distant from Paris. Napoleon, to spare the feelings of Josephine, so far as possible, under this cruel trial, assigned to her the palace of Navarre, where she would be further removed from the torturing rejoicings of the metropolis. Soon after her arrival at Navarre, she wrote thus to the Emperor:

"Sire,—I received this morning the welcome note which was written on the eve of your departure for St. Cloud, and hasten to reply to its tender and affectionate contents. These, indeed, do not surprise me, so perfectly assured was I that your attachment would find out the means of consoling me under a separation necessary to the tranquillity of both. The thought that your care follows me into my retreat renders it almost agreeable. After having known all the sweets of a love that is shared, and all the sufferings of one that is shared no longer; after having exhausted all the pleasures that supreme power can confer, and the happiness of beholding the man whom I loved enthusiastically admired, is there aught else save repose to be desired? What illusions can now remain for me? All such vanished when it became necessary to renounce you. Thus the only ties which yet bind me to life are my sentiments for you, attachment for my children, the possibility of still being able to do some good, and, above all, the assurance that you are happy.

"I can not sufficiently thank you, sire, for the liberty you have permitted me of choosing the members of my household. One circumstance alone gives me pain, viz., the etiquette of custom, which becomes a little tiresome in the country. You fear that there may be something wanting to the rank I have preserved, should a slight infraction be allowed in the toilet of these gentlemen. But I believe you are wrong in thinking they would for one minute forget the respect due to the woman who was your companion. Their respect for yourself, joined to the sincere attachment they bear to me, secures me against the danger of being ever obliged to recall what it is your wish that they should remember. My most honorable title is derived, not from having been crowned, but, assuredly, from having been chosen by you. None other is of value. That alone suffices for my immortality.

"I expect Eugene. I doubly long to see him, for he will doubtless bring me a new pledge of your remembrance, and I can question him at my ease of a thousand things concerning which I desire to be informed, but of which I can not inquire of you; things, too, of which you ought still less to speak to me. Do not forget *your friend*. Tell her sometimes that you preserve for her an attachment which constitutes the felicity of her life. Often repeat to her that you are happy; and be assured that for her the future will thus be peaceful, as the past has been stormy and often sad."

In less than three weeks after Napoleon had entered Paris with his Austrian bride, Josephine wrote to him the following touching letter, involuntarily revealing the intensity of her sufferings:

"Navarre, 19th April, 1810.

"Sire,—I have received by my son the assurance of your majesty's consent to my return to Malmaison. This favor, sire, dissipates in a great degree the solicitude and even the fears with which the long silence of your majesty had inspired me. I had feared that I was entirely banished from his memory. I see that I am not so. I am consequently to-day less sorrowful, and even as happy as it is henceforth possible for me to be. I shall return at the close of the month to Malmaison, since your majesty sees no objection. But I ought to say, sire, that I should not so speedily have profited by the permission which your majesty has given me in this respect, if the house of

Navarre did not require for my health, and for that of the persons of my household, important repairs. It is my intention to remain at Malmaison but a short time. I shall soon put myself at a distance again by going to the waters. But during the time that I shall remain at Malmaison, your majesty may be sure that I shall live as though I were a thousand leagues from Paris. I have made a great sacrifice, sire, and every day I experience more fully its magnitude. Nevertheless, that sacrifice shall be as it ought to be—it shall be entirely mine. Your majesty shall never be troubled in his happiness by any expression of my grief. I offer incessant prayers that your majesty may be happy. That your majesty may be convinced of it, I shall always respect his new situation. I shall respect it in silence. Trusting in the affection with which he formerly cherished me, I shall not exact any new proof. I shall await the dictates of his justice and of his heart. I limit myself in soliciting one favor: it is, that your majesty will deign to seek himself occasionally the means to convince me, and those who surround me, that I have still a little place in his memory, and a large place in his esteem and in his friendship. These means, whatever they may be, will alleviate my sorrows, without being able to compromise that which to me is the most important of all things, the happiness of your majesty. JOSEPHINE."

To this letter Napoleon replied in a manner which drew from Josephine's heart the following gushing response:

"A thousand, thousand tender thanks that you have not forgotten me. My son has brought me your letter. With what eagerness have I read it! And yet it took much time, for there was not one word in it which did not make me weep. But these tears were very soothing. I have recovered my heart all entire, and such as it will ever remain. There are sentiments which are even life, and which can pass away only with life. I am in despair that my letter of the 19th has wounded you. I can not recall entirely the expressions, but I know the very painful sentiment which dictated it. It was that of chagrin at not hearing from you. I had written you at my departure from Malmaison, and since, how many times have I desired to write to you! But I perceived the reason of your silence, and I feared to be obtrusive by a single letter. Yours has been a balm to me. May you be happy. May you be as happy as you deserve to be. It is my heart all entire which speaks to you. You have just given me my portion of happiness, and a portion most sensibly appreciated. Nothing is of so much value to me as one mark of your regard. Adieu, my friend. I thank you as tenderly as I always love you.

"JOSEPHINE."

Shortly after his marriage, Napoleon visited, with his young bride, the northern provinces of his empire. They were every where received with every possible demonstration of homage and affection. England, however, still continued unrelentingly to prosecute the war. Napoleon, in addition to the cares of the civil government of his dominions, was compelled to struggle against the herculean assaults of the most rich and powerful nation upon the globe. England, with her bombarding fleet, continued to assail France wher-

ever a shot or a shell could be thrown. She exerted all the influence of intrigue and of gold to rouse the Royalists or the Jacobins of France, it mattered not which, to insurrection, and to infuse undying hostility into the insurgents of Portugal and of Spain. She strove, with the most wakeful vigilance, to prevent the embers of war from being extinguished upon the Continent. With a perseverance worthy of admiration, had it been exerted in a better cause, she availed herself of all the jealousies which Napoleon's wonderful career excited, to combine new coalitions against the great foe of aristocratic usurpation, the illustrious advocate of popular rights. In this attempt she was too successful. The flames of war soon again blazed with redoubled fury over the blood-drenched Continent.*

Napoleon, being now allied with one of the reigning families of Europe, and being thus brought, as it were, into the circle of legitimate kings, hoped that England might at last be persuaded to consent to peace. He therefore made another and most strenuous effort to induce his warlike neighbors to sheathe the sword. He was, however, still unsuccessful. In thus pleading for peace again and again, he went to the very utmost extreme of duty. Truly did Mr. Cobden affirm, "*It is not enough to say that France did not provoke hostilities. She all but went down on her knees to avert a rupture with England.*"

"Ever since his alliance with the house of Austria," says Savary, "the Emperor flattered himself that he had succeeded in his expectations, which had for their object to bind a power of the first order to a system established in France, and accordingly to secure the peace of Europe; in other words, he thought he had no longer to apprehend any fresh coalition. Nothing was, therefore, left unaccomplished except a peace with England. A peace with England was the subject to which his attention was principally directed. Such, in fact, was our position, that, unless England could be prevailed upon to consent to peace, there could be no end to the war. The intervention of Russia had been twice resorted to for bringing about a negotiation with the English government, and it had been rejected by the latter in terms which did not even afford the means of calling upon her for the grounds of her refusal. Still the Emperor could not give up all hope of procuring a favorable hearing for reasonable proposals on his part. He sought the means of sounding the views of the English government for the purpose of ascertaining how far he was justified in not banishing all hope of an accommodation.

"It was necessary that a measure of this nature should be secretly resorted to, otherwise it would have shown his intentions in too open a manner. Holland stood much more in need of a maritime peace than France itself. King Louis enjoyed the good opinion of his subjects, and frankly told the Emperor of the personal inconvenience he should feel in being seated, for a much longer time, upon the throne of a country bereft of its resources. He was the first to open a correspondence with the Emperor's approbation. It

* "On his return from a tour in Holland, at the end of October, Napoleon clearly perceived that a speedy rupture with Russia was inevitable. In vain he sent Lauriston as embassador to St. Petersburg in the place of Caulaincourt, who could no longer remain there. The most skillful diplomatist that ever existed could effect nothing with a powerful government whose determination was already fixed. In the state to which Europe was reduced, no one could effectually counteract the wish of Russia and her allies to go to war with France."—*Bourrienne's Napoleon*, p. 456.

was carried on under the disguise of a mere commercial intercourse. The firm of Hope, at Amsterdam, transacted more business with England than any other house, and owing to the high consideration which it enjoyed, that house might, while carrying on its commercial affairs, be vested, without any impropriety, with the character which the state matters between the governments would require it to assume. It had for one of its partners M. de Labouchere, who was connected by family ties with one of the first mercantile men in London. M. de Labouchere addressed his reports to the firm of Hope at Amsterdam, who handed them to the king; from the latter they were transmitted to the Emperor."

Fouché, the restless Minister of Police, had also ventured, at the same time, on his own responsibility, unknown to Napoleon, to send a secret agent to sound the British ministry. M. Ouvrard was dispatched on this strange mission. "The consequence was," says Sir Walter Scott, "that Ouvrard and the agent of the Emperor, neither of whom knew of the other's mission, entered about the same time into correspondenee with the Marquis of Wellesley. The British statesman, surprised at this double application, became naturally suspicious of some intended deception, and broke off all correspondence both with Ouvrard and his competitor for the office of negotiator." These reiterated and unwearied endeavors of Napoleon to promote peace, notwithstanding repulse and insult, surely indicate that he did not desire war. Napoleon, again disappointed, was exceedingly incensed with Fouché for his inexcusable presumption.

"What was M. Ouvrard commissioned to do in England?" said Napoleon to Fouché, when he was examined before the council.

"To ascertain," Fouché replied, "the disposition of the new Minister for Foreign Affairs in Great Britain, according to the views which I had the honor of submitting to your majesty."

"Thus, then," rejoined Napoleon, "you take upon yourself to make peace or war without my knowledge. Duke of Otranto, your head should fall upon the scaffold."

Fouché was dismissed from the ministry of police. Yet Napoleon, with characteristic generosity, sent him into a kind of honorable banishment as Governor of Rome. "Fouché," said the Emperor, afterward, "is ever thrusting his ugly foot into every body's shoes."

"Marquis Wellesley,"* says Alison, "insisted strongly on the prosperous condition of the British empire, and its ability to withstand a long period of future warfare, from the resources which the monopoly of the trade of the world had thrown into its hands." The English fleet triumphantly swept all seas. The ocean was its undisputed domain. She had just sent a powerful armament and wrested the island of Java from France. "This splendid island," says Alison, "was the last possession beyond the seas which remained to the French empire. Its reduction had long been an object of ambition to the British government. A powerful expedition against Java was fitted out at Madras. The victory was complete. The whole of this noble island thus fell under the dominion of the British. Such was the termina-

* Richard Colley Wellesley, then Secretary of State, brother of Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington.

tion of the maritime war between England and Napoleon. Thus was extinguished the LAST REMNANT of the colonial empire of France." The moral courage which has enabled England, while thus grasping the globe in its arms, to exclaim against *the insatiable ambition* of Bonaparte, is astounding.

"England," continues Alison, "by wresting from her rival all her colonial settlements, had made herself master of the fountains of the human race. But the contest was not to terminate here. The rival powers, thus nursed to greatness on their respective elements, thus alike irresistible on the land and the sea, were now come into fierce and final collision. England was to launch her legions against France, and contend with her ancient rival on her own element for the palm of European ascendency; the desperate struggle in Russia was to bring to a decisive issue the contest for the mastery of the ancient world."

France, with her fleet destroyed, her maritime commerce annihilated, her foreign possessions wrested from her, her territory bombarded in every vulnerable point by the most powerful navy earth has ever known, and with her reiterated and earnest supplications for peace rejected with contumely and insult, had no means left by which to resist her implacable foe but the enforcement of the Continental system—the exclusion of British goods on the Continent.

Louis Bonaparte, King of Holland, more interested in the immediate pecuniary prosperity of his subjects than in the political views of his brother, neglected to enforce the imperial decree against English trade. Consequently, immense importations of English merchandise took place in the ports of Holland, and from thence were smuggled throughout Europe. Napoleon determined to put an end to a state of things so entirely subversive of the effectual yet bloodless warfare he was now waging. He considered that he had a right to demand the co-operation of all those new popular governments which his voice had called into being, and which were entirely dependent upon France for support against surrounding enemies. The overthrow of popular institutions in France would whelm them all in common ruin. And, in fact, when Napoleon was finally crushed, constitutional rights and popular liberty, all over Europe, went down into the grave together. Napoleon, consequently, did not feel that he was acting at all the part of a despot in calling upon all those associated and mutually dependent governments to cooperate in a common cause. They had all pledged to him their solemn word that they would do so. Their refusal to redeem this pledge seemed to him to insure the inevitable ruin of all. Prussia and Russia had also pledged the most solemn faith of treaties that they would thus assist Napoleon in his endeavor to spike the guns of England.

The following letter from Napoleon to Louis throws light upon the grounds of complaint against Holland: "Sire, my Brother,—I have received your majesty's letter. You desire me to make known to you my intentions with regard to Holland. I will do it frankly. When your majesty ascended the throne of Holland, part of the Dutch nation wished to be united to France. The esteem for that brave people which I had imbibed from history made me desirous that it should retain its name and its independence. I drew up myself its Constitution, which was to be the basis of your majesty's throne,

and placed you upon it. I hoped that, brought up under me, you would have had such an attachment to France as the nation has a right to expect from its children, and still more from its princes. I had hoped that, educated in my politics, you would have felt that Holland, weak, without an ally, without an army, could and must be conquered the moment she placed herself in direct opposition to France; that she ought not to separate her politics from mine; in short, that she was bound to me by treaties. Thus I imagined that, in placing a prince of my own family upon the throne of Holland, I had a means of reconciling the interests of the two states, and of uniting them in one common cause in a common hostility to England. I know that it is become the fashion with certain people to panegyrize me and deride France. But they who do not love France do not love me. Those who speak ill of my people I consider as my greatest enemies. Your majesty will find in me a brother if I find in you a Frenchman. But should you be unmindful of the sentiments which attach you to our common country, you will not take it amiss if I disregard those which nature formed between us."

Louis remonstrated against the interruption of trade between Holland and England, and finally, in displeasure, abdicated his throne and privately retired from Holland. Ill health, aggravating domestic discontent, embittered his days.

"Louis had been spoiled," said the Emperor at St. Helena, "by reading the works of Rousseau. He contrived to agree with his wife only for a few months. There were faults on both sides. On the one hand, Louis was too teasing in his temper, and, on the other, Hortense was too volatile. They were attached to each other at the time of their marriage, which was agreeable to their mutual wishes. The union was, however, contrived by Josephine, who had her own views in promoting it. I, on the contrary, would rather have extended my connection with other families, and, for a moment, I had an idea of forming a union between Louis and a niece of Talleyrand, who afterward became Madame Juste de Noailles.

"But Hortense—the virtuous, the generous, the devoted Hortense!—was not entirely faultless in her conduct toward her husband. This I must acknowledge in spite of all the affection I bore her, and the sincere attachment which I am sure she entertained for me. Though Louis's whimsical humors were, in all probability, sufficiently teasing, yet he loved Hortense, and in such a case, a woman should learn to subdue her own temper and endeavor to return her husband's attachment. Had she acted in the way most conducive to her interests, she might have avoided her late lawsuit, secured happiness to herself, and followed her husband to Holland. Louis would not then have fled from Amsterdam, and I should not have been compelled to unite his kingdom to mine, a measure which contributed to ruin my credit in Europe."

"There are," Louis wrote to Napoleon, "only three means of attacking England with effect—detaching Ireland from her; capturing her Indian possessions; or a descent on her coast. The two last are impossible without a navy. But I am astonished that the first has been so easily abandoned. These present a more certain means of securing peace than a system which

injures yourself and your allies in an attempt to inflict greater hurt upon your enemies."

Hortense was then in Paris with her two children. She had been separated from her husband. Napoleon took into his lap her little son Napoleon, brother of the present Emperor of France, and said to him, "Come, my son, I will be your father. You shall lose nothing. The conduct of your father grieves me to the heart; but it is to be explained, perhaps, by his infirmities. When you become great, you must add his debt to yours; and never forget that, in whatever situation you are placed by my politics and the interests of my empire, your first duty is toward me, your second toward France. All your other duties, even those toward the people I may confide to you, will rank after these."



THE EMPEROR AND YOUNG NAPOLEON.

"It can not be denied," says Savary, "that the abdication and flight of Louis seriously affected the Emperor's cause in public opinion. It was related to me by a person who was near the Emperor when he received the news of the event, that he never saw him so much struck with astonishment. He remained silent for a few moments, and after a kind of momentary stupor, suddenly appeared to be greatly agitated. He was not then aware of the influence which that circumstance would have over political affairs. His

mind was exclusively taken up with his brother's ingratitude. His heart was ready to burst when he exclaimed,

"'Was it possible to suspect so mischievous a conduct in the brother most indebted to me? When I was a mere lieutenant of artillery, I brought him up with the scanty means which my pay afforded me. I divided my bread with him. And this is the return he makes for my kindness.' The Emperor was so overpowered by emotion that his grief is said to have vented itself in sobs."

Commenting upon these acts at St. Helena, Napoleon said, "When my brother mistook an act of public scandal for one of glory, and fled from his throne, declaiming against me, my insatiable ambition and intolerable tyranny, what remained for me to do? Was I to abandon Holland to our enemies, or to give it to another king? Could I, in such a case, have expected more from a stranger than from my own brother? Did not all the kings I created act nearly in the same manner? I derived little assistance from my own family. They have deeply injured me and the great cause for which I fought. For the caprice of Louis, perhaps an excuse is to be found in the deplorable state of his health, which must have had a considerable influence upon his mind. He was subject to cruel infirmities. On one side he was almost paralytic. My annexation of Holland to the empire, however, produced a most unfavorable impression throughout Europe, and contributed greatly to lay the foundation of our misfortunes."

Perplexities were now rapidly multiplying around Napoleon. England was pushing the war in Spain with extraordinary vigor.* Russia, exasperated, was assuming every day a more hostile attitude. Not a French fishing-boat could appear upon the ocean but it was captured by the undisputed sovereign of the seas. The maritime commerce of France was annihilated. There seemed no possible way in which Napoleon could resist his formidable opponent but by the Continental system; and that system destroyed the commerce of Europe and provoked continual antagonism. There was no alternative left to Napoleon but to abandon the struggle, bow humbly to the dictation of England, and surrender France to the Bourbons, or to maintain the system, often by the exercise of arbitrary power. Thus, by the right of might alone, Napoleon annexed to France the little canton of the Valois, which commanded the new route over the Simplon to the kingdom of Italy. With the same usurping power, he established a cordon of troops from the mouth of the Scheldt to that of the Elbe, to protect the coasts of the German Ocean from the bark of the smuggler.†

* The tremendous energy with which England persisted in the war may be inferred from the fact that Parliament voted as supplies for the navy for that year 100,000,000 of dollars; for the army, 130,000,000. The British navy then consisted of 1019 vessels. The total expenditure of the British government for the year amounted to the enormous sum of 470,000,000 of dollars. By such herculean exertions the oligarchy of England finally succeeded in arresting the progress of republican equality, and in riveting anew upon the Continent the chains of feudal despotism. It is a remarkable fact, that Napoleon introduced such order and economy into every department of the government, by giving publicity to all the accounts, and watching them with an eagle eye, that, notwithstanding the incessant wars in which he was involved, the expenses of his administration were no greater than the ancient kingdom had required within greatly contracted limits and in times of peace. Upon his downfall he bequeathed to his country no insupportable burden of debt.

† "The rigorous enforcement of the Continental system had become the Emperor's sheet anchor,

A young Saxon, twenty years of age, named Von der Sulhn, was arrested in Paris. He confessed that it was his intention to assassinate the Emperor, and thus to immortalize his own name by connecting it with that of Napoleon. He said that he knew that the attempt would insure his own death, whether he succeeded or not. "I made a written report to the Emperor," says Savary, "of whatever had preceded and followed the arrest of the young Saxon, whose intentions admitted no longer of any doubt. The Emperor wrote in the margin of my report,

"'This affair must be kept concealed, in order to avoid the necessity of publicly following it up. The young man's age must be his excuse. None are criminal at so early an age unless regularly trained to crime. In a few years his turn of mind will alter. Vain would then be the regret of having sacrificed a young madman, and plunged a worthy family into a state of mourning, to which some dishonor would always be attached. Confine him in the castle of Vincennes. Have him treated with all the care which his derangement seems to require. Give him books to read. Let his family be written to, and leave it to time to do the rest. Speak on the subject to the Arch-chancellor, whose advice will be of great assistance to you.'

"In consequence of these orders, young Von der Sulhn was placed at Vincennes, where he was still confined on the arrival of the Allies in Paris."

As Napoleon was engaged in a perpetual series of toils and cares, encouraging the industry and developing the resources of his majestic empire, warding off the blows of England, striving to conciliate foes upon the Continent, superintending the calamitous war in Spain, which was every day assuming a more fierce and sanguinary character, the year rapidly passed away.*

inasmuch as no other means could be devised for compelling England to agree to a peace. That system, which had to stand such severe attacks from public opinion, had been maturely weighed, and boldly carried into execution. At the risk of anticipating a little upon the order of events, I may be allowed to call to my assistance, in this place, the unsuspecting testimony of the Emperor Alexander.

"During the year 1814, that monarch was in the habit of visiting the Empress Maria Louisa at Schönbrunn. He met there the Baron Meneval, whom he soon recognized. In the course of conversation, he told him that during his late excursion to England, after the peace of Paris, he was desirous of satisfying himself as to the practicability of the views contemplated by the Continental system. He had visited Manchester, Birmingham, and the large manufacturing towns of England. He had seen, examined, and questioned with the utmost care, and brought back the conviction that, if the system had lasted another year, England must have yielded. What the Emperor Alexander's penetration had only discovered in 1814, had been foreseen in the outset by the genius of Napoleon. He accordingly attached great importance to the carrying into effect a measure so effectual and yet so little understood. Holland required to be more closely watched than any other part of Europe, in consequence of its numberless rivers, and the variety of forms which its commercial transactions assume."—*Memoirs of the Duke of Rovigo*, vol. ii., p. 238.

* Another intrigue, of a singular character, and which terminated in an unexpected manner, originated in an attempt of the English ministry to achieve the liberty of Ferdinand, the lawful king of Spain. It is no doubt true, that, had the government of England known the real character of this prince, a wish for his deliverance from France or his presence in Spain would have been the last which they would have formed. This misapprehension, however, was natural, and was acted upon.

"A Piedmontese of Irish extraction, called the Baron Kolli (or Kelley), the selected agent of the British government, was furnished with some diamonds and valuable articles, under pretext of disposing of which he was to obtain admission to the prince, then a prisoner at Valençay, where his chief amusement, it is believed, was embroidering a gown and petticoat to be presented to the Virgin Mary. Kolli was then to have informed the prince of his errand, effected Ferdinand's es-

Having been so long absent from France, conducting the war upon the banks of the Danube, he was under the necessity of intrusting the conduct of the Spanish war to his generals.

On the evening of the 19th of March, 1811, Maria Louisa was placed upon that couch of suffering from which no regal wealth or imperial rank can purchase exemption. The labor was long-protracted, and her anguish was dreadful. Her attendant physicians, in the utmost trepidation, informed Napoleon that the case was one of extraordinary difficulty, and that the life of either the mother or the child must be sacrificed. "Save the mother," said Napoleon. He sat by the side of his suffering companion during twelve long hours of agony, endeavoring to soothe her fears and to revive her courage. Perceiving that M. Dubois, the surgeon, had lost his presence of mind, he inquired, "Is this a case of unheard of difficulty?" "I have met with such before," the surgeon replied, "but they are rare." "Very well," rejoined Napoleon; "summon your fortitude; forget that you are attending the Empress; do as you would with the humblest tradesman in the Rue St. Denis." This judicious advice was attended with happy results, and both mother and child were saved.

It had previously been announced that the cannon of the Invalides should proclaim the advent of the expected heir to the throne. If the child were a

cape by means of confederates among the Royalist party, and conveyed him to the coast, where a small squadron awaited the event of the enterprise, designed to carry the King of Spain to Gibraltar, or whither else he chose. In March, 1810, Kolli was put ashore in Quiberon Bay, whence he went to Paris to prepare for his enterprise. He was discovered by the police, and arrested at the moment when he was setting out for Valençay. Some attempts were made to induce him to proceed with the scheme, of which his papers enabled the police to comprehend the general plan, keeping communication at the same time with the French ministers. As he disdained to undertake this treacherous character, Kolli was committed close prisoner to the castle of Vincennes, while a person, the same who betrayed his principal, and whose exterior in some degree answered the description of the British emissary, was sent to represent him at the castle of Valençay.

"But Ferdinand, either suspicious of the snare which was laid for him, or poor-spirited enough to prefer a safe bondage to a brave risk incurred for liberty, would not listen to the supposed agent of Britain, and, indeed, denounced the pretended Kolli to Barthelemy, the governor of the castle. The false Kolli, therefore, returned to Paris, while the real one remained in the castle of Vincennes till the capture of Paris by the Allies. Ferdinand took credit, in a letter to Bonaparte, for having resisted the temptation held out to him by the British government, who had, as he pathetically observed, abused his name, and occasioned, by doing so, the shedding of much blood in Spain. He again manifested his ardent wish to become the adopted son of the Emperor; his hope that the authors and abettors of the scheme to deliver him might be brought to condign punishment; and concluded with a hint that he was extremely desirous of leaving Valençay, a residence which had nothing about it but what was unpleasant, and was not in any respect fitted for him."—*Scott's Life of Napoleon*, vol. ii., p 98.

To deluge the whole peninsula in blood and woe, in order to place a remorseless tyrant upon the throne, and then to plead ignorance of his character as an excuse! One of Ferdinand's first acts upon his restoration to power was to abolish the Constitution. "This perfidious decree," says the Encyclopædia Americana, "ended by declaring that the session of the Cortes had ceased, and that whoever should oppose this royal decree should be held guilty of high treason, and punished with an infamous death. From the promulgation of the decrees of May 4th may be dated what has not unappropriately been denominated the *Reign of Terror*. Ferdinand, supported by traitors to their oaths, pursued the most despotical course from 1814 to 1820. During these six years a vast number of patriots perished on the scaffold; the possessions on the coast of Africa were thronged with the most virtuous Spaniards. The foreign ministers did not make the least attempt to save the numerous victims of this most cruel despotism. The Duke of Wellington came from Paris, May 24th, to compliment the king on his restoration to the throne and his rights."

princess, twenty-one guns were to be fired; if a *prince*, one hundred. At six o'clock in the morning of the 20th of March, all Paris was aroused by the deep booming of those heavy guns in annunciation of the arrival of the welcome stranger. Every window was thrown open. Every ear was on the alert. The slumberers were aroused from their pillows, and silence pervaded all the streets of the busy metropolis, as the vast throngs stood motionless to count the tidings which those explosions were thundering in their ears. The heart of the great capital ceased to beat, and in all her glowing veins the current of life stood still. The *twenty-first* gun was fired. The interest was now intense beyond conception. For a moment the gunners delayed the next discharge, and Paris stood waiting in breathless suspense. The heavily-loaded guns then, with redoubled voice, pealed forth the announcement. From the entire city one universal roar of acclamation rose and blended with their thunders. Never was an earthly monarch greeted with a more affecting demonstration of a nation's love and homage. The birth of the King of Rome! how illustrious! The thoughtful mind will pause and muse upon the striking contrast furnished by his death. Who could then have imagined that his imperial father would have died a prisoner in a dilapidated stable at St. Helena, and that this child, the object of a nation's love and expectation, would linger through a few short years of neglect and sorrow, and then sink into a forgotten grave!

By the ringing of bells and the explosion of artillery, the tidings of this birth were rapidly spread over the whole of France. Josephine was at Navarre. Her noble heart rejoiced in anguish. It was in the evening of the same day that she was informed, by the cannon of the neighboring garrison, that Napoleon had become a father. No one witnessed the tears she shed in her lonely chamber. But at midnight she thus wrote to Napoleon:

"Sire! Amid the numerous felicitations which you receive from every corner of France and from every regiment of your army, can the feeble voice of a woman reach your ear? Will you deign to listen to her who so often consoled your sorrows and sweetened your pains, now that she speaks to you only of that happiness in which all your wishes are fulfilled? Having ceased to be your wife, dare I felicitate you on becoming a father? Yes, sire! without hesitation; for my soul renders justice to yours, in like manner as you know mine. I can conceive every emotion you must experience, as you divine all that I feel at this moment. Though separated, we are united by that sympathy which survives all events.

"I should have desired to have learned the birth of the King of Rome from yourself, and not from the sound of the cannon of Evreux, or from the courier of the Prefect. I know, however, that, in preference to all, your first attentions are due to the public authorities of the state, to the foreign ministers, to your family, and especially to the fortunate princess who has realized your dearest hopes. She can not be more tenderly devoted to you than I am, but she has been enabled to contribute more toward your happiness, by securing that of France. She has, then, a right to your first feelings, to all your cares; and I, who was but your companion in times of difficulty—I can not ask more than for a place in your affections far removed from that occupied by the Empress, Maria Louisa. Not till you have ceased to watch by her

bed—not till you are weary of embracing your son, will you take your pen to converse with your best friend. I will wait.

"Meanwhile, it is not possible for me to delay telling you that more than any one in the world do I rejoice in your joy; and you will not doubt my sincerity when I here say, that, far from feeling an affliction at a sacrifice necessary for the repose of all, I congratulate myself on having made it, since I now suffer alone. But I am wrong; I do not suffer while you are happy, and I have but one regret in not having yet done enough to prove how dear you were to me. I have no account of the health of the Empress. I dare to depend upon you, sire, so far as to hope that I shall have circumstantial details of the great event which secures the perpetuity of the name you have so nobly illustrated. Eugene and Hortense will write me, imparting their own satisfaction; but it is *from you* that I desire to know if your child be well—if he resembles you—if I shall one day be permitted to see him. In short, I expect from you unlimited confidence, and upon such I have some claims, in consideration, sire, of the boundless attachment I shall cherish for you while life remains."

Josephine had but just dispatched this letter when a courier was announced with a note from the Emperor. With intense agitation, she received from the fragile and youthful page the billet, and immediately retired to her private apartment. Half an hour elapsed before she again made her appearance. Her eyes were swollen with weeping, and the billet, which she still held in her hand, was blurred with her tears. She gave the page a note to the Emperor in reply, and presented him, in token of her appreciation of the tidings which he had brought, a small morocco case, containing a diamond breast-pin and a thousand dollars in gold.

Then, with a tremulous voice, she read the Emperor's note to her friends. Its concluding lines were: "This infant, in concert with *our Eugene*, will constitute my happiness and that of France." As Josephine read these words with emphasis, she exclaimed, "Is it possible to be more amiable? Could any thing be better calculated to soothe whatever might be painful in my thoughts at this moment, did I not so sincerely love the Emperor? This *uniting my son with his own* is, indeed, worthy of him who, when he wills, is the most delightful of men. This is it which has so much moved me."

Notwithstanding the jealousy of Maria Louisa, Napoleon arranged a plan by which he presented to Josephine the idolized child. The interview took place at the Royal Pavilion, near Paris.

Shortly after this interview, Josephine thus wrote to Napoleon:

"Assuredly, sire, it was not mere curiosity which led me to desire to meet the King of Rome; I wished to examine his countenance—to hear the sound of his voice, so like your own—to behold you caress a son on whom centre so many hopes, and to repay him the tenderness which you lavished on my own Eugene. When you recall how dearly you loved mine, you will not be surprised at my affection for the son of another, since he is yours likewise, nor deem either false or exaggerated sentiments which you have so fully experienced in your own heart. The moment I saw you enter, bearing the young Napoleon in your hands, was unquestionably one of the happiest of my life. It effaced, for a time, the recollection of all that had pre-

ceded, for never have I received from you a more touching mark of affection—it is more: it is one of esteem—of sincere attachment. Still, I am perfectly sensible, sire, that those meetings which afford me so much pleasure can not frequently be renewed, and I must not so far intrude on your compliance as to put it often under contribution. Let this sacrifice to your domestic tranquillity be one proof more of my desire to see you happy."*

At St. Helena Napoleon said, "It is but justice to observe that, as soon as the Emperor showed himself resolved on the divorce, Josephine consented to it. It cost her, it is true, a severe sacrifice, but she submitted without murmuring, and without attempting to avail herself of those obstacles which she might, however uselessly, have opposed to the measure. She conducted herself with the utmost grace and address. She desired that the viceroy might conduct the proceedings, and she herself made offers of service with regard to the house of Austria.

"Josephine would willingly have seen Maria Louisa. She frequently spoke of her with great interest, as well as of the young King of Rome. Maria Louisa, on her part, behaved wonderfully well to Eugene and Hortense; but she manifested the utmost dislike, and even jealousy, of Josephine. I wished one day to take her to Malmaison, but she burst into tears when I made the proposal. She said she did not object to my visiting Josephine, only she did not wish to know it. But, whenever she suspected my intention of going to Malmaison, there was no stratagem which she did not employ for the sake of annoying me. She never left me; and, as these visits seemed to vex her exceedingly, I did violence to my own feelings, and scarcely ever went to Malmaison. Still, however, when I did happen to go, I was sure to encounter a flood of tears and a multitude of contrivances of every kind."

Baron Meneval, private secretary to the Emperor, and also subsequently to Maria Louisa, thus testifies respecting Napoleon's domestic character:

"The Emperor, burdened with care, and perceiving himself upon the eve of a rupture with Russia, occupied his time between the multiplied labors of his cabinet, reviews, and the work of his ministers. It was in the society of his wife and his son that he sought the only recreation for which he had any taste. The few moments of leisure which the toils of the day left him he

* "The personal intercourse between Napoleon and Josephine, though not unfrequent, was conducted with the most decorous attention to appearances. Their last interview but one took place before he left Paris for the Russian campaign. This enterprise the ex-empress had contemplated with well-grounded alarm, and repeatedly solicited a meeting. The Emperor at length arrived at Malmaison. He was in a calêche, which drew up at the park gate, and, with becoming delicacy, his repudiated wife received his visit in the garden. Seating themselves on a circular bench, within sight of the windows of the saloon, but beyond hearing, they continued in animated conversation for above two hours. The courtiers, concealed behind the window-drapery, endeavored to divine, from the changing expression of the speakers, the subject of their discourse. Josephine spoke at first anxiously, and almost in alarm. The Emperor replied with eager confidence, and seemed, by degrees, to reassure her, for it was evident that she felt satisfied with his arguments. In all probability, the conversation turned upon the intended expedition against Russia. At length Napoleon rose, kissed the Empress's hand, and walked with her to his carriage. During the rest of the day Josephine appeared perfectly satisfied, and more than once repeated to her ladies that she had never seen the Emperor in better spirits, adding, 'How I regret my inability to do any thing for that fortunate of the earth!' Such was her expression. A few months sufficed to make the misfortunes of Napoleon a by-word among the nations."—*Memes' Memoirs of Josephine*, p. 385.



NAPOLEON AND HIS CHILD.

consecrated to his son, whose tottering steps he loved to guide with even feminine solicitude. When the precious child stumbled and fell before his father could prevent it, he was received with caresses, and with shouts of joyous laughter. The Empress assisted in those family scenes, but she took a less active part than the Emperor. This trio, whose simplicity compelled one to forget their unspeakable grandeur, presented the touching spectacle of a citizen's household, united by ties of the most tender affection. Who could have imagined the destiny reserved for those who composed it? That man, who has been represented as insensible to sentiments of sympathy and kindness, was a tender husband and father."*

The following well-authenticated anecdote, related by Baron Meneval, beautifully illustrates the social spirit of Napoleon. The remembrance of a taste imbibed in the familiarity of the domestic life which she had passed in her youth, inspired the Empress one day with the desire to make an omelet. While she was occupied in that important culinary operation, the Emperor, unannounced, entered the room. The Empress, a little embarrâssed, endeavored to conceal her operations. "Ah!" exclaimed the Emperor, with a latent smile, "what is going on here? It seems to me I perceive a singular odor, as of frying." Then, passing round the Empress, he discovered the

* "Though the Empress Maria Louisa," says Alison, "was little more than an amiable nonentity, and she proved herself, in the end, altogether unworthy of being his wife, yet he was kind and considerate to her during the few years that she shared his fortunes; and toward the King of Rome he invariably felt the warmest affection; parental feelings, indeed—strong in almost all but the utterly selfish—were peculiarly warm in his bosom. The education and progress of his son occupied a large share of his attention, even on the most momentous occasion of his life; and one of the bitterest pangs which he felt during his exile at St. Helena was owing to his separation from that beloved infant, with whom his affections and prospective glories had been indissolubly wound up."—*Alison's History of Europe*, vol. iii., p. 101.

chafing-dish, the silver saucepan in which the butter began to melt, the salad-bowl, and the eggs. "How!" exclaimed the Emperor; "are you making an omelet? You know nothing about it. I will show you how it is done." He immediately took his place at the table, and went to work with the Empress, she serving as assistant cook. The omelet was at last made, and one side was fried. Now came the difficulty of turning it, by tossing it over with artistic skill in the frying-pan. Napoleon, in the attempt, awkwardly tossed it upon the floor. Smiling, he said, "I have given myself credit for more exalted talents than I possess;" and he left the Empress undisputed mistress of the cuisine.

Madame de Montesquieu was appointed governess to the infant prince. She was a woman of rare excellence of character, and nobly discharged her responsibilities. "Madame Montesquieu," said Napoleon at St. Helena, "was a woman of singular merit. Her piety was sincere, and her principles excellent. She had the highest claims on my esteem and regard. I wanted half a dozen like her. I would have given them all appointments equal to their deserts. The following anecdote will afford a correct idea of the manner in which Madame Montesquieu managed the King of Rome. The apartments of the young prince were on the ground-floor, and looked out on the court of the Tuileries. At almost every hour in the day, numbers of people were looking in at the window in the hope of seeing him. One day, when he was in a violent fit of passion, and rebelling furiously against the authority of Madame Montesquieu, she immediately ordered all the shutters to be closed. The child, surprised at the sudden darkness, asked *Maman Quieu*, as he used to call her, what it all meant. 'I love you too well,' she replied, 'not to hide your anger from the crowd in the court-yard. You, perhaps, will one day be called to govern all those people; and what would they say if they saw you in such a fit of rage? Do you think they would ever obey you if they knew you to be so wicked?' Upon this, the child asked pardon, and promised never again to give way to such fits of anger. This," the Emperor continued, "was language very different from that addressed by M. Villeroi to Louis XV. 'Behold all these people, my prince,' said he. 'They belong to you. All the men you see yonder are yours.'"

Napoleon cherished this child with an intensity of affection which no earthly love has, perhaps, ever surpassed.* "Do I deceive myself," said he,

* W. H. Ireland, Esq., in his Life of Bonaparte, which is written with much candor, gives the following lines, as composed by Napoleon at St. Helena. We know not on what authority he rests their authenticity. He says,

"Bonaparte had, in his youth, composed a poem on Corsica, some extracts of which are to be found in '*Les Annales de l'Europe*,' a German collection. It has not yet come to the knowledge of the public that he had ever, since that epoch, composed a single verse. It required nothing short of the solitude of exile, and the idolatry which he manifested for his boy, to inspire him with the following verses, in all probability destined for the portrait of that young infant, which he, nevertheless, kept always concealed:

"'AU PORTRAIT DE MON FILS.

"'De mon fils bien aimé delicieuse image!
Ce sont bien là ses traits, sa beauté, sa candeur,
Je ne le verrai plus: sur un plus doux rivage
Ne pourrais-je jamais le presser sur mon cœur?

one day at St. Helena, to the Countess Montholon, "in imagining that this rock, all frightful as it is, would be an elysium if my son were by my side? On receiving into my arms that infant, so many times fervently implored of Heaven, could I have believed that one day he would have become the source of my greatest anguish? Yes, madame, every day he costs me tears of blood. I imagine to myself the most horrid events, which I can not remove from my mind. I see either the potion or the empoisoned fruit which is about to terminate the days of that young innocent by the most cruel sufferings. Compassionate my weakness, madame; console me!"

Soon after the birth of the King of Rome, Napoleon contemplated erecting a palace for him upon the banks of the Seine, nearly opposite the bridge of Jena. The government accordingly attempted to purchase the houses situated upon the ground. They had obtained all except the dilapidated hut of a cooper, which was estimated to be worth about two hundred and fifty dollars. The owner, a mulish man, finding the possession of his hut to be quite essential to the plan, demanded two thousand dollars. The exorbitant demand was reported to the Emperor. He replied, "It is exorbitant; but the poor man will be turned out of his home; pay it to him." The man, finding his demand so promptly acceded to, immediately declared that, upon further reflection, he could not afford to sell it for less than six thousand dollars. All expostulations were in vain. The architect knew not what to do. He was afraid to annoy the Emperor again with the subject, and yet he could not proceed with his plan. The Emperor was again appealed to. "This fellow," said Napoleon, "trifles with us; but there is no help for it. We must pay the money." The cooper now increased his price to ten thousand dollars. The Emperor, when informed of it, said indignantly, "The man is a wretch. I will not purchase his house. It shall remain where it is, a monument of my respect for the laws." The plans of the architect

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"'O mon fils! mon cher fils! qu'aujourd'hui ta présence
A l'autour de tes jours epargnerait d'ennui!
Sous mes yeux, je verrais s'élever ton enfance;
Plus tard, de mes vieux ans tu deviendrais l'appui.

"'Près de toi, j'oublierais mes malheurs et ma gloire;
Près de toi, sur ce roc, je me croirais aux cieux;
Dans tes bras, j'oublierais que quinze ans la victoire
Avait placé ton père au rang des demi-dieux.
"'(Signé), NAPOLEON.'"

(*Translation.*)

"TO THE PORTRAIT OF MY SON.

"O! cherished image of my infant heir!
Thy surface doth his lineaments impart;
But, ah! thou livest not. On this rock so bare
His living form shall never glad my heart.

"My second self! how would thy presence cheer
The settled sadness of thy hapless sire!
Thine infancy with tenderness I'd rear,
And thou shouldst warm my age with youthful fire.

"In thee a truly glorious crown I'd find;
With thee, upon this rock, a heaven should own;
Thy kiss would chase past conquest from my mind,
Which raised me, demi-god, on Gallia's throne."

were changed. The works were in progress at the time of Napoleon's overthrow. The poor cooper, M. Bonvivant, finding himself in the midst of rubbish and building materials, bitterly lamented his folly. He was living, a few years ago, at Passy, still at work at his trade. The Bourbons, on their return to Paris, threw down the rising walls of the palace, and destroyed their foundations.

"One day, at Compiegne," says the Duke of Gaëta, "I was walking with the Emperor in the park, when the King of Rome appeared, in the arms of his nurse, accompanied by his governess, the Countess of Montesquieu. After caressing his son for a few moments, he continued his walk, saying to me, "Behold a child who would have been far happier to have been born a private individual, with a moderate income. He is destined to bear a heavy burden upon his shoulders."

The Duke of Rovigo, then minister of police, relates an anecdote highly illustrative of these times. We introduce it in his words. The event occurred in the autumn of the year 1810.

"A Sicilian brig of war hove in sight of one of the small ports of Dalmatia. It landed an officer belonging to the Sicilian navy, who was in the confidential employment of the late Queen of Naples and Sicily. She sent him officially to the principal officer in command, for whom he was the bearer of a most extraordinary commission. Marshal Marmont having sent him to me, I interrogated him, and received his written declaration, to which he affixed his signature. It related that the Queen of Sicily, who was impatient to shake off the English yoke, had resolved to attempt it by renewing against them the *Sicilian Vespers*,* as soon as she might feel satisfied that, in the event of failure, she might rely upon finding an asylum in some part of Italy, under the French dominion. The officer added that every thing was in readiness for the execution of this project. It was to take place immediately after his return to Sicily. He laid open all the means of success which the queen had at her command.

"After receiving the declaration of the Sicilian officer, it became my duty to communicate it to the Emperor. He read the whole proposal, and could not repress his indignation at the presumption that he could have lent his assistance to such a cowardly massacre. He ordered me to detain the Sicilian officer, who was, in consequence, lodged in the Castle of Vincennes, where he was still confined when the Allies entered Paris. He has since died. His name was Amelia, and must still be found inserted in the registers of the court of that dungeon, where it may readily be seen. A few months after this event, the foreign newspapers alluded to the discovery made by the English in Sicily of a project for putting them to death. Several arrests took place, which were followed by a trial and capital punishment. There is no doubt that, if I had not detained the Sicilian officer, he

* About the middle of the thirteenth century, Charles of Anjou established himself in possession of Naples and Sicily. A wide-spread conspiracy was organized against the French. On the 30th of March, 1282, at the hour of vespers, the conspirators suddenly arose upon their unsuspecting victims, and an awful scene of carnage ensued. Neither age nor sex was spared. Aged men, women, and children were cut down mercilessly in the chambers and in the streets. This massacre has ever since been called the *Sicilian Vespers*.

might have found his way back to the queen, and made her anticipate, by two months, the period for carrying her plan into effect, which would have happened previously to the English being apprised of it. It has been a very prevalent opinion that every means of destroying the English would find acceptance with the Emperor. In refutation of this, I have just related a fact which is personal to him, and which is still unknown in France, because he had ordered me not to divulge it to the world."

"Savary," said Napoleon at St. Helena, "relates a circumstance which is perfectly true. He appears to have preserved some order which I wrote on the occasion, as well as to have recollected some of my expressions. I did not like to have it publicly mentioned, as it implicated so near a relation to my son.* I did not wish to have it known that one so nearly allied by blood to him could be capable of proposing so atrocious an act as that made by Caroline to me. It was to make a second Sicilian Vespers; to massacre all the English army and the English in Sicily, which she offered to effect, provided I would support and afford her assistance after the deed was done. I threw the agent who was the bearer of the proposal into prison, where he remained until the revolution which sent me to Elba. He must have been found, among others, in the prisons that were allotted for state criminals."

CHAPTER XII.

THE RUSSIAN WAR.

Testimony of Napier to the Character of Napoleon—Remarks of Hazlitt—Admissions of Castlereagh, Scott, and Lockhart—Nature of the Strife—Napoleon's Application to his Allies—Hostile Movements of Alexander—Rendezvous at Dresden—Confidence of the Emperor—Testimony of Savary—Reluctance of Napoleon's Generals—Mission of the Abbé de Pradt—Striking Remarks to the Duke of Gaëta—Magnificent Designs of the Emperor.

THE "*History of the Peninsular War,*" by Colonel Napier, has become one of the British classics. It is a magnificent tribute to the genius and the grandeur of the Duke of Wellington. Colonel Napier, aiding with his sword in the overthrow of Napoleon, surely will not be accused of being the blind eulogist of his illustrious foe. He thus testifies respecting the character of the French Emperor, and the cause he so nobly advocated.

"Deep, unmitigated hatred of democracy was, indeed, the moving spring of the English Tories' policy. *Napoleon was warred against, not, as they pretended, because he was a tyrant and a usurper, for he was neither; not because his invasion of Spain was unjust, but because he was the powerful and successful enemy of aristocratic privilege.* The happiness and independence of the Peninsula were words without meaning in their state papers and speeches, and their anger and mortification were extreme when they found success against the Emperor had fostered that democracy it was their object to destroy.†

* Ferdinand VII., King of Naples and the Two Sicilies, was brother of Charles IV. of Spain. They were perfectly congenial spirits. Ferdinand married Caroline, daughter of Maria Theresa of Austria, and sister of Maria Antoinette. Caroline was, consequently, a near relative of Maria Louisa, the mother of the young King of Rome.

† Napier, vol. iv., p. 260.

"Such was Napoleon's situation; and as he read the signs of the times truly, he knew that in his military skill, and the rage of the peasants at the ravages of the enemy, he must find the means to extricate himself from his difficulties, *or, rather, to extricate his country, for self had no place in his policy, save as his personal glory was identified with France and her prosperity. Never before did the world see a man soaring so high and devoid of all selfish ambition.* Let those who, honestly seeking truth, doubt this, study Napoleon carefully. Let them read the record of his second abdication, published by his brother Lucien, that stern Republican who refused kingdoms as the price of his principles, *and they will doubt no longer.*"*

"Napoleon's power was supported in France by that *deep sense of his goodness as a sovereign, and that admiration for his genius, which pervaded the poorer and middle classes of the people; by the love which they bore toward him, and still bear for his memory, because he cherished the principles of a just equality. They loved him also for his incessant activity in the public service, his freedom from all private vices, and because his public works, wondrous for their number, their utility, and grandeur, never stood still.* Under him the poor man never wanted work. To France he gave noble institutions, a comparatively just code of laws, and glory unmatched since the days of the Romans."†

"*The troops idolized Napoleon. Well they might. And to assert that their attachment commenced only when they became soldiers, is to acknowledge that his excellent qualities and greatness of mind turned hatred into devotion the moment he was approached. But Napoleon never was hated by the people of France; he was their own creation, and they loved him so as monarch was never loved before.* His march from Cannes to Paris, surrounded by hundreds of thousands of poor men who were not soldiers, can never be effaced nor disfigured. For six weeks, at any moment, any assassin might, by a single shot, have acquired the reputation of a tyrannicide, and obtained vast rewards besides from the trembling monarchs and aristocrats of the earth, who scrupled not to instigate men to the shameful deed. Many there were base enough to undertake, but none so hardy as to execute the crime, and Napoleon, guided by the people of France, passed unharmed to a throne, from whence it required a million of foreign bayonets to drive him. From the throne they drove him, but not from the thoughts and hearts of men."‡

"But, as I have before said, and it is true, *Napoleon's ambition was for the greatness and prosperity of France, for the regeneration of Europe, for the stability of the system which he had formed with that end, never for himself personally; and hence it is that the multitudes of many nations instinctively revere his memory.* And neither the monarch nor the aristocrat, dominant though they be by his fall, feel themselves so easy in their high places as to rejoice much in their victory."§

* Napier, vol. iv., p. 331. † Ibid., p. 228.
‡ Ibid., p. 229. § Ibid., p. 358.

At an Educational Convention, held not long since in Pittsburg, Penn., Bishop Alonzo Potter, of Pennsylvania, is reported to have made the following remarks:

"A series of articles are now being published in one of the popular periodicals of the day, said to be written by a clergyman. I hope, for the honor of the profession, this is not so. These articles throw the halo of glory around the character of a selfish, ambitious, and bloody man. They

"In 1814, the white colors (the Bourbon flag) were supported by foreign armies, and misfortune *had bowed the great democratic chief to the earth*; but when, rising again in his wondrous might, he came back alone from Elba, the poorer people, with whom only patriotism is ever to be found, and that because they are poor, and therefore unsophisticated, crowded to meet him and hail him as a father. Not because they held him blameless. Who born of woman is? They demanded redress of grievances, even while they clung instinctively to him as their stay and protection against the locust tyranny of aristocracy."*

The principal charges which have been brought against Napoleon are the massacre of the prisoners at Jaffa, and the poisoning of the sick in the hospital there, the execution of the Duke d'Enghien, the invasion of Spain, the divorce of Josephine, and the war with Russia. He has also generally been accused of deluging Europe in blood, impelled by his love of war, and to gratify his *insatiable ambition.* We have thus far recorded, in reference to these cases, the facts, together with Napoleon's explanations, and also the searching comment of his foes. Before entering upon a narrative of the events of the Russian campaign, it is necessary, with some degree of minuteness, to explain the complicated causes of the war.

William Hazlitt, in the following terms, records his view of the influence of England in promoting the Russian war. "Let a country," says he, "be so situated as to annoy others at pleasure, but to be itself inaccessible to attack; let it be subject to a head who is governed entirely by his will and passions, and either deprived of or deaf to reason; let it go to war with a neighboring state wrongfully, or for the worst of all possible causes, to overturn the independence of a nation and the liberties of mankind; let it be defeated at first by the spirit and resentment kindled by a wanton and unprovoked attack, and by the sense of shame and irresolution occasioned by the weakness of its pretended motives and the baseness of its real ones; let it, however, persevere, and make a vow of lasting hatred and of war to extermination, listening only to disappointed pride and revenge, and relying on its own security; let it join with others, influenced by similar counsels, but not exempted, by their situation, from suffering the consequences, or paying the just and natural forfeit of disgrace, disaster, and mortification for the wrong they had meant to inflict on truth and liberty; let it still hold out, watching or making opportunities to bully, to wheedle, to stir up the passions, or tempt the avarice of countries, smarting under old wounds, to engage in new wars for which they are not prepared, and of which they undergo all the punishment; let it laugh at the flames that consume the vitals of other kingdoms, exult in the blood that is shed, and boast that it is the richer for all the money that it squanders; let it, after having exhausted itself in invectives against anarchy and licentiousness, and made a military chieftain necessary

make him out kind, benevolent; and almost every thing that is good—making his crimes virtues, because developed upon such an enormous scale. Now if a man *lies*, it is our duty, if we speak of him historically, to *say* he *lies*. Away with literature that would make a paragon of excellence out of a monster."

The writer of these articles would respectfully submit the question to his highly-esteemed Christian brother, Bishop Potter, if the man who can win, even from his enemies, such testimony as we have given above, merits the epithet of a "*monster*."

* Napier, vol. iv., p. 355

to suppress the very evils it had engendered, cry out against despotism and arbitrary sway; let it, unsatisfied with calling to its aid all the fury of political prejudice and national hatred, proceed to blacken the character of the only person who can baffle its favorite projects, so that his name shall seem to taint the air and his existence to oppress the earth, and all this without the least foundation, by the means of a free press, and from the peculiar and almost exclusive pretension of a whole people to morality and virtue; let the deliberate and total disregard of truth and decency produce irritation and ill blood; let the repeated breach of treaties impose new and harder terms on kings who have no respect to their word, and nations who have no will of their own; let the profligate contempt of the ordinary rules of warfare cause reprisals, and give a handle to complain against injustice and foul play; let the uselessness of all that had been done, or that is possible, to bring about a peace, and disarm an unrelenting and unprincipled hostility, lead to desperate and impracticable attempts, and the necessary consequence will be that the extreme wrong will assume the appearance of the extreme right; nations groaning under the iron yoke of the victor, and forgetting that they were the aggressors, will only feel that they are the aggrieved party, and will endeavor to shake off their humiliation at whatever cost; subjects will make common cause with their rulers to remove the evils which the latter have brought upon them. In the indiscriminate confusion, nations will be attacked that have given no sufficient or immediate provocation, and their resistance will be the signal for a general rising. In the determination not to yield till all is lost, the war will be carried on to a distance and on a scale, when success becomes doubtful at every step, and reverses from the prodigious extent of the means employed, more disastrous and irretrievable; and thus, without any other change in the object or principles of the war than a perseverance in iniquity, and an utter defiance of consequences, the original wrong, aggravated a thousand-fold, shall turn to seeming right—impending ruin to assured triumph; and marches to Paris and exterminating manifestoes not only gain impunity and forgiveness, but be converted into religious processions, *Te Deums*, and solemn-breathing strains for the deliverance of mankind. So much can be done by the willful infatuation of one country and one man."*

* "Previously to entering into a narrative of this war," says the Duke of Rovigo, "I must relate how it was actually forced upon us; for as to our desiring or courting it, I might afford ample proof of the assertion that nothing could be more opposed to the Emperor's views, if the plainest common sense were not sufficient to remove all suspicion of his having brought it upon himself, in the midst of the numberless difficulties he had then to contend with. The powers of Europe were waging nothing short of a war of extermination against France, who no longer fought but in her own defense. The Emperor was anxious for the maintenance of peace in Europe. He could not, unaided, effect this object without keeping the nation continually under arms, and overburdening its finances. It had, moreover, been proved by experience that this was not the means of avoiding war, but was, on the contrary, a ground for alarm for foreign states, and afforded them a pretense for recurring to arms whenever a favorable opportunity might present itself. The alliance of Tilsit had no other object in view than the humiliation of England, or, in other words, a general pacification, as England was the only existing obstacle to it. Peace was the constant aim of the Emperor Napoleon, who was too enlightened not to discover that the stability of his power and his own safety depended only upon peace. England had, in full Parliament, proclaimed a perpetual war, and she kept up to this principle. Napoleon made every sacrifice, and exhausted every means of conciliation in his power to bring the Russians back to the real interests of Europe. He failed in this struggle against the artifices of the British cabinet—against the irresistible efforts of a power which

Russia was now continuing daily to exhibit a more hostile aspect. Disappointed in the co-operation expected from Napoleon, Alexander returned to the policy of the nobles. The inhabitants of Sweden, disgusted with the conduct of their mad king, Gustavus IV., ejected him from the throne. Hoping to secure popular rights, and to obtain the favor of France against the encroachments of Russia, they elected, after various political vicissitudes, Bernadotte to the vacant throne. The Prince of Ponte-Corvo was a marshal of France. He was one of the ablest of Napoleon's generals. He had married Mademoiselle Clary, a sister of the wife of Joseph Bonaparte. The Swedish electors supposed that this choice would be peculiarly gratifying to Napoleon; but it was not so. Though Napoleon had ever treated Bernadotte with great kindness and forbearance, there was but little sympathy between them. When informed of the election, Napoleon replied, "It would not become me, the elected monarch of the people, to set myself against the elective franchise of other nations. I, however," he afterward said, "felt a secret instinct that Bernadotte was a serpent whom I was nourishing in my bosom."

The newly-elected prince immediately paid his respects to the Emperor, who received him frankly: "As you are offered the crown of Sweden," said Napoleon, "I permit you to accept it. I had another wish, as you know. But, in short, it is your sword which has made you a king, and you are sensible that it is not for me to stand in the way of your good fortune." He then entered very fully with him into the whole plan of his policy, in which Bernadotte appeared entirely to concur. Every day he attended the Emperor's levée with his son, mixing with the other courtiers. By such means he completely gained the heart of Napoleon.

He was about to depart poor. Unwilling that his general should present himself to the Swedish throne in that necessitous state, like a mere adventurer, the Emperor generously presented him with four hundred thousand dollars out of his own treasury. He even granted to his family the endowments which, as a foreign prince, Bernadotte could no longer himself retain; and they finally parted on apparently terms of mutual satisfaction.*

Alexander had for a long time been importunate in his demands that Napoleon should pledge himself that the kingdom of Poland should never be re-established, and that the duchy of Warsaw, which had been the Prussian share of Poland, should receive no accession of strength. On the absolute refusal of Napoleon to consent to these conditions, Alexander replied, in language of irritation and menace.

"What means Russia," said Napoleon to the envoy of Alexander, "by holding such language? Does she desire war? If I had wished to re-establish Poland, I need but have said so, and should not have, in that case, withdrawn my troops from Germany. But I will not dishonor myself by declaring that the Polish kingdom shall never be re-established, nor render myself ridiculous by using the language of the Divinity. It would sully my memory to put my seal to an act which recognized the partition of Poland. Much more

was fighting for its very existence, with the inexhaustible resources which the treasures and commerce of the world and her aptitude for business could not fail to place at her disposal."—*Memoirs of the Duke of Rovigo*, vol. iii., p. 137, 138.

* Segur's Expedition to Russia, vol. i., p. 4.

would it dishonor me to declare that the realm should never be restored. No! I can enter into no engagement that would operate against the brave people who have served me so well, and with such constant good-will and devotion."

Alexander next demanded that Napoleon should guarantee to him the possession of the right bank and the mouths of the Danube, and also of the provinces of Moldavia and Wallachia. But Napoleon, in deference to Turkey and Austria, refused to lend his assistance to these acts of encroachment. He would simply consent to leave those nations to settle those difficulties among themselves, without any interference on his part.

The English cabinet immediately took advantage of these new perplexities into which Napoleon was plunged. Agents were sent to St. Petersburgh to form a new coalition against Napoleon. Constitutional England and despotic Russia joined hands to crush the "Emperor of the Republic." The cabinet of St. James opened its treasures of gold to the Czar, and offered the most efficient co-operation with its resistless navy and its strong armies. The Russians were encouraged to hostilities by the assurance that Napoleon was so entangled in the Spanish war that he could withdraw no efficient forces to resist the armies of Russia.

"During the last months of my sojourn in St. Petersburgh," says Caulaincourt, "how frequently did Alexander make me the confidant of his anxious feelings! England, the implacable enemy of France, maintained secret agents at the court of Russia for the purpose of stirring up disaffection and discontent around the throne. The English cabinet was well aware that a propaganda war was impossible as long as Russia should continue allied to France. On this point all the powers were agreed, and the consequence was that all the sovereigns were perjured, one only excepted. He was to be seduced from his allegiance or doomed to destruction. Alexander, at the period to which I am now referring, was no longer a gay, thoughtless young man. The circumstances by which he found himself surrounded had forced a train of serious reflection on his mind, and he seemed perfectly to understand the peculiarity of his personal position. In his private conversations with me, he often said many things which he would not have said to his own brothers, and which possibly he could not have said with safety to his ministers. Beneath an exterior air of confidence, he concealed the most gloomy apprehensions. In the irritated feeling which then pervaded the public mind in Russia, Alexander's intimacy with the French embassador was severely reprehended, and he knew it. We sometimes enjoyed a hearty laugh at finding ourselves compelled to make assignations with as much secrecy as two young lovers.

"'My dear Caulaincourt,' said Alexander to me, one evening, when we were conversing on the balcony of the Empress's apartments, 'Napoleon ought to be made acquainted with the plots which are here hatching against him. I have concealed nothing from you, my dear duke. In my confidence, I have perhaps overstepped the limits of strict propriety. Tell your Emperor all that I have revealed to you; tell him all that you have seen and read; tell him that here the earth trembles beneath my feet; that here, in my own empire, he has rendered my position intolerable by his violation of treaties.

Transmit to him from me this candid and final declaration. If once the war be fairly entered upon, either he, Napoleon, or I, Alexander, must lose our crown.' "* The violation of treaties here referred to was Napoleon's seizure of the territories of Oldenburg to prevent smuggling.

Napoleon, weary of fields of blood, was extremely reluctant again to draw the sword. The consolidation of his empire demanded peace. France, after a struggle of twenty years against combined Europe, was anxious for repose. Under these circumstances, Napoleon again made the most strenuous endeavors to promote peace. He sent an envoy to the Czar with assurances of his most kind, fraternal feelings. He pledged himself that he would do nothing, directly or indirectly, to instigate the re-establishment of the kingdom of Poland; promised any reasonable indemnification for past grievances; and even consented to allow Russia to *relax* the rigors of the Continental system, by opening her ports, under licenses, to English goods. But Russia was now under the influence of the cabinet of St. James. The English could not long retain their positions in the Peninsula unless they could cause Napoleon again to be assailed from the North. The war party was in the ascendant. In these concessions of Napoleon the Czar thought he saw but indications of weakness. He therefore, influenced by the hostile nobles, replied that he would accept the terms, provided, first, that Napoleon would pledge himself *to resist any attempt of the Poles to regain their independence; secondly, that he would allow Russia to take possession of a portion of the duchy of Warsaw; and, thirdly, that he would withdraw all his troops from Germany, and retire beyond the Rhine.*

Kourakin, the Russian embassador, in submitting this insulting ultimatum to the cabinet of the Tuileries, signified his intention to quit Paris in eight days if they were not accepted. The indignation of Napoleon was strongly aroused. "It was long," said Napoleon at St. Helena, "since I had been accustomed to such a tone, and I was not in the habit of allowing myself to be anticipated. I could have marched to Russia at the head of the rest of Europe. The enterprise was popular. The cause was European. It was the last effort that remained to be made by France. Her fate, and that of the new European system, depended upon the struggle. Russia was the last resource of England. Yet Alexander and I were in the condition of two boasters, who, without wishing to fight, were endeavoring to frighten each other. I would most willingly have maintained peace, being surrounded and overwhelmed by unfavorable circumstances; and all I have since learned convinces me that Alexander was even less desirous of war than myself."†

* Recollections of Caulaincourt, vol. i., p. 76.

† "However, Napoleon, who always strove to cast upon his adversaries the responsibility of the wars, and who seemed to march but with regret to those fields of battle which constantly served to increase the glory of his name, would not commence hostilities with his friend of Erfurth without seeking to bring about a reconciliation between them, on which depended the repose of Europe. He wrote to him several times with this aim in view. In one of his letters he said:

"'This is the repetition of that which I beheld in Prussia in 1806, and at Vienna in 1809. For myself, I shall remain the personal friend of your majesty, even if that fatality which misleads all Europe should one day place arms in the hands of our two nations. I shall regulate myself solely by your majesty. I shall never commence the attack. My troops will not advance until your majesty shall have broken the treaty of Tilsit. I shall be the first to disarm if your majesty will re-establish the confidence that existed between us. Have you ever had cause to repent thereof?'

In reference to these difficulties, Napier says: "The unmatched power of Napoleon's genius was now being displayed in a wonderful manner. His interest, his inclination, and his expectation were alike opposed to a war with Russia. But Alexander and himself, each hoping that a menacing display of strength would reduce the other to negotiation, advanced step by step, till blows could no longer be avoided. Napoleon, a man capable of sincere friendship, had relied too much and too long on the existence of a like feeling in the Russian Emperor; and, misled perhaps by the sentiment of his own energy, did not sufficiently allow for the daring intrigues of a court where secret combinations of the nobles formed the real governing power.

"With a court so situated, angry negotiations, once commenced, rendered war inevitable, and the more especially that the Russian cabinet, which had long determined on hostilities, though undecided as to the time of drawing the sword, was well aware of the secret designs and proceedings of Austria in Italy, and of the discontent of Murat. The Hollanders were known to desire independence, and the deep hatred which the people of Prussia bore to the French was matter of notoriety. Bernadotte, who very early had resolved to cast down the ladder by which he rose, was the secret adviser of these practices against Napoleon's power in Italy, and he was also in communication with the Spaniards. Thus Napoleon, having a war in Spain which required three hundred thousand men to keep in a balanced state, was forced, by resistless circumstances, into another and more formidable contest in the distant north, when the whole of Europe was prepared to rise upon his lines of communication, and when his extensive sea frontier was exposed to the all-powerful navy of Great Britain."*

Military preparations of enormous magnitude were now made on both sides, to prepare for a conflict which seemed inevitable. The war with England was the cause of all these troubles. Peace with England would immediately bring repose to the world. Napoleon was so situated that he was exposed to blows on every side from the terrible fleet of England. He could strike no blows in return. Britannia needed "no bulwarks to frown along the steep." No French battery could throw a shot across the Channel, but

"This moderate language made the Emperor Alexander believe that Napoleon feared an open rupture, and that he was not ready for war. He was confirmed in this opinion by the reports which M. de Romanzoff received from Paris, which represented the Emperor as disposed to make any sacrifices to avoid a fresh collision on the Continent."—*Life of Napoleon, by M. Laurent de L'Ardèche*, vol. xi., p. 68.

"The difference between France and Russia, it is generally stated, was caused by Napoleon's annexing the territories of several members of the Confederation of the Rhine to France. Among these was the Duke of Oldenburg, who refused to take Erfurth, with the territory appertaining to it, in exchange for his duchy, and preferred to retire to the court of the Emperor of Russia, his near relation. But, in fact, the chief cause of the war between France and Russia was, that Alexander would not adhere so closely to the Continental system as he had promised at Erfurth. Napoleon thought that peace could be obtained but by carrying this system through. He had made too many sacrifices already in maintaining it to be willing to give it up. Moreover, he saw that the two empires would necessarily come to war as soon as Russia should attempt to execute her plans upon Constantinople, which Western Europe would not permit. Napoleon was then at the head of such a force as he might never again be able to command, and thought it a great object to prevent the execution of the projects of the Russian Colossus. The formidableness of this gigantic power to the rest of Europe, and the necessity of clipping the wings of its ambition, are now sufficiently apparent."—*Encyclopædia Americana*, Article *Napoleon*.

* Napier, vol. iii., p. 273.

the fleet of England could bombard the cities of France and of her allies, ravage their colonies, and consume their commerce. Under these circumstances, Napoleon condescended to make still another effort to disarm the hostility of his implacable foe. "According to his usual custom," says Alison, "when about to commence the most serious hostilities, Napoleon made proposals of peace to England. The terms now offered were, 'That the integrity of Spain should be guaranteed; that France should renounce all extension of her empire on the side of the Pyrenees; that the reigning dynasty of Spain should be declared independent, and the country governed by the national institution of the Cortes; that the independence and security of Portugal should be guaranteed, and the house of Braganza reign in that kingdom; that the kingdom of Naples should remain in the hands of its present ruler, and that of Sicily with its present king; and that Spain, Portugal, and Italy should be evacuated by the French and British troops, both by land and sea.'

"To these proposals Lord Castlereagh replied, that if by the term 'reigning dynasty' the French government meant the royal authority of Spain and its government as now vested in Joseph Bonaparte and the Cortes assembled under his authority, and not the government of Ferdinand VII., no negotiations could be admitted on such a basis."

The desire for peace must have been inconceivably strong in the bosom of Napoleon to have rendered it possible for him thus perseveringly to plead with his arrogant foes. He was repulsed, insulted, treated with unblushing perfidy, renewedly assailed without warning, and yet, for the sake of suffering humanity, he never ceased to implore peace. He was finally crushed by the onset of a million of bayonets. His great heart yielded to the agony of St. Helena, and then his triumphant foes piled upon the tomb of their victim the guilt of their own deeds of aggression and blood. In consequence, the noble name of Napoleon is now, in the mouths of thousands, but a by-word and a mockery—but the synonym for *bloodthirstiness and insatiable ambition*. An act more ungenerous than this earth has never witnessed. But God is just. He will yet lay "judgment to the line, and righteousness to the plummet."

Sir Walter Scott, unable to deny this new pacific overture, disingenuously seeks to attribute it to some unworthy motive. "It might be," says he, "Lord Wellington's successes, or the lingering anxiety to avoid a war involving so many contingencies as that of Russia, or it might be a desire to impress the French public that he was always disposed toward peace, that induced Napoleon to direct the Duke of Bassano to write a letter to Lord Castlereagh. This feeble effort toward a general peace having altogether miscarried, it became a subject of consideration whether the approaching breach between the two great empires could not yet be prevented."*

In reference to these conciliatory efforts of Napoleon, Lockhart says, "He, thus called on to review with new seriousness the whole condition and prospects of his empire, appears to have felt very distinctly that neither could be secure unless an end were by some means put to the war with England. He, in effect, opened a communication with the English government when

* Scott's Napoleon, vol. ii., p. 112.

the fall of Badajos was announced to him; but, ere the negotiation had proceeded many steps, his pride returned upon him with its original obstinacy, and the renewed demand that Joseph should be recognized King of Spain abruptly closed the intercourse of the diplomatists. Such being the state of the Peninsula, and all hope of an accommodation with England at an end, it might have been expected that Napoleon would have spared no efforts to accommodate his differences with Russia."

Napier says, "The proposal for peace which he made to England before his departure for the Niemen is another circumstance where his object appears to have been misrepresented. In this proposal for peace he offered to acknowledge the house of Braganza in Portugal, the house of Bourbon in Sicily, and to withdraw his army from the Peninsula, if England would join him in guaranteeing the crown of Spain to Joseph, together with a Constitution to be arranged by a national Cortes. This was a virtual renunciation of the Continental system for the sake of a peace with England, and a proposal which obviated the charge of aiming at universal dominion, seeing that Austria, Spain, Portugal, and England would have retained their full strength, and the limits of his empire would have been fixed. The offer was also made at a time when the Emperor was certainly more powerful than he had ever yet been—when Portugal was, by the avowal of Wellington himself, far from secure, and Spain quite exhausted. At peace with England, Napoleon could easily have restored the Polish nation, and Russia would have been suppressed. Now Poland has fallen, and Russia stalks in the plenitude of her barbarous tyranny."*

Napoleon was now compelled to gather up his strength to contend against England upon the sea, the gigantic empire of Russia in the North, and the insurgents of Spain and Portugal in the South, roused, strengthened, and guided by the armies of Great Britain. It was a herculean enterprise. With herculean energy Napoleon went forth to meet it. His allies rallied around him with enthusiasm. It was the struggle of liberty against despotism. It was a struggle of the friends of reformed governments and of popular rights throughout Europe against the partisans of the old feudal aristocracy.

In every country of Europe there were at this time two parties—the aristocratic and the popular. On the whole, they were not very unequally divided. Napoleon was the gigantic heart of the popular party, and the mighty pulsations of his energies throbbed through Europe. The aristocratic party was dominant in England. The popular party was trampled in the dust.† Aristocratic England and despotic Russia now grasped hands in congenial alliance.

* Napier, vol. iii., p. 275.

† Colonel Napier thus candidly describes the political state of England at this time: "The new administration, despised by the country, were not the less powerful in Parliament. Its domestic proceedings were therefore characterized by all the corruption and tyranny of Mr. Pitt's system, without his redeeming genius. The press was persecuted with malignant ferocity, and the government sought to corrupt all that it could not trample upon. Meanwhile, all thinking men, who were not biased by factions or dazzled by military splendor, perceived, in the enormous expenses incurred to *r.press the democratic principle*, and in the consequent transfer of property, the sure foundation of future reaction and revolution. The distress of the working classes had already

Some persons connected with the ancient nobility intimated that it would be hazardous for Napoleon to leave France upon so distant an expedition, as conspiracies might be formed against his government. "Why," exclaimed Napoleon, "do you menace my absence with the different parties still alleged to exist in the interior of the empire? Where are they? I see but a single one against me, that of a few Royalists, the principal part of whom are of the ancient *noblesse*, old and inexperienced. But they dread my downfall more than they desire it. That which I have accomplished of the most beneficial description is the stemming of the revolutionary torrent. It would have swallowed up every thing, Europe and yourselves. I have united the most opposite parties, amalgamated rival classes, and yet there exist among you some obstinate nobles who resist, who refuse my places. Very well! What is that to me? It is for your advantage, for your security, that I offer them to you. What would you do singly by yourselves and without me? You are a mere handful opposed to masses. Do you not see that it is necessary to put an end to this struggle between the *commons* and the *nobility* by a complete fusion of all that is worthy of preservation in the two classes? I offer you the hand of amity, and you reject it. But what need have I of you? While I support you, I do myself injury in the eyes of the people. *For what am I but the king of the commons?* Is not that sufficient?"

Napoleon immediately called upon his allies for assistance. Prussia, Austria, Italy, Bavaria, Saxony, Westphalia, and the various states of the Rhenish Confederation, responded generously to the call. All of these states, except Prussia and Austria, had thoroughly imbibed the principles of revolutionized France. Austria was now allied to Napoleon by marriage. Prussia, wavering between despotism and liberty, hesitatingly arrayed herself under the banners of France. Napoleon soon found nearly five hundred thousand men, all ready with enthusiasm to follow his guidance.*

produced partial insurrections, and the nation at large was beginning to perceive that the governing powers, whether representative or executive, were capacious usurpers of the people's rights.

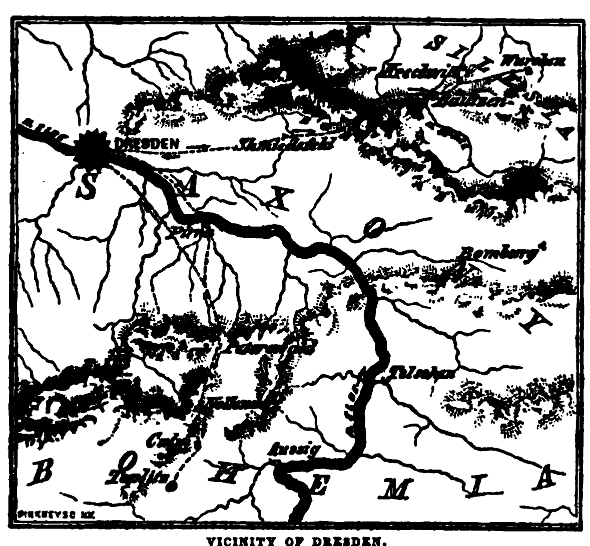
"Napoleon's Continental system, although of the nature of a sumptuary law, which the desires of men will never suffer to exist long in vigor, was yet so efficient, that the British government was forced to encourage and protect illicit trading, to the great detriment of mercantile morality. The island of Heligoland was the chief point of deposit for this commerce, and either by trading energy, or by the connivance of Continental governments, the Emperor's system was continually baffled. Nevertheless, its effects will not quickly pass away. It pressed sorely upon the manufactures at the time, and, by giving rise to rival establishments on the Continent, has awakened in Germany a commercial spirit by no means favorable to England's manufacturing superiority. The foreign policy of the government was very simple, namely, to bribe all powers to war with France. Hence, to Russia, every thing save specie was granted. Hence, also, amicable relations with Sweden were immediately re-established, and the more readily, that this power had lent herself to the violation of the Continental system by permitting the entry of British goods at Stralsund."—*Napier's Peninsular War*, vol. iii., p. 276.

* Colonel Napier testifies to the treachery which, at that time, influenced the courts of Austria and Prussia.

"It has already been shown that, while negotiating with France an offensive and defensive treaty in 1812, the Austrian cabinet was cognizant of, and secretly aiding the plan of a vast insurrection, extending from the Tyrol to Calabria, and other Illyrian provinces. The management of this scheme was intrusted by the British cabinet to Lord Nugent and Mr. King, who were at Vienna. Their agents went from thence to Italy and the Illyrian coast. Many Austrian officers were engaged in the project, and Italians of great families entered into commercial houses, to enable them

Poland was almost in a phrensy of joy. She felt that the hour of her redemption had come. The nation was ready, as one man, to rally beneath the banners of Napoleon, if he would but shield them from their resistless oppressors. But sixteen millions of people, surrounded by hostile Russia, Prussia, and Austria, could do nothing alone. Napoleon was exposed to the most cruel perplexity. All his sympathies were with the Poles. But Francis of Austria had become his ally and his father-in-law. With Francis, political considerations were far stronger than parental ties. Austria would immediately have joined the Russian alliance had Napoleon wrested from her her Polish provinces. Napoleon was also still hoping to effect a speedy peace with Russia, and wished to do nothing to increase the animosity of the Czar.

Alexander had now assembled an immense army near the banks of the Niemen, and, about the middle of April, placed himself at the head of his troops. Napoleon, having made the necessary arrangements for the government of France during his absence, departed on the 9th of May for Dresden, on his way to join the grand army. Maria Louisa accompanied him. The progress of the imperial pair was a continual triumph. Banners of welcome, triumphal arches, processions of maidens, ringing of bells, music, and acclamations, greeted them wherever they appeared. The enthusiasm was as great in Germany as in France. Crowds thronged the road-sides to catch a glimpse of the illustrious man whose renown filled the world.



VICINITY OF DRESDEN.

Dresden, the capital of Saxony, had been named by Napoleon as the general rendezvous for the kings and princes in alliance with him. Among those who were there awaiting the arrival of the French Emperor and his consort were the Emperor and Empress of Austria, the King of Prussia, who came, however, uninvited, the Kings of Saxony, Naples, Bavaria, Wür-

with more facility to carry out this plan. Moreover, Austria, while actually signing the treaty with Napoleon, was, with unceasing importunity, urging Prussia to join the Russians in opposition to him. The feeble operations of Prince Schwartzenberg, the manner in which he uncovered the Emperor's right flank, and permitted Tchitchagoff to move to the Beresina in the Russian campaign, were but continuations of this deceitful policy. And it was openly advanced, as a merit by the Austrian cabinet, that her offer of mediation, after the battle of Bautzen, was made solely with the view of gaining time to organize the army which was to join the Russians and Prussians. Finally, the armistice itself was violated, hostilities being commenced before its termination, to enable the Russian troops safely to join the Austrians in Bohemia."—*Napier*, vol. iv., p. 325.

temberg, and Westphalia, and a crowd of minor princes. The Emperor occupied the grand apartments of the palace. The regards of all men were turned to him. The gates of the palace were ever thronged with multitudes eager to see that controlling spirit, at whose word nearly all Europe was ready to march into the unknown regions of the North. Napoleon was under the necessity of exerting a private influence to secure some attention being paid to the Emperor Francis, who was in danger of being entirely overlooked. Napoleon, on all occasions, granted the precedence to his father-in-aw. Frederick William wandered through these brilliant scenes abject and melancholy.* It is worthy of remark, that Napoleon had not, at Dresden, a single armed Frenchman in attendance upon his person. He was entirely under the protection of his German allies. When, subsequently, at St. Helena, reminded of this fact, he remarked, "I was in so good a family, with such worthy people, that I ran no risk. I was beloved by all, and, at this moment I am sure that the King of Saxony daily prays for me."

Napoleon remained at Dresden about a fortnight. During this time he was incessantly occupied dictating dispatches relative to the campaign about to be opened, and to the conduct of the war in Spain. Immense quantities of men, horses, provisions, and baggage of every description, were moving from all parts of the European Continent to the banks of the Niemen. Such an array was congregated as had never before been seen in modern Europe. Napoleon, being thus prepared for war, and with such forces as to render success apparently certain, made a new attempt at negotiation with the Czar. He dispatched the Count Narbonne to Wilna, the head-quarters of Alexander, to propose terms of accommodation. But neither Alexander nor his ministers would condescend even to grant the envoy an audience. When Napoleon was informed of this contemptuous repulse, he calmly said, "The vanquished have assumed the tone of victors. They are drawn by fate, which has decreed their destiny." Orders were immediately given for the army to advance and to cross the Niemen. He then issued the following proclamation:†

"Soldiers! The second war of Poland has commenced. The first war terminated at Friedland and Tilsit. At Tilsit, Russia swore eternal alliance with France, and war with England. She has openly violated her oath, and refuses to offer any explanation of her strange conduct till the French eagle

* "The principal object of the Emperor Napoleon was to exhibit to the eyes of Russia, in this assembly of kings and princes of the Confederation of the Rhine, the evidence of his alliance with them, to bind his allies to him more closely, and, through the influence of that paternity, combined with a grand display of forces, to induce Russia to return to a friendly spirit; for I can not repeat too often that Napoleon entered upon this war with extreme reluctance, and to the very last moment he cherished the hope of avoiding it. But the cold and inflexible attitude of the Czar, his reserve, his persistence in requirements which could not be admitted, because they were humiliating, convinced Napoleon that Alexander had chosen his part, and that he was too deeply involved in engagements with England to draw back."—*Napoleon et Marie Louise, Souvenirs Historiques, de M. le Baron Meneval*, tome ii., p. 18.

† "A conqueror's march to Moscow amid such dangers was a design more vast, more hardy, more astounding than ever before entered the imagination of man; yet it was achieved, and solely by the force of his genius. Napoleon was undoubtedly anxious to avoid it (the war with Russia) while the Spanish contest continued, yet, with a far-reaching European policy, in which his English adversaries were deficient, he saw and desired to check the growing strength of that fearful and wicked power which now menaces the civilized world."—*Napier*, vol. iii., p. 275.

shall have passed the Rhine, and, consequently, shall have left her allies at her discretion. Russia is impelled onward by fatality. Her destiny is about to be accomplished. Does she believe that we have degenerated? that we are no longer the soldiers of Austerlitz? She has placed us between dishonor and war. The choice can not, for an instant, be doubtful. Let us march forward, then, and, crossing the Niemen, carry the war into her territories. The second war of Poland will be to the French arms as glorious as the first. But our next peace must carry with it its own guarantee, and put an end to that arrogant influence which, for the last fifty years, Russia has exercised over the affairs of Europe."

Napoleon seems to have entertained no apprehension respecting the result of the war. "Never," said he, "was the success of an expedition more certain. I see on all sides nothing but probabilities in my favor. Not only do I advance at the head of the immense forces of France, Italy, Germany, the Confederation of the Rhine, and Poland, but the two monarchies which have hitherto been the most powerful auxiliaries of Russia against me have now ranged themselves on my side. They espouse my cause with the zeal of my oldest friends. Why should I not number in a similar class Turkey and Sweden? The former is at this moment, in all probability, resuming its arms against the Russians. Bernadotte hesitates, it is true, but he is a Frenchman. He will regain his old associations on the first cannon shot; he will not refuse to Sweden so favorable an opportunity to avenge the disasters of Charles XII. Never again can such a favorable combination of circumstances be anticipated. I feel that it draws me on, and if Alexander persists in refusing my proposition, I shall pass the Niemen."*

In the following words Napoleon gave utterance to his peculiar ideas of destiny: "Do you dread the war as endangering my life? It was thus that, in the times of conspiracy, attempts were made to frighten me about Georges. He was said to be every where upon my track—that the wretched being was to fire at me. Well! suppose he had. He would, at the utmost, have killed my aid-de-camp, but to kill me was impossible. Had I at that time accomplished the decrees of Fate? I feel myself impelled toward a goal of which I am ignorant. The moment I have reached it, as soon as I am no longer of service, an atom then will suffice to put me down. But, till then, all human efforts will avail nothing against me. Whether I am in Paris or

* "The attack upon Russia," says Louis Bonaparte, "was so hazardous that I can not conceive how the Emperor Napoleon could have undertaken it. I am far from approving of the expedition to Russia. But he must be blinded by hostility who will not admit that resistance to the prodigious encroachments of that empire, and to a gigantic influence which menaced all Europe, is an idea the most grand, the most politic, and the most generous. The young Russian officers whom I had occasion to meet at the baths of Marienbad, in Bohemia, said, in their language, boastful and imprudent, perhaps, but chivalrous and true, '*It is we who are now the Romans.*' Let one imagine the Russians masters of Constantinople, and let one dare to affirm that they will not be masters of all Europe, not at some remote period, but almost immediately, since they will leave a supremacy incontestable both upon the land and the sea. As soon as Constantinople shall be in the power of the great empire of the north, which naturally exercises a great influence over Greece, the English dominion of the sea must soon yield to that of the Czar. The expedition to Russia, though audacious, gigantic, imprudent, perhaps, without the re-establishment of Poland and her aid, was, nevertheless, an idea grand, heroic, and profoundly politic."—*Réponse à Sir Walter Scott par Louis Bonaparte, frère de l'Empereur.*

with the army is, therefore, quite indifferent. When my hour comes, a fever, or a fall from my horse in hunting, will kill me as effectually as a bullet. Our days are numbered."

M. Savary, the Duke of Rovigo, was at this time the Minister of Police. He says, "Previous to quitting France, Napoleon disposed of every public business which required his presence. This was his practice whenever he undertook a journey. He generally had a private conversation with each minister for the purpose of giving his special instructions when he was desirous of having any business carried on without further correspondence with him. He never overlooked the smallest details. They all appeared deserving his attention. When he came to the last week of his stay, he replied to all outstanding cases referred to him by his ministers. This is what he called 'clearing his closet.' On the occasion of his departure, he conversed with me relating to every subject to which he was desirous I should attend during his absence. This was a general instruction on his part, and by no means so severe as it was supposed to be by men whose whole life has been engaged in representing him as a tyrant, devoid of every sense of justice and of all kindly feelings; and yet these are the qualities for which he was most conspicuous. He felt particularly beholden to any one who would afford him an opportunity of doing an act of justice, and, as he was never weary of granting favors, so there could be no hesitation in soliciting them.

"In the instructions given me by the Emperor before his departure, I was particularly enjoined to be mild and considerate toward every one. He observed to me that there never came any good out of creating a feeling of hostility, and that in the ministry of police, more than any other, it was necessary to act with gentleness. He repeatedly cautioned me to avoid every arbitrary arrest, and always to have justice on my side in every measure I might adopt.

"He spoke to me in this conversation respecting the war he was compelled to undertake, complained of not having been faithfully served, and of being driven to engage in a contest with Russia alone, in the present year, in order not to have to fight the next with Austria and Prussia. He said that he had now a numerous army, fully adequate to the enterprise, while he might have to contend with inferior numbers on his side if fresh enemies should rise next year against him. He deeply deplored the confidence he had placed in those sentiments which had induced him to make peace at Tilsit, and often repeated these words, 'Whoever could have saved me from this war would have rendered me an essential service. Now we have it, we must extricate ourselves the best way in our power.'"

"If Alexander," said Napoleon to General Belliard, "persists in his refusals to execute the conventions which we have mutually entered into, if he will not accede to the last proposals I made to him, I will pass the Niemen, defeat his army, and possess myself of Russian Poland. This last territory I will unite to the Grand Duchy;* I will convert it into a kingdom, where I will have 50,000 men, whom the country must support. The in-

* The Grand Duchy of Warsaw was that portion of dismembered Poland which Napoleon had rescued from Prussia, and to which he had given independence.

habitants wish to form themselves again into a national corps. They are a warlike people, and will soon possess a numerous and disciplined force. Poland wants arms; I will supply them. She will be a check upon the Russians —a barrier against the irruption of the Cossacks. But I am embarrassed on one point: I know not what course to pursue with regard to Gallicia.* The Emperor of Austria, or rather his council, is reluctant to part with it. I have offered ample remuneration, but it has been refused. I must await the course of events, which alone can show us what ought to be done."

On the 29th of May, 1812, Napoleon left Dresden, and was accompanied as far as Prague by the Empress; then, parting with Maria Louisa, he hastened to Dantzic, where he had collected vast quantities of military stores. General Rapp, a blunt soldier, and who had always been a favorite of the Emperor, was governor of that city. On the evening after his arrival, the Emperor supped at the hotel of the government with General Rapp, Murat, the King of Naples, and Berthier, Prince of Neufchatel. Passing through the hall, he observed a bust of the Queen of Prussia. Turning to the governor, he said with a smile,

"Master Rapp, I give you notice that I shall inform Maria Louisa of your infidelity."

"You recently informed me," replied the accused, "that the King of Prussia had become one of your allies, and surely I may keep in my apartment the bust of a pretty woman who is the wife of your friend."

Not a little embarrassment prevailed at the supper-table. Napoleon's generals, enriched, loaded with honors, and surrounded with pomp and luxury, were but little disposed again to encounter the perils and the hardships of the field of battle. After a period of silence, the Emperor inquired the distance from Cadiz to Dantzic.

"It is too far, sire," General Rapp replied.

"I understand you," said the Emperor; "but in a few months we shall be still farther distant."

"So much the worse, sire," continued General Rapp.

There was another interval of silence. Nether Murat nor Berthier ventured to speak. For a few moments Napoleon rigidly scrutinized the countenances of the three. At length, in a low and serious tone, but with much emphasis, he said,

"Gentlemen, I see clearly that you have no relish for this war. The King of Naples has reluctantly quitted the fine climate of his own kingdom. Berthier desires nothing better than to hunt on his estate at Grosbois, and Rapp is impatient to inhabit his mansion at Paris." The king and the prince both remained silent; but Rapp frankly avowed that his majesty had spoken the truth.

It was Napoleon's hope that Russia would be compelled to yield to those terms which appeared to him indispensable for the repose of Europe, and for the salvation of all those popular governments which were leaning upon him for protection. He believed that Alexander would be forced to submit to the recognition of Poland. This kingdom of twenty millions of inhabitants, thus restored to independence, and imbued with the principles of revo-

* Gallicia was that fragment of the kingdom of Poland which Austria had grasped.

lutionized France, would be a formidable barrier to protect the rest of Europe from the colossal despotism of the North. Being in alliance with popular governments, its position would enable it to present serious obstacles to any coalitions between Russia, Austria, and Prussia. By compelling Russia, also, faithfully to enforce the Continental system, which by treaty she had solemnly promised to do, but which treaty she had perfidiously violated, England, starved into peace, would be compelled to sheathe the sword. The objects at which Napoleon aimed were grand and glorious. Apparently, it is deeply to be deplored that he did not accomplish his ends. Where is the intelligent man now, in England or America, who does not wish that Poland were free, and that the despotism of Russia could be checked?

"That war," said Napoleon at St. Helena, "should have been the most popular of any in modern times. It was a war of good sense and true interests; a war for the repose and security of all. It was purely pacific and preservative, entirely European and Continental. Its success would have established a balance of power, and would have introduced new combinations, by which the dangers of the time present would have been succeeded by future tranquillity. In this case ambition had no share in my views. In raising Poland, which was the keystone of the whole arch, I would have permitted a king of Prussia, an archduke of Austria, or any other, to occupy the throne. I had no wish to obtain any new acquisition, and I reserved to myself only the glory of doing good, and the blessing of posterity. Yet this undertaking failed, and proved my ruin, though I never acted more disinterestedly, or better merited success.

"As if popular opinion had been seized with contagion in a moment, a general outcry, a general sentiment arose against me. I was proclaimed to be the destroyer of kings—I, who had created them. I was denounced as the subverter of the rights of nations—I, who was about to risk all to secure them; and people and kings, those irreconcilable enemies, leagued together and conspired against me. All the acts of my past life were now forgotten. I said truly that popular favor would return to me with victory, but victory escaped me, and I was ruined. Such is mankind, and such my history. But both people and kings will have cause to regret me, and my memory will be sufficiently avenged for the injustice committed upon me. That is certain."

That Napoleon was sincere in these sentiments is proved beyond all possibility of doubt by the instructions which he gave his embassador, the Abbé de Pradt, whom he sent to Warsaw. This all-important document was dated April 18, 1812, two months before his armies entered Russia.

"Sir,—The Emperor has sufficient confidence in your ability and devotion to his service to intrust to you a mission of the greatest political importance—a mission requiring activity, prudence, and discretion.

"You must go to Dresden, the apparent object of your journey being to present to his majesty, the King of Saxony, a letter which the Emperor will send you to-morrow after his levée. His imperial and royal majesty has already given you his instructions; he will communicate to you verbally his wishes with regard to the overtures you must make to the King of Saxony.

"The intention of the Emperor is, that the King of Saxony should be

treated with that consideration to which he has a claim, from the particular esteem which his imperial majesty feels for him personally. You will explain yourself frankly both to the king and his ministers. You may feel confidence in the opinion of the Count of Senft-Pilsac.

"Saxony will not be required to sacrifice *any thing without compensation.*

"Saxony attaches little value to the sovereignty of Warsaw. Such as it is at present, it is a precarious and burdensome charge. The possession of this fragment of Poland places her in a false position with regard to Prussia, Austria, and Russia. You will develop these ideas, and you will treat this question in the same manner as in the discussion which took place on the 17th, in his majesty's cabinet, when you were present. You will find the cabinet of Dresden little inclined to oppose you; its diplomacy has several times suggested to us the same observation. The question is not about the dismemberment of the King of Saxony's dominions.

"After a short stay at Dresden you will announce your departure for Warsaw, where you must wait fresh orders from the Emperor.

"His imperial majesty requests the King of Saxony to accredit you to his Polish ministers.

"You will concert your measures at Warsaw with the Emperor's High Chamberlain, and with General Z——. These two persons are descended from the most illustrious families of Poland: they have promised to make use of their influence with their fellow-citizens to induce them to exert themselves for the happiness and independence of their country.

"You must instigate the government of the Grand Duchy to prepare for the great changes which the Emperor proposes to bring about in favor of the Polish nation.

"The Poles must second the designs of the Emperor, and co-operate themselves in their regeneration; *they must only look upon the French as powerful auxiliaries.* The Emperor does not conceal from himself the difficulties which he must experience in the re-establishment of Poland. The work of policy must be opposed to *the apparent and actual interests of his allies.*

"The re-establishment of Poland by the arms of the French empire is a hazardous and even a perilous enterprise, in which France will be obliged to struggle equally against her friends and her enemies. Let us enter into particulars:

"*The object which the Emperor has in view is the organization of Poland, with the whole or a part of its ancient territory; and this he wishes to accomplish without a war, if it be possible.* To this end, his majesty has given very extensive powers to his embassador at St. Petersburg; and he has sent to Vienna a negotiator who is authorized to treat with the principal powers, and to offer to make great sacrifices of territory on the part of the French empire, as indemnity for the relinquishment of what is required for the establishment of the kingdom of Poland.

"Europe is divided into three great parts: the French empire at the west; the German states in the centre; and the empire of Russia in the east. England can have, in Continental affairs, only so much influence as the powers are willing to concede to her.

"An important object is to strengthen the central division sufficiently to

prevent Russia and France from acquiring the sovereignty of too much of Europe by extending their dominions. The French empire is in the actual enjoyment of its greatest energy: if it does not now settle the political constitution of Europe, it may before long lose the advantage of its position, and have to give up its enterprises.

"The establishment of a military government in Prussia, the reign and conquest of the great Frederick, the ideas of the age, and those of the French Revolution put in circulation, have annihilated the ancient German Confederation. The Confederation of the Rhine is only a provisional system. The princes who gained, wished, perhaps, for the consolidation of that system; but the princes who lost, the people who suffered the miseries of war, and the states which dreaded the too great power of France, would oppose the maintaining the Confederation of the Rhine whenever an occasion presented itself. Even the princes who were aggrandized by this new system would feel disposed to withdraw from it, in proportion as time confirmed them in the possession of what they had acquired. France might see herself, in the end, deprived of that protectorship, which she would assuredly have purchased by too many sacrifices.

"The Emperor thinks that, at a final epoch which can not long be delayed, it will be proper to restore the confederation of the powers of Europe to all their independence.

"The house of Austria, which possesses three vast kingdoms, ought to be the soul of this independence, on account of the topographical position of its territories; but she ought not to be the ruler in a case of rupture between the two empires of France and Russia; for, if the confederation of the intermediate powers were moved by the same impulse, it would necessarily involve the ruin of one of the contending parties. The French empire would be more exposed than the Russian empire.

"The centre of Europe ought to consist of nations unequal in their power, each of which would have a system of policy peculiar to itself; and which, from their situation and their political relation, would look for support in the protectorship of a preponderating power. These nations would be interested in maintaining peace because they would always be the victims of war. With these views, after having created new kingdoms, and added to the territories of the old, in order to strengthen for the future our system of alliance, it was most important for the Emperor, and at the same time for Europe, to re-establish Poland. Without the restoration of that kingdom, Europe would be without a frontier on that side; Austria and Germany would find themselves face to face with the most vast empire in the universe.

"The Emperor can foresee that Poland, like Prussia, will be at last in alliance with Russia; but if Poland owes to him her restoration, the epoch of the union of those two powers may be sufficiently distant to allow of the established order of things being consolidated. Europe being thus organized, there would be no longer any reason for rivalry between France and Russia: these two empires would have the same commercial interests, and would act upon the same principles.

"Before the coolness with Prussia, an idea of the Emperor's had been to make a solid alliance with the King of Prussia, and to place on his head the

crown of Poland. There were fewer obstacles to overcome, because Prussia already possessed a third part of that kingdom. We should have left to Russia what she meant absolutely to keep, and would have given an indemnity to Austria. The march of events, however, necessitated a change in the Emperor's projects.

"At the time of the negotiations at Tilsit, it was necessary to create more kingdoms precisely in the countries which most dreaded the power of France. The moment was propitious for the re-establishment of Poland, although it would have been a work of violence and force. The war must have been continued; the French army was suffering from cold and from want of provisions; Russia had an army on foot. The Emperor was touched with the generous sentiments which the Emperor Alexander professed for him. He had obstacles to encounter on the part of Austria. He allowed his policy to be overcome by a desire to sign a peace, which he hoped to render durable, if, by the influence of Russia and Austria, England would consent to a general pacification.

"After her reverses of fortune, Prussia felt so much hatred toward us as to make it prudent for us to moderate her power: it was with this view that the Grand Duchy of Warsaw was organized. The King of Saxony was selected as its sovereign, a prince whose life had been spent in promoting the happiness of his subjects; and an attempt was made to satisfy the feelings of the Poles by institutions which should be agreeable to them, and conformable to their character and manners. But this was a great mistake in every point of view.

"Saxony, separated from her near possessions by Prussia, could not become sufficiently incorporated with Poland to constitute a strong and powerful state. The overture of having a military route through the Prussian territory, in order to enable Saxony to communicate with Poland, greatly offended the Prussian nation, and her people complained of being deceived in their hopes.

"The Emperor stipulated for the occupation of the Prussian fortresses, in order to make sure that this power would not seek to rekindle the war. The campaign of 1809 showed the prudent foresight of his policy, and had confirmed him in the resolution of laboring without relaxation in such an organization of Europe as should put an end to disastrous wars.

"The Emperor thought that he ought to make formidable demonstration, by pushing forward a number of troops on the Vistula, and by occupying the fortresses of Prussia, in order to secure the fidelity of his allies, and to obtain by negotiation that which he ought, perhaps, to have expected from war alone.

"In these circumstances there were imminent dangers. Troops can not be sent five hundred leagues from their own territory without peril; and Poland should depend as much upon her own resources as on the support of the Emperor. If war breaks out, I repeat, that if war should ensue, the Poles should look upon France only as an auxiliary operating in aid of their own resources. Let them call to mind the time when, by their patriotism and bravery, they resisted the numerous armies who assailed their independence.

"The people of the Grand Duchy wish for the re-establishment of Poland; it is for them, therefore, to prepare the way by which the usurped provinces can have an opportunity of declaring their wishes also. The government of the Grand Duchy should, as soon as events permit, unite under the banner of independence the dismembered provinces of their unfortunate country. If there be Poles under the dominion of Russia, or of Austria, who decline returning to the mother country, no attempt should be made to compel them to do so. The strength of Poland should consist of her public spirit, and in her patriotism, as much as in the institutions which will constitute her new social state.

"The object of your mission, then, is to enlighten, to encourage, and to direct in their operations the Polish patriots. You will give an account of your negotiations to the Minister for Foreign Affairs; he will inform the Emperor of your success, and you must also send me extracts from your reports.

"The misfortunes and the weakness of the Polish Republic have been caused by an aristocracy without law or restraint. Then, as now, the nobility were powerful, the middle class submissive, the people *nothing*. But in the midst of these disorders there remained in this nation a love of liberty and independence which long supported its feeble existence. These sentiments must have become strengthened by time and oppression. Patriotism is natural for the Poles, even to the members of distinguished families. The Emperor intends strictly to abide by the promise he made in Article 29 of the treaty of the 9th of July, 1807: *To regulate the Grand Duchy by institutions which should secure its liberty and the privileges of the people consistently with the tranquillity of the neighboring states. Poland shall have independence and liberty.* As to the choice of a sovereign, that will be regulated by the treaty which his majesty will sign with the other powers. His majesty lays no claim to the throne of Poland, either for himself or for any of his family. In the great work of the restoration of Poland, he has no other object than the happiness of the Poles and the tranquillity of Europe. His majesty authorizes you to make this declaration, and to make it formally, whenever you consider it useful for the interests of France and of Poland."

"Toward the end of the year 1811," says the Duke of Gaëta, "when rumors of an approaching war with the North began to circulate, I availed myself of the liberty which the Emperor had always granted me in our private conversations, to express to him my solicitude.

"The affairs of your majesty," I said to him, "are certainly now the most prosperous of any in Europe. A new war, conducted at the distance of eight hundred leagues, would impose upon us a very heavy expense, of which but a small portion could be defrayed by that distant country, which offers no resources. What, then, would become of the present easy state of our finances, particularly should the events of the war prove disastrous?"

"You thus speak," Napoleon replied, "because you do not fully comprehend our true political condition. I am sure that Russia is preparing for a rupture, which she only defers in hopes of seeing us weakened before she declares war by some defection fomented by England. I have also strong reasons to believe that Austria, who will now march *with us*, soon will march

against us. Now that is an event which I must carefully guard against; for, without relying upon any frank and cordial concurrence on the part of Austria, it is still essential that we should not have that power to combat while an important part of our forces are employed elsewhere.

"I can not refrain from preparing for war, without, at the same time, neglecting to adopt measures to keep its ravages at a distance. Thus I am driven to obey a necessity which my position unhappily exacts, that I should be now the *fox* and now the *lion.* But if my efforts to preserve peace prove unavailing, and we are compelled to fight, I shall at once be released from the promise which I have made to Russia *not to favor any enterprise which tends to the re-establishment of Poland.* The success of the first campaign will enable me to purchase from Austria the share which she possesses of that ancient country, paying her, as an equivalent, the Illyrian provinces. And then what a security for France and for all the south of Europe will be the re-establisment of that barrier, which has so long preserved us from the irruptions of the people of the North! And as to our finances, can it be possible that those nations whose safety we have thus secured will not requite such a service? And think you that, to the French nation, after the victory, they will dare to oppose a refusal?"*

Las Casas records the following conversation upon this subject which occurred at St. Helena. "'Sire,' said Las Casas, 'may I presume to ask, if Moscow had not been burned, did your majesty intend to establish your quarters there?'

"'Certainly,' replied the Emperor; 'and I should then have exhibited the singular spectacle of an army wintering in the midst of a hostile nation which was pressing upon it from all points. It would have been the ship caught in the ice. You would have been in France without any intelligence from me for several months. But you would have remained quiet; you would have acted wisely; Cambacères would, as usual, have conducted affairs in my name, and all would have been as orderly as if I had been present. The winter in Russia would have weighed heavy upon every one. The torpor would have been general. The spring, also, would have revived for all the world. All would have been at once on their legs, and it is known that the French are as nimble as others.

"'On the first appearance of fine weather I should have marched against the enemy. I should have beaten them. I should have been master of their empire. Alexander, be assured, would not have suffered me to proceed so far. He would have agreed to all the conditions which I might have dictated, and France would then have begun to enjoy all her advantages. And truly my success depended upon a mere trifle; for I had undertaken the expedition to fight against armed men, not against nature in the violence of her wrath. I defeated armies, but I could not conquer the flames, the frost, stupefaction, and death. I was forced to yield to Fate. And, after all, how unfortunate for France—indeed, for all Europe!

"'Peace concluded at Moscow would have fulfilled and wound up my hostile expeditions. It would have been, with respect to the grand cause, the

* Supplement aux Mémoires et Souvenirs do M. Gaudin, Duke de Gaëta, p. 113.

end of casualties and the commencement of security. A new horizon, new undertakings would have unfolded themselves, adapted in every respect to the well-being and prosperity of all. The foundations of the European system would have been laid, and my only remaining task would have been its organization. Satisfied on these grand points, and every where at peace, I should also have had my Congress and my Holy Alliance. These were plans which were stolen from me. In that assembly of all the sovereigns, we should have discussed our interests in a family way, and settled our accounts with the people as a clerk does with his master.*

"'The cause of the age was victorious; the revolution accomplished. The only point in question was to reconcile it with what it had not destroyed; but that task belonged to me. I had, for a long time, been making preparations for it, at the expense, perhaps, of my popularity. No matter. I became the arch of the old and new alliance, the natural mediator between the ancient and modern order of things. I maintained the principles and possessed the confidence of the one—I had identified myself with the other. I belonged to them both. I should have acted conscientiously in favor of each. *My glory would have consisted in my equity.*'

"After having enumerated what he would have proposed between sovereign and sovereign, and between sovereigns and their people, he continued,

"'Powerful as we were, all that we might have conceded would have appeared grand. It would have gained us the gratitude of the people. At present, what they may extort will never seem enough to them, and they will be uniformly distrustful and discontented.'

"He next took a review of what he could have proposed for the prosperity, the interests, the enjoyments, and the well-being of the European confederacy. He wished to establish the same principles, the same system every where. A European code, a court of European appeal, with full powers to redress all wrong decisions, as ours redresses at home those of our tribunals; money of the same value, but with different coins; the same weights, the same measures, the same laws, &c.

"'Europe would, in that manner,' he said, 'have really been but the same people, and every one who traveled would have every where found himself in one common country.'

"He would have required that all the rivers should be navigable in common; that the seas should be thrown open; that the great standing armies should, in future, be reduced to the single establishment of a guard for the sovereign. In fine, a crowd of ideas fell from him, some of the simplest nature, others altogether sublime, relative to the different political, civil, and

* "Napoleon early judged, and the event has proved that he judged truly, that the democratic spirit of France, however violent, was unable to overbear the aristocratic and monarchic tendencies of Europe; wisely, therefore, while he preserved the essence of the first by fostering equality, he endeavored to blend it with the other two, thus satisfying, as far as the nature of human institutions would permit, the conditions of the great problem he had undertaken to solve. *His object was the reconstruction of the social fabric which had been shattered by the French Revolution, mixing with the new materials all that remained of the old sufficiently unbroken to build with again. If he failed to render his structure stable, it was because his design was misunderstood, and the terrible passions let loose by the previous stupendous explosion were too mighty even for him to compress.*"—*Napier*, vol. iv., p. 358.

legislative branches, to religion, to the arts, and commerce. They embraced every subject. He concluded,

"'On my return to France, in the bosom of my country, at once great, powerful, magnificent, at peace, and glorious, I would have proclaimed the immutability of boundaries, all future wars purely defensive, all new aggrandizements anti-national. I would have associated my son with the empire, my dictatorship would have terminated, and his constitutional reign commenced. Paris would have been the capital of the world, and the French the envy of nations. My leisure and my old age would have been consecrated, in company with the Empress, and during the royal apprenticeship of my son, in visiting, with my own horses, like a plain country couple, every corner of the empire; in receiving complaints, in redressing wrongs, in founding monuments, and in doing good every where and by every means. These, also, my dear Las Casas, were among my dreams.'"

Extravagant as is this ambition, it certainly does not indicate an ungenerous or an ignoble spirit. Wild as was the dream, by the extraordinary genius of Napoleon it came near to its fulfillment.

On another occasion he said to O'Meara, "In the course of a few years Russia will have Constantinople, the greatest part of Turkey, and all Greece. This I hold to be as certain as if it had already taken place. Almost all the cajoling and flattering which Alexander practiced toward me was to gain my consent to effect this object. I would not consent, foreseeing that the equilibrium of Europe would be destroyed. In the natural course of things, in a few years Turkey must fall to Russia. The greatest part of her population are Greeks, who, you may say, are Russians. The powers it would injure, and who could oppose it, are England, France, Prussia, and Austria. Now as to Austria, it will be very easy for Russia to engage her assistance by giving her Servia and other provinces bordering on the Austrian dominion reaching near to Constantinople. The only hypothesis that France and England will ever be allied with sincerity will be in order to prevent this. But even this alliance would not avail. France, England, and Prussia united can not prevent it. Russia and Austria can, at any time, effect it. Once mistress of Constantinople, Russia gets all the commerce of the Mediterranean, becomes a great naval power, and God knows what may happen. She quarrels with you, marches off to India an army of seventy thousand good soldiers, which to Russia is nothing, and a hundred thousand *canaille*, Cossacks, and others, and England loses India. Above all other powers, Russia is most to be feared, especially by you. Her soldiers are braver than the Austrians, and she has the means of raising as many as she pleases. In bravery, the French and English soldiers are the only ones to be compared to them. All this I foresaw. I see into futurity farther than others, and I wanted to establish a barrier against those barbarians by re-establishing the kingdom of Poland, and putting Poniatowski at the head of it as king. But your imbeciles of ministers would not consent. A hundred years hence I shall be applauded (*encensé*), and Europe, especially England, will lament that I did not succeed. When they see the finest countries in Europe overcome, and a prey to those northern barbarians, they will say, '*Napoleon was right.*'"

CHAPTER XIII.

MOSCOW.

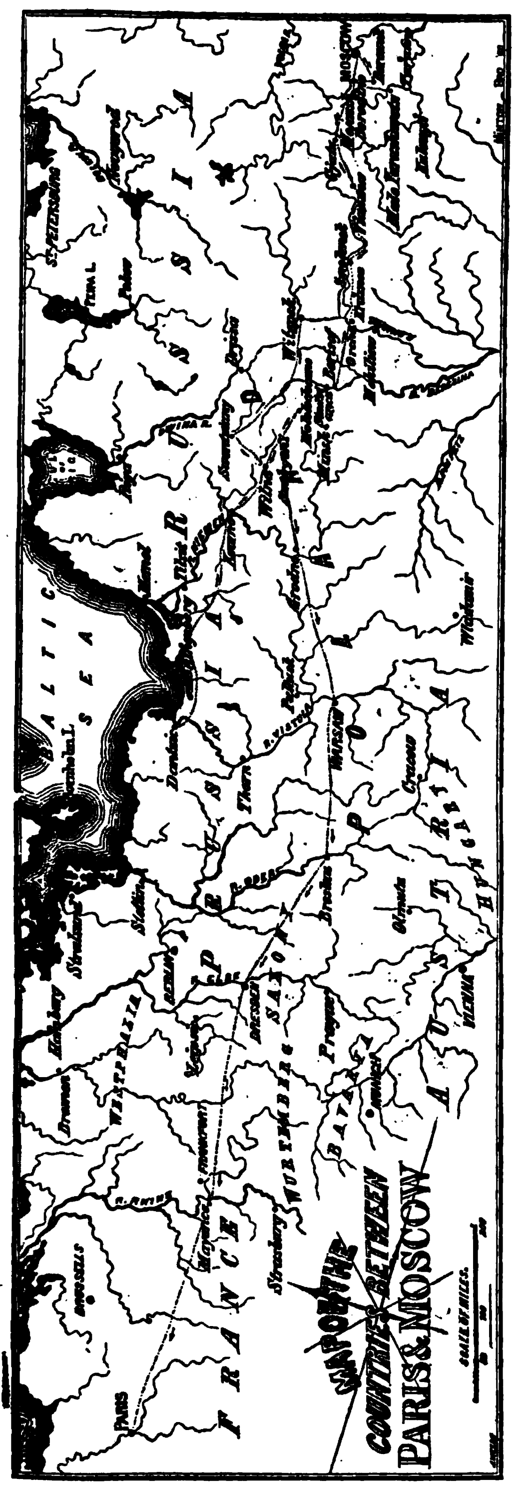
Hostility of England to Napoleon—Of the Bourbonists in France—Impartiality of the American People—Departure from Dantzic—Movement of the Grand Army—Crossing the Niemen—Wilna—Witepsh—Smolensk—Borodino—Moscow—The Conflagration—Anxiety of Napoleon—Efforts for Peace—Financial Skill.

WE have not deemed it necessary to encumber these pages by referring to authorities to establish facts which are admitted by all historians. The prominent events of Napoleon's career need no longer be proved. The campaigns of Italy, the expedition to Egypt, the march to Austerlitz, Friedland, and Wagram, the war in Spain, and the invasion of Russia, are established facts which call only for narrative. The questions respecting which there is any room for controversy are few. Did Napoleon *usurp* power? Having obtained power, did he trample upon the rights of the people? Is he responsible for the wars in which he was incessantly involved? What judgment must history pass upon the "massacre at Jaffa," the execution of the Duke d'Enghien, and the divorce of Josephine?

Upon these controverted points the author has endeavored to be particularly explicit. Upon these subjects he has scrupulously given his authorities to establish the facts which he has recorded. As to *opinions* respecting Napoleon, the world has been deluged with them. These *facts, with their documentary proof,* are presented to the only impartial tribunal which can now be found on earth, to pronounce judgment upon Napoleon—to the American people.

England dares not, even now, do justice to Napoleon, lest the popular feeling should be aroused against the aristocracy, still so dominant in that land. The Bourbon party in France, with its wealth, its rank, and its many intellectual resources, combines with all in that land who are hostile to the government of Louis Napoleon in casting obloquy on the reputation of his renowned uncle; and in our own country there are the remains of former party enmities, which render it very difficult for many persons to contemplate the character of Napoleon without bias.

But the masses of the American people constitute an unprejudiced tribunal. They can look at *facts*, regardless of the *opinions* which others have expressed. In view of these facts, they will form an independent judgment, unbiased by the party differences of their fathers, and uninfluenced by the conflict between aristocracy and democracy, which again is beginning to agitate Europe. To this tribunal the author presents the record of what Napoleon, by universal admission, *did.* To this tribunal he presents the *explanations* which no one will deny *that Napoleon uttered.* He also, to aid in judgment, gives, on all important points, the testimony of those who were co-operating with Napoleon, and the admissions and severe denunciations of his foes. The most careful and thorough investigation of facts



has led the writer to the conviction, notwithstanding the intense prejudices of his earlier years, that Napoleon was one of the noblest of men. He feels no disposition to withhold this avowal. Even obloquy, encountered in the defense of those whom we believe to be unjustly assailed, brings its own reward. When Napoleon saw a hospital wagon passing by, laden with the mutilated bodies of his friends, he did but give utterance to the heart's noblest impulses in saying, "We can not refrain from wishing to share the wounds of those brave men."

The Emperor left Dantzic on the 11th of June, and on the 12th arrived at Konigsberg. He had here collected immense stores for the supply of the army during its advance into the barren wastes of Russia. The indefatigable mind of the Emperor attended to the minutest details of these important operations. "The day," says Segur, "was passed in dictating instructions on questions of subsistence and discipline, and the night in repeating them. One general received six dispatches from him in one day, all displaying the most anxious solicitude." In one of these dispatches Napoleon wrote: "For the masses we are about to move, unless proper precautions be adopted, the grain of no country could suffice. The result of my movements will be the concentration of four hundred thousand men upon one point. Little, therefore, can be expected from the country. We must carry every thing with us."*

* "The next war, the one with Russia,

The Grand Army was now every where in motion. It consisted of about four hundred and twenty thousand men. It was divided into thirteen corps, exclusive of the Imperial Guard. The first corps was commanded by Davoust; the second by Oudinot; the third by Ney; the fourth by Prince Eugene, viceroy of Italy; the fifth by Poniatowski; the sixth by Gouvion St. Cyr; the seventh by Regnier; the eighth by Jerome, king of Westphalia; the ninth by Victor; the tenth by Macdonald; the eleventh by Augereau; the twelfth by Murat; the thirteenth by the Austrian prince, Schwartzenberg. The Imperial Guard, about seventy-five thousand strong, advanced in three overwhelming columns, headed by the Marshals Lefebvre, Mortier, and Bessières. This enormous host of nearly half a million of men, among whom were eighty thousand cavalry, in all the splendor of military array, accompanied by six bridge equipments, one besieging train, several thousand provision wagons, innumerable herds of oxen, thirteen hundred and sixty-two pieces of cannon, twenty thousand carriages and carts of all descriptions, and the unprecedented number of one hundred and eighty-seven thousand horses employed in the artillery, the cavalry, and the conveyance of baggage, now approached the gloomy forest which every where frowns along the inhospitable banks of the Niemen.*

It was midsummer; the weather was superb; "the fields were green and the skies were blue." Every bosom in that mighty host was glowing with enthusiasm. The glittering eagles, the waving banners, the gleam of pol-

grew out of the irritation of the latter at the great accession of territory to the French empire, and from the fear that Napoleon would attempt to reinstate Poland. Leaving aside all other ostensible and real motives, the war would doubtless have been prevented had Napoleon consented to the demand of Russia, '*that the kingdom of Poland should never be established, and that her name should be effaced forever from every public and official act.*' There were other causes of grievances on both sides, but not enough to have disturbed the peace of Europe, could this have been guaranteed. Napoleon consented 'to bind himself to give no encouragement tending to its re-establishment,' but he would not go a step further. The slight of the Emperor's sister, by abruptly breaking off the negotiation of marriage, and the swallowing up of the possessions of the Grand Duke of Oldenburg, his brother-in-law, were among other incitements to hostility; but the fear that this Colossus, who strode with such haughty footsteps over Europe, might yet lay his hand on Poland, and wrest from him his ill-gotten possessions, was at the bottom of the warlike attitude which he assumed. This fact, which can not be denied, shows that Napoleon had done nothing that could sanction Russia in breaking that alliance, offensive and defensive, formed at the peace of Tilsit. But France needed but little provocation to justify her in assailing a power that, with short intervals, had so long waged an unprovoked war against her. Removed so far from the theatre of hostilities, Russia had been able to inflict severe troubles on France, while the latter could do nothing in return but crush her armies."—*The Imperial Guard of Napoleon, by J. T. Headley*, p. 302.

* "The army was disposed in the following manner in front of the Niemen. In the first place, on the extreme right, and issuing from Galicia, was Prince Schwartzenberg, with thirty-four thousand Austrians. On their left, coming from Warsaw, was the King of Westphalia, at the head of seventy-nine thousand two hundred Westphalians, Saxons, and Poles. By the side of them was the Viceroy of Italy, with seventy-nine thousand five hundred Bavarians, Italians, and French. Next came the Emperor, with two hundred and twenty thousand men, commanded by the King of Naples, the Prince of Eckmuhl, the Dukes of Dantzic, Istria, Reggio, and Elchingen. These, advancing from Thorn, Marienwerder, and Elbing, on the 23d of June had assembled in a single mass a league above Kowno. Finally, in front of Tilsit was Macdonald, with thirty-two thousand five hundred Prussians, Bavarians, and Poles, composing the extreme left of the Grand Army."—*General Count Philip de Segur.*

Other accounts vary from this, but not materially. General Gourgaud estimates the French army when it crossed the Niemen at 325,900 men; 155,400 of these being French troops, and 170,500 those of the Allies.

ished helmets and cuirasses, the clash of arms, the tramp and neighing of horses, the winding of bugles and horns from thousands of martial bands, and the incessant bustle and activity, presented a spectacle of military splendor which earth has never paralleled. It was war's most brilliant pageant, without any aspect of horror. In three divisions the army approached the river, to cross the stream at points about a hundred miles distant from each other. Masses so immense could not, without confusion, traverse the same route. They were all directed to meet in the city of Wilna, about one hundred miles from the Niemen. About two hundred thousand men were with the Emperor.

On the evening of the 23d of June, 1812, as the departing twilight was shrouding in gloom the immense forests of firs and pines which darkened the banks of this wild and solitary river, these vast columns pressed to the margin of the stream. At two o'clock in the morning Napoleon reached his advanced posts in the neighborhood of Kowno. The banks were savage and desolate. He galloped forward, accompanied by a single aid, to select a favorable spot to cross the stream. Not an individual was to be seen upon the opposite shore. Not the gleam of a single camp-fire revealed the presence of a hostile force. The Russians, conscious of their inability to resist such an army, had adopted a desperate measure of defense, which could only be possible with a semi-barbarian people, and with a government of utter despotism. Alexander had resolved that Russia should not yield to the conqueror of Europe. He had therefore given directions that his army, three hundred thousand strong, should retire before the invaders, that they should blow up behind them every bridge, destroy the cities and villages, remove all the necessaries of life, and leave behind them to their famishing foes but a desert waste.

Napoleon immediately threw three bridges over the river, and, before the morning dawned, his troops were rapidly defiling across the Niemen. Napoleon took his stand near one of the bridges, and encouraged the men as they passed by his presence and exhortations. The heavens were rent with shouts of "Vive l'Empereur!" as the dense battalions crowded past their beloved chieftain. For two days and two nights the impetuous torrent rolled across the stream. Napoleon, anxious to overtake the retreating Russians, urged his columns forward with the greatest celerity. They soon came to a rapid river, whose flood, swollen and impetuous from recent rains, seemed to arrest their progress. A squadron of Polish light-horsemen recklessly plunged into the turbid stream to swim across. The torrent swept them like bubbles away. A few struggled to the opposite shore. Many perished, but even in sinking they turned their last looks to the Emperor, who, with deep emotion, was watching them from the bank, and shouted "Vive Napoleon!"

Here Napoleon waited three days till his army was gathered around him. Having established hospitals and garrisons, he marched for Wilna, about one hundred miles from Kowno. He arrived there with his advanced guard on the evening of the 27th, having traversed a savage country of firs and pines, and having encountered no enemy. Wilna was the capital of those provinces which Russia had wrested from dismembered Poland. Napoleon had made it the head-quarters of his army. Alexander was dancing at a ball in the

castle of one of his nobles when intelligence was brought to him that the French were crossing the Niemen. He immediately withdrew, and gave orders for a retreat, first setting fire to his provisions and stores, that they might not fall into the hands of the French.

At noon of the 28th of June, Napoleon, surrounded by his guard of Polish lancers, made his public entry into Wilna. The Poles regarded him as their liberator. Amid shouts of exultation the national banner was unfurled. Young men embraced each other in the streets, and wept for joy. The aged dressed themselves in the ancient Polish costume. The National Diet met, and declared the re-establishment of Poland, and summoned all their countrymen to rally around the banner of the conqueror. The enthusiasm was so great, that Poland furnished Napoleon for the campaign no less than eighty-five thousand men. A deputation was sent to Napoleon imploring his aid toward the restoration of the plundered and dismembered kingdom.

"Why," said the petitioners, "have we been effaced from the map of Europe? By what right have we been attacked, invaded, dismembered? What have been our crimes, who our judges? Russia is the author of all our woes. Need we refer to that execrable day, when, in the midst of the shouts of a ferocious conqueror, Warsaw heard the last groans of the population of Praga, which perished entirely by fire and sword? These are the titles of Russia to Poland. Force has forged them. Force alone can break their fetters. We implore the support of the hero to whose name belongs the history of the age, and who is endowed with the might of Providence. Let the great Napoleon pronounce his fiat that the kingdom of Poland shall exist, and it will be established."

Napoleon had but to utter the word, and a nation of twenty millions would have sprung into being, and would have rallied around his banner. But that same word would also have repelled from his alliance Prussia and Austria, who would have joined their armies to those of the Czar, and would have exasperated to tenfold intensity the hostility of Russia. The answer of Napoleon reveals his embarrassment. He was willing to encourage the *Polish provinces of Russia*, but he was bound by treaty to do nothing to encourage revolt among the subjects of his allies.

"If I had reigned," he said, "when the first, second, or third partition of Poland took place, I would have armed my people in your behalf. When I conquered Warsaw, I instantly restored it to freedom. I approve of your efforts. I will do all in my power to second your resolutions. If you are unanimous, you may compel the enemy to recognize your rights. But in these widely-extended regions, so remote from France, it is mainly through your united efforts that you can hope for success. Let the Polish provinces of Russia be animated by the same spirit which I have witnessed in the Grand Duchy of Warsaw, and Providence will crown your efforts with success. I must at the same time inform you that *I have guaranteed the integrity of the Austrian dominions, and can sanction no movement which may endanger the peaceable possession of her Polish provinces.*"

These last words Napoleon uttered with anguish. They awoke a responsive emotion of grief from every Polish heart. Strongly as he desired the alliance of regenerated Poland, the congenial alliance of a nation who would

have shaken off feudal despotism, and who would have espoused with ardor the political principles of revolutionized France, he was still shackled, beyond the possibility of extrication, by his engagement with Austria and Prussia. The supplies of his troops, the advance of his re-enforcements, his communications with France, and his retreat in case of disaster, all depended upon their sufferance.*

Napoleon was now fourteen hundred miles from his metropolis, in an uncultivated country of almost boundless wastes. Strong as was the provocation he had received, and weighty as were the motives which led to the war, the impartial mind is embarrassed in either condemning or justifying the invasion. It is true that Alexander had enacted hostile decrees against France; it is true that he had entered into an alliance with the most formidable and most implacable foe of France; it is true that Napoleon could in no possible way, but by excluding English goods from the Continent, *hope* even to bring England to consent to peace. It is true that the refusal of Russia to fulfill her treaty in this respect left Napoleon exposed without resource to the blows of England. Admitting all this, still it may be said that it does not justify Napoleon in his war of invasion. It was his terrible misfortune to be thus situated. Russia was an independent kingdom, and had an undoubted right to exclude French goods from her dominions, and to introduce English merchandise, without regard to the salvation or the destruction of republicanized France. While, therefore, many will condemn Napoleon for the invasion of Russia, no one can refrain from sympathizing with him in that almost resistless temptation which led to the enterprise.

Alexander, however, had no right to complain. He had already twice abandoned his own country to attack Napoleon, without having received any provocation. He was now violating his solemn treaty, and had again, and as a token of hostility, entered into an alliance with Napoleon's most implacable foe. But with tenfold severity must the voice of History condemn the cabinet of Great Britain for its unceasing warfare against the elected monarch of France. To crush Napoleon, to reinstate the Bourbons, and to retain her proud dominion of the seas, the government of England organized coalition after coalition, and deluged the Continent with blood. Napoleon made every effort which a monarch could make, consistently with self-respect, to promote peace with England. All his efforts were unavailing. The crime of the English aristocracy in instigating these sanguinary wars, from nearly all the miseries of which England was protected in her sea-girt isle, is immeasurably increased by the attempt, so ignoble, to throw the blame of these wars upon the heroic, but finally immolated victim of St. Helena.

Napoleon remained for eighteen days at Wilna, attending to the innumer-

* Napoleon is alike denounced by his enemies for what *he did* and for what he *refrained from doing*. He has been condemned, with merciless severity, for liberating portions of Italy and the Duchy of Warsaw, and he is condemned for not doing the same thing to Russian and Austrian Poland. "He more than once," says Alison, "touched on the still vibrating chord of Polish nationality, and, by a word, might have added two hundred thousand Sarmatian lances to his standards; but he did not venture on the bold step of re-establishing the throne of Sobieski; and, by the half measure of the Grand Duchy of Warsaw, permanently excited the jealousy of Russia, without winning the support of Poland."—*Alison's History of Europe*, vol. iv., p. 90.

able wants of his army, organizing the government of the conquered, or, rather, the liberated provinces, and awaiting the arrival of supplies for his almost countless hosts. Before the middle of July ten thousand horses had died from hunger and fatigue, and though not a battle had been fought, more than twenty-five thousand patients encumbered the hospitals. Alexander, alarmed at the magnitude of the invasion, in order to gain time to effect his retreat and to obtain re-enforcements, sent an envoy to Wilna, under pretense of opening negotiations for peace. Napoleon received Count Balachoff with kindness, and expressed the liveliest regret that there should have occurred a rupture between himself and the Russian emperor. The envoy stated that if the French army would repass the Niemen, Alexander would consent to negotiate. Napoleon instantly rejected the proviso.

"I will treat here on the field at Wilna," said Napoleon. "Diplomatists will come to no conclusion when the exigencies of the case are removed. Let Alexander sign admissible preliminaries, and I will at once repass the Niemen, and thus render peace certain."

Alexander, now entangled with a coalition with England, declined this proposition. He was concentrating his troops at the intrenched camp of Drissa, about one hundred and fifty miles further in the interior. The various corps of Napoleon's army were pursuing the retreating monarch. Two or three partial actions had ensued between the advanced guard of the French and the rear guard of the Russians. The path of the retiring foe was marked by every species of barbaric devastation—the ruin of towns and villages, the flames of burning corn-fields, and the mutilated bodies of the murdered Poles. As the French advanced, the Czar hastily evacuated his position at Drissa, and, ascending the Dwina, re-established himself at Witepsk, a hundred miles further into the heart of the country.*

On the 16th of July Napoleon left Wilna, visiting the various posts of his widely-extended army, and, with caution which never slept, superintending every movement. Early in the morning of the 27th, before the first rays of the sun had appeared in the east, he reined in his horse upon the summit of a hill which commanded a wide sweep of the valley, where, in the midst of fertile fields, the town of Witepsk reposed in beauty. Far off in the distance he saw the Russian army encamped in great strength. They were upon the other side of the Dwina, which, here broad and deep, seemed to protect them from their invaders. All the approaches to the city were guarded by formidable intrenchments. The assured aspect of the Russians, and their strong position, led Napoleon to believe that they meant to give battle.

The French army now began rapidly to make its appearance. The order

* "One great fear of the Russians was, that their slaves would rise up and throw off their bondage; and it was, therefore, an object to prevent their having any communication with the French. They made use of the most improbable and disgusting fables to excite their terror and hatred, and of their ignorance and degradation to perpetuate that ignorance and degradation. It was their dread that the doctrines of the Revolution might loosen their grasp on the wretched serfs who composed the population of the country, that first made them send their barbarous hordes against the French territory, the consequences of which now came back to themselves, to their infinite horror and surprise, in the shape of an invasion which might produce the same effects. Napoleon should have availed himself of the offers that were made to him to detach the serf from the proprietor and the soil."—*Hazlitt's Life of Napoleon*, vol. iii., p. 57.

of march had been laid down by Napoleon so clearly, and with such marvelous skill, and it had been executed with such precision, that the various divisions, having left the Niemen by different routes and at different periods, and having traversed three hundred miles of a wild and hostile country, were reassembled at their appointed rendezvous, near the walls of Witepsk, on the same day and at the same hour. As these mighty masses of infantry, cavalry, and artillery, with all the cumbrous machinery of war, came pouring down over the hills, a scene of apparently chaotic confusion ensued. But the energies of a single mind guided every footstep. The intermingling currents gradually separated, and flowed off in clearly-defined channels. Perfect harmony emerged from the confusion, and as the evening twilight came on, all these vast battalions were encamped in order, and the profoundest calm succeeded the tumult of the day. Napoleon had concentrated in a single day one hundred and eighty thousand men from their wide dispersion. The rest of his vast army were either established at posts in his rear, or were in the hospitals.

In the morning a bloody battle ensued, or, rather, a series of sanguinary conflicts, as the French drove their foes from post to post, and approached the city. Night, dark and gloomy, separated the combatants. During the day the masses of the Russians had been accumulating. They were so strong in numbers and in position, that Napoleon had no doubt that the dawn of the morning would usher in a decisive conflict. "To-morrow," said he to Murat, "you will behold the 'Sun of Austerlitz.'"

Before the break of day Napoleon was on horseback, preparing for the strife. Soon, however, he found, to his great disappointment, that the foe had again retreated. The Russians had retired during the night so skillfully and silently, and with so much order and precipitation, that scarcely a trace could be discovered of the route they had taken. Napoleon, unopposed, entered the city. It was desolate. All the provisions had been destroyed or carried away. The inhabitants, formerly Poles, had either fled, or had been driven from their homes by the retreating army.

Napoleon was in great perplexity. He was in the midst of a sterile and dismal country, of apparently boundless extent, abandoned by its inhabitants, and destitute of supplies. His horses were dying for want of forage, and his troops were perishing of famine. He had already penetrated those illimitable wastes, nearly five hundred miles beyond Tilsit, and yet knew not where to look for a foe. It was now the height of summer, and yet, in reality, nothing had been accomplished. He called a council of war. The majority advised that the army should halt until spring. To this advice the Emperor could not listen with patience. It was necessary that something should be done to maintain the glory of the imperial arms and to revive the confidence of the soldiers.

Napoleon now learned that Alexander had assembled his forces at Smolensk, a strong walled city about one hundred miles further into the interior. On the 13th of August Napoleon again put his forces in motion, marching by several different routes to attack the Russians and to cut off their retreat. Crowds of Cossacks fled before the invaders, destroying all the provisions and forage which could be found in the line of march. The heat was in-

tense, and the sufferings of the French dreadful. Their path was marked by the bodies of the dying and the dead. On the evening of the 16th Napoleon arrived before the walls of Smolensk. He ascended an eminence to reconnoiter. As he saw the immense columns of men gathered within and around the city, and distinguished the long array of glittering arms, he could not refrain from expressing his satisfaction. "At length I have them!" he exclaimed. The walls were thick and high, and strongly flanked by towers and bastions. A day of hard fighting ensued, during which the Russian commander-in-chief dispatched a strong corps from the city to cover the flight of the inhabitants. Night darkened over the unhappy town, and the conflict was still sullenly continued by the exhausted combatants. Soon after midnight, thick columns of smoke, pierced by pyramidal flames, were seen bursting from all quarters of the city. These soon met and mingled, enveloping dwellings, magazines, and churches in one wild ocean of smoke and fire. The day had been hot and sultry, the night was serene and beautiful. The Emperor sat in front of his tent, surrounded by the carnage and the wreck of battle, gazing in gloomy silence upon the awful conflagration. "The spectacle," said Napoleon, "resembled that offered to the inhabitants of Naples by an eruption of Vesuvius."

About two o'clock in the morning of the 18th, a division of the French army succeeded in penetrating within the walls. They found that the Russians had evacuated the city, which they had set on fire, leaving their dead and wounded in the midst of the burning ruins. Napoleon entered, over huge heaps of mangled bodies, blackened by smoke and flame, many of whom still retained life and consciousness. The French soldiers were horror-stricken at the revolting spectacle. The first cares of the Emperor were devoted to the suffering wretches who had been thus cruelly abandoned by their comrades. A pacific overture was dispatched from this city by Berthier to the Russian general, which was concluded by the following remarkable words:

"The Emperor commands me to entreat you that you will present his compliments to the Emperor Alexander, and say, that neither the vicissitudes of war, nor any other circumstance, can impair the friendship which he entertains for him."

As soon as the light of the morning dawned, Napoleon ascended an ancient turret, from an embrasure of which, with his telescope, he discerned in the distance the retreating Russians. The army had divided, one half taking the road to St. Petersburg, the other, under Bagratian, that toward Moscow. Napoleon ordered a vigorous pursuit, which was confided to Ney, to be made in the direction of Moscow.

A Russian priest had heroically remained in the blazing city to minister to the wounded. The venerable man had been taught that Napoleon was a fiend incarnate, recklessly deluging the world in blood and woe. He was brought before the Emperor, and in fearless tones he reproached Napoleon with the destruction of the city. Napoleon listened to him attentively and respectfully.

"But," said he to him at last, "has your church been burned?" "No, sire," the priest replied; "God will be more powerful than you. He will

protect it, for I have opened it to all the unfortunate people whom the destruction of the city has deprived of a home."

"You are right," rejoined Napoleon, with emotion. "Yes! God will watch over the innocent victims of war. He will reward you for your courage. Go, worthy priest, return to your post. Had all the clergy followed your example, they had not basely betrayed the mission of peace they have received from Heaven. If they had not deserted the temples which their presence alone renders sacred, my soldiers would have spared your holy edifices. We are all Christians. Your God is our God."

Saying this, Napoleon sent the priest back to his church with an escort and some succors. A shriek of terror arose from the inmates of the church when they saw the French soldiers entering. But the priest immediately quieted their alarm. "Be not afraid," said he; "I have seen Napoleon. I have spoken to him. Oh, how have we been deceived, my children! The Emperor of France is not the man he has been represented to you. He and his soldiers worship the same God that we do. The war that he wages is not religious; it is a political quarrel with our Emperor. His soldiers fight only against our soldiers. They do not slaughter, as we have been told, women and children." The priest then commenced a hymn of thanksgiving, in which they all joined with tearful eyes.*

The enemy were soon overtaken, and attacked with fearful slaughter. The retreat and the pursuit were continued with unabated vigor. Napoleon, though in the midst of uninterrupted victories, was still experiencing all the calamities of defeat. A ravaged country, plunged into the abyss of misery, was spread around him. Provisions were with great difficulty obtained. His troops were rapidly dwindling away from exhaustion and famine. Fifteen large brick buildings, which had been saved from the flames in Smolensk, were crowded with the sick and wounded. Large numbers had also been left behind at Wilna and at Witepsk. The surgeons were compelled to tear up their own linen for bandages, and when this failed, to take paper, and, finally, to use the down gathered from the birch-trees in the forest. Many deaths were occurring from actual starvation. The anguish of the Emperor was intense, and the most melancholy forebodings overshadowed the army. To retreat, exposed Napoleon to the derision of Europe. To remain where they were was certain destruction. To advance was the dictate of despair.

Alexander had left his army and hastened to Moscow. It was a weary march of five hundred miles from Smolensk to this renowned capital of Russia. Napoleon resolved, with his exhausted and half-famished troops, to press on. He supposed that in Moscow he should find food and rest. He had not thought it possible that Alexander would burn the dwellings of a city containing three hundred thousand inhabitants.

Alexander remained in Moscow but a few days. Arrangements were made for the conflagration of the city, should Napoleon succeed in taking it. The Czar then hastened to St. Petersburg, where "*Te Deums*" were sung in the churches for the *constant victories* obtained by the Russian troops.

* Segur's History of the Expedition to Moscow, vol. i., p. 233.

When Napoleon was informed of this circumstance, he exclaimed, "*Te Deums!* They dare then to lie, not only to man, but to God."

On the 28th of August Napoleon resumed the pursuit. It was a march of awful suffering. Day after day, and night after night, the exhausted army pressed on, encountering every obstacle, and occasionally engaging in bloody skirmishes, until the evening of the 4th of September. They then found a hundred and twenty thousand Russians strongly intrenched on the broken and rocky banks of the Moskwa, near the village of Borodino. General Kutusoff had here accumulated all his forces in the most advantageous positions, resolved to make a desperate stand in defense of the capital. Six hundred pieces of heavy artillery were ranged in battery. A vast redoubt was thrown up upon a height which commanded the whole plain. Side batteries were also placed, by their cross fires, to mow down any advancing foe. Behind these formidable field-works a hundred and seventy thousand men were arrayed to meet the shock of battle.

The French army, numbering a hundred and twenty thousand men, in three great columns, approached the field. Napoleon rode forward to an eminence in front of his advance guard, and, carefully scrutinizing the position of the foe, with his accustomed promptness instantly decided upon his point of attack. Immediately issuing the necessary orders to his generals, he retired to his tent and dictated the following proclamation to his troops:

"Soldiers! The battle is at hand which you have so long desired. Henceforth the victory depends upon yourselves. It has become necessary, and will give you abundance. Conduct yourselves as you did at Austerlitz, Friedland, Witepsk, and Smolensk. Let the remotest posterity recount your actions on this day. Let your countrymen say of you all, 'He was in that great battle under the walls of Moscow.'" These words were received with enthusiasm, and shouts of "Vive l'Empereur!" rolled along the lines.

The night was cold and dark. Heavy clouds obscured the sky, and a drizzling rain began to fall upon the weary army. A chill autumnal wind moaned through the forests, and swept the bleak heights of Borodino. The bivouac fires of the Russians flamed in an immense semicircle, extending for many miles. The French troops, as they arrived and took their positions, also kindled their fires. Napoleon pitched his tent in the midst of the squares of the Old Guard. His anxiety was so great during the night lest the enemy should again retreat, that he could not be persuaded to give himself any repose. He was continually dictating dispatches until midnight, and was sending messengers to ascertain if the Russians still held their ground. It was a gloomy hour, and gloom overshadowed the soul of Napoleon. The penumbra of his approaching fate seemed to darken his path. Tidings of disaster rolled in upon him. A courier brought the news of the fatal battle of Salamanca, and of the occupation of Madrid by Lord Wellington.*

* Respecting this event Colonel Napier thus writes: "Napoleon had notice of Marmont's defeat as early as the 2d of September, a week before the battle of Borodino. The news was carried by Colonel Fabvier. However, the Duke of Ragusa (Marmont), suffering alike in body and in mind, had excused himself with so little strength or clearness, that the Emperor, contemptuously remarking that the dispatch contained more complicate stuffing than a clock, desired his war minister to demand why Marmont had delivered battle without the orders of the king? Why he had not made his operations subservient to the general plan of the campaign? Why he broke from the

He had just been informed that Russia had made peace with Turkey, and that a powerful Russian army, thus released, was hastening to attack him from the mouths of the Danube. He also learned that Bernadotte, with treason which has consigned his name to infamy, had allied the army of Sweden with those of the great despot of the North.*

He read some of the proclamations of Alexander to his people. In the bitterness which inspired them, and in the reckless acts of destruction with which Alexander was resisting the approach of his foe, he saw indications of malignity on the part of his old friend, for which he knew not how to account. As he caused these proclamations to be read over to him again, he exclaimed,

"What can have wrought such a change in the Emperor Alexander? Whence has sprung all the venom which he has infused into the quarrel? Now there is nothing but the force of arms which can terminate the contest. War alone can put a period to all. It was to avoid such a necessity that I was so careful at the outset of the contest, not to implicate myself by any declarations in favor of the re-establishment of Poland. Now I see that my moderation was a fault."

In the midst of these melancholy reflections, a courier arrived, bringing him a letter from Maria Louisa, and the portrait of his idolized son. The dawn, which was to usher in a bloody and perhaps a decisive battle, was approaching. It was supposed that the Emperor would postpone opening the box containing the lineaments of his child. But his impatience was so great, that he ordered it immediately to be brought to his tent. At the sight of the much-loved features of his son, Napoleon melted into tears. The royal infant was painted, seated in his cradle, playing with a cup and ball. The affectionate father wished that his officers, and even the common soldiers, whom he regarded as his children, might share his emotions. With his own hand he conveyed the picture outside of his tent, and placed it upon a chair, that all who were near might see it. Groups of war-worn veterans gathered around, and gazed in silence upon the beautiful picture of happy, peaceful life. It presented a strong contrast to the horrid scenes of demoniac war. At last Napoleon said sadly to his secretary, "Take it away, and guard it carefully. He sees a field of battle too soon."

defensive into the offensive operations before the army of the centre joined him? Why he should not wait, even two days, for Chauvet's cavalry, which he knew were close at hand? 'From personal vanity,' said the Emperor, with seeming sternness, 'the Duke of Ragusa has sacrificed the interests of his country and the good of my service; he is guilty of the crime of insubordination, and is the author of all this misfortune.' But Napoleon's wrath, so just, and apparently so dangerous, could not, even in its first violence, overpower his early friendship. With a kindness, the recollection of which must now pierce Marmont's inmost soul, twice in the same letter he desired that these questions might not even be put to his unhappy lieutenant, until his wounds were cured and his health re-established."—*Napier*, vol. iii., p. 336.

* "In this great contest between Aristocracy and Democracy, the ranks of the former were joined by one who had been its most determined enemy. Bernadotte, being thrown almost singly among the ancient courts and nobility, did every thing to merit his adoption by them, and succeeded. But his success must have cost him dear, as, in order to obtain it, he was first obliged to abandon his old companions and the authors of his glory in the hour of peril. At a later period he did more; he was seen marching over their bleeding corses, joining with all their and his former enemies to overwhelm the country of his birth, and thereby place that of his adoption at the mercy of the first Czar who should be ambitious of reigning over the Baltic."—*Count Philip de Segur.*

Napoleon entered his tent, and retired to that part where he slept, which was separated by a partition of cloth from the portion which was occupied by the aids in attendance. Fatigue and anxiety had brought on a feverish irritation and violent thirst, which he in vain endeavored to quench during the night. His anxiety was so great that he could not sleep. He expressed great solicitude for the exhausted and destitute condition of his soldiers, and feared that they would hardly have strength to support the terrible conflict of the next day. In this crisis, he looked upon his well-trained guard as his main resource. He sent for Bessières, who had command of the Guard, and inquired with particularity respecting their wants and their supplies. He directed that these old soldiers should have three days' biscuit and rice distributed among them from their wagons of reserve. Apprehensive lest his orders might be neglected, he got up, and inquired of the grenadiers on guard at the entrance of his tent if they had received these provisions. Returning to his tent, he fell again into a broken sleep. Not long after, an aid, having occasion to speak to the Emperor, found him sitting up in his bed, supporting his fevered head with both of his hands, absorbed in painful musings. He appeared much dejected.

"What is war?" he said, sadly. "It is a trade of barbarians. The great art consists in being the strongest on a given point. A great day is at hand. The battle will be a terrible one. I shall lose twenty thousand men."

He had been suffering during the preceding day excruciating pain. When riding along he had been observed to dismount frequently, and, resting his head against a cannon, to remain there for some time in an attitude of suffering. He was afflicted temporarily with a malady,* induced by fever, fatigue, and anxiety, which, perhaps, more than any other, prostrates moral and physical strength. A violent and incessant cough cut short his breathing.

As soon as the first dawn of light was seen in the east, Napoleon was on horseback, surrounded by his generals. The energies of his mind triumphed over his bodily sufferings. The vapors of a stormy night were passing away, and soon the sun rose in unclouded brilliance. Napoleon smiled, and, pointing toward it, exclaimed, "Behold the sun of Austerlitz!" The cheering words flew with telegraphic speed along the French lines, and were every where received with enthusiastic acclamations. Napoleon stood upon one of the heights of Borodino, scrutinizing the field of battle and the immense columns of Russian troops, in long black masses, moving to and fro over the plain. Though accompanied by but a few attendants, in order to avoid attracting the enemy's fire, he was observed by the Russians. The immediate discharge of a battery broke the silence of the scene, and the first shot which was to usher in that day of blood whistled through the group.

Napoleon then gave the signal for the onset. A terrific peal of echoing thunder instantaneously burst from the plain. The horrid carnage of horrid war commenced. Three hundred thousand men, with all the most formidable enginery of destruction, fell upon each other. From five o'clock in the morning until the middle of the afternoon, the tides of battle rapidly ebbed and flowed in surges of blood. Davoust was struck from his horse by a cannon ball, which tore the steed to pieces. As he was plunged, headlong and stun-

* Dysuria.

ned upon the gory plain, word was conveyed to the Emperor that the marshal was dead. He received the disastrous tidings in sad silence. But the wounded marshal soon rose from the ground, mounted another horse, and intelligence was sent to the Emperor that the Prince of Eckmuhl was again at the head of his troops. "God be praised," Napoleon cried out with fervor.

General Rapp received four wounds. A ball finally struck him on the hip, and hurled him from his horse. He was carried bleeding from the field. This was the twenty-second wound which General Rapp had received. Napoleon hastened to see his valiant friend. As he kindly took his hand, he said, "Is it always, then, your turn to be wounded?"

Napoleon had with him a young officer, to whom he was strongly attached, Count Augustus Caulaincourt, brother of Caulaincourt, the Duke of Vicenza. During the anxious night before the battle this young man did not close his eyes. Wrapped in his cloak, he threw himself on the floor of his tent, with his eyes fixed upon the miniature of his young bride, whom he had left but a few days after their marriage. In the heat of the battle, Count Caulaincourt stood by the side of the Emperor awaiting his orders. Word was brought that General Montbrun, who had been ordered to attack a redoubt, was killed. Count Caulaincourt was immediately instructed to succeed him. As he put spurs to his horse, he said, "I will be at the redoubt immediately, dead or alive."

He was the first to surmount the parapet. At that moment a musket ball struck him dead. He had hardly left the side of the Emperor ere intelligence was brought of his death. The brother of the unfortunate young man was standing near, deeply afflicted. Napoleon, whose heart was touched with sympathetic grief, moved to his side, and said, in a low tone of voice, "You have heard the intelligence. If you wish, you can retire." The duke, in speechless grief, lifted his hat and bowed, declining the offer. The mangled remains of the noble young man were buried in the blood-red redoubt on the field of Borodino.

Thus all day long tidings of victory and of death were reaching the ears of the Emperor. With melancholy resignation he listened to the recital of courier after courier, still watching with an eagle eye, and guiding with unerring skill the tremendous energies of battle. From the moment the conflict commenced, his plan was formed, and he entertained no doubt whatever of success. During the whole day he held in reserve the troops of the Imperial Guard, consisting of about 20,000 men, refusing to allow them to enter into the engagement. When urged by Berthier, in a moment of apparently fearful peril, to send them forward to the aid of his hard-pressed army, he replied calmly, "No! the battle can be won without them. And what if there should be another battle to-morrow?"

Again, in the midst of the awful carnage, when the issues of the strife seemed to tremble in the balance, and he was pressed to march his indomitable Guard into the plain, he quietly replied, "The hour of this battle is not yet come. It will begin in two hours more."

The well-ordered movements of Napoleon's massive columns pressed more and more heavily upon the Russians. Each hour some new battery opened

its destructive fire upon their bewildered and crowded ranks. The Russians had commenced fighting behind their intrenchments. The French, more active and perfectly disciplined, rushed upon the batteries, and, trampling their dying and dead beneath their feet, poured like an inundation over the ramparts. Gradually the surges of battle rolled toward the great redoubt. At last all the fury of the conflict seemed concentred there. Behind, and upon those vast intrenchments, one hundred thousand men were struggling. Dense volumes of sulphurous smoke enveloped the combatants. Incessant flashes of lightning, accompanied by a continuous roar of deafening thunder, burst from this cloud of war. Within its midnight gloom, horsemen, infantry, and artillery rushed madly upon each other. They were no longer visible. Napoleon gazed calmly and silently upon that terrible volcano, in the hot furnace of whose crater fires his troops, with the energies of desperation, were contending. The struggle was short. Soon the flames were quenched in blood. The awful roar of battle abated. The passing breeze swept away the smoke; and the glittering helmets of the French cuirassiers gleamed through the embrasures, and the proud eagles of France fluttered over the gory bastions.

The sun was now descending. The Russian army sullenly commenced its retreat, but with indomitable courage disputing every inch of ground. The carnage would have been far more dreadful had Napoleon let loose upon the retreating foe the terrible energies of his guard. But, influenced by the united dictates of prudence and humanity, he refused. In a military point of view, he has been very severely censured for this. He said at the time to General Dumas and Count Daru,

"People will perhaps be astonished that I have not brought forward my reserves to obtain greater success. But I felt the necessity of preserving them, to strike a decisive blow in the great battle which the enemy will probably give to us in the plains in front of Moscow. The success of the action in which we have been engaged was secured. But it was my duty to think of the general result of the campaign, and it was for that I spared my reserves."

Sir Archibald Alison, who is not unfrequently magnanimous in his admissions, says truly, "Had the Guard been seriously injured at Borodino, it is doubtful if any part of the army, of which it was the heart, and of which, through every difficulty, it sustained the courage, would have repassed the Niemen. It is one thing to hazard a reserve in a situation where the loss it may sustain may very easily be repaired; it is another and a very different thing to risk its existence in the centre of an enemy's country, at a distance from re-enforcements, when its ruin may endanger the whole army."

Napoleon, with his accustomed generosity, took no credit for this extraordinary achievement to himself. He ascribed the victory to his soldiers and his generals. "The Russian troops," said he, at St. Helena, "are brave, and their whole army was assembled at the Moskwa. They reckoned 170,000 men, including those in Moscow. Kutusoff had an excellent position, and occupied it to the best advantage. Every thing was in his favor—superiority of infantry, of cavalry, and of artillery, a first-rate position, and a great number of redoubts—and yet he was beaten. Ye intrepid heroes,

Murat, Ney, Poniatowski, to you belong the glory. What noble and brilliant actions will history have to record! She will tell how our intrepid cuirassiers forced the redoubts, and sabred the cannoneers at their pieces. She will recount the heroic devotion of Montbrun and of Caulaincourt, who expired in the midst of their glory. She will tell what was done by our cannoneers, exposed upon the open plain, against batteries more numerous and covered by good embankments; and she will make mention also of those brave foot soldiers, who, at the most critical moment, instead of requiring encouragement from their general, exclaimed, 'Have no fear; your soldiers have all sworn to conquer to-day, and they will conquer.' What parallels to such glorious deeds can future ages produce? Or will falsehood and calumny prevail?"

The evening of victory was not an evening of exultation. Napoleon was silent, and appeared absorbed in melancholy thought. Every one around him had to mourn the loss of a brother, a relative, or a friend. Forty-three generals had been either killed or wounded. Thirty thousand of the soldiers had also been struck down by the sabres or the shot of the enemy. These were dreadful tidings to send back to Paris, to the widows and to the orphans. The victory of Borodino shrouded France in mourning. The loss of the Russians was still more dreadful. Fifty thousand Russian soldiers were stretched upon the field, weltering in blood.

The sun had not yet gone down, and the sullen roar of the retreating battle was still heard in the distance, when Napoleon mounted his horse to ride over the field, which was strewed with the wounded and the dead. The horror of the scene no imagination can depict. An autumnal storm had again commenced. The clouds hung low and dark in the gloomy sky. A cold and chilling rain drenched the gory ground, and the wounded struggled with convulsive agony in beds of mire. A violent wind moaned through the sombre firs and pines of the north. Villages, converted into heaps of blackened and smouldering ruins, deformed the plain. Every where was to be seen only the aspects of ruin, misery, death. Soldiers, blackened with powder and spotted with blood, were wandering over the field, in the increasing darkness of the tempestuous night, picking up the mutilated bodies in which life was not extinct, and seeking for food in the haversacks of the dead. No songs of victory were heard, no shouts of triumph. Great numbers of the wounded were found in the ravines and gullies, where they had dragged themselves to escape the tempest of shot, the trampling of iron hoofs, and the crush of artillery wheels. Mutilated horses, maddened with pain, limped over the ground, or reared and plunged in dying agonies. From every direction a wail of woe filled the ear. The field of battle extended over several miles of hills, and forests, and wild ravines. Many of the wretched victims of the strife lingered upon the ground, deluged by the cold storm, for many days and nights before they were found. Not a few must have perished from the prolonged agonies of starvation. Some of the wounded were seen straightening a broken limb by binding a branch of a tree tightly against it, and then, with the fractured bones grating, hobbling along in search of help. One poor creature was found alive, and actively conscious, with both legs and one arm shot off. A wounded Russian lived several days in the carcass

of a horse, which had been eviscerated by a shell. His only food was what he gnawed from the inside of the animal. It is a duty to record these revolting details, that war may be seen in its true aspect.

"Amid the heaps of slain," says Count Segur, "we were obliged to march over, in following Napoleon, the foot of one of our horses came down upon a wounded man, and extorted from him a last sign of life and suffering. The Emperor, hitherto silent, and whose heart was oppressed at the number of the victims, shrieked at the sight. He felt relieved in uttering cries of indignation, and lavishing the attentions of humanity upon this unfortunate creature. To soothe his feelings, some one remarked that 'it was only a Russian.' He replied with warmth, 'After victory there are no enemies, but only men.' He dispersed the officers of his suite to succor the wounded, who were heard groaning in every direction. Napoleon devoted the same care to the wounded Russians which he bestowed upon his own soldiers. In the midst of these scenes, it was announced to him that the rear guard of Kutusoff was about to advance upon the important town of Mojaisk. 'Very well,' Napoleon replied; 'we will still remain some hours longer with our unfortunate wounded.'"*

The Russians continued slowly to retreat toward Moscow, establishing their batteries wherever they could make a stand even for a few hours. They drove before them the wretched serfs, blew up the bridges behind them, burned the towns as they passed along, and carried away or destroyed all the provisions and forage. For seven days the French, emaciate and desponding, with tottering steps pursued their foes over the dreary plains. They were every where victorious, and yet they obtained no results from their victories. Rostopchin was making effectual preparations for the conflagration of the capital, and was urging, by every means in his power, the evacuation of the city by the inhabitants.

About noon of the 14th of September, Napoleon, cautiously advancing through a country of excessive monotony and gloom, from the summit of a hill descried in the distance the glittering domes and minarets of Moscow. He reined in his horse, and exclaimed, "Behold! yonder is the celebrated city of the Czars." After gazing upon it, through his telescope, for a few moments in silence, he remarked, "It was full time!"

The soldiers, thinking that their sufferings were now at an end, and anticipating good quarters and abundant supplies, gave way to transports of exultation. Shouts of "Moscow! Moscow!" spread from rank to rank, and all quickened their pace to gain a view of the object of their wishes. They approached the city. To their amazement, they met but silence and solitude. The astounding intelligence was brought to Napoleon that the city was utterly deserted. A few miserable creatures, who had been released from the prisons to engage in the congenial employment of setting fire to the city as soon as the French should have taken possession, were found in the streets. They were generally intoxicated, and presented a squalid and hideous spectacle. Napoleon was amazed at the entire abandonment of the

* "Napoleon," says General Gourgaud, "is, of all generals, whether ancient or modern, the one who has paid the greatest attention to the wounded. The intoxication of victory never could make him forget them. His first thought after every battle was always of them."

city. Rumors of the intended conflagration reached his ears. Such an awful sacrifice he had not supposed it possible for any people to make. None but a semi-barbarian nation, under the influence of an utter despotism, could be driven to such an act. More than a hundred thousand of the wretched inhabitants—driven by the soldiery from the city, parents and children—perished of cold and starvation in the woods. Other countless thousands, who had attached themselves to the army of Kutusoff, perished from fatigue and exposure. Napoleon, as if anxious to avoid the sight of the desolate streets, did not enter Moscow. He stopped at a house in the suburbs, and appointed Mortier governor of the capital.

"Permit," said he, "no pillage. Defend the place alike against friends and foes." The soldiers dispersed through the city in search of provisions and quarters. Many of the inhabitants had left in such haste, that the rich ornaments of the ladies were found on their toilets, and the letters and gold of men of business on their desks.

Napoleon was now more than two thousand five hundred miles from Paris. The apprehension of some dreadful calamity oppressed his mind. He threw himself upon a couch for repose, but he could not sleep. Repeatedly during the night he called his attendants to ask if any accident had occurred. In the morning he removed his head-quarters to the gorgeous palace of the Kremlin, the imperial seat of the ancient monarchs of Russia. Napoleon, according to his custom, wrote immediately to the Emperor Alexander, proposing terms of peace. A Russian officer, who was found in the hospital, was made bearer of the letter.

"Whatever," wrote Napoleon, "may be the vicissitudes of war, nothing can diminish the esteem felt by me for my friend of Tilsit and Erfurth." It will be observed that Napoleon reiterated these assurances of friendly feelings, for he supposed that Alexander was forced into hostile measures by the queen-mother and the nobles.

The day passed in establishing the army in their new quarters. The soldiers wandered through the deserted streets, and quartered themselves in the most gorgeous palaces. Some twenty thousand men and women, of the lowest class, fierce and revolting in aspect, gradually stole from their hiding-places and mingled with the French troops. Ten thousand prisoners, whom Rostopchin had liberated, were stealthily preparing to convert the magnificent metropolis into a vast infernal machine for the destruction of the French army. Immense magazines of powder were placed beneath the Kremlin, where Napoleon and his staff were established, and beneath other large palaces which would be filled with soldiers. Shells and other destructive engines of war were secreted, in vast quantities, in chambers and cellars, that their explosion might destroy those who should attempt to extinguish the flames. The fountains had been destroyed, the water-pipes cut, the fire-engines carried off or rendered useless. In this barbaric act, unparalleled in the history of the world, the despotic government of Russia paid no more regard to its subjects than if they had been wolves.

These preparations were secretly made, and, in the confusion of the entrance into the city, were not observed by the French. Still, there were rumors of the approaching conflagration, which, in connection with the strange

abandonment of the city, filled the minds of the captors with undefinable dread. The day, however, passed in tranquillity.

As night approached, gloomy clouds darkened the sky, and a fierce equinoctial gale howled over the metropolis. The houses were of wood. A long drought had prepared the city for the fire. God seemed to co-operate with the Russians. Napoleon was a victor. He had marched in triumph more than two thousand miles from his capital; he had taken the metropolis of the most powerful nation on the Continent, though that nation was aided by the coalition of England, Spain, Portugal, and Sweden. Europe was amazed at such unequaled achievements. They surpassed all that Napoleon had accomplished before; and yet the victor, in this hour of amazing triumph, was desponding. His mind was oppressed with the forebodings of some dreadful calamity.

It was the 16th of September, 1812. At midnight, Napoleon, in utter exhaustion of body and of mind, retired to rest. The gales of approaching winter shrieked portentously around the towers of the Kremlin. Suddenly the cry of "Fire!" resounded through the streets. Far off in the east, immense volumes of billowy smoke, pierced with flame, were rolling up into the stormy sky. Loud explosions of bursting shells and upheaving mines scattered death and dismay around. Suddenly the thunders as of an earthquake were heard in another direction. A score of buildings were thrown into the air. Flaming projectiles, of the most combustible and unquenchable material, were scattered in all directions, and a new volcano of smoke and flame commenced its ravages. Earthquake succeeded earthquake, volcano followed volcano. The demon of the storm seemed to exult in its high carnival of destruction. The flames were swept in all directions. A shower of fire descended upon all the dwellings and all the streets. Mines were sprung, shells burst, cannon were discharged, wagons of powder and magazines blew up, and in a few hours of indescribable confusion and dismay, the whole vast city was wrapped in one wild ocean of flame. The French soldiers shot the incendiaries, bayoneted them, tossed them into the flames; but still, like demons, they plied their work.

Napoleon awoke early in the morning, and looked out upon the flames which were sweeping through all parts of the city. For the first time in his life he appeared excessively agitated. His far-reaching mind apprehended at a glance the measurelessness of the calamity which was impending. He hurriedly paced his apartment, dictated hasty orders, and from his window anxiously watched the progress of the fire. The Kremlin was surrounded with gardens and shrubbery, and seemed for a time to afford shelter from the flames. But mines of powder were in its vaults, with various combustibles arranged to communicate the fire. As Napoleon gazed upon the conflagration, he exclaimed, "What a frightful spectacle! such a number of palaces! the people are genuine Scythians." "Not even the fictions of the burning of Troy," said Napoleon afterward, "though heightened by all the powers of poetry, could have equaled the reality of the destruction of Moscow."

During the whole of the 17th, and of the ensuing night, the gale increased in severity and the fire raged with unabated violence. The city now seemed but the almost boundless crater of an inextinguishable volcano. Various

colored flames shot up to an immense height into the air. Incessant explosions of gunpowder, saltpetre, and brandy deafened the ear. Projectiles of iron and stone, and burning rafters, were hurled far off into the surrounding plain, crushing many in their fall. Multitudes, encircled by the flames, in the narrow streets, were miserably burned to death. The scene of confusion and dismay has probably never been equaled. The soldiers, stifled with smoke, singed with flame, and lost in the streets of the burning city, fled hither and thither before a foe whom they were unable even to attack. They were often seen staggering beneath immense packages of treasure, which they were frequently compelled to abandon to effect their escape. Miserable women were seen carrying one or two children on their shoulders, and dragging others by the hand, attempting, often in vain, to flee from these accumulating horrors. Old men, with beards singed by the fire, crept slowly and feebly along, and in many cases were overtaken and destroyed by the coils of flame that pursued them. Napoleon was indefatigable in his exertions for the rescue of his soldiers and the remaining inhabitants.

At length it was announced that the Kremlin was on fire. The flames so encircled it that escape seemed almost impossible. The fire was already consuming the gates of the citadel. It was not until after a long search that a postern could be found through which the imperial escort could pass. Blinded by cinders, and smothered with heat and smoke, they pressed along on foot till they came to a roaring sea of fire, which presented apparently an impassable barrier; at last a narrow, crooked diverging street was found, blazing in various parts, and often overarched with flame. It was an outlet which despair alone would enter. Yet into this formidable pass Napoleon and his companions were necessarily impelled.

With burning fragments falling around, and blazing cinders showered upon them, they toiled along, almost blinded and suffocated with heat and smoke. At length the guide lost his way, and stopped in utter bewilderment. All now gave themselves up for lost. It was remarked that in this terrible hour Napoleon was perfectly calm and self-possessed. Just then they caught a glimpse of Marshal Davoust, who, with a company of soldiers, was in search of the Emperor. The marshal had signified his intention of rescuing "the hope of France," or perishing in the attempt. Napoleon affectionately embraced the devoted prince. They soon encountered in the blazing streets a convoy of gunpowder, along which they were compelled to pass, while flaming cinders were falling around. The energies of Napoleon's mind were so disciplined for the occasion, that not the slightest indication of alarm escaped him.

They soon emerged from the walls of the city, and Napoleon retired to the castle of Petrowskoi, about three miles from the burning metropolis. The Emperor, as he looked back upon the city, gloomily remarked, "This forebodes no common calamity." "It was," said he, years afterward, "the spectacle of a sea and billows of fire, a sky and clouds of flame; mountains of red rolling flames, like immense waves of the sea, alternately bursting forth and elevating themselves to skies of fire, and then sinking into the ocean of flame below. Oh, it was the most grand, the most sublime, the most terrific sight the world ever beheld!"

The fire began slowly to decrease on the 19th, for want of fuel. "Palaces and temples," says Karamzin, "monuments of art and miracles of luxury, the remains of ages long since passed, and the creations of yesterday; the tombs of remotest ancestry and the cradles of children of the rising generation, were indiscriminately destroyed. Nothing was left of Moscow save the remembrance of its former grandeur."

The French army was now encamped in the open fields around the smouldering city. Their bivouacs presented the strangest spectacle which had ever been witnessed. Immense fires were blazing, fed by the fragments of the most costly furniture of satin-wood and mahogany. The soldiers were sheltered from the piercing wind by tents reared from the drapery of regal palaces. Superb arm-chairs and sofas, in the richest upholstery of imperial purple and crimson velvet, afforded seats and lounges for all. Cashmere shawls, Siberian furs, pearls and gems of Persia and India, were strewed over the ground in wild profusion. In the midst of all these wrecks of boundless opulence, the soldiers were famishing. From plates of solid silver they voraciously ate roasted horseflesh, or black bread of half-ground wheat, baked in ashes. The French army was now in a state of utter consternation. It was at an immense distance from France, in the heart of a savage and hostile country, and surrounded by armies brave, highly disciplined, and capable of any sacrifices. Winter was approaching—the dreadful winter of the icy north. The comfortable quarters and the abundance which they hoped to have found in Moscow had been devoured by the flames. More than a thousand miles of barrenness, swept by the winds, and still more mercilessly swept by the Cossacks, extended between them and the banks of the Niemen; and at the Niemen they were still more than a thousand miles from the valleys of France.

A large portion of the Kremlin had escaped the conflagration. Consequently, on the 19th, Napoleon again established his head-quarters in this ancient palace of the Czars. As he was entering the ruins of the city, he passed near the Foundling Hospital. "Go," said he to his secretary, "inquire for me what has become of the little unfortunate occupants of yonder mansion." The governor of the hospital, M. Toutelmine, an aged Russian, informed the secretary that the building and inmates had been preserved from destruction solely through the care of the French guard, appointed by the Emperor for their protection. "Your master," said the governor, "has been our Providence. Without his protection, our house would have been a prey to plunder and the flames!" The children of the hospital were introduced to the French secretary. They gathered around him with the liveliest expressions of confidence and gratitude. Napoleon was deeply affected when informed of the scene. He desired the governor to be brought into his presence. At the interview, the venerable man was so impressed with the urbanity of Napoleon, that he desired permission to write to his imperial patroness, the mother of the Czar, and inform her how the hospital and its inmates had been preserved.

Before the conversation was concluded, flames were suddenly seen to issue from some houses on the opposite side of the river. This sight renewed the indignation of the Emperor against Rostopchin. "The miserable wretch,"

said he, "to the dire calamities of war, he has added the horrors of an atrocious conflagration, created by his own hand, in cold blood! The barbarian! he has abandoned the poor infants, whose principal guardian and protector he should have been, and has left the wounded and dying, whom the Russian army had confided to his care! Women, children, orphans, old men, the sick and helpless, all were devoted to pitiless destruction! Rostopchin a Roman! he is a senseless savage."

Napoleon waited for some time, hoping to receive a communication from Alexander. In the mean time, he occupied himself, with his accustomed energy, in repairing the condition of the army, making arrangements for the transmission of supplies, establishing a police in the smouldering city, and issuing decrees respecting the government of France. He wished to induce a belief among the Russians that he still intended to establish his winter quarters at Moscow, and to resume the war in the spring.

On the 4th of October, no answer having been returned from the Czar, Count Lauriston was sent to the head-quarters of Kutusoff as the bearer of official proposals of peace. "The Emperor," said Napoleon to the officers of his council, "is my friend. But should he yield to his inclinations and propose peace, the barbarians by whom he is surrounded might, in their rage, seek to dethrone and put him to death. To prevent the odium, therefore, that would attach in being the first to yield, I will myself offer a treaty."*

Lauriston, on reaching the Russian camp, was denied a passport. Kutusoff alleged that he had no power to grant one. He offered, however, to forward the letter himself to St. Petersburg. No answer was ever returned to

* "'From Smolensk to Moscow,' says Napoleon, 'there are about five hundred miles of hostile country—that is, Moskwa. We took Smolensk, and put it in a state of defense, and it became the central point of the advance on Moscow. We established hospitals for eight thousand men, magazines and munitions of war, twenty-five thousand cartridges for cannon, and considerable stores of clothing and provisions; two hundred and forty thousand men were left between the Vistula and the Borysthenes. Only one hundred and sixty thousand men crossed the bridge at Smolensk to go against Moscow. Of these, forty thousand remained to guard the magazines, hospitals, and stores at Dorogobouj, Niazma, Ghjat, and Mojaisk. One hundred thousand men entered Moscow, twenty thousand having been killed or wounded on the march, or at the great battle of the Moskwa, where fifty thousand Russians perished.

"'Not a wounded man, not a man without connections, not a courier, not a convoy was seized in this campaign on the march from Mayence to Moscow. Not a day passed on which we did not hear news from France, nor was Paris a single day without receiving letters from the army. At the battle of Smolensk sixty thousand cannon shots were fired, and thrice that number at the battle of the Moskwa. The consumption of ammunition was considerable in the less important combats also; and yet, on leaving Moscow, each piece was provided with three hundred and fifty rounds. There was such a superfluity of wagons of ammunition and provisions, that five hundred were burned in the Kremlin, where we also destroyed vast quantities of powder, and sixty thousand muskets. The supply of ammunition never failed, for which Generals Lariboissière and Ebla, commanding the artillery, deserve the highest praise. Never did officers of that department serve with greater distinction, or show a greater degree of skill, than in this campaign.'

"The slaves were very favorable to the French, for they expected to gain their liberty by their assistance. The *bourgeois*, or slaves who had been enfranchised, and who inhabited the little towns, were well disposed to head an insurrection against the *noblesse*. This was the reason why the Russians resolved to set fire to all the towns on the route of the army—an immense loss, independent of that of Moscow. They also burned down the villages, notwithstanding the opposition of the inhabitants, by means of the Cossacks, who also, being at enmity with the Muscovites, felt great joy in having an opportunity to do them harm."—*History of the Captivity of Napoleon, by Montholon*, vol. iii., p. 202.

either of Napoleon's communications. The great mass of the Russian people are slaves. A government of utter despotism represses every outburst of intelligence and every aspiration for liberty. Notwithstanding the desperate exertions of the imperial government to prevent all intercourse between the Russian serfs and the French soldiers, by burning the towns and the villages, by driving the miserable population from the line of march, by representing Napoleon as a demon, and his soldiers as fiends incarnate, greedy for every outrage, the enslaved population had begun to mingle with their conquerors, and had caught a glimpse of the meaning of freedom.

Their first panic gave place to astonishment, which was soon succeeded by admiration. When they saw that Napoleon was every where victorious, and the armies of the Czar were scattered like dust before him, they thought it a favorable opportunity to strike for their own rights as men. There were here and there among them leading minds, who roused and guided their ambition. They made repeated offers to come to the assistance of Napoleon in countless numbers, if he would guarantee their emancipation and restoration to the rights of manhood. Napoleon replied coldly to these proffers of services. He argued that such a course could only lead to a servile war, which must inevitably defer the prospect of peace with the Russian government, and which would deluge the whole country in blood. "The serfs," said he, "are unfit to be trusted with the liberty they desire. If I encourage the subjects of the Czar to rise against him, I can not hope that he will ever again become my friend."*

Thus was Napoleon involved in embarrassments from whence there was no extrication. By refusing to re-establish Poland, he led the Poles in discouragement to withdraw from his support. On the other hand, by the attempt to re-establish Poland, he would inevitably have converted his Prussian and Austrian allies into inveterate foes. By encouraging the revolt of the subjects of Alexander, he would have rolled over that vast empire the blood-red surges of a savage revolution, and he would have exasperated to a tenfold degree every monarchical government in Europe. By refusing to cherish their longings for liberty, he deprived himself of most efficient aid, and turned the knives of brutal thousands against his freezing troops. A mysterious Providence had decreed the downfall of Napoleon. No human foresight could have averted the doom. "St. Helena," said Napoleon, "was written in destiny." Sir Robert Wilson, who was present in Russia during

* "By proclaiming the emancipation of the slaves," said Napoleon subsequently, to the Senate of France, "I could have armed the greater portion of the Russian population against herself. In several villages this enfranchisement was demanded of me. But the war I made upon Russia was political; and besides, the brutality of this numerous class of the Russian people is such, that this measure would devote many families to the most horrid barbarities. This latter consideration was sufficient to induce me to refuse to employ the means offered against my enemies."

"There is no doubt," says Robert Wilson, an English writer, "that a civil war could have been fomented in Russia; and it was Bonaparte who rejected the offers of insurrection which were made to him during the time he was in Moscow."

When we reflect that England, in her conflict with the United States, did not hesitate to call to her aid "the tomahawk and the scalping-knife of the savage," we must, in historical justice, award to Napoleon the benefit of the contrast. He would not arm a barbarian, and consequently merciless peasantry against their masters. He chose rather to endure the humiliation and the disasters of the retreat from Moscow.

most of the campaign, says, "That in the rejection of the offers of insurrection which were made from every quarter, Napoleon was actuated by a horror of civil war, and a humane consideration of the torrents of blood which must have deluged the land."*

Winter was now approaching, with many omens that it would set in with terrible severity. The Grand Army was dwindling away. That of the enemy was rapidly increasing. Napoleon's communications with France, and with the garrisons in his rear, were now becoming exceedingly precarious. Clouds of Cossacks, on fleet and hardy steeds, swept the country, preventing any provisions from being sent to the enemy; attacking the French foraging parties, and harassing the outposts on every assailable point. Under these embarrassing circumstances, a council of war was called. After a long and painful conference, it was decided to abandon Moscow and return to winter in Poland.

Through this most terrific struggle which earth has ever witnessed, Napoleon directed the financial concerns of France so skillfully as to save the people from any oppressive burden of taxation. With candor which ennobles his name, Colonel Napier, though an Englishman and an enemy, and aiding with his sword to cut down Napoleon, thus testifies to the grandeur of the man who for twenty years held all the combined despotisms of Europe at bay.

"The annual expenditure of France," says Napier, "was scarcely half that of England, and Napoleon rejected public loans, which are the very life-blood of state corruption. He left no debt. Under him, no man devoured the public substance in idleness merely because he was of a privileged class. The state servants were largely paid, but they were made to labor effectually for the state. They did not eat their bread and sleep. His system of public accounts, remarkable for its exactness, simplicity, and comprehensiveness, was vitally opposed to public fraud, and therefore extremely unfavorable to corruption. The *Cadastre*, more extensive and perfect than the Doomsday Book, that monument of the wisdom and greatness of our Norman conqueror, was alone sufficient to endear him to the nation. Rapidly advancing under his vigorous superintendence, it registered and taught every man the true value and nature of his property, and all its liabilities, public or private. It was designed, and most ably adapted, to fix and secure titles to property, to prevent frauds, to abate litigation, to apportion the weight of taxes equally and justly, to repress the insolence of the tax-gatherer without injury to the revenue, and to secure the sacred freedom of the poor man's

* "Nevertheless, the military grandeur of that expedition," says Colonel Napier, "will not be hereafter judged from the wild triumph of his enemies, nor its military merits from the declamation which has hitherto passed as the history of the wondrous, though unfortunate enterprise. It will not be the puerilities of Labaume, of Segur, and their imitators, nor even that splendid military and political essay of General Jomini, called the '*Life of Napoleon*,' which posterity will accept as the measure of a general who carried four hundred thousand men across the Niemen, and a hundred and sixty thousand men to Moscow. And with such a military providence, with such a vigilance, so disposing his reserves, so guarding his flanks, so guiding his masses, that, while constantly victorious in front, no post was lost in his rear, no convoy failed, no courier was stopped, not even a letter was missing. The communication with his capital was as regular and certain as if that immense march had been but a summer excursion of pleasure. However, it failed, and its failure was the safety of the Peninsula."—*Napier's Peninsular War*, vol. iv., p. 14.

home. The French *Cadastre*, although not original, would, from its comprehensiveness, have been, when completed, the greatest boon ever conferred upon a civilized nation by a statesman."*

CHAPTER XIV.

THE RETREAT.

The Approach of Winter—The Snow—Preparations for retiring to Poland—Duty of the Rear Guard—Eugene's Conflict with the Russians—The Pass at Kalouga—The Retreat commenced—Dreadful Anxiety of the Emperor—Alarm of the Russians—Aspect of Borodino—Viasma—Marshal Ney in command of the Rear Guard—The Midnight Storm—Arrival at Smolensk—Alarming News from France—Adventures of Eugene—Krasnoe—Adventures of Ney—Passage of the Beresina—Smorgoni—Interview with the Abbé de Pradt—Return to Paris—Heroism of Ney.

THE French army remained four weeks at Moscow. Napoleon had entered the city with a hundred and twenty thousand men. He devoted a month to incessant labors in reorganizing his exhausted troops, in obtaining supplies, and in healing the sick. His tender care of the wounded endeared him to every man in the army. He preferred to encounter almost any risks rather than abandon the sufferers in the hospitals to the savage cruelty of the Cossacks. He was also quite sanguine in the hope of effecting a reconciliation with Alexander.

The army, under the efficient discipline of Napoleon, soon presented again a noble and imposing appearance. Perfect order was established. The soldiers, having entire confidence in their chieftain, were free from care and in good spirits. Napoleon, however, discerned distinctly the impending peril. His anxiety was intense. He grew pale, and thin, and restless.

The month of October had now arrived. The leaves had fallen from the trees. Cold winds from the north swept over the smouldering ruins of Moscow, whose buried embers were still smoking. Napoleon had carefully consulted the registers of the weather for the last forty years, to ascertain at what time winter usually commenced. On the 13th of October, almost three weeks earlier than was ever known before, a heavy fall of snow whitened the fields.

Napoleon looked out with dismay upon the scene. He decided at once to

* "Your system of land tax," said Napoleon, in one of those lucid conversations which so often excited the admiration of the Council of State, "is the worst in Europe. The result is, that there is no such thing as property or civil liberty in the country; for what is freedom without security of property? A man who has 3000 francs ($600) of rent a year, can not calculate upon having enough the next year to exist. A mere surveyor can, by a mere stroke of the pen, overcharge you several thousand francs. In Lombardy and Piedmont there is a fixed valuation. Every one knows what he is to pay. No extraordinary contributions are levied but on extraordinary occasions, and by the judgment of a solemn tribunal. If a contribution is augmented, every one, by applying to his valuation, knows at once what he has to pay. In France, every proprietor has to pay his court to the tax-gatherers and surveyors of his district. If he incurs their displeasure, he is ruined. Nothing has ever been done in France to give security to property. The man who shall devise an equal law on the subject of the Cadastre will deserve a statue of gold." Such was the vigilance and the comprehensive wisdom with which Napoleon was ever studying the interests of the people of France.

return, and establish his winter quarters in the friendly cities of Poland. It required a dreary march of nearly a thousand miles, through regions of desolation and gloom. The imagination was appalled at the contemplation of such a retreat, wading through drifted snows, pursued by the storms of the north, and harassed by clouds of Cossacks, even more merciless than the hostile elements.

It was necessary to move with much apparent leisure and circumspection, that no despondency might pervade the army, and that the activity of the foe might not be aroused. Napoleon resolved to retire to Smolensk by a new route. The region through which he had already passed was so entirely ravaged by the desolations of war as to present no hope for supplies. With the utmost care, the sick and wounded were placed in the most comfortable vehicles which could be obtained, and were sent forward, under a strong escort, toward Smolensk. The soldiers obeyed every order of Napoleon with great alacrity. On the evening of October 18th, the troops commenced their march. The next morning, before daybreak, Napoleon left Moscow, and placed himself at the head of his troops, to advance upon Kalouga, about a hundred miles from Moscow. Kutusoff was established there with a strong army to watch the movements of the French. As Napoleon left the city, he said to Mortier, who had been appointed governor of Moscow, and who was superintending its evacuation,

"Pay every attention to the sick and wounded. Sacrifice your baggage, every thing to them. Let the wagons be devoted to their use, and, if necessary, your own saddles. This was the course I pursued at Jean d'Acre. The officers will first relinquish their horses, then the sub-officers, and finally the men. Assemble the generals and officers under your command, and make them sensible how necessary, in their circumstances, is humanity. The Romans bestowed civic crowns on those who preserved their citizens. I shall not be less grateful."

During the month in which Napoleon was at Moscow, the army had been assembled within the walls of the city, in repaired dwellings, and in houses which had escaped the conflagration. Many of the sick and wounded had been healed, so that Napoleon left Moscow with more than a hundred thousand effective men, fifty thousand horses of all kinds, five hundred and fifty pieces of cannon, two thousand artillery wagons, and an immense baggage train.

The rear of the army consisted of a confused crowd of about forty thousand stragglers, Russian serfs who desired emancipation, recruits without uniforms, valets, wagoners, and a large number of women and girls, wives of the soldiers, or abandoned followers of the camp. Calashes, carriages, trucks, and wheelbarrows followed, filled with bales of the richest merchandise, costly articles of furniture, precious furs and robes, and various trophies of the conquest of Moscow.

Napoleon was still a victor. He had advanced with resistless tread to the very heart of his enemy's empire. He was now marching, with banners floating in the breeze, to attack the foe at Kalouga, thence to retire with dignity to Poland, where he intended to establish himself in winter quarters, and to resume his operations in the spring. Tremendous as was the peril

which surrounded him, he had been surrounded with still greater peril before.

It was the 19th of October, 1812. The dawn of the morning had not yet appeared as Napoleon left the Kremlin. The stars shone brilliantly in the unclouded sky. The air was cold and serene. Napoleon, at the head of a division of his faithful guard, had just passed out from the gates of Moscow, when the sun rose in cloudless splendor over the frozen hills. He pointed to it, and said,

"There you behold my protecting star. We will advance upon Kalouga. Woe to those who attempt to obstruct our progress."

For several days the interminable throng was pouring out of the gates. Like a prodigious caravan, the army extended for many leagues along the road. The head of the column could afford no protection to the centre or the rear. Vast armies had been assembled to cut off its retreat. Swarms of Cossacks, on fleet and wolfish horses, were every where hovering around. The casualties which interrupt and embarrass such a march are innumerable.

For two days the head of this column pressed unassailed along the road, drawing after it its enormous serpentine train. To Mortier, with a band of but eight thousand men, was assigned the perilous task of remaining behind, to superintend the evacuation of the city. The Russian army had accumulated in such strength, that there was every reason to fear that the rear guard would be destroyed. There were vast quantities of powder and of military stores which could not be removed, and which was not to be abandoned to the enemy. Napoleon embraced his devoted marshal in taking leave, and said to him frankly, yet sadly,

"I rely on your good fortune. Still, in war, we must sometimes make part of a sacrifice."

The heroic soldier, without a murmur, assumed his allotted task. His companions in arms bade him adieu, never expecting to see him again. The Cossacks crowded upon him in vast numbers. For four days, while the enormous mass of men and carriages were retiring, Mortier defended himself within the massive walls of the Kremlin, keeping the enemy at bay. In the vaults over which he stood and fought, he placed one hundred and eighty-three thousand pounds of gunpowder. Barrels of powder were also deposited in all the halls and apartments. He was compelled to do this, even while the flames of war were blazing fiercely around him. It might be necessary at any hour to retire before the accumulating numbers, and to touch the torch. A single spark from one of the enemy's guns would have blown the heroic soldier and his whole division into the air together.

Having successfully protected the march of the army from the city, Mortier placed in connection with the mines of powder a lighted fuse, whose slow combustion could be nicely calculated. With rapid step, he hurried from the volcano, which was ripe for its eruption. The Cossacks, eager for plunder, rushed within the deserted walls. Suddenly the majestic fabric was raised into the air. The earth shook under the feet of Mortier. The explosion, in most appalling thunder peal, startled the army in its midnight bivouac. From the darkened and sulphurous skies there was rained down upon

the city a horrible shower of fragments of timber, rocks, shattered weapons, heavy pieces of artillery, and mangled bodies. Napoleon was thirty miles distant from Moscow. That terrific peal roused him from sleep, and told him that the Kremlin had fallen, and that his rear guard had commenced its march. Mortier hastened his flight, and succeeded in rejoining the army.

On the evening of the 23d, Napoleon slept at Borowsk, about sixty miles from Moscow. Eugene, with eighteen thousand French and Italians, was encamped some twelve miles in advance of head-quarters. At four o'clock in the morning, as the soldiers, exhausted by their march, were soundly sleeping, fifty thousand Russians, with loud outcries, burst upon the encampment, spearing and sabring all they met. Prince Eugene rallied his troops. After a desperate conflict, which lasted many hours, the Russians, though vastly outnumbering their foes, were, with immense slaughter, driven into the woods. The next morning the Emperor advanced to the scene of battle. The plain was still covered with the dead and the wounded, the Russians having lost more than two to one. Napoleon, with paternal pride, embraced Eugene, exclaiming,

"This is the most glorious of your feats of arms."

He was here informed that the Russians, in great numbers, were occupying positions in defiles, through which it would be impossible for Napoleon to force his way. Bessières was sent to reconnoitre. He reported that at least a hundred and thirty thousand Russians were established in positions quite unassailable. Napoleon, for a moment, seemed struck with consternation.

"Are you certain?" he eagerly demanded. "Did you see rightly? Will you vouch for the fact?"

The marshal repeated his statement. The Emperor crossed his arms, his head fell upon his breast, and he paced the room slowly and heavily, absorbed in the most intense and gloomy thought. He slept not that night, but lay down and rose up incessantly, examined the maps, and asked a thousand questions. His restlessness indicated intense anxiety. Not a word, however, escaped him to betray his distress.

At four o'clock in the morning, though informed that bands of Cossacks, under cover of the darkness, were gliding between his advanced posts and the main army, he mounted his horse and proceeded forward. In passing a wide plain, a band of mounted Cossacks came sweeping along like a pack of wolves, making the sombre morning hideous with the wild war-cry of their country. The Emperor, disdaining to fly, drew his sword, and reined his horse to the side of the road, when the phantom-like troop dashed past, and within spear's length of the imperial party. Rapp and his horse were wounded by the savage lancers.

A moment after, Bessières and the cavalry of the Guard came up, pursuing the Cossacks as the whirlwind pursues the chaff. A council of war was held in a dark and comfortless hovel. It was deemed impossible to advance upon Kalouga. The Russians were so posted, and in such strength, that to march into these defiles, bristling with batteries, seemed to insure the annihilation of the army.

With anguish unutterable, Napoleon decided to retreat, and to strike

across the country to the war-scathed road through which he had proceeded to Moscow. Until this moment, Napoleon had been every where during the campaign, and at all times a victor. He left Moscow in triumph, not retreating before his foes, but to scatter them from his path, that he might establish his winter quarters in Poland. But here, before the defiles of Kalouga, for the first time he found the Russians too strong for him, and he was compelled to turn from them. And now commenced that Iliad of woes, to which history presents no parallel. Along a line of seven hundred and fifty miles there were but two points at which Napoleon could halt and refresh his troops. At Smolensk and at Minsk he had established immense magazines, and had left a strong guard.

The terror inspired by the name of Napoleon was, however, then unimpaired; and it is a singular fact, that, at the same hour, the Russians also, alarmed by the extraordinary victory of Eugene, and by the bold front of the approaching army, had decided to abandon their positions and retreat. Thus each army, leaving a rear guard to conceal its motions, turned its back upon the other, and sullenly retired. Had Napoleon been informed of the retreat of the Russians, he would have advanced rapidly and triumphantly onward, and the disasters of the retreat from Moscow would never have occurred. Upon what casualties, apparently so slight, are the great destinies of earth suspended.

The retreat commenced on the morning of the 26th of October. Every soldier shared the anguish of his chieftain. Gloomy and silent, with their eyes fixed upon the ground, they turned from that foe whom they had never met but to vanquish. The moment the Russians heard that the French were retiring, with the wildest enthusiasm they commenced a pursuit. The most shocking barbarities ensued. Napoleon made strenuous efforts to infuse more humanity into the struggle. He issued a decree, stating that he had refused to give orders for the entire destruction of the country he was quitting.

"I feel a repugnance," said he, "to aggravate the miseries of the inhabitants. To punish a Russian incendiary and a few wretches, who make war like Tartars, I am unwilling to ruin nine thousand proprietors, and to leave two hundred thousand serfs, who are innocent of all these barbarities, absolutely destitute of all resources."

Through Berthier he wrote to Kutusoff, proposing "to regulate hostilities in such a manner that they might not inflict upon the Muscovite empire more evils than were inseparable from a state of war, the devastations that were then taking place being no less detrimental to Russia than they were painful to Napoleon."

Kutusoff returned an insolent reply, stating "that it was not in his power to restrain Russian patriotism." This was the signal for the demon of war to run riot. The barbarian Cossacks practiced every conceivable atrocity. The French retaliated with frightful devastation.

On the 28th, the retreating army passed over the field of Borodino. Thousands of unburied corpses, half devoured by wolves, still deformed the ground. Even the veteran soldiers were appalled by the sickening spectacle, and silently hurried by. On the 29th, Napoleon came to a large and

gloomy monastery, which had been used as a hospital. To his surprise, he found that many of the most desperately wounded had been left, under the pretense that there were not sufficient carriages for their conveyance. He gave instant orders that every carriage, of whatever description, should furnish room for at least one of the sufferers. Those whose wounds were in such a state that they could not be moved, he left under the care of wounded Russians who had been healed, and treated with the utmost kindness by the French.

He halted to see with his own eyes that this order was carried into effect. As he stood warming himself by a fire, kindled from the fragments of his wagons, he heard repeated explosions. They proclaimed to him the melancholy fact that it had been found necessary to blow up many ammunition and baggage wagons, which the horses, diminished in numbers and enfeebled by famine, could no longer drag along.

Napoleon had thus far, from the commencement of the retreat at Kalouga, kept with the rear guard of the army. On the 31st he reached Viasma, where he remained for two days to rest his weary troops and to concentrate his forces. Here the perilous command of the rear guard was assigned to Marshal Ney. On the 2d of November the retreat was recommenced. The Russians, sixty thousand strong, fell upon the rear guard of the French, but thirty thousand in number. The Russians, abundantly supplied with artillery and cavalry, anticipated an easy victory. Many of the French were still covered with bandages, or bore their arms in slings, on account of their wounds received at Borodino; they, however, fought with desperation for seven hours, repelled their foes, and, leaving four thousand of their comrades dead upon the ground, having slain also an equal number of the Russians, in good order pressed on their way. For three days the retreat was rapidly continued with but little molestation.

Napoleon had now traversed in ten days about three hundred miles. Still he had many weary marches before him. The pursuing foe was gathering strength and confidence, and the weather was becoming very inclement. On the evening of the 5th of November, dense clouds commenced forming in the sky; the wind rose and howled through the forests, and swept freezing blasts over the exhausted host. At midnight a furious snow-storm set in, extinguishing the fires of the bivouacs, and covering houseless troops in cheerless drifts. A dreadful morning dawned. No sun could be discovered through the dense atmosphere, swept by the tempest. The troops, blinded and bewildered by the whirlwinds of sleet, staggered along, not knowing whither they were going. The wind drove the snow into the soldiers' faces, and penetrated their thin and tattered clothing. Their breath froze and hung in icicles from their beards. Their limbs were chilled and stiffened. The men could no longer keep their ranks, but toiled on in disordered masses. It was an awful day. Many, stumbling over a stone, or falling into concealed cavities by the wayside, were unable to rise again, and were soon covered with a winding sheet of snow; a small white hillock alone marked their cold graves.

Nothing could be seen above and around but desolation and the storm. A few gloomy pines, surging in the gale, added to the bleakness and the

desolation of the scene. Innumerable men and horses fell and perished. The muskets dropped from the benumbed hands of the soldiers, while many had their hands frozen to their weapons of war. Flocks of ravens, emerging from the forest, mingled their shrieks with the uproar of the elements, and, with bloody fangs, tore the flesh of the prostrate soldier almost before life was extinct.

To add to the horrors of the scene, clouds of Cossacks hovered around the freezing host, making frequent attacks. These barbarians stripped the wounded and the dying, cut them with their sabres, goaded them with their bayonets, and with shouts of laughter derided them as they reeled and staggered in convulsive agonies, expiring naked in the snow.

Night came on—a dreadful night. There was no shelter. There was no dry wood to kindle a fire. The storm still raged with pitiless fury. One wide expanse of snow spread every where. The wretched soldiers, exhausted, supperless, and freezing, threw themselves upon the drifts, from which thousands never arose. During the long hours of that stormy night, they moaned, and died, and ascended to the judgment-seat of a righteous God. The horses perished as rapidly as the men. The soldiers stripped off the reeking skins of the horses as they fell, and used them as cloaks for protection against the storm. Many horses were killed, that the perishing soldiers might obtain a little nutriment by drinking their warm blood. The Russians offered thanksgiving to God and to their saints for the potent alliance of the wintry tempest, and prayed for its continuance.

This awful night, of sixteen hours' duration, at last passed away. A cold, bleak winter's morning dawned. The scene of horror presented to the eye appalled the stoutest hearts. Circular ranges of the soldiers, stiff in death, and covered with the drifted snow, marked the site of the bivouacs. Thousands of snowy mounds, scattered over the plain, showed where, during the night, horses and men had perished, while the storm had wrapped rudely around them their winding sheet.

Winter was now enthroned with all its majesty. Marshal Ney, with herculean struggles, and through unequaled sufferings, protected this awful retreat. Slowly retiring before an enemy, by whose countless hordes he was often surrounded, he disputed every mile of the road—with extraordinary genius availed himself of every chance, and, often turning back upon the foe, plunged into their dense masses with superhuman energy. The heroism with which Marshal Ney conducted this retreat has excited the admiration of the world.

The indomitable army again resumed its line of march through scenes of woe which can never be told. At every step guns and baggage wagons were abandoned. With the younger soldiers, all subordination was lost. Officers and men, in a tumultuous mass of confusion, struggled along. The Imperial Guard alone retained its discipline and its character.* The fierce Cossacks followed close in the rear. They picked up the exhausted and the dying, and tortured them to death with savage barbarity.

Marshal Ney, shocked at the wild disorder and ruin into which every thing

* For the organization and discipline of this extraordinary body of men, see the admirable work of J. T. Headley on the Old Guard of Napoleon.

was plunged, sent an aid to Napoleon with a soul-harrowing recital of his disasters. Napoleon, conscious that there was now no remedy for these woes, and that nothing remained for the army but a succession of the most terrible sacrifices, interrupted the aid in his narrative by saying mournfully, "Colonel, I do not ask you for these details." Through all this awful retreat, Napoleon appeared grave, silent, and resigned. He seemed quite insensible to bodily sufferings, and uttered no complaint. It was, however, at times, evident to those about his person that his mental anguish was extreme.

On the 9th of November Napoleon reached Smolensk. He had hoped to find shelter, clothing, and provisions. He found only rain and famine. There was brandy in abundance. The soldiers, in despair, drank to utter stupefaction, and during the night perished miserably in the icy streets. In the morning the pavements were covered with the frozen bodies of the dead. Enormous quantities of provisions had been accumulated here. The most gigantic efforts had been made for transporting these provisions to scattered divisions of the army; but, by the casualties of war, the magazines were now found nearly empty.

Just at that time a convoy of provisions reached Napoleon. He immediately forwarded it to Marshal Ney, saying, "Those who are fighting must eat before the rest." At the same time, he sent word to Ney to arrest the progress of the Russians for a few days, that he might have time in Smolensk to refresh and reorganize his army. The indomitable marshal immediately faced about, and attacked the Russians with such determined courage as to compel them to retreat. The French had lost nearly all their artillery. But the marshal seized a musket, and exposed himself in the ranks like a common soldier! While thus, under these circumstances, exhibiting the reckless valor of a private in the ranks, he also displayed in his arrangements the genius of the consummate general. His skillful maneuvers, and the impetuosity of his men, so effectually thwarted and overthrew the multitudinous foe, that the army obtained a respite of twenty-four hours.

Just before Napoleon entered Smolensk, an express reached him upon the road. It was a stormy day. Clouds of sleet and snow were sweeping both earth and sky. A circle of videttes immediately formed about the Emperor as he opened the important dispatches. Troubles were indeed multiplying. A conspiracy had been formed in Paris, taking advantage of the disasters in Russia, for the overthrow of the imperial government, and the establishment of the Jacobin mob.

An officer by the name of Mallet forged an account of the death of Napoleon. Availing himself of the panic which the announcement caused, he gathered around him a few hundred of the National Guard, and made the most audacious attempt to take into his own hands the reins of power. The conspirator was soon, however, arrested and shot. But the event alarmingly showed how entirely the repose of France depended upon the life of Napoleon. It seemed very evident that the imperial government was by no means firmly established, and that the death of the Emperor would be but the signal for a strife of parties.

Napoleon was greatly agitated when he read the dispatches. He saw

that the tidings of his death was the signal for the overthrow of the empire, and for the bloody struggle of rival parties; that the government which he had organized with such toil and care, to be a permanent blessing to France, and his memorial to posterity, was all suspended upon his personal supremacy, and could not survive his death. It had been the object of his constant study so to establish and consolidate a government as to secure the repose of his beloved country after his death. To accomplish this, he had made the tremendous sacrifice, and had committed the sin of separating himself from the noble Josephine, and had married a daughter of the degenerate house of Hapsburg. He now found, to his inexpressible chagrin, that the King of Rome had no more been thought of than if he had never been born. He now saw, when it was too late, that the repudiated Josephine would have been a far more potent ally for himself and for France than the daughter of the Cæsars. It is clear that Napoleon had no intention of doing wrong in the divorce of Josephine. It was a "sin of ignorance," but it was none the less a sin. It was committed in the eyes of the world, and before the whole world he received his fearful punishment. In the anguish of his feelings at this time, he exclaimed, in the presence of his generals,

"Does my power, then, hang on so slender a thread? Is my tenure of sovereignty so frail that a single person can place it in jeopardy? Truly my crown is but ill fitted to my head if in my very capital the audacious attempt of two or three adventurers can make it totter. After twelve years of government, after my marriage, after the birth of my son, after so many oaths, my death would have again plunged the country into the midst of revolutionary horrors. Napoleon II. was forgotten."

He immediately formed the resolution to return, as soon as he could honorably leave the army, to Paris. Retiring to his chamber, he said to General Rapp,

"Misfortune never comes singly. This event fills up the measure of evil here. I can not be every where, but I must absolutely return to my capital. My presence there has become indispensable to restore public opinion. We have need of men and money. Great successes and victories will repair all." This intention was, however, communicated to but few, lest it should increase the prevailing disorders.

Napoleon remained at Smolensk five days, collecting his scattered forces, receiving reports from those divisions of the army which were traversing different roads, and making arrangements for rendering the continuation of the retreat less disastrous. Eugene, who was endeavoring to retreat by way of Witepsk, had suffered dreadfully in killed and wounded, and was now struggling along, having abandoned all his artillery and baggage. Swarms of Cossacks were also prowling about the divisions of Davoust and Ney, afraid to venture upon an open attack, but breaking down the bridges and burning the villages; taking advantage of woods, forests, defiles, and heights, to attack the French in flank and rear, cutting off the stragglers, and precipitately retreating before any blows could be returned.

At four o'clock in the morning of the 14th of November, the retreat was resumed. It was dark and bitter cold as the troops gloomily defiled from the ruined city of Smolensk. The army was now reduced to about forty

thousand effective men. It was divided into four corps, commanded by Murat, Eugene, Davoust, and Ney. Thirty thousand stragglers hung upon them, encumbering their march. The Emperor placed himself at the head of the first column, which was under the command of Murat. Marshal Ney, who was to remain in the city until it was evacuated, was ordered to drive all stragglers before him, to saw off the trunnions of the cannon he would be compelled to abandon, and to blow up in the towers of the city the munitions of war which could not be removed.

The horses, with their shoes worn smooth, or lost from their feet, continually fell beneath their riders. With incredible toil, the men were obliged to drag the cannon and baggage wagons up the icy hills. Frequently, in the darkness, men, horses, and artillery were rolling down the slippery declivities together. The cannon balls and the grape-shot of the enemy were often at the same time plowing their ranks. The days were short, the nights were long and dreadful. The sufferings of the wounded were awful beyond description. The first day the artillery of the Guard advanced but fifteen miles in twenty-two hours.

Kutusoff, with an army of ninety thousand men, well clothed and armed, and with abundant supplies, was marching on a line parallel to that of the French. He soon outstripped the exhausted fugitives, and took a strong position in their advance, across the road, planting batteries upon the adjacent heights, and attempted to dispute the passage; but the Imperial Guard sternly, proudly, desperately advanced, and swept their assailants before them. The Russians retired to their batteries on the hills, and showered innumerable bullets upon their foe. As Napoleon marched through this storm of iron and of lead, which was scattering death on every side, the grenadiers of the Guard closed in a dense circle around him, that they might protect him by their own bodies from harm, and the band commenced playing the air, "Where can one be happier than in the bosom of his family?" The Emperor, considering this exclusively applicable to himself, requested them to play instead, "Let us watch over the safety of the empire."*

The first division of the army having forced its passage, the Russians made an effort to stop Eugene, who was several miles behind. They intrenched themselves in great force in the road before him, and summoned him to surrender. A terrible battle ensued. Fifteen hundred of Eugene's division, in advance of the rest of the corps, for an hour resisted the onset of more than

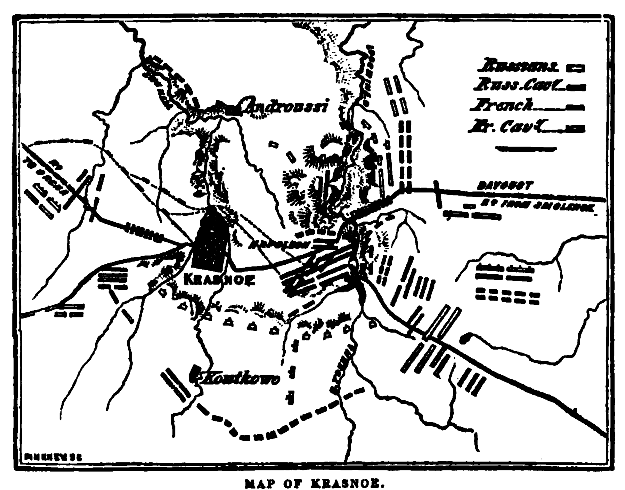
* Sir Archibald Alison thus describes Napoleon's habit of passing through the corps of the army: "The imperial suite, like a whirlwind, swept through the columns, too fast for the men either to fall into the ranks or to present arms, and, before the astonished crowd could find time to gaze on their beloved chief, the cortège was disappearing in the distance. Room, however, was always cleared; the outriders called out to make way, and, at the magic words, 'the Emperor,' infantry, cavalry, and artillery, were, pell mell, hurried to the side, often in frightful confusion, and with fractures of legs and arms."

It is curious to witness the complacency with which hostile historians represent Napoleon as a monster of depravity, while, at the same time, they are compelled to confess that he was loved almost to adoration by all who approached his person. In the above absurd calumny, Mr. Alison represents the soldiers as looking up with gratitude to their "*beloved chief*," even while writhing in mutilation beneath his chariot wheels. We may well inquire, with Colonel Napier, to what undiscerning men do these writers venture to make such representations? Napoleon is represented as a demon in character, who won almost superhuman love from all who knew him.

twenty thousand Russians by whom they were surrounded. Repelling all demands to capitulate, they resolved to cut their way back again through the Russian lines to join the viceroy. They formed themselves into a solid square, and rushed upon the enemy's columns.

The Russians opened their ranks, and allowed the feeble and almost defenseless band to advance into their midst. Then, after they comprehended their object, either from pity or admiration, the enemy's battalions, which lined both sides of the road, entreated them to surrender. They seemed reluctant mercilessly to shoot down such brave men; but the only answer they received was a more determined march, stern silence, and the presented bayonet. The whole of the enemy's fire was then poured in upon them at once, at the distance of but a few yards, and the half of this heroic column was stretched lifeless or wounded upon the ground. The survivors instantly closed up into another compact square. Not a man wavered. Thus they marched on through this awful fire, until nearly every individual had fallen. A few only of these resolute men saw the advancing divisions of Eugene. They then ran and threw themselves into those feeble ranks, which opened to receive them.

Eugene had now to fight his way through more than double his own numbers, while breasting batteries, which plowed his ranks with grape-shot. It is difficult to conceive how a single man escaped. The enemy occupied a position which swept the road. There seemed to be no hope unless that wooded height, bristling with cannon, could be carried. Three hundred men were selected to ascend to the forlorn assault. The battery opened upon the devoted band, and, in a few minutes, every individual was weltering in blood. Not one survived those terrific discharges.



MAP OF KRASNOE.

Eugene had only 4000 men now left. Night, cold, long, and dark, came roughly to his aid. Leaving their fires burning to deceive the foe, these indomitable men, with a noiseless step, their breath well-nigh suspended, crept, at midnight, along the fields, and passed around the unassailable position. There was a moment of fearful peril in this critical march. The moon suddenly burst from the clouds, revealing the retreating band to a Russian sentinel. He immediately challenged them. They gave themselves up for lost. A Pole ran up to the Russian, and speaking to him in his own language, said, with great composure, "Be silent! We are out on a secret expedition." The sentinel, deceived, gave no alarm. Eugene thus

escaped, and early in the morning rejoined the Emperor. Napoleon had been waiting all the preceding day for the viceroy, in intense anxiety, on the plains of Krasnoe.

Napoleon now became extremely anxious for the safety of Ney and Davoust. Notwithstanding the peril of his position, in the midst of accumulating hosts of Russians, he resolved to await their arrival. For two days that little band stood upon the plain, bidding defiance to the hostile armies which frowned upon them from all the adjacent heights. The name of Napoleon was such a terror that the Russians dared not march from their encampments.

"Kutusoff," says Sir Walter Scott, "seems to have acted toward Napoleon and the Grand Army as the Greenland fishers do to the whale, whom they are careful not to approach in his dying agonies, when pain, fury, and a sense of revenge render the last struggle of the leviathan peculiarly dangerous."

Still no tidings could be heard respecting the lost marshals. Napoleon now adopted the most extraordinary resolve to turn back for their rescue. A bolder or more magnanimous deed history has never recorded. Napoleon, with his little band accompanying him, was now safe. He had forced his way through the last barrier. An unobstructed retreat through Lithuania was open before him. By delay, he was enabling the enormous forces of the enemy to get possession of rivers and defiles in his advance, and cut off his retreat. He distinctly saw all this; and yet he determined to fight his way back into the wilds of Russia, to deliver his friends or to perish with them.

England and America have wondered why those who knew Napoleon loved him with such strange devotion. It was because he was worthy of their love; because he was one of the most generous, magnanimous, and self-denying of mortals. Could Davoust and Ney forget this man, who, regardless of famine and the blasts of winter, and of a retreat still before him of more than a thousand miles, could turn back into the snow-drifted wilderness for their rescue, and in the face of an army outnumbering his own almost ten to one! With but *nine thousand men*, half famished, exhausted, and almost without arms, he resolved to assail *eighty thousand of the enemy*. By plunging into the very midst of their batteries and their thronged intrenchments, he would draw upon himself the sabres and the shot of the foe, and thus might produce a diversion in favor of Davoust and Ney. By so doing, there was a chance that his friends might be enabled to break through those defiles which barred their escape from the wilds of Russia. Such traits of character resistlessly command the love and homage of all generous hearts.

Napoleon was nearly surrounded by the Russians. Unintimidated by those perils, he vigorously adopted measures for breaking through the foe.

"I have acted the Emperor long enough," said he, as he left his miserable quarters; "it is time I should again become a general."

A powerful division of the enemy occupied an important position on his left. He called General Rapp, and said to him, "Set out immediately, and, during the darkness, attack that body with the bayonet. This is the first time the enemy has exhibited such audacity. I am determined to make

him repent it in such a way that he will never again approach my head-quarters."

After a few moments' thought, he recalled him, saying, "No! let Roguet and his division go. Remain where you are. I must not have you killed. I shall have occasion for you at Dantzic."*

Two nocturnal attacks were made preparatory to the great conflict in the morning: they were perfectly successful. The French, without firing a musket, plunged with the bayonet into the densest masses of the foe, and the Russians, amazed at such desperate valor, retired before them.

Morning dawned. The Russian battalions and batteries encircled the French on three sides. Napoleon, placing himself at the head of his six thousand Guards, advanced with a firm step into the centre of that terrible circle, to break through. Mortier, with a few thousand men, deployed to protect his right. A battalion of footmen of the Old Guard, formed in a square, like a fortress of rock, to support the left wing of this feeble, yet indomitable column of attack.

The battle commenced. The enemy were still sufficiently numerous to crush Napoleon and his wasted battalions by their mass alone, in marching forward, without firing a gun. But they did not dare to move from their intrenchments. With their artillery they made wide and deep breaches in the ranks of the French, whose advance they could not retard. The enemy's guns were flashing in the east, the west, and the south. The north alone remained open. A heavy column of the Russians were marching to an eminence, there to rear a battery which would complete the inclosing circle, and which seemed to render the escape of the French impossible. Napoleon was apprised of the peril.

"Very well," said he, calmly; "let a battalion of my *chasseurs* take possession of it." Giving no more heed to this peril, he continued, with unflinching perseverance, to pierce the masses of his foe.

The battle continued till two o'clock in the afternoon. At last Davoust made his appearance. Aided by the attack of Napoleon, he had been able to force his way through the Russians, driving swarms of Cossacks before him. The valiant bands met, struggling through clouds of smoke, and reeling before the terrific discharges of batteries which incessantly plowed their ranks. There was no time for congratulations upon that field of peril and of blood. Napoleon inquired eagerly for Ney. He had not been heard from. He was probably lost.

Still Napoleon hesitated to retire. He could hardly endure the thought of leaving his heroic marshal in the hands of his foe. At last the danger that all would be destroyed was so imminent that Napoleon reluctantly decided to continue the retreat. He called Mortier to his side. Sorrowfully pressing his hand, he said,

"We have not a moment to lose. The enemy is overwhelming us in all

* "Rapp, as he was carrying this order to Roguet, could not help feeling astonished that his chief, surrounded by eighty thousand of the enemy, whom he was going to attack the next day with nine thousand, should have so little doubt about his safety as to be thinking of what he should have to do at Dantzic, a city from which he was separated by the winter, two hostile armies, famine, and one hundred and eighty leagues of distance."—*Count Philip de Segur*, vol. ii., p. 188.

directions. Kutusoff may reach the last elbow of the Borysthenes before us, and cut off our retreat. I must, therefore, proceed rapidly thither with the Old Guard. You and Davoust must endeavor to hold the enemy in check until night. Then you must advance and rejoin me."

Napoleon, his heart almost bursting with grief at the thought of abandoning Ney, slowly retired from the field of battle. Mortier and Davoust, with three thousand men, remained to arrest the advance of fifty thousand enemies. A shower of balls and grape-shot swept their ranks. Proudly refusing to accelerate their steps, they retired as deliberately as they would have done from a field of summer parade. Their path was marked by the gory bodies of the dead. Their wounded comrades they bore in their arms. "Do you hear, soldiers?" said General Laborde; "the marshal orders ordinary time! ordinary time, soldiers!"*

Napoleon, with a beechen stick in his hand, toiled along on foot. He proceeded slowly and hesitatingly, as if still half resolved to turn back again in pursuit of Ney. As he advanced, he manifested the deepest grief for the lost marshal. He spoke of him incessantly, of his courage, of his genius, his true nobility of character. The twilight of the short winter's day soon disappeared, and another dismal night of woe and death darkened over the wasted and bleeding army. In the night Napoleon was overheard saying to himself,

"The misery of my poor soldiers cuts me to the heart; yet I can not relieve them without establishing myself in some place. But how is it possible to stop without ammunition, provisions, or artillery? I am not strong enough to halt. I must reach Minsk as quickly as possible."

He had hardly uttered these words when an officer entered, and informed him that Minsk, where he had centered his last hope, with all its magazines, had fallen into the hands of the enemy. For a moment Napoleon seemed overpowered by the blow. But, instantly recovering himself, he said firmly, yet sadly,

"Very well! we have now, then, nothing to do but to force our way with the bayonet."

At one o'clock in the morning he sent for General Rapp.

"My affairs," said the Emperor, "are going very badly. These poor soldiers rend my heart. I can not, however, relieve them."

At that time an alarm of attack was made upon the encampment. The silence of midnight was suddenly interrupted by the roar of artillery and the rattle of musketry. A scene of indescribable confusion and clamor ensued. Napoleon seemed as tranquil as if seated on a sofa at St. Cloud.

"Go," said he, gently, to General Rapp, "and see what is the matter. I am sure that some of those rogues of Cossacks want to prevent our sleeping."

The midnight alarm, like the rapid sweep of the whirlwind, soon passed away. The exhausted troops again threw themselves upon the snow-covered ground, where the freezing blast was even more merciless and fatal than the bullet of the foe.

The extreme sufferings of the French army during this period were faith-

* For a more full account of this extraordinary enterprise, see "Napoleon's Russian Expedition, by Count Philip de Segur."

fully narrated to France by Napoleon in his twenty-ninth bulletin. In this celebrated document, he made no attempt to conceal the measurelessness of the disaster.

"The cold," says the bulletin, "suddenly increased after the 7th. On the 14th, 15th, and 16th, the thermometer was sixteen and eighteen degrees below freezing point, and the roads were covered with ice. The cavalry, artillery, and baggage horses died every night, not by hundreds, but by thousands, especially those of Germany and France. The cavalry were all on foot. The artillery and baggage were without means of conveyance.

"The army, which was so fine on the 6th, was very different on the 14th, almost without artillery, cavalry, and transports. Without cavalry, we had no means of reconnoitering a quarter of a league, while, without artillery, we could not firmly await or risk a battle. It was requisite, therefore, to march, in order not to be forced into an engagement, which the want of ammunition prevented our desiring. It was necessary for us to occupy a certain space of ground, and that without cavalry to lead or to connect our columns. This difficulty, added to the immense frost, rendered our situation miserable. Those whom nature had not sufficiently steeled to be superior to fate or fortune, lost their gayety and good-humor, and dreamed only of misfortunes and catastrophes. Those whose constitutions enabled them to brave vicissitudes, preserved their spirits and ordinary manners, and saw new glories in the difficulties to be surmounted. The enemy, finding upon the road traces of the disasters which had befallen the French army, endeavored to take advantage of them. They surrounded all the columns with Cossacks, who carried off, like the Arabs of the desert, the trains and carriages which for a moment diverged from or loitered on the march. This contemptible cavalry, which can only make a noise, and is incapable of penetrating through a company of voltigeurs, was rendered formidable by circumstances. Nevertheless, the enemy had to repent of all the serious attempts which he made."

The enfeebled army soon crossed the Dnieper, and entered the town of Orcha. Here they found houses, fire, and provisions. For the first time since leaving Moscow, the soldiers enjoyed shelter, comfort, and abundant refreshments. "Napoleon entered Orcha," says Segur, "with six thousand guards, the remains of thirty-five thousand; Eugene with eighteen hundred soldiers, the remains of forty-two thousand; and Davoust with four thousand, the remains of seventy thousand."*

The heroic marshal had lost every thing. He was emaciate with toil, sleeplessness, and fasting. His clothes were in tatters. He had not even a shirt. Some one gave him a handkerchief with which to wipe his face, which was white with frost. He seized a loaf of bread, and devoured it voraciously, exclaiming, "None but men of iron constitutions can support such trials. It is physically impossible to resist them. There are limits to human strength, the utmost of which have been exceeded." Still, his determined spirit had never for one moment been vanquished. At every defile

* The apparent inconsistency in the numbers which are frequently mentioned in the narrative, arises from the fact that each day thousands were perishing, while other thousands were joining the army from divisions posted along the line of retreat.

he halted and beat back the foe, struggling incessantly against an inundation of disorder.

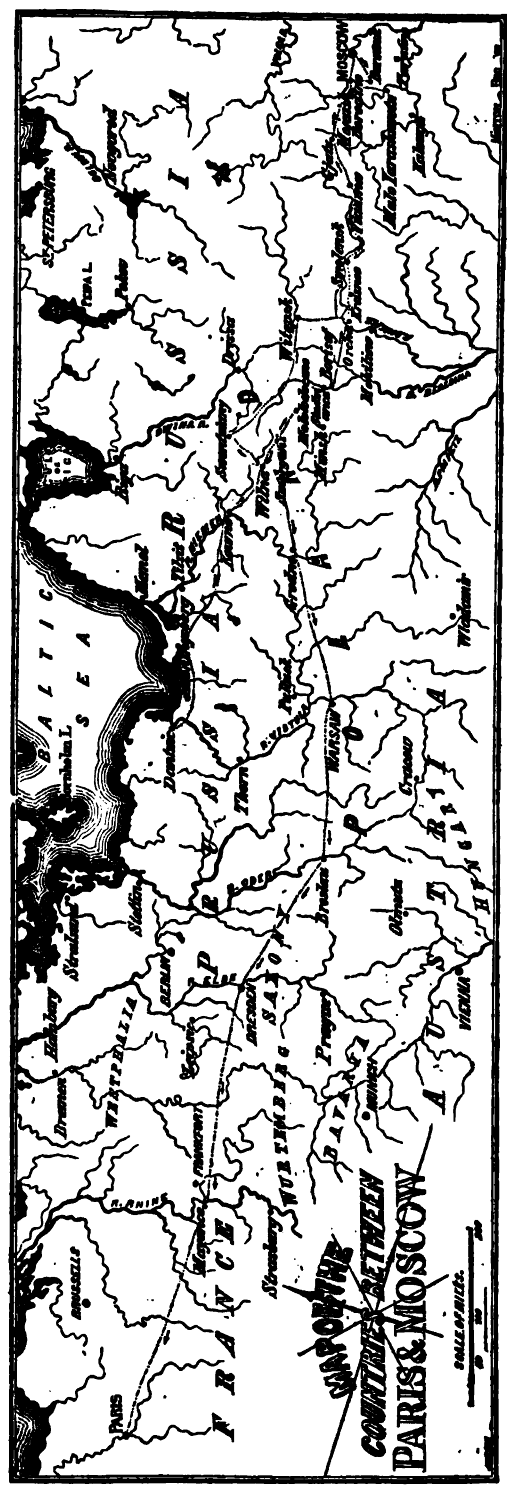
Napoleon was still inquiring for Ney. A feeling of grief pervaded the whole army. Four days had now passed since he had been heard from. Nearly all hope had vanished. Still, every one was looking back across the Dnieper, hoping to obtain a glimpse in the distant horizon of the approach of his columns. They listened to catch, if possible, the sound of his conflict with the foe. But nothing was heard but the cold sweep of the wintry wind; nothing was to be seen but swarms of Cossacks, crowding the opposite banks of the stream, and menacing the bridges. Some proposed, since there was no more hope, to blow up these bridges, and thus retard the pursuit of the Russians. Others, however, would not consent, as it seemed to seal the doom of their lost companions in arms.

Night again set in, and the weary soldiers, in comfortable quarters, for a moment forgot their woes. Napoleon was partaking of a frugal supper with General Lefebvre, when a joyful shout was heard in the streets, "Marshal Ney is safe!" At that moment a Polish officer entered the room, and reported that the marshal was a few leagues distant, on the banks of the river, harassed by swarms of Cossacks, and that he had sent for assistance. Napoleon sprang from his chair, seized the informant by both arms, and exclaimed, with intense emotion,

"Is that really true? Are you sure of it?" Then, in an outburst of rapture, he added, "I have two hundred millions of gold in my vaults at the Tuileries: I would have given them all to save Marshal Ney!"

It was a cold and gloomy winter's night. The soldiers were exhausted by almost superhuman toil and suffering; but without a murmur, five thousand men, at the call of Eugene, roused themselves from their slumbers, and left their warm fires, to proceed to the rescue of the marshal. They traversed unknown and snowy paths for about six miles. Often they stopped to listen, but no sound of their lost friends could be heard. The river, encumbered with ice, flowed chill and drear at their side. Dismal forests of pines and firs frowned along their way. The gloom and silence of midnight enveloped them. In this state of suspense, Eugene ordered a few cannon to be discharged. Far off in the distance they heard the faint response of a volley of musketry. The marshal had not a single piece of artillery left. Eagerly the two corps hastened to meet. Eugene Beauharnais, one of the noblest of men, whom no perils could daunt, and whom no sufferings could subdue, threw himself into the arms of his rescued friend, and wept for joy. Soldiers, officers, generals, all rushed together, and mingled in affectionate embraces.

The reunited bands returned rejoicingly to Orcha. As Marshal Ney related to the Emperor the perils through which he had passed, Napoleon grasped his hand, and hailed him by the proud title of "Bravest of the Brave." The unconquerable marshal had infused his own energy into the bosom of his troops. In view of these extraordinary achievements, accomplished by the genius of one man, Napoleon, in characteristic language, remarked, "Better is an army of deer commanded by a lion, than an army of lions commanded by a deer."



Ney had left Smolensk, about one hundred miles distant, on the 17th, with but six thousand soldiers. He arrived at Orcha with but fifteen hundred, and without a single cannon. He had been compelled to leave all his sick and wounded to the mercy of the enemy. The road over which he passed he found strewed with the traces of the dreadful rout of his friends who had preceded him. Every where were to be seen broken muskets and sabres, overthrown carriages, dismounted cannon, and the frozen bodies of men and horses.

He passed the battle-field of Krasnoe, where the Emperor had halted, and had so heroically fought for the rescue of his lost companions. It was covered with the icy bodies of the dead. On the ensuing day a wintry mist enveloped them, so that they could see but a few feet in advance. Suddenly they found themselves directly in front of a Russian battery, where the enemy, in vastly superior numbers, disputed their passage. A Russian officer presented himself, and demanded the sword of Ney. The commander of the Russian forces was so conscious of the valor of this extraordinary man, that, with the demand for surrender, he sent an apology for making such a summons.

"Field-marshal Kutusoff," said the envoy, "would not have presumed to make so cruel a proposal to so great a general, to a warrior so renowned, if there remained a single chance of safety for him. But there are eighty thousand Russians sur-

rounding Marshal Ney. If the marshal doubts this, Kutusoff will permit him to send a man to pass through his ranks and count his forces." Ney gave the noble response, "A marshal of France never surrenders!"

Even while this scene was passing, the enemy, either through treachery or by mistake, discharged a battery of forty guns, loaded with grape-shot, directly into the bosoms of the French. The carnage was awful. A French officer darted forward to cut down the Russian messenger as a traitor. Ney restrained him, and the man, who was probably innocent of all guile, was disarmed and made prisoner. The enemy's fire was now poured in upon the French without mercy and without cessation. "All the hills," says an eye-witness, "which but a moment before looked cold and silent, became like so many volcanoes in eruption." But these perils did but fan into increased intensity the ardor and the courage of Ney.

"Kutusoff," says Segur, "had not deceived him. On his side there were indeed eighty thousand men, in complete ranks, well fed and in double lines, full and deep; a numerous cavalry; an immense artillery, occupying a formidable position; in short, every thing, and fortune to boot, which is alone equal to all the rest. On ours, five thousand half-famished soldiers—a straggling and dismembered column, a wavering and languid march; arms defective and dirty, and the greater part of them mute, or shaking in enfeebled hands. And yet the French leader had no thought of yielding or perishing, but to cut his way through the enemy."

Ney, undaunted, placed himself at the head of a column, and rushed upon the hostile intrenchments. With five thousand men he undertook to force a passage through eighty thousand. With six pieces of cannon he ventured to march upon batteries bristling with two hundred pieces. The unequal combat was maintained until night enveloped the field. Ney, then finding it impossible to break through, and leaving half of his little army dead upon the field, ordered a retreat back again into the inhospitable wilds of Russia, toward Smolensk.

His troops heard this strange command with utter amazement. They, however, instantly obeyed. Turning their backs upon their comrades who had preceded them, upon their Emperor, upon France, they retraced their steps into those frozen regions from which they were so anxious to escape. For an hour or two they hastily traversed, in the darkness, an unknown and savage road, until they came to a small river. Ney broke the ice to see which way the current ran.

"This stream," said he, "flows into the Dnieper. It shall be our guide." Cold, hungry, weary, and bleeding, the feeble band struggled along the frozen banks of the stream until they came to the Dnieper, the Borysthenes of the ancients. A lame peasant, the only inhabitant whom they encountered, informed them where they might probably pass on the ice. A bend in the river had at this point clogged the floating masses. The cold had cemented them. Above and below, the stream was still filled with movable fragments. In this spot only was a passage possible, and here it was full of danger.

Ney, wrapped in his cloak, threw himself upon the snow, and slept while the troops pressed across in single file. The ice was thin, and bent and crackled under their feet. The wagons, laden with the sick and wounded

soldiers, next attempted to pass, but the frail surface broke beneath the weight. Many of the wagons sank. A few faint shrieks were heard as the mutilated sufferers were submerged in the icy waves, their cold and silent sepulchre. The Cossacks tracked the retreat of the French, and, keeping beyond the reach of musket-shot, fired incessantly upon their helpless victims with artillery. Ney pressed vigorously on, by day and by night, without rest, and a little after midnight on the 20th, the wrecks of the Grand Army were sadly united at Orcha.

During this retreat, an unnatural mother abandoned her child in the snow. Marshal Ney took the little sufferer in his arms, soothed it with tenderness, and carried it back to its parent. Again the wretched woman, rendered fiend-like by misery, cast the poor child from the overladen sledge. Again the marshal, as tender-hearted as he was brave, rescued the child. The indignant soldiers threw the mother from the sledge to perish in the ice. They covered the friendless child with furs and blankets. They subsequently watched over him with great care. This little orphan was afterward seen at the Beresina, then at Wilna, and again at Kowno. He finally escaped all the horrors of the retreat.

Napoleon could now muster but about twelve thousand effective men. Still, a vast and uncounted train of stragglers encumbered the army. For the next three days the suffering band pressed on, defying all the efforts of their multitudinous foes to arrest them. When Napoleon left Moscow to attack Kutusoff, with his assembled army, at Kalouga, General Wittgenstein, with a large army, was three hundred miles in the rear of Napoleon's left wing. Six hundred miles farther off, General Tchitchagoff was returning with his army of sixty thousand men, which had just been released from warfare with the Turks. Both of these well-appointed hosts were marching to unite their forces upon the banks of the Beresina. Three armies were thus crowding upon the Emperor. The passage of the Beresina had now become the great point of peril.*

Napoleon had left a strong force, with abundant magazines, at Borisoff, an important town which covered the passage of the stream. At this place he was sanguine in his expectation of finding refreshment, repose, and powerful additions to his army in men and in the enginery of war.

On the evening of the 23d, Napoleon received intelligence that, through the great negligence of one of his generals, Borisoff had been captured, and,

* "A secret treaty of peace had been signed at Bucharest between the Russians and the Turks. This peace was the work of England, and was secured through the instrumentality of a false document, which the cabinet of London caused to be presented to the Grand Vizier. It was a forged letter from Napoleon, in which he proposed to Alexander the dismemberment of the Turkish empire. Joseph Fonton, who for a long time had been a stipendiary of England, being consulted by Galib Effendi, testified to the authenticity of the document. When the Sultan learned of the entrance of Napoleon into Russia, he refused to ratify the treaty, and was only induced to do so by the menacing attitude of England. This delay of the ratification delayed the Russian army in Moldavia, and did not release it until October. It consequently was unable to oppose the French army at any time during the retreat, until it encountered the French at the famous passage of the Beresina."—*Histoire de Napoleon, par M. de Norvins.*

Thus Russia became hostile to Napoleon because he *would not consent* to the dismemberment of the Turkish empire; and the Turks became his foes because England had convinced them, by false documents, that Napoleon was co-operating with Alexander for the conquest of Constantinople.

with all its stores, was in the hands of the enemy. He was quite unprepared to hear of this terrible disaster. For a moment he was silent; then, raising his hand toward heaven, he sighed heavily, and said,

"Is it written there that we shall commit nothing but errors?"

"Nevertheless," says Napier, "these first words of impatience were the only ones which escaped him, and the valet-de-chambre who assisted him was the only one who witnessed his agitation. Duroc, Daru, and Berthier all said that they knew nothing of it—that they saw him unshaken. This was doubtless so as to outward appearance, for he retained sufficient command over himself to avoid betraying his anxiety."

The path of the army seemed now entirely hedged up. Escape was apparently impossible. Napoleon was still nearly seven hundred miles from where he had crossed the Niemen at Kowno. The officers who were with him expressed their earnest wishes that their sovereign, by abandoning the army, might himself reach France, "were it even through the air," said M. Daru, "since the passage of the earth seems barred. Your majesty could much more certainly serve the army in Paris than here."

Napoleon carefully studied the maps, examined the situation of Borisoff, and suggested one or two other points of passage. It was, however, found that the Russians had strongly defended all those places. The weakened army, freezing and starving, could not force the stream in the face of such formidable hostile batteries. He finally determined to attempt a passage at Studzianca, a village a little to the right of Borisoff. The river was here about three hundred yards wide, and six feet deep. It was a desperate venture. There was no bridge. The stream was filled with floating ice. The landing on the opposite side was in a marsh, surrounded by heights, occupied by a powerful and well-organized army. Napoleon, however, relied firmly upon the resources of his genius, and upon the courage and devotion of his followers. With alacrity he made preparations for the fearful enterprise.

He collected all the remaining Eagles of the several regiments, and caused them to be burned. All the unnecessary carriages were destroyed. Eighteen hundred of his dismounted guard were formed into two battalions. He assembled around his own person all the officers who had been able to save their horses. This corps, being formed into a company of five hundred officers, was denominated "the Sacred Squadron." Generals of division performed the functions of captains and inferior officers with cordial good-will, shouldered the musket, and took their places in the ranks. The spirit of this feeble band, animated by the indomitable energy of Napoleon, still remained unbroken.

These arrangements being completed, the troops again commenced their march through the dark pine forest which there covers the country. The retreating army presented a motley array of about forty thousand men, women, and children. As they approached Borisoff, loud shouts were heard, which they supposed arose from the exultant and defiant Russians. A party was sent forth to reconnoitre. They soon returned with the almost blissful news that the corps of Marshals Victor and Oudinot had retaken Borisoff, and were waiting for Napoleon.

The joy and anguish of this meeting of the French soldiers can not be de-

scribed. Victor's men were ignorant of the disasters which the Grand Army had encountered since its evacuation of Moscow. They were totally unprepared for such a spectacle of misery. Their comrades presented themselves clothed in rags, pieces of carpet, and untanned horse-skins. Their feet were covered with wretched substitutes for shoes. They were emaciate, haggard, frozen, and bleeding. The veterans wept together over the recital of hitherto unheard-of woes; and all were horror-stricken when informed that this skeleton band of fugitives was all that remained of that triumphant army which had recently been proclaimed throughout Europe as the conquerors of the capital of Russia. With the addition of the divisions of Victor and Oudinot, Napoleon had now twenty-seven thousand troops and forty thousand stragglers.

Through all these disasters the attachment of the soldiers to Napoleon continued unbroken. "Thus, amid so many persons," says Segur, "who might have reproached him with their misfortunes, he marched on without the least fear, speaking to one and all without affectation, certain of being respected as long as glory could command respect. Knowing perfectly that he belonged to us as much as we to him, his renown being, as it were, a common national property, we should have sooner turned our arms against ourselves, which was the case with many, than against him, as being the minor suicide.

"Some of them fell and died at his feet; and though they were in the most frightful delirium, their suffering never gave its wanderings the turn of reproach, but of entreaty. And, in fact, did he not share the common danger? Who of them all risked so much as he? Who had suffered the greatest loss in this disaster? If any imprecations were ever uttered, it was not in his presence; for it seemed that, of all misfortunes, that of incurring his displeasure was the greatest."

The River Beresina flows rapidly along its channel a few miles beyond Borisoff. The retreating Russians had destroyed the bridge. Upon the opposite bank of the river they had planted very formidable batteries. Napoleon remained two days at Borisoff refreshing his troops. On the 25th, a variety of movements were made to deceive the enemy as to the point at which he intended to cross the river. In the mean time, with secrecy, arrangements were made for constructing a bridge where a dense forest would conceal their operations from view. The Russians, in vast numbers, occupied the adjacent heights. The French troops were secreted all day in the woods, ready to commence the construction of the bridge the moment night should come. Hardly had the winter's sun gone down behind the frozen hills ere they sprang to their work. No fire could be allowed. They worked through the long and dark night, many of them often up to their necks in water, and struggling against immense masses of ice, which were floated down by the stream. The tires of the wheels were wrenched off for cramp-irons, and cottages were torn down for timber.

Napoleon superintended the work in person, toiling with the rest. He uttered not a word which could indicate any want of confidence in this desperate adventure. He was surrounded by three armies, constituting a mass of one hundred and fifty thousand men. "In this situation," says the Rus-

sian historian Boutourlin, "the most perilous in which he had ever found himself, the great captain was in no way inferior to himself. Without allowing himself to be dismayed by the imminence of his danger, he dared to measure it with the eye of genius, and still found resources when a general less skillful and less determined would not even have suspected its possibility."

The French generals deemed the passage of the river utterly impracticable. Rapp, Mortier, and Ney declared that, if escape were now effected, they should forever after believe in the Emperor's protecting star. Even Murat, constitutionally bold and reckless as he was, declared that it was impossible to save the army. He urged that it was time to relinquish all thoughts of rescuing any but the Emperor, on whose fate the salvation of France depended. The soldiers in the ranks expressed similar fears and desires. Some Polish officers volunteered to extricate Napoleon by guiding him through obscure paths in the forest to the frontiers of Prussia. Poniatowski, who commanded the Polish division, offered to pledge his life for the success of the enterprise; but Napoleon promptly rejected the suggestion as implying a cowardly and dishonorable flight. He would not forsake the army in this hour of its greatest peril.

"Napoleon," says Segur, "at once rejected this project as infamous, as being a cowardly flight; he was indignant that any one should dare to think for a moment that he would abandon his army so long as it was in danger. He was, however, not at all displeased with Murat, either because that prince, in making the proposition, had afforded him an opportunity of showing his firmness, or, what is more probable, because he saw in it nothing but a mark of devotion, and because, in the eyes of a sovereign, the first quality is attachment to his person."

At last the day faintly dawned in the east. The Russian watch-fires began to pale. Napoleon, by the movements of the preceding day, had effectually deceived his foes. The bewildered Russian admiral consequently commenced withdrawing his forces from Studzianca just as Napoleon commenced concentrating his army there. The French generals, who were anxiously, with their glasses, peering through the dusk of the morning to the opposite heights, could hardly believe their eyes when they saw the Russians rapidly retreating. The Russians had received orders to hasten to a point some eighteen miles down the river, where the admiral was convinced, by the false demonstrations of Napoleon, that the French intended to attempt the passage.

Oudinot and Rapp hastened to the Emperor with the joyful tidings. Napoleon exclaimed, "Then I have outwitted the admiral."* A squadron of horsemen swam, on their skeleton steeds, through the icy waves, and took possession of the opposite bank. The bridge was soon finished, and two light rafts were constructed. The passage of the troops was now urged with the utmost rapidity. In the course of a few hours the engineers succeeded in constructing another bridge for the transportation of the baggage and the cannon. During the whole of that bleak winter's day, and of the succeeding night, the French army, with its encumbering multitude of strag-

* Admiral Tchitchagoff.

glers, were crowding across these narrow defiles. In the mean time the Russians began to return. They planted their batteries upon the adjacent heights, and swept the bridges with a storm of cannon balls. Early in the morning of the 27th, the foe had accumulated in such numbers as to be prepared to make a simultaneous attack upon the French on both sides of the river. Napoleon had crossed with the advanced guard. On attaining the right bank of the river, he exclaimed, "My star still reigns."

An awful conflict now ensued. The Russians were impelled by the confidence of success; the French were nerved by the energies of despair. In the midst of this demoniac scene of horror, mutilation, and blood, a fearful tempest arose, howling through the dark forests, and sweeping with hurricane fury over the embattling hosts. One of the frail bridges broke beneath the weight of artillery, baggage, and troops with which it was burdened. A vast and phrensied crowd were struggling at the heads of the bridges. Cannon balls plowed through the living, tortured mass. They trampled upon each other. Multitudes were crowded into the stream, and with shrieks which pierced through the thunders of the battle, sank beneath the floating ice. The genius of Napoleon was never more conspicuous than on this occasion. It is the testimony alike of friend and foe, that no other man could have accomplished what he accomplished in the awful passage of the Beresina.

Undismayed by the terrific scene and by the magnitude of his peril, he calmly studied all his chances, and, with his feeble band, completely thwarted and overthrew his multitudinous foes. It is difficult to ascertain the precise numbers in this engagement. According to Segur, who is perhaps the best authority to whom we can refer, Napoleon had but twenty-seven thousand fighting men, and these were exhausted, half famished, and miserably clothed and armed. There were also forty thousand stragglers and wounded embarrassing his movements and claiming his care. Sixty thousand Russians, well fed and perfectly armed, surrounded him. General Wittgenstein, with forty thousand effective men, marched upon the portion of the army which had not yet crossed the stream. Marshal Victor, with but six thousand men, baffled all his efforts, and for hours held this vast force at bay. Admiral Tchitchagoff, with twenty thousand men, attacked the columns which had crossed. Ney, with eight thousand troops, plunged into the dense mass of foes, drove them before him, and took six thousand prisoners.

Through all these awful hours the engineers worked in preserving and repairing the bridges, with coolness which no perils could disturb. The darkness of the night put no end to the conflict. The Russians trained their guns to bear upon the confused mass of men, horses, and wagons crowding and overwhelming the bridges.

In the midst of all the horrors of the scene, a little boat, carrying a mother and her two children, was overturned by the floating ice. A soldier plunged from the bridge into the river, and, by great exertions, saved the youngest of the two children. The poor little thing, in tones of despair, kept crying for its mother. The tender-hearted soldier was heard endeavoring to soothe it, saying, "Do not cry. I will not abandon you. You shall want for nothing. I will be your father."

Women were in the midst of the stream, struggling against the floating ice, with their children in their arms; and when the mother was completely submerged in the cold flood, her stiffened arms were seen still holding her child above the waves. Across this bridge the soldiers bore tenderly the orphan child which Marshal Ney had saved at Smolensk.

Many persons were crushed and ground to pieces by the rush of heavy carriages. Bands of soldiers cleared their way across the bridge, through the encumbering crowd, with their bayonets and their swords. The wounded and the dead were trampled miserably under their feet. Night came, cold, dark, and dreary, and did but increase these awful calamities. Every thing was covered with snow. The black mass of men, horses, and carriages, traversing this white surface, enabled the Russian artillerymen, from the heights which they occupied, unerringly to direct their fire. The howling of the tempest, the gloom of midnight, the incessant flash and roar of artillery, the sweep of cannon balls through the dense mass, and the frightful explosion of shells, the whistling of bullets, the vociferations and shouts of the soldiers, the shrieks of the wounded and of the despairing, and the wild hurras of the Cossacks, presented one of the most appalling scenes which demoniac war has ever exhibited. The record alone one would think enough to appal the most selfish and merciless lover of military glory. At last Victor, having protected the passage of all the regular troops, led his valiant corps across, and set fire to the bridges. The number lost on this occasion has never been ascertained. When the ice melted in the spring, twelve thousand dead bodies were dragged from the river.*

On the 29th of October the Emperor resumed his march. Each hour brought an accumulation of horrors. For four days the army passed along the icy road, marking their path by an awful trail of frozen corpses. On the 3d of November they arrived at Molodeczno. Here they were met by convoys sent to them from Wilna, and found provisions and forage in abundance. The wounded officers and soldiers, and every thing which could embarrass the movements of the army, were sent forward under an escort to Wilna. Several thousand fresh horses were obtained, and the cavalry remounted.

* Let those who are emulous of the glory which war brings, contemplate the following spectacle, described by an eye-witness at Berlin:

"On Sunday forenoon last I went to one of the gates, and found a crowd collected around a car, in which some wounded soldiers had just returned from Russia. No grenade or grape could have so disfigured them as I beheld them, the victims of the cold. One of them had lost the joints of all his ten fingers, and he showed us the stumps. Another looked as if he had been in the hands of the Turks—he wanted both ears and nose. More horrible was the look of a third, whose eyes had been frozen; the eyelids hung down rotting; the globes of the eyes were burst, and protruding from their sockets. It was awfully hideous. But a spectacle more horrible was to present itself. Out of the straw in the bottom of the car I now beheld a figure creep painfully, which one could scarcely believe to be a human being, so wild and distorted were the features. The lips were rotted away, the teeth stood exposed. He pulled the cloth from before his mouth, and grinned on us like a death's head. Then he burst into wild laughter, gave the word of command in broken French, with a voice more like the bark of a dog than any thing human, and we saw that the wretch was mad—mad from a frozen brain! Suddenly a cry was heard, 'Henry! my Henry!' and a young girl rushed up to the car. The poor lunatic rubbed his brow at the voice, as if trying to recollect where he was Then he stretched out his arms toward the distracted girl, and lifted himself up with his whole strength. But it was too much for his exhausted frame; a shuddering fever-fit came over him, and he sank lifeless on the straw."—*Forster to Korner, January 14th*, 1814.

The artillery was repaired; and the troops, refreshed and reorganized, were placed in marching order.

But intelligence was also brought to Napoleon that portions of Prussia, taking advantage of his reverses, were arming against him; and that even the Austrian aristocracy, deeming this a favorable hour to put down democracy in France, were assuming a hostile attitude. Napoleon called a council of all his officers, related to them these new impending perils, and informed them of his consequent determination to return speedily to Paris. The generals unanimously approved of this design. He, however, remained with the army two days longer. On the 5th the troops arrived at Smorgoni.

They were now within the borders of ancient Poland. Though still within the dominions of Russia, they here met with sympathy and friends. The great difficulties of the retreat were now surmounted. Napoleon invited all his marshals to sup with him. At the conclusion of the repast, he informed them that he should set out that night for France. He assured them that he would soon return at the head of three hundred thousand men, and repeat the conquest which the frost had retarded.

"I leave," said he, "the command of the army to the King of Naples. I hope that you will obey him as you would me, and that the most perfect harmony will reign among you." He then embraced them all and took leave. It was ten o'clock at night. Two sledges were drawn up before the door. The officers gathered sadly and affectionately around the Emperor. Napoleon took his seat in one of the sledges, with Caulaincourt by his side; Duroc and Lobau followed in the other sledge. Their only escort consisted of a few Poles of the Royal Guard.

For leaving the army under these circumstances, Napoleon has been severely censured. It has been called a shameful and a cowardly abandonment. A Russian historian has, however, been more just. General Boutourlin, aid-de-camp to the Emperor Alexander, says,

"Various judgments have been formed respecting this departure; yet nothing would be more easy than to justify it. Napoleon was not merely the general of the army which he left; and since the fate of all France was dependent upon his person, it is clear that, under existing circumstances, his first duty was, less to witness the death-throes of the remnant of his army, than to watch over the safety of the great empire which he ruled. Now he could not perform that duty better than by going to Paris, that by his presence he might hasten the organization of new armies to replace that which he had lost."

Even Bourrienne, though unable to conceal the hostility with which he was animated, exclaims, "It is not without indignation that I have heard that departure attributed by some to cowardice and fear. Napoleon a coward! They know nothing of his character who say so. Tranquil in the midst of danger, he was never more happy than on the field of battle."

In reference to this astonishing retreat, Colonel Napier says,

"To have struggled with hope under such astounding difficulties was scarcely to be expected from the greatest minds; but, like the Emperor, to calculate and combine the most stupendous efforts with calmness and accuracy; to seize every favorable chance with unerring rapidity; to sustain

every reverse with undisturbed constancy, never urged to rashness by despair, yet enterprising to the utmost verge of daring consistent with reason, was a display of intellectual greatness so surpassing, that it is not without justice Napoleon has been called, in reference as well to past ages as to the present, the foremost of mankind."

"I am enabled to affirm," says Caulaincourt, "that never before, under any circumstances, did I see him manifest such heroic magnanimity as during fourteen days and nights which followed the disasters of Moscow. Seated by my side in a narrow sledge, suffering severely from cold, and often from hunger, for we could not stop any where, leaving behind him the scattered wrecks of his army, Napoleon's courage never forsook him. Yet his spirit was not buoyed by any illusory hope. He had sounded the depth of the abyss. His eagle eye had scanned the prospect before him."

"Caulaincourt," said he, "this is a serious state of things; but rest assured my courage will not flinch. My star is clouded, but all is not lost. In three months I shall have on foot a million of armed citizens, and three hundred thousand fine troops of the line. I, the Emperor, am only a man; but all Frenchmen know that on that man depend the destinies of their country, the destinies of their families, and the safety of their homes."

After a very narrow escape from being captured by the Russians, Napoleon passed rapidly through Wilna, and on the 10th of December entered Warsaw. The Abbé de Pradt, who was then the French embassador at Warsaw, has given a very singular account, in his "Embassy to Warsaw in 1812," of an interview he had at that time with the Emperor. It is regarded by Napoleon's friends as a gross caricature, intended to represent him in an odious light.

Napoleon, at St. Helena, referring to the Abbé de Pradt, said, "But the abbé did not fulfill at Warsaw any of the objects which had been intended. On the contrary, he did a great deal of mischief. Reports against him poured in from every quarter. Even the young men, the clerks attached to the embassy, were surprised at his conduct, and went so far as to accuse him of maintaining an understanding with the enemy, which I by no means believed. *But he certainly had a long talk with me, which he misrepresents, as might have been expected;* and it was at the very moment when he was delivering a long, prosy speech, which appeared to me a mere string of absurdity and impertinence, that I scrawled on the corner of the chimney-piece the order to withdraw him from his embassy, and to send him, as soon as possible, to France; a circumstance which was the cause of a good deal of merriment at the time, and which the abbé seems very desirous of concealing."*

It will be found in a succeeding chapter that the abbé subsequently paid

* The Abbé de Pradt subsequently wrote of Napoleon in a far more appreciative tone. Las Casas, in his Memorial of St. Helena, says, "At this part of my journal were inserted several pages, full of details very discreditable to the Archbishop of Malines (the Abbé de Pradt), which were received from the Emperor's own mouth, or collected from the individuals about him. I, however, strike them out, in consideration of the satisfaction which I was informed the Emperor subsequently experienced in perusing M. de Pradt's Concordats. For my own part, I am perfectly satisfied with numerous other testimonies of the same nature, and derived from the same source. An honorable and voluntary acknowledgment is a thousand times better than all the retorts that can be heaped on an offender."

a noble tribute to the character of the Emperor, as he indignantly repelled the insults which the Allies heaped upon their fallen foe. Napoleon, who is represented by all who knew him as one of the most forgiving of men, was much gratified by this virtual *amende*.

Napoleon was well aware of the perfidy of his feudal allies. The celerity of his movements alone prevented his being made a prisoner as he passed through Bavaria. He was, however, reserved for a more melancholy fate than that of Richard Cœur de Lion. Earth could have no heavier woes for him than the lingering torments of St. Helena. The Emperor drove forward without intermission, by night and by day. At one o'clock in the morning of the 14th of December, his solitary sledge entered the streets of Dresden. But a few months before, Napoleon had left that city surrounded by magnificence such as no earthly monarch has ever equaled. He immediately held a long private conference with the King of Saxony, the most faithful and devoted of all his allies. Again entering his sledge, and outstripping even his couriers in speed, in four days he reached Paris.

It was midnight on the 18th of December. The Empress, sick, anxious, and extremely dejected, had just retired to rest at the Tuileries. She supposed that the Emperor was still struggling with his foes in the midst of the wilds of Russia. Suddenly the voices of men were heard in the ante-chamber. A cry from one of the maids of honor made the Empress aware that something extraordinary had happened. In her alarm she leaped from the bed. At that moment the door was opened, and a man, enveloped in furs, rushed in and clasped her in his arms. It was the Emperor.

The news of the Emperor's arrival spread rapidly through the metropolis. Napoleon had issued a bulletin, frankly communicating the whole extent of the disaster which had been encountered. He had made no attempt whatever at concealment. Though the bulletin had been dispatched from the army before the departure of the Emperor, it did not arrive in Paris until the morning after his return. The important document was immediately published. A calamity so awful and unexpected filled Paris with amazement and consternation.

At nine o'clock in the morning the Emperor held a levee. It was numerously attended. Gloom and anxiety pervaded every countenance. The Emperor appeared calm. He made no attempt to evade the questions which all were so anxious to ask. Frankly and fully he communicated the details of the retreat.

"Moscow," said he, "had fallen into our power. We had surmounted every obstacle. The conflagration even had in no way lessened the prosperous state of our affairs. But the rigor of the winter induced upon the army the most frightful calamities. In a few nights all was changed. Cruel losses were experienced. They would have broken my heart if, under such circumstances, I had been accessible to any other sentiments but the welfare of my people. I desire peace. It is necessary. On four different occasions, since the rupture of the peace of Amiens, I have solemnly made offer of it to my enemies. But I will never conclude a treaty but on terms honorable and suitable to the grandeur of my empire."

After the departure of the Emperor from the army, the cold increased in

intensity. As they approached Wilna, the mercury sank to 36° below zero, Fahrenheit. The misery which ensued can never be told. Sixty thousand men, troops and stragglers, had crossed the Beresina. Twenty thousand had since joined them. Of these eighty thousand, scarce forty thousand reached Wilna. This destruction was caused almost entirely by the cold. The Russians who were in pursuit perished as miserably as did the French. It is a remarkable fact, but well attested, that the soldiers from a more southern clime endured the cold better than did the native Russians.

On the 12th of December, the French arrived at Kowno, upon the banks of the Niemen. On the 13th they crossed the bridge, but about thirty thousand in number. The "Old Guard" was now reduced to three hundred men. They still marched proudly, preserving, even unto death, their martial and indomitable air. The heroic Ney, through miracles of suffering and valor, had covered the rear through this awful retreat. The march from Viasma to the Niemen had occupied thirty-seven days and nights. During this time, four rear guards had melted away under his command. Receiving four or five thousand men, the number would soon be reduced to two thousand, then to one thousand, then to five hundred, and finally to fifty or sixty. He would then obtain a fresh supply to be strewn in death along the road. Even more perished from fatigue and the cold than from the bullets of the enemy.

In the following way he conducted the retreat. Each afternoon, at about five o'clock, he selected some commanding position, and stopped the advance of the Russians. His soldiers then, for a few hours, obtained such food and rest as was possible under such circumstances. At ten o'clock he again resumed, under cover of the night, his retreat. At daybreak, which was about seven o'clock, he again took position, and rested until ten o'clock. By this time the enemy usually made his appearance. Cautiously retiring, Ney fought them back all day long, making as much progress as he could, until five o'clock in the evening, when he again took position.

In order to retard the advance of the Cossacks, powder and shells were placed in the wagons which it was found necessary to abandon, and a long lighted fuse attached. The Cossacks, observing the smoke, dared not approach until after the explosion. Thus, for more than a month, by night and by day, Ney struggled along against blinding storms of snow and freezing gales, with his ranks plowed by the shot and the shells of the enemy.

At Kowno, Marshal Ney collected seven hundred fresh troops, and, planting a battery of twenty-four pieces of cannon, beat back the enemy during the whole day, while the army was defiling across the bridge. As these troops melted away before the fire of the foe, he seized a musket, and with difficulty rallied thirty men to stand by his side. At last, having seen every man safely across the river, he slowly retired, proudly facing the foe. The bullets flew thickly around him; still, he disdained to turn his back upon the foe or to quicken his pace. Deliberately walking backward, he fired the last bullet at the advancing Russians, and threw his gun into the stream. He was the last of the "Grand Army" who left the Russian territory.

General Dumas was seated in the house of a French physician, on the German side of the river, when a man entered, enveloped in a large cloak.

His beard was long and matted, his emaciate visage was blackened with gunpowder, his whiskers were singed by fire, but his eyes beamed with the lustre of an indomitable mind.

"At last I am here," said he, as he threw himself into a chair. "What General Dumas, do you not know me?"

"No," was the reply; "who are you?"

"I am the rear guard of the Grand Army, Marshal Ney. I have fired the last musket-shot on the bridge of Kowno, I have thrown into the Niemen the last of our arms, and I have walked hither, as you see me, across the forest."*

CHAPTER XV.

LUTZEN AND BAUTZEN.

Report of the Minister of the Interior—Testimony of Enemies—Noble Devotion of Napoleon's Allies—New Coalition—Confession of Metternich—Death of Bessières—Battle of Lutzen—Entering Dresden—Battle of Bautzen—Death of Duroc—Armistice—Renewal of Hostilities—Caulaincourt's Interview with the Emperor—Striking Remarks of Napoleon.

GREAT as were the military resources which the Emperor's genius had created, the skill and vigor of his civil administration were still more extraordinary. The Minister of the Interior† at this time made the following report to the Legislative Body.

"Gentlemen,—Notwithstanding the immense armies which a state of war, both maritime and Continental, has rendered indispensably necessary, the population of France has continued to increase. French industry has advanced. The soil was never better cultivated, nor our manufactures more flourishing, and at no period of our history has wealth been more equally diffused among all classes of society. The farmer now enjoys benefits to which he was formerly a stranger. He is enabled to purchase land, though its value has greatly risen. His food and clothing are better and more abundant than heretofore, and his dwelling is more substantial and convenient.

"Improvements in agriculture, manufactures, and the useful arts are no longer rejected merely because they are new. Experiments have been made in every branch of labor, and the methods proved to be the most useful have been adopted. Artificial meadows have been multiplied, the system of fallows is abandoned, rotation of crops is better understood, and im-

* "During the Russian campaign, France is believed to have lost about three hundred and fifty thousand soldiers; a hundred thousand were killed in the advance and retreat, a hundred and fifty thousand died from hunger, fatigue, and the severity of the climate, and about a hundred thousand remained prisoners in the hands of the Russians, not more than half of whom ever returned to France. The account has been swollen by including the Jews, suttlers, women, and children who followed the army, and by those who joined it in its retreat from Moscow, amounting to about fifty thousand persons. Upward of sixty thousand horses were destroyed, a thousand cannon, and nearly twenty thousand wagons and carriages.

"Alexander's losses have never been well ascertained; but, including the population of the abandoned cities, who perished for want of food and shelter, they must have far exceeded those of the invaders. In commemoration of his deliverance, the Czar caused a medal to be struck, remarkable for the simplicity and literal truth of the inscription, '*Not to us, not to me, but to Thy name. January*, 1812.'"—*M. Laurent de l'Ardèche*, vol. ii., p. 166.

† Count Montalivet, Feb. 25, 1813.

proved plans of cultivation augment the produce of the soil. Cattle are multiplied, and their different breeds improved. This great prosperity is attributable to the liberal laws by which the empire is governed; to the suppression of feudal tenures, titles, mortmains, and the monastic orders—measures which have set at liberty numerous estates, and rendered them the free patrimony of families formerly in a state of pauperism. Something is due also to the more equal distribution of wealth, consequent on the alteration and simplification of the laws relating to freehold property, and to the prompt decision of lawsuits, the number of which is now daily decreasing."

Notwithstanding the enormous wars in which Napoleon had been engaged, he had expended in works of public improvement the following sums: on palaces and buildings, the property of the crown, $12,500,000; on fortifications, $27,000,000; on sea-ports, docks, and harbors, $25,000,000; on roads and highways, $35,000,000; on bridges in Paris and the various departments, $6,250,000; on canals, embankments, and the drainage of land, $25,000,000; on public works in Paris, $20,000,000; on public buildings in the departments, $30,000,000; making a total of more than $200,000,000, which, in the course of nine years, he had expended in improving and embellishing France.*

"These miracles," says a French writer, "were all effected by steadiness of purpose—talent armed with power, and finances wisely and economically applied."

Count Molé, the Minister of Finance, after a very faithful review of the flattering condition of the empire, concluded his report with the following words: "If a man of the age of the Medici, or of Louis XIV., were to revisit the earth, and at the sight of so many marvels, ask how many ages of peace and glorious reigns had been required to produce them, he would be answered, '*Twelve years of war and a single man.*'"

"The national resources of the French empire," says Alison, "as they were developed in these memorable reports, and evinced in these strenuous exertions, are the more worthy of attention, as this was the *Last Exposition* of them which was made to the world; this was the political testament of Napoleon to future ages. The disasters which immediately after crowded round his sinking empire, and the extraordinary difficulties with which he had to contend, prevented any thing of the kind being subsequently attempted; and when order and regularity again emerged from the chaos, under the restored Bourbon dynasty, France, bereft of all its revolutionary conquests, and reduced to the dimensions of 1789, possessed little more than two thirds of the territory, and not a fourth of the influence which it had enjoyed under the Emperor. To the picture exhibited of the empire at this period, therefore, the eyes of future ages will be constantly turned, as presenting both the highest point of elevation which the fortunes of France had ever attained, and the greatest assemblage of national and military strength which the annals of modern times have exhibited."

*** "When it is recollected that an expenditure so vast on objects so truly imperial, amounting to nearly £3,500,000 ($17,500,000) a year, took place during a period of extraordinary warlike exertion, and almost unbroken maritime and territorial hostility, it must be confessed that it demonstrates an elevation of mind and grandeur of conception on the part of Napoleon, which, as much as his wonderful military achievements, mark him as one of the most marvelous of mankind."—*Alison's History of Europe*, vol. iv., p. 31.**

Napoleon in person superintended the entire administration of both military and civil affairs. Every ministerial project was submitted to his examination. The financial accounts were all audited by himself. The governmental correspondence passed under his eye, and was corrected by his pen. The apparently exhaustless mental and physical energies of the Emperor amazed all who were thrown into contact with him. Though Paris had been plunged into consternation by the terrible disaster in Russia, the calm demeanor and intrepid countenance of the Emperor, which accompanied his frank admission of the whole magnitude of the calamity, soon revived public confidence. *The Journal of Paris*, the next morning, contained the following comments upon the celebrated 29th bulletin:

"These details can not but add to the glory with which the army has covered itself, and to the admiration which the heroic firmness and powerful genius of the Emperor inspire. After having vanquished the Russians in twenty battles, and driven them from their ancient capital, our brave troops have had to sustain the rigors of the season and the severities of an inhospitable climate during a march of more than fifty days through an enemy's country, deprived of artillery, transports, and cavalry; yet the genius of the sovereign has animated all, and proved a resource under the greatest difficulties. The enemy, who had the elements for his auxiliaries, was beaten wherever he appeared. With such soldiers and such a general, the eventual success of the war can not be uncertain. Napoleon will give his name to the nineteenth century."

The words of Napoleon were eagerly gathered, and circulated through the empire. Innumerable addresses, containing assurances of loyalty and affection, were presented to him by the principal bodies of Paris, and from all the principal cities of France. The cities of Rome, Milan, Florence, Turin, Hamburg, Amsterdam, Mayence, manifested the noblest spirit of devotion. They rallied around their noble leader in this his hour of extremity with a zeal which does honor to human nature. We give the address from Milan as a specimen of all the rest.

"Our kingdom, sire, is your handiwork. It owes to you its laws, its monuments, its roads, its prosperity, its agriculture, the honor of its arts, and the internal peace which it enjoys. The people of Italy declare, in the face of the universe, that there is no sacrifice which they are not prepared to make to enable your majesty to complete the great work intrusted to you by Providence. In extraordinary circumstances, extraordinary sacrifices are required, and our efforts shall be unbounded. You require arms, armies, gold, fidelity, constancy. All we possess, sire, we lay at your majesty's feet. This is not the suggestion of authority; it is conviction, gratitude, the universal cry produced by the passion for our political existence."*

Austria and Prussia, who had with no little reluctance allied themselves with the armies of Republican France, now began to manifest decided hostility. The commander of the Prussian forces announced his secession from the Prussian alliance, and soon again Prussia joined the coalition of Russia and England against Napoleon. It is said by Savary,

"The king long resisted the entreaties with which he was assailed in

* Address from Milan, December 27, 1812.

Prussia to join the Russians. The natural sincerity of his character kept him firm to our alliance, in spite of the fatal results which it could not fail to draw upon him. He was driven to the determination he adopted by men of restless spirit, who told him plainly, but respectfully, that they were ready to act either with him or without him. 'Well, gentlemen,' replied the king, 'you force me to this course; but remember, we must either conquer or be annihilated.'"

The Austrian commander, Prince Schwartzenberg, also imitated the example of the Prussians. He not only refused to render any service to the French in their awful retreat, but overawed the Poles to prevent their rising to assist Napoleon, and then, entering into an armistice with the Russians, quietly retired to the territories of his sovereign. Murat, dejected by these tidings, and alarmed by intelligence which he had received from Naples, abruptly abandoned the army and returned to Italy. Napoleon was incensed at this desertion. He wrote to his sister Caroline, Murat's wife, "Your husband is extremely brave on the field of battle, but out of sight of the enemy he is weaker than a woman. He has no moral courage."

Murat, before leaving the army, had assembled a council of war, and had publicly vented his spleen against the Emperor for calling him from sunny Naples to take part in so disastrous a campaign.

"It is impossible," said he, "to continue to serve a madman who is no longer able to afford security to his adherents. Not a single prince in Europe will hereafter listen to his word or respect his treaties. Had I accepted the proposals of England, I might have been a powerful sovereign like the Emperor of Austria or King of Prussia."

Davoust indignantly replied, "The sovereigns you have named are monarchs *by the grace of God*. Their power has been consolidated by time, by long-accustomed reverence, and hereditary descent; but you are king merely by the grace of Napoleon and the blood of French soldiers. You can remain a king only by the power of Napoleon and by an alliance with France. You are inflated with black ingratitude. I will not fail to denounce you to the Emperor."

To Murat, Napoleon wrote: "I do not suspect you to be one of those who think that the lion is dead, but if you have counted on this you will soon discover your error. Since my departure from Wilna you have done me all the evil you could. Your title of king has turned your head."

Eugene was appointed to the chief command. "The Viceroy," wrote Napoleon, "is accustomed to the direction of military movements on a large scale, and, besides, *enjoys the full confidence of the Emperor*." This oblique reproach added to the disaffection of Murat.

Frederick William of Prussia, encouraged by the utter wreck of the French armies, on the 1st of March concluded an alliance, offensive and defensive, with the Russian autocrat, and declared war against France. When the hostile declaration was notified at St. Cloud, Napoleon merely observed,

"It is better to have a declared enemy than a doubtful ally." He afterward said, "My greatest fault, perhaps, was not having dethroned the King of Prussia when I could have done it so easily. After Friedland, I should have separated Silesia from Prussia, and abandoned this province to Saxony.

The King of Prussia and the Prussians were too much humiliated not to seek to avenge themselves on the first occasion. If I had acted thus, if I had given them a free constitution, and delivered the peasants from feudal slavery, the nation would have been content."

Napoleon had wished, by a generous treaty, to conciliate his foes. He was ready to make very great concessions for the sake of peace; but the banded despots of Europe were entirely regardless of his magnanimity. "The system," said Napoleon, truly, "of the enemies of the French Revolution is *war to the death*."*

Immediately after the defection of Prussia, the Allies signed a convention at Breslau, which stipulated that all the German princes should be summoned to unite against Napoleon. Whoever refused was to forfeit his estates. Thus the Allies trampled upon the independence of kings, and endeavored with violence to break the most sacred treaties. The venerable King of Saxony, refusing thus to prove treacherous to his faithful friend, and menaced by the loss of his throne, was compelled to flee from his capital.

The Allies overran his dominions, and marched triumphantly into Dresden. They were cordially welcomed by those who dreaded the liberal ideas which were emanating from France. The English government also made an attempt to compel the court of Copenhagen to join the grand alliance. A squadron appeared before the city, and demanded a categorical answer within forty-eight hours, under the pain of bombardment. The blood of the last atrocious cannonade was hardly as yet washed from the pavements of the city. It was another of those attacks of piratical atrocity with which the English government so often dishonored itself during these tremendous struggles. "This measure," says Alison, "which, if supported by an adequate force, might have been attended with the *happiest effects*, failed from want of any military or naval force capable of carrying it into execution."†

The Tories of England were exultant. After so long a series of disastrous wars, they were now sanguine of success. Their efforts were redoubled. Thousands of pamphlets were circulated in all the maritime provinces of France by the agents of the English government, defaming the character of Napoleon, accusing him of ambitious, despotic, and bloodthirsty appetites, and striving to rouse the populace to insurrection. Napoleon was basely accused of being the originator of these long and dreadful wars, of opposing all measures for peace, of delighting in conflagration and carnage, of deluging Europe with blood to gratify his insatiable ambition and his love of military glory. Most recklessly the English nation was plunged into hopeless debt, that gold might be distributed with a lavish hand to all who would aid to crush the great leader of governmental reform.

On the 11th of February, 1813, Metternich said to the French embassador,

* "This was a gigantic contest, for his enemies, by deceiving their subjects with false promises of liberty, had brought whole nations against him. More than eight hundred thousand men were in arms in Germany alone; secret societies were in full activity all over the Continent, and in France a conspiracy was commenced by men who desired rather to see their country a prey to foreigners, and degraded with a Bourbon king, than have it independent and glorious under Napoleon; wherefore that great monarch had now to make application, on an immense scale, of the maxim which prescribes a skillful offensive as the best defense."—*Napier's War in the Peninsula*, vol. iv., p. 38.

† Alison, vol. iv., p. 205.

in reference to the bribe which the English government had offered Austria to induce her to turn against Napoleon, "Besides the thirty-five millions of dollars which England gives to Russia, she offers us fifty millions if we change our system. We have rejected the offer with contempt, although our finances are in the most ruinous state."* "Meanwhile," says Napier, "the allied sovereigns, by giving hopes to their subjects that constitutional liberty should be the reward of their prodigious popular exertions against France, hopes which, with the most detestable baseness, they had previously resolved to defraud, assembled greater forces than they were able to wield, and prepared to pass the Rhine."†‡

As the Allies entered Saxony, they scattered innumerable proclamations among the people, calling upon them to rise against Napoleon. "Germans," said General Wittgenstein, "we open to you the Prussian ranks. You will there find the son of the laborer placed beside the son of the prince. All distinction of rank is effaced in these great ideas—the king, liberty, honor, country. Among us there is no distinction but talent, and the ardor with which we fly to combat for the common cause."

With such false words did the leaders of despotic armies endeavor to delude the ignorant multitude into the belief that they were the advocates of equality. Treacherously they raised the banner of democracy, and rallied around it the enthusiasm of simple peasants, that they might betray that cause, and trample it down hopelessly in blood. Many were deceived by these promises. Seeing such awful disasters darkening upon the French Emperor, they thought he was forsaken by God as well as by man, and they abandoned their only true friend.

Napoleon gazed calmly upon the storm which was gathering around him. He knew that it would be in vain, when his enemies were so exultant, to make proposals for peace. Nothing remained for him but to redouble his efforts to defeat their machinations. The people of France enthusiastically responded to his call. Parents cheerfully gave up their children for the decisive war. Every town and village rang with the notes of preparation. As by magic, another army was formed. By the middle of April nearly three hundred thousand men were on the march toward Germany, to roll back the threatened tide of invasion. The veteran troops of France had perished amid the snows of Russia. A large army was struggling in the Spanish peninsula against the combined forces of England, Portugal, and Spain. The greater portion of those Napoleon now assembled were youthful recruits, "mere boys," says Sir Walter Scott.§

* Montholon, vol. iv., p. 133.

† Napier, vol. iv., p. 326.

‡ "Austria and Prussia had both entered into a solemn treaty with Napoleon, and put their troops under his command in the invasion of Russia. Yet no sooner did they behold his army in fragments, than, with a perfidy and meanness unparalleled in the history of civilized nations, they joined hands with Russia, and rushed forward to strike, with deadlier blows, an already prostrate ally. It is generally regarded as a point of honor among men never to desert a friend and ally in distress; and to fight by the side of a friend one day against a common enemy, and on the next turn and smite him, for no other reason than because, bleeding and struggling under the discomfiture he has met with, he is no longer able to defend himself, is considered the meanest act of an ignoble soul, and the last step to which human baseness can descend."—*The Imperial Guard of Napoleon, by J. T. Headley*, p. 304.

§ "Napoleon, the most indefatigable and active of mankind, turned his enemies' ignorance on



MARCH OF CONSCRIPTS.

On the 15th of April, at four o'clock in the morning, Napoleon left St. Cloud for the head-quarters of his army. Caulaincourt, who accompanied him, says,

"When the carriage started, the Emperor, who had his eyes fixed on the castle, threw himself back, placed his hand on his forehead, and remained for some time in that meditative attitude. At length, rousing himself from his gloomy reverie, he began to trace in glowing colors his plans and projects, the hopes he cherished of the faithful co-operation of Austria, &c. Then he resumed his natural simplicity of manner, and spoke to me with emotion at the regret he felt in leaving his *bonne Louise* and his lovely child.

this head to profit; for scarcely was it known that he had reached Paris by that wise, that rapid journey from Smorgoni, which, baffling all his enemies' hopes, left them only the power of foolish abuse—scarcely, I say, was his arrival at Paris known to the world, than a new and enormous army, the constituent parts of which he had, with his usual foresight, created while yet in the midst of victory, was on its march from all parts, to unite in the heart of Germany."—*Napier*, vol. iv., p. 37.

"'I envy,' said he, 'the lot of the meanest peasant in my empire. At my age he has discharged his debts to his country, and he may remain at home, enjoying the society of his wife and children; while I, I must fly to the camp and engage in the strife of war. Such is the mandate of my inexplicable destiny.'

"He again sunk into his reverie. To divert him from it, I turned the conversation on the scene of the preceding evening, when, at the Elysée, the Empress, in the presence of the princes, grand dignitaries, and ministers, had taken the solemn oath in the character of Regent.

"'My good Louise,' said the Emperor, 'is gentle and submissive. I can depend on her. Her love and fidelity will never fail me. In the current of events there may arise circumstances which decide the fate of an empire. In that case, I hope the daughter of the Cæsars will be inspired by the spirit of her grandmother, Maria Theresa.'"

Napoleon had ordered his troops to concentrate at Erfurth, and, on the 25th of April, he reached the encampment of his youthful and inexperienced army. The Allies, flushed with success, overwhelming in numbers, and animated by the prospect of a general rising of the Royalist party all over Europe, were every where gaining ground. A series of indecisive conflicts ensued, in which the genius of Napoleon almost unceasingly triumphed over his multitudinous enemies.

In one of these actions, Bessières, who commanded the cavalry of the Imperial Guard, was struck by a ball in the breast, and fell dead from his horse.

Marshal Bessières had been commander of the Guard ever since the campaign in Italy in 1796. Like all those who were honored with the friendship of Napoleon, he was a man of exalted worth. He was humane and tender-hearted in the extreme, and yet no peril in the hour of battle could daunt him. Firmly believing in the righteousness of those principles of popular equality for which he was contending under his adored Emperor, and by which he had risen from obscure parentage to power and renown, he nerved himself to endure the carnage over which his sympathies wept. He was universally beloved. Even those against whom he was contending have united in pronouncing his eulogy. The character of Napoleon is illustrated by the lofty character of the friends he cherished.

The loss of this faithful friend deeply affected Napoleon. He wrote to the Empress,

"Bessières is justly entitled to the name of brave and good. He was distinguished alike for his skill, courage, and prudence; for his great experience in directing cavalry movements, for his capacity in civil affairs, and his attachment to the Emperor. His death on the field of honor is worthy of envy. It was so sudden as to have been free from pain. His reputation was without a blemish—the finest heritage he could have bequeathed his children. There are few whose loss could have been so sensibly felt. The whole French army partakes the grief of his majesty on this melancholy occasion."

Amid these overwhelming cares and perils, Napoleon forgot not the widow of his friend. He wrote to her the following touching letter:

"My cousin,—Your husband has died on the field of honor. The loss which you and your children have sustained is doubtless great, but mine is still greater. The Duke of Istria has died the noblest death, and without suffering. He has left a spotless reputation, the best inheritance he could transmit to his children. My protection is secured to them. They will inherit all the affection which I bore to their father."



MAP OF CAMPAIGN IN SAXONY.

At last the hostile forces met in great strength on the plains of Lutzen. It was the 2d of May. Napoleon, not expecting an attack, was on the march, his army extending thirty miles in length. Suddenly the allied army appeared in all its strength, emerging from behind some heights where it had been concealed. In four deep black columns, eighty thousand strong, with powerful artillery in front, and twenty-five thousand of the finest cavalry in reserve, these veterans, with deafening cheers, rushed resistlessly upon the leading columns of the young conscripts of France. Two villages were immediately enveloped in flames. A heavy concentric fire of infantry and artillery plowed their ranks. Courier after courier was dispatched to Napoleon, pressing for re-enforcements, or all was lost. The Emperor soon arrived at the theatre of action. He had but four thousand horse. Calmly, for a moment, he contemplated the overwhelming numbers thus suddenly bursting upon his little band, and then said, without any indication of alarm,

"We have no cavalry. No matter, it will be a battle as in Egypt. The French infantry is equal to any thing. I commit myself, without fear, to the valor of our young conscripts."

Napoleon himself galloped across the plain, directing his steps to the spot where the dense smoke and the incessant roar of artillery indicated the hottest of the strife. The scene of carnage, confusion, and dismay which here presented itself was sufficient to appal the stoutest heart. The young conscripts, astounded and overwhelmed by the awful fire from the Russian bat-

teries, which mowed down their ranks, were flying in terror over the plain. A few of the more experienced columns alone held together, and, torn and bleeding, slowly retired before the advancing masses of the allied infantry. Immense squadrons of cavalry were posted upon a neighboring eminence, just ready, in a resistless torrent of destruction, to sweep the field and sabre the helpless fugitives.

The moment the Emperor appeared with the imperial staff, the young soldiers, reanimated by his presence, rushed toward him. A few words from his lips revived their courage. Instantly the broken masses formed into little knots and squares, and the rout was arrested. Never did the Emperor receive a more touching proof of the confidence and the devotion of his troops. The wounded, as they were borne by, turned their eyes affectionately to the Emperor, and shouted, often with dying lips, *Vive l'Empereur!* Whenever his form appeared, flitting through the confusion and the smoke of the battle, a gleam of joy was kindled upon the cheeks even of those struggling in death's last agonies. The devotion of the soldiers, and the heroism of the generals and officers, never surpassed what was witnessed on this occasion. Napoleon rode through a storm of bullets and cannon balls as if he bore a charmed life. He seemed desirous of exposing himself to every peril which his faithful soldiers were called to encounter. He felt that the young soldiers, who now for the first time witnessed the horrors of a field of battle, needed this example to stimulate their courage.

For eight hours the battle raged. It was sanguinary in the extreme. The ground was covered with the mutilated bodies of the dying and the dead. General Gérard, though already hit by several bullets, and covered with blood, still headed his troops, exclaiming, "Frenchmen! the hour is come in which every one who loves his country must conquer or die."

The decisive moment at length arrived. Napoleon brought forward the Imperial Guard, whose energies he had carefully preserved. Sixteen battalions in close column, preceded by sixty pieces of incomparable artillery, pierced the wavering mass of the Allies. One incessant flash of fire blazed from the advancing column. The onset was resistless. Enveloped in clouds of dust and smoke, the determined band was soon lost to the sight of the Emperor. But the flash of their guns through the gloom, and the receding roar of their artillery, proclaimed that they were driving the enemy before them. The victory was complete. But Napoleon, destitute of cavalry, gave strict orders that no pursuit should be attempted. He slept upon the hard-won field of battle. The Allies retreated to Leipsic, and thence to Dresden, amazed at the unexpected energy which Napoleon had developed. They had supposed that the disasters in Russia had so weakened his strength that he could present but feeble resistance.

The Emperor immediately transmitted news of this victory to Paris, and to every court in alliance with France. The tidings filled the hearts of his friends with joy.

"In my young soldiers," said Napoleon, "I have found all the valor of my old companions in arms. During the twenty years that I have commanded the French troops, I have never witnessed more bravery and devotion. If all the allied sovereigns, and the ministers who direct their cabinets, had

been present on the field of battle, they would have renounced the vain hope of causing the star of France to decline."

He wrote to the Empress, whom he had appointed Regent, requesting her to forward, in her name, the following circular to each of the bishops of the empire:

"In the name of the Emperor, the Empress Queen and Regent, to the Bishop of ——. The victory gained at Lutzen by his majesty the Emperor and King, our beloved spouse and sovereign, can only be considered as a special act of divine protection. We desire that, at the receipt of this letter, you will cause a *Te Deum* to be sung, and address thanksgivings to the God of armies; and that you will offer such prayers as you may judge suitable, to draw down the divine protection upon our armies, and particularly for the sacred person of his majesty, the Emperor and King. May God preserve him from every danger. His preservation is as necessary to the happiness of the empire as to the religion which he has re-established, and which he is called to sustain."

A similar circular was sent to all the bishops in Italy.*

At daybreak on the following morning Napoleon rode over the field of battle. With emotions of the profoundest melancholy, he gazed upon the bodies of six thousand of his young conscripts strewing the plain. Their youthful visages and slender figures proclaimed how little they were adapted to the stern horrors of the field of battle. Twelve thousand of the wounded, many of them from the first families in France and Germany, had been conveyed, in every form of mutilation, from the bloody field to the hospitals.

As Napoleon was thoughtfully and sadly traversing the gory plains, he came to the dead body of a young Prussian, who, in death, seemed to press something closely against his bosom. The Emperor approached, and found that it was the Prussian flag which the soldier, in dying, had grasped so tenaciously. For a moment he stopped, and gazed in silence upon the touching spectacle. Then, with a moistened eye, and a voice tremulous with emotion, he said,

"Brave lad! brave lad! you were worthy to have been born a Frenchman. Gentlemen," said he, turning to his officers, his voice still trembling, "you see that a soldier has for his flag a sentiment approaching to idolatry. It is the object of his worship, as a present received from the hands of his mistress. I wish some of you immediately to render funeral honors to this young man. *I regret that I do not know his name, that I might write to his family.* Do not separate him from his flag. These folds of silk will be for him an honorable shroud." Napoleon could thus honor fidelity and courage even in an enemy.

The battle of Lutzen is invariably regarded as one of the most brilliant proofs of Napoleon's genius, and of the fervid affection with which he was cherished by every soldier in the army. The Allies had chosen their own point of attack. Concealed behind a barrier of hills, they had drawn the French almost into an ambuscade. Surprised in a scattered line of march, extending over a distance of thirty miles, Napoleon was assailed by the concentrated masses of the enemy on his right and centre. Still, the Emperor,

* Souvenirs Historique de M. le Baron Meneval, tome ii., p. 74.



AFTER THE BATTLE.

with his young recruits, arrested the advance of the enemy, sustained the conflict for eight hours, brought up his re-enforcements, and gained the victory. It was Napoleon's personal ascendency over his troops which secured this result.

His instinctive acquaintance with the human heart was almost supernatural. On this occasion he made extraordinary efforts to encourage and animate his *children*, as he ever called his soldiers. A colonel of a battalion had, for some fault, been degraded from his rank. He was a very brave man, and much beloved by those whom he had commanded. In the midst of the battle, when that battalion was needed to perform a feat of desperate daring, Napoleon appeared at its head with the beloved commander. Addressing to him, in the presence of his troops, a few words of forgiveness and commendation, he restored him to the command. A shout of joy burst from the lips of the battalion. The cry spread from rank to rank, and rose above the awful roar of the battle. The troops, thus animated, headed a column, and, breasting the storm of war, accomplished the feat for which it was thus prepared.

It is not easy to ascertain the precise numbers engaged in this conflict. "Although," says Alison, "the superiority of numbers, upon the whole, was decidedly on the side of the French, yet this was far from being the case with the forces actually engaged, until a late period in the day."

"It was, indeed," says Bussey, "an achievement worthy of gratulation, that an army of nearly a hundred and thirty thousand men, with upward of twenty thousand cavalry, had been defeated by not more than eighty thousand men, including only four thousand cavalry."

The Allies, having lost twenty thousand in killed and wounded, conducted their retreat in much confusion. Ten thousand chariots, more than half of them loaded with the wounded, encumbered the road. The French followed close upon their rear, continually harassing them. On the 7th of May the discomfited army passed through Dresden without venturing to halt. They crossed the Elbe, blew up the bridges, and the few Cossacks who were left behind swam their horses across the stream.

It was one of the most lovely of May mornings when the French army approached this beautiful city. Even the meanest soldier gazed with delight upon the amphitheatre, encircled by hills, which were crowned with gardens, orchards, and villas. The placid waters of the Elbe, fringed with the foliage and with the flowers of spring, meandered through the lovely landscape. The rising sun was brilliantly reflected from the steeples, domes, and palaces of the city. From the distant eminences glittered the bayonets



APPROACH TO DRESDEN.

of the retreating foe. Batteries frowned on the heights, and the cannonade of the pursuers and the pursued mingled with the clangor of bells which welcomed the approach of Napoleon to the capital of his noble and faithful ally, the King of Saxony.

This monarch was a man of great moral excellence. Napoleon often quoted with admiration, as illustrative of his character, one of his remarks, that "*Probity and truth are the best artifices in politics.*"

The aristocratic party but a few days before had hailed with enthusiasm the entrance of the Czar and the King of Prussia. Now the mass of the inhabitants sincerely rejoiced at the restoration of their monarch. As Napoleon approached the city, he was waited upon by the magistrates, who had been treacherous to him and to their king, and had welcomed the Allies.

"Who are you?" said Napoleon severely.

"Members of the municipality," replied the trembling burgomasters.

"Have you bread for my troops?" inquired Napoleon.

"Our resources," they answered, "have been entirely exhausted by the requisitions of the Russians and Prussians."

"Ah!" replied Napoleon," it is impossible, is it? I know no such word. Get ready bread, meat, and wine. You richly deserve to be treated as a conquered people. But I forgive all, from regard to your king. He is the savior of your country. You have been already punished by having had the Russians and Prussians among you, and having been governed by Baron Stein."

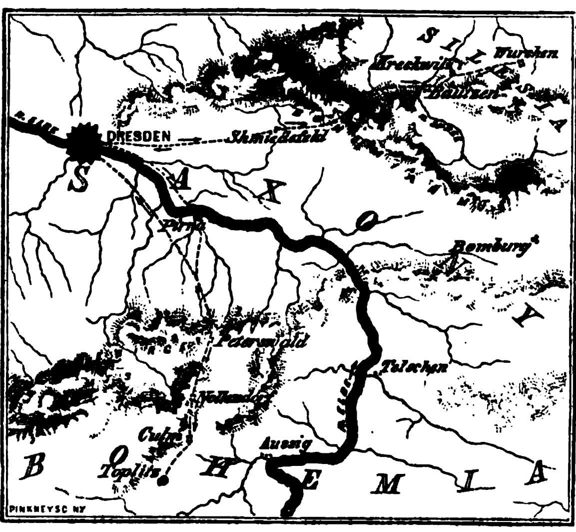
The Emperor dismounted, and, accompanied by Caulaincourt and a page, walked to the banks of the river. Balls from the opposite batteries fell around him. Having, by a thorough personal reconnoissance, made himself acquainted with the various localities, and having rescued from conflagration the remains of a bridge, he called upon General Drouet to bring forward a hundred pieces of cannon. He posted himself upon an eminence to direct their disposition. A tremendous cannonade was immediately commenced between these guns and the opposing batteries of the Russians. The Emperor was exposed to the enemy's fire. His head was grazed by a splinter which a ball shattered from a tree near by. "Had it struck me on the breast," said he, calmly, "all was over."

The Russian battery was soon silenced. The Allies, having done every thing in their power to prevent the passage of the Elbe, concentrated their forces at a formidable intrenched position at Bautzen. Here they resolved to give a decisive battle. By the indefatigable exertions of the French engineers, a bridge was soon constructed, and boats made ready to cross the stream. During the whole of the 11th Napoleon superintended the passage. He sat upon a stone by the water side, animating his men. He promised a napoleon to every boat which was ferried across, and was, in his turn, cheered by the enthusiastic shouts of the young conscripts, as, with long trains of artillery, and all the enginery of war, they pressed to the right bank of the Elbe.

On the 12th of May, Napoleon and the King of Saxony rode side by side through the streets of Dresden to the royal palace. They were accompanied by the discharges of cannon, the music of martial bands, the pealing of bells, and the acclamations of the people. Flowers were scattered in their path, and the waving of handkerchiefs, and the smiles of ladies, from windows and balconies, lined their way. It was the last spectacle of the kind Napoleon was destined to witness. He fully comprehended the fearful perils which

surrounded him, and in that hour of triumph he reflected with a calm and serious spirit upon the ruin with which his course was threatened.

"I beheld," he afterward remarked, "the decisive hour gradually approaching. My star grew dim. I felt the reins slipping from my hands. Austria, I knew, would avail herself of any difficulties in which I might be placed to secure advantages to herself. But I had resolved on making the greatest sacrifices. The choice of the proper moment for proclaiming this resolution was the only difficult point, and what chiefly occupied my attention. If the influence of physical force be great, the power of opinion is still greater.



DRESDEN AND VICINITY.

Its effects are magical. My object was to preserve it. A false step, a word inadvertently uttered, might forever have destroyed the illusion. While successful, I could offer sacrifices honorably."

According to his usual custom, Napoleon, now again a conqueror, sent pacific overtures to the Allies. He was sincerely anxious for peace, but he was not prepared to submit to degradation. The Allies, anticipating the speedy union of Austria with their armies, demanded terms so exorbitant as to prove that they would be contented with nothing less than the entire overthrow of Napoleon's power. Upon this rejection of his proposals, Napoleon sent Eugene to Italy for the defense of that kingdom. Austria was secretly raising a powerful army, and Napoleon foresaw that his treacherous father-in-law would soon march to recover his ancient conquests in the plains of Lombardy.

After remaining a week in Dresden, awaiting the result of the negotiations for peace, Napoleon resumed his march to meet his enemies, who had planted themselves behind the intrenchments of Bautzen. In his route he passed the ruins of a small town. It had been set on fire in an engagement between the French and Russians. He was deeply affected by the spectacle of misery. Presenting the inhabitants with twenty thousand dollars for their immediate necessities, he promised to rebuild the place. Riding over ground still covered with the wounded, he manifested much sympathy for their sufferings. He directed the attention of his surgeon to a poor Russian soldier apparently in dying agonies. "His wound is incurable," said the surgeon. "But try," replied Napoleon. "It is always well to lose one less."

On the morning of the 21st the French army again arrived within sight of the camp of the Allies. They were intrenched behind the strong town

of Bautzen. The River Spree flowed in their front. A chain of wooded hills, bristling with Russian batteries, protected their right. The cannon of the Prussians frowned along the rugged eminences on their left. Napoleon saw at a glance that he could not take the camp by storm. Ney was accordingly directed to make a large circuit around the extreme right of the Russians, while the attention of the enemy was engrossed by a fierce attack upon the left by Oudinot, and upon the centre by Soult and the Emperor in person.

For four hours the French made charge after charge upon these impregnable works. At length the bugle notes of Ney's division were heard in the rear of the enemy. With shouts of "Vive l'Empereur!" and with a terrific roar of musketry and artillery, the dense masses of the French marshal plunged into the camp of the exhausted foe. The Allies, panic-stricken, bewildered, and assailed on every side, fled with the utmost celerity toward the wilds of Bohemia. Napoleon was again undisputed victor. Though the ground was covered with the slain, but few prisoners were taken, and but a few of the trophies of war were secured. The French, destitute of cavalry, were unable to follow up their victory with the accustomed results.*

In the midst of the battle, the Emperor, utterly exhausted by days and nights of sleeplessness and toil, threw himself upon the ground by the side of a battery, and, notwithstanding the thunder of the cannonade and the horror and peril of the conflict, fell soundly asleep.

The loss of the victors, who marched boldly to the muzzles of the batteries of their foes, is represented as greater than that of the vanquished. The Allies lost fifteen thousand in killed and wounded. Five thousand of the French were killed outright, while twenty thousand of the mutilated victims of war moaned in anguish in the gory hospitals in Bautzen and the surrounding villages. Napoleon pitched his tent in the middle of the squares of his faithful Guard, near Wurchen, where the allied sovereigns had held their head-quarters the night before. He immediately dictated the bulletin of the battle, and the following generous decree:

"A monument shall be erected on Mount Cenis. On the most conspicuous face the following inscription shall be written, 'The Emperor Napoleon, from the field of Wurchen, has ordered the erection of this monument, in testimony of his gratitude to the people of France and Italy. This monument will transmit from age to age the memory of that great epoch, when, in the space of three months, twelve hundred thousand men flew to arms to protect the integrity of the French Empire.'"

* "No period in the career of Napoleon is more characteristic of the indomitable firmness of his character, as well as resources of his mind, than that which has now been narrated. When the magnitude of the disasters in Russia is taken into consideration, and the general defection of the north of Germany, which immediately and necessarily followed, it is difficult to say which is most worthy of admiration, the moral courage of the Emperor, whom such an unheard of catastrophe could not subdue, or the extraordinary energy which enabled him to rise superior to it, and for a brief season again chain victory to his standards. The military ability with which he combated at Lutzen—with infantry superior in number indeed, but destitute of the cavalry which was so formidable in their opponents' ranks, and for the most part but newly raised—the victorious veteran armies of Russia and ardent volunteers of Prussia, was never surpassed. The battle of Bautzen, in the skill with which it was conceived, and the admirable precision with which the different corps and reserves were brought into action, each at the appropriate time, is worthy of being placed beside Austerlitz or Jena."—*Alison, History of Europe*, vol. iv., p. 84.



ASLEEP ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE.

The overthrow of Napoleon prevented the execution of this honorable design. The admirers of patriotic virtue, the lovers of the fine arts, and the advocates of popular liberty, have alike cause to mourn over the triumph of the Allies.

Napoleon was busily employed dictating dispatches during most of the night. At three o'clock in the morning, accompanied by General Drouet alone, he left his tent and directed his steps toward the tomb of Gustavus Adolphus. He was profoundly sad. The death of Bessières heavily oppressed his spirit. He walked along without uttering a word. Having arrived at the poplar-trees which surround the mausoleum, he said to Drouet, "Leave me, general, I wish to be alone." Making himself known to the sentinel who challenged him, he passed under the trees. The silence of the night, the imposing monument illumined by the rays of the moon, the seriousness of his affairs, in the midst of a conflict which might be decisive of his fate, all conspired to communicate to his spirit, naturally so pensive, a

still deeper shade of melancholy. Napoleon did not often surrender himself to the influence of exterior things, but he afterward remarked, "That in this pilgrimage to the shrine of the illustrious dead, he had experienced strange presentiments, and, as it were, a revelation of his fate." After an hour passed in silence and solitude, he rejoined Drouet. He simply remarked, "It is well sometimes to visit the tomb, there to converse with the dead." Then, in perfect silence, he returned to his tent.

At the earliest dawn of the morning he was again, in person, directing the movements of his troops. He soon overtook the rear guard of the enemy, strongly posted to protect the retreat of the discomfited army. A fierce conflict ensued. A shower of balls fell upon the imperial escort, and one of Napoleon's aids was struck dead at his feet.

"Duroc," said he, turning to the Duke of Friuli, "fortune is determined to have one of us to-day."

In the afternoon, as the Emperor was passing at a rapid gallop through a ravine, with a body of his Guard four abreast, the whole band being enveloped in a cloud of dust and smoke, a cannon ball, glancing from a tree, struck General Kirgenir dead, and mortally wounded Duroc, tearing out his entrails. In the midst of the obscurity and the tumult, Napoleon did not witness the disaster. When informed of the calamity, he seemed for a moment overwhelmed with grief, and then exclaimed, in faltering accents,

"Duroc! Duroc! gracious Heaven, my presentiments never deceive me. This is indeed a sad day—a fatal day."

He immediately alighted from his horse, and walked backward and forward in silent thoughtfulness. Then, turning to Caulaincourt, he said,

"Alas! when will Fate relent? When will there be an end of this? My eagles will yet triumph, but the happiness which accompanied them has fled. Whither has he been conveyed? I must see him. Poor, poor Duroc!"

The Emperor found the dying marshal in a cottage, stretched upon a camp-bed, and suffering excruciating agony. His features were so distorted that he was hardly recognizable. The Emperor approached his bed, threw his arms around his neck, and inquired, "Is there, then, no hope?"

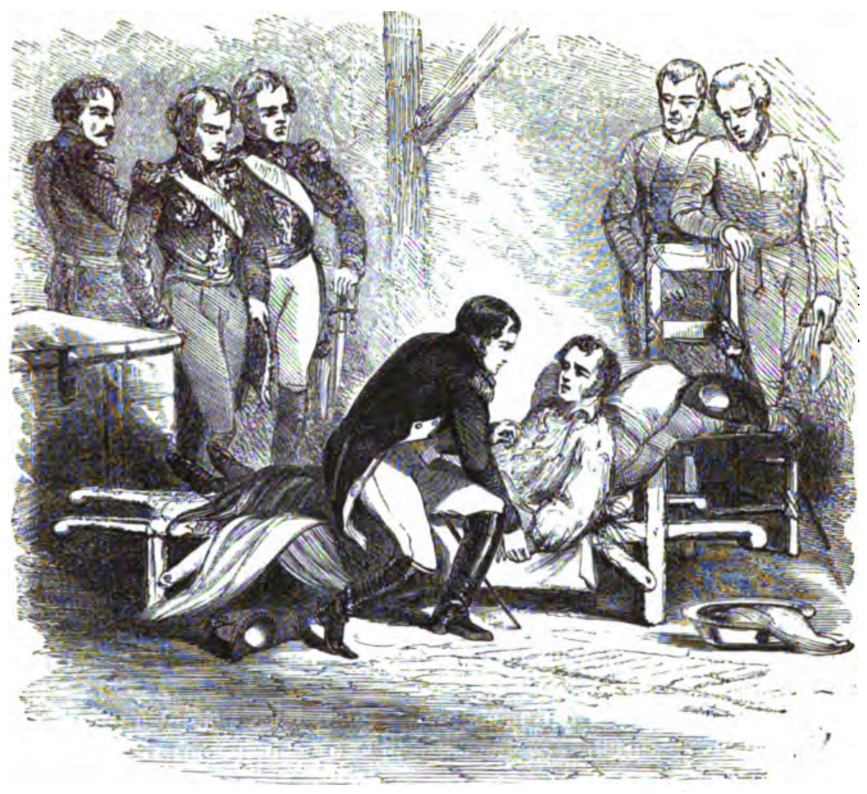
"None whatever," the physicians replied.

The dying man took the hand of Napoleon, pressed it fervently to his lips, and, gazing upon him affectionately, said, "Sire! my whole life has been devoted to your service; and now my only regret is that I can no longer be useful to you."

Napoleon, in a voice almost inarticulate with emotion, replied, "Duroc! there is another life. There you will await me. We shall one day meet again."

"Yes, sire!" feebly returned the marshal, "but that will be thirty years hence, when you have triumphed over your enemies, and realized all the hopes of our country. I have lived as an honest man; I have nothing to reproach myself with. I have a daughter to whom your majesty will be a father."

Napoleon was so deeply affected that he remained for some time incapable of speaking, still affectionately holding the hand of his dying friend. Duroc was the first to break silence.



DEATH OF DUROC.

"Sire!" he said, "this sight pains you; leave me."

The Emperor took his hand, pressed it to his bosom, embraced him once more, and saying sadly, "Adieu, my friend," hurried out of the room.

Supported by Marshal Soult and Caulaincourt, Napoleon, overwhelmed with grief, retired to his tent, which had been immediately pitched in the vicinity of the cottage.

"This is horrible!" he exclaimed. "My excellent, my dear Duroc! Oh, what a loss is this!" Tears were observed flowing freely from his eyes as he entered the solitude of his inner tent.

The squares of the Old Guard, sympathizing in the deep grief of their sovereign, took up their positions around his encampment. Napoleon sat alone in his tent, wrapped in his gray great-coat, his forehead resting upon his hand, entirely absorbed in agonizing emotions. For some time no one was willing to intrude upon his grief. At length, two of his generals ventured to inquire respecting arrangements for the following day. Napoleon shook his head, and replied,

"Ask me nothing till to-morrow." Again, with his hand pressed upon his brow, he resumed his attitude of meditation.

Night darkened the scene. The stars came out, one by one. The moon rose brilliantly in the cloudless sky. The soldiers moved noiselessly, and spoke in subdued tones, as they prepared their repast. The rumbling of

baggage-wagons and the occasional booming of a distant gun alone disturbed the mournful stillness of the scene. Here and there the flames of burning villages shed a portentous light through the gloom.

"Those brave soldiers," says J. T. Headley, "filled with grief to see their beloved chief borne down by such sorrow, stood for a long time silent and tearful. At length, to break the mournful silence, and to express the sympathy they might not speak, the band struck up a requiem for the dying marshal. The melancholy strains arose and fell in prolonged echoes over the field, and swept in softened cadences on the ear of the fainting warrior. But still Napoleon moved not. They then changed the measure to a triumphant strain, and the thrilling trumpets breathed forth their most joyful notes, till the heavens rang with the melody. Such bursts of music had welcomed Napoleon, as he returned, flushed with victory, till his eye kindled with exultation; but now they fell on a dull and listless ear. It ceased, and again the mournful requiem filled all the air. But nothing could arouse him from his agonizing reflections. His friend lay dying, and the heart he loved more than his life was throbbing its last pulsations. What a theme for a painter, and what a eulogy on Napoleon was that scene. That noble heart, which the enmity of the world could not shake, nor the terrors of the battle-field move from its calm repose, nor even the hatred, nor the insults of his, at last, victorious enemies humble, here sank, in the moment of victory, before the tide of affection. What military chieftain ever mourned thus on the field of victory? And what soldiers ever loved their leader so?"

Duroc breathed faintly for a few hours, and died before the dawn of morning. When the expected tidings were announced to Napoleon, he exclaimed, sadly,

"All is over. He is released from misery. Well, he is happier than I." He then silently placed in the hands of Berthier a paper, ordering a monument to be reared, with the following inscription, upon the spot where he was struck by the ball,

"Here General Duroc, Duke of Friuli, Grand Marshal of the palace of the Emperor Napoleon, gloriously fell, struck by a cannon ball, and died in the arms of the Emperor, his friend."

He immediately issued a decree in favor of Duroc's young and accomplished widow and child. He then summoned to his presence the proprietor of the farm on which Duroc fell, and gave him four thousand dollars, eight hundred of which were to be spent in erecting a suitable monument. The rest was to remunerate the farmer for the losses he had sustained during the action. The money was paid in the presence of the rector and magistrate of Makersdorf, who undertook to see the monument erected.*

This generous design of the Emperor was, however, never fulfilled. The Allies had the unparalleled meanness to wrest this money from the farmer, as a part of the spoils of war. They put the eight hundred dollars into their own pockets, and thus prevented a monument from being erected to one of the noblest of men, and defrauded Napoleon of the privilege of paying this last tribute of affection to one of the most devoted of his friends. Banished from the world on the rock of St. Helena, Napoleon was faithful

* Hist. de Napoleon, par M. de Norvin, t. iii., p. 423.

to the souvenirs of Makersdorf. Upon his dying bed he remembered in his will the daughter of his friend, the Duke of Friuli.*

The pursuit of the retreating army was now resumed. Napoleon entered the village of Bruntzlau. Here the Russian commander, Kutusoff, had died a few weeks previous, of typhus fever, caused by the suffering and exhaustion attending his march from Moscow. No monument marked his grave. Napoleon immediately, with that magnanimity which was an essential part of his nature, ordered an obelisk to be reared in memory of his old antagonist. The subsequent misfortunes which overwhelmed the Emperor prevented this honorable design from being carried into execution. How different this conduct from that of the Allies!

Napoleon was constantly with his advanced posts, directing all their movements. He had regained his cheerfulness, and, as he rode along, was often heard peacefully humming French and Italian airs. The allied sovereigns were in great alarm. Vast re-enforcements were on the march from Russia and from Prussia, but it would require several weeks before the most advanced columns could reach the allied head-quarters. To gain time for these re-enforcements to come up, a messenger was dispatched to the French Emperor, imploring an armistice, stating "that the allied sovereigns were prepared to enter into the views of the Emperor Napoleon."

Napoleon cordially responded to this appeal, and wrote a letter requesting a personal interview with the Emperor Alexander. This proposal was evaded by an answer "that a Russian envoy would be dispatched to the French advanced posts, which would save his imperial majesty the trouble of the journey." Napoleon was extremely anxious for peace. The Allies only desired to gain time, that they might obtain re-enforcements, and draw the armies of Austria into the coalition. The negotiations were consequently protracted. Austria assumed the office of mediator, and finally that of umpire. At last, having gained their end, Metternich was sent to Napoleon with the following insulting proposals:†

"That France should surrender to Austria the Illyrian Provinces and Venetian Lombardy—that Holland, Poland, and all the fortresses upon the Oder and the Elbe should be surrendered to the Allies—that the French armies should be immediately withdrawn from Spain and Portugal, and that Napoleon should resign his titles of Protector of the Confederation of the Rhine and Mediator of the Helvetian Republic."

* That Duroc was worthy of this warm friendship of the Emperor is evident from the eulogium pronounced upon him by the Duke of Vicenza:

"The Emperor was cut to the heart by the loss of his dear friend Duroc. Marshal Duroc was one of those men who seem too pure and perfect for this world, and whose excellence helps to reconcile us to human nature. In the high station to which the Emperor had wisely raised him, the Grand Marshal retained all the qualities of the private citizen. The splendor of his position had not power to dazzle or corrupt him. Duroc remained simple, natural, and independent; a warm and generous friend; a just and honorable man. I pronounce on him this eulogy without fear of contradiction."—*Caul. Souvenirs*, vol. i., p. 149.

† "It was openly advanced as a merit, by the Austrian cabinet, that her offer of mediation, after the battle of Bautzen, was made solely with the view of gaining time to organize the army which was to join the Russians and Prussians. Finally the armistice itself was violated, hostilities being commenced before its termination, to enable the Russian troops safely to join the Austrians in Bohemia."—*Napier's Peninsular War*, vol. iv., p. 325.

"These extravagant propositions," said Napoleon afterward, "were made that they might be rejected. Even had I consented to them, what would it have benefited France? I should have humbled myself for nothing, and furnished Austria with the means of making further demands, and opposing me with greater advantage. One concession granted would have led to the enforcement of new ones, till, step by step, I should have been driven back to the castle of the Tuileries, whence the French people, enraged at my weakness, and considering me the cause of the disasters, would have justly banished me for yielding them a prey to foreigners."

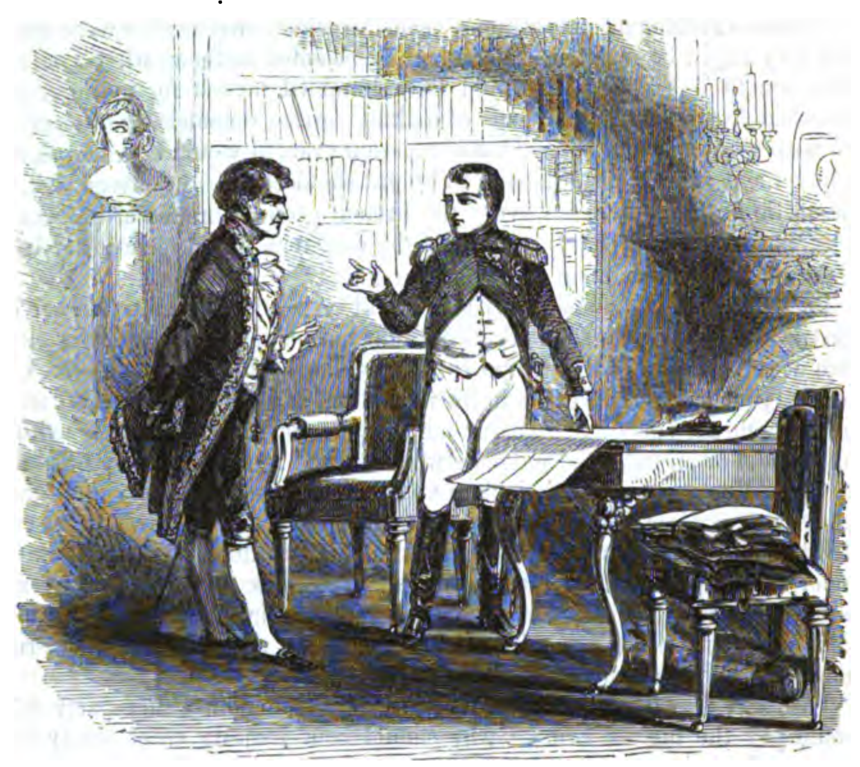
To Metternich Napoleon firmly and frankly replied, "The interference of Austria was delayed to see if France might not be reduced to a lower state than at the opening of the campaign. Now, however, that I have been victorious, your sovereign thrusts in his mediation, in order to prevent me from following up my success. In assuming the office of pacificator, he is neither my friend, nor an impartial judge between me and my adversaries; he is my enemy. You were about to declare yourselves when the victory of Lutzen rendered it prudent first to collect additional forces. You have now assembled behind the Bohemian Mountains upward of two hundred thousand men, under the command of Schwartzenberg. You seek only to profit by my embarrassments. Will it suit you to accept Illyria, and remain neuter? Your neutrality is all I require. I can deal with the Russians and Prussians with my own army."

"Ah, sire!" said Metternich, who was eager to join either party who would pay the highest bribe, "why should your majesty enter singly into the strife? It is in your majesty's power to unite our forces with your own. We must be with or against you."

Napoleon, at these words, conducted Metternich into a private cabinet. The tables were covered with maps.

For some time their conversation could not be overheard. At last the excited voice of Napoleon again became audible to those in the adjoining room:

"What!" he said, "not only Illyria, but the half of Italy, and the return of the Pope to Rome, and Poland, and the abandonment of Spain, Holland, the Confederation of the Rhine, and Switzerland? And is this what you call the spirit of moderation? You are intent only on profiting by every chance which offers. You alternately transport your alliance from one camp to the other, in order to be always a sharer in the spoil. And you yet speak to me of your respect for the rights of independent states! You would have Italy, Russia, Poland, Sweden, Norway, Prussia, Saxony, England, Holland, and Belgium. In fine, peace is only a pretext. You are all intent upon dismembering the French empire, and Austria thinks she has only to declare herself to crown such an enterprise. You pretend here, with a stroke of the pen, to make the ramparts of Dantzic, Custrin, Glogau, Magdeburg, Wessel, Mayence, Alexandria, Mantua—in fine, all the strong places of Europe, sink before you, of which I did not obtain possession but by the force of victories! And I, obedient to your policy, am to evacuate Europe, of which I still hold the half; recall my legions across the Rhine, the Alps, and the Pyrenees; subscribe a treaty which would be nothing but a vast



NAPOLEON AND METTERNICH IN COUNCIL.

capitulation, and place myself at the mercy of those of whom I am at this moment the conqueror. And it is when my standard still floats at the mouth of the Vistula and on the banks of the Oder, when my victorious army is at the gates of Berlin and Breslau, when in person I am at the head of three hundred thousand men, that Austria, without striking a blow, without drawing a sword, expects to make me subscribe such conditions! And it is my father-in-law who has matured such a project! It is he that sends you on such a mission! In what position would he place me in regard to the French people? Does he suppose that a dishonored and mutilated throne can be a refuge in France for his son-in-law and grandson? Ah! Metternich, how much has England given you to make war upon me?"*

The embarrassment of the Emperor now amounted almost to anguish. The Allies were amply re-enforced. Austria was ready, should he refuse these terms, to fall upon his rear. Even Talleyrand, Cambacères, and Fouché, advised him to yield to terms so dishonorable to himself and so fatal to the interests of France.

"How greatly was I perplexed," said he, when speaking of this crisis at St. Helena, "to find that I alone was able to judge of the extent of our danger! On the one hand, I was harassed by the coalesced powers, which

* This remarkable conversation is given on the authority of Baron Fain, and from the corroborative testimony of Capefigue, who derived his information from Metternich himself.—*Histoire de l'Europe, par Capefigue*, tome x., p. 141.

threatened our very existence; and on the other, by my own subjects, who, in their blindness, seemed to make common cause with the foe. Our enemies labored for my destruction; and the importunities of my people, and even of my ministers, tended to induce me to throw myself on the mercy of foreigners. I saw that France, her destinies and her principles, depended upon me alone. The circumstances in which the country was placed were extraordinary, and entirely new. It would be vain to seek for a parallel to them. The stability of the edifice, of which I was the keystone, had depended upon each of my battles. Had I been conquered at Marengo, France would have encountered all the disasters of 1814 and 1815, without those prodigies of glory which succeeded, and which will be immortal. At Austerlitz, at Jena, at Eylau, and at Wagram, it was the same. The vulgar failed not to blame my ambition as the cause of these wars, but they were not of my choosing. They were produced by the nature and force of events. They arose out of that conflict of the past and the future, that permanent coalition of our enemies, which compelled us to subdue under pain of being subdued."

That Napoleon was sincerely desirous of peace, and that he was willing to make immense sacrifices to secure it, was evinced by his offer to accede to the following basis of pacification: "The dissolution of the Grand Duchy of Warsaw, and the division of its territory between Russia, Prussia, and Austria; the cession of the Hanse towns; the reconstruction of Prussia, which was to have a frontier on the Elbe; the transfer of Illyria and of the port of Trieste to Austria; the surrender of Holland and Spain, and the establishment of German and Swiss independence."

This was nearly all that the Allies had at first demanded. Powerful as they were, they still stood in awe of their majestic foe, and were just upon the eve of signing these terms, when news came of the fatal battle of Vittoria, which gave the death-blow to the French power in Spain. Napoleon had been compelled to weaken his forces in the Spanish Peninsula to meet his foes in Germany. The Duke of Wellington, at the head of one hundred thousand men flushed with victory, was now ready to pour down, like an inundation, into the defenseless valleys of France. These tidings were received with shouts of exultation in the camp of the Allies. They resolved immediately to cut off negotiations and to renew hostilities. Again the cry was raised against the *insatiable ambition* of Bonaparte, and their armies were mustered for battle.*

In reference to this victory of Spain, Alison thus testifies: "Great and decisive was the influence which this immense achievement produced upon the conferences at Prague."

"Metternich," says Fain, "could not fail to learn the details of this victory from the mouths of the English themselves the moment he returned to Bohemia, and we shall soon see the *fatal influence* which it exercised on the progress of the negotiations."

* There was in the Spanish Peninsula a democratic party bitterly opposed to the Duke of Wellington. On the 16th of October, 1813, the Duke wrote to the British ministry, "It is quite clear to me that, if we do not beat down the democracy at Cadiz, the cause is lost. How that is to be done, God knows!"

"The impression of Lord Wellington's success," says Lord Londonderry, "was strong and universal, and produced, ultimately, in my opinion, the recommencement of hostilities."*

"I know," said the Emperor to the Duke of Gaëta, "that I shall be reproached with having loved war, and with having sought it through mere ambition. Nevertheless, they will not accuse me of avoiding its fatigues nor of having fled from its perils. That, at least, is something. But who, indeed, can hope to obtain justice while living?

"When, however, I am no more, it will be admitted that, situated as I was, menaced incessantly by powerful coalitions roused and supported by England, I had, in the impossibility of avoiding the conflict, but two choices to make—either to wait until the enemy should pass our frontiers, or to prevent this by attacking him in his own territories. I chose that course which would protect our country from the ravages of inevitable war, and which would save it, in some degree, from the expense. If our contemporaries persist in reproaching me, posterity, I am confident, will do me justice. It will at least be admitted that, in repelling the attacks which we have not provoked, I did but fulfill the obligations which nature imposes, and not the incitements of an insane ambition.

"The war in Spain, which was not so directly connected with the coalitions provoked by England, may, perhaps, be criticised by those who are ignorant of the position in which we found ourselves in respect to that government. The conduct of the Spanish court, while I was in the heart of Germany, conclusively proved that France could place no dependence upon Spain. Every one who surrounded me, whatever may be said to the contrary, was, without an exception, of that opinion. Circumstances unparalleled in history induced me to take the initiative in that enterprise; an unfortunate event, which augmented the difficulties, increased still more by the shameful and fatal capitulation of Baylen. Nevertheless, it was of extreme importance to withdraw the Peninsula from the influence of England, otherwise our destruction might be secured whenever we should again be called to a distance from home. I was ever hoping that the time would come when, surrendering myself to the employments of peace, I could prove to France that in the cabinet as in the camp I lived only for her happiness."†

The Allies were now in a condition to prosecute the war with every prospect of success. Alexander had received a re-enforcement of fifty thousand

* "The hatred of what were called French principles was at this period in full activity. The privileged classes of every country hated Napoleon because his genius had given stability to the institutions that grew out of the Revolution, because his victories had baffled their calculations, and shaken their hold of power. As the chief of Revolutionary France, he was constrained to continue his career until the final accomplishment of her destiny; and this necessity, overlooked by the great bulk of mankind, afforded plausible ground for imputing insatiable ambition to the French government and to the French nation, of which ample use was made."—*Napier's Peninsular War*, vol. i., p. 16.

"While France was in this state, England presented a scene of universal exultation. Tory politics were triumphant. Opposition in the Parliament was nearly crushed by events. The press was either subdued by persecution or in the pay of the ministers; and the latter, with undisguised joy, hailed the coming moment when aristocratic tyranny was to be firmly established in England." —*Ibid.*, vol. iv., p. 330, 331.

† Supplement aux Memoires et Souvenirs de M. Gaudin, Duc de Gaëta.

men. The Swedish army had arrived at the scene of action, headed by Bernadotte, to fight against his old companions in arms and his native land. Even General Moreau, whom Napoleon had so graciously pardoned, hastened from America, and entered the camp of the Allies in their crusade against the independence of France. General Jomini, chief staff-officer of one of the corps of the French army, imitating the example of Benedict Arnold, in this hour of accumulating disasters went over to the enemy, carrying with him all the information he had been able to collect of the Emperor's plans.*

The conditions of Napoleon were therefore rejected. On the night of the 10th of August, a number of brilliant rockets, of peculiar construction, blazed in the sky, gleaming from height to height along the Bohemian and Silesian frontier, proclaiming that hostilities were recommenced. The next day Austria issued its declaration of war. Napoleon received the not unexpected news with perfect equanimity. Calmly and nobly he said,

"It would be a thousand times better to perish in battle, in the hour of the enemy's triumph, than to submit to the degradation sought to be inflicted on me. Even defeat, when attended by magnanimous perseverance, may leave the respect due to adversity. Hence I prefer to give battle; for should I be conquered, our fate is too intimately blended with the true political interests of the majority of our enemies to allow great advantages to be taken. Should I be victorious, I may save all. I have still chances in my favor, and am far from despairing."

Caulaincourt first informed Napoleon of these calamitous events. He thus describes the interview:

"'Has Austria officially declared herself against me?' asked Napoleon.

"'I believe, sire, that Austria will make common cause with Prussia and Russia.'

"'That may be your opinion,' said he, sharply, 'but it is not, therefore, a fact.'

"'It is a fact, sire; and your majesty may be assured that on a subject of such importance my opinion is not founded on mere conjecture.'

"'On what, then, is it founded?'

"'Two days preceding that fixed for the rupture of the armistice, Blucher, at the head of a hundred thousand men, marched into Silesia, and took possession of Breslau.'

"'This is, indeed, a serious affair! Are you sure of it, Caulaincourt?'

"'I had, sire, a warm altercation with Metternich on the subject the day before my departure from Prague. Also, on the very day on which Breslau was taken, *General Jomini deserted the staff of Marshal Ney*, and is at this moment with the Emperor Alexander.'

"'Jomini! a man overwhelmed with my favors—the traitor! To abandon his post on the eve of a battle! To go over to the enemy with a report of our forces and means! Incredible!' As he uttered these words, there

* "General Jomini, who was a Swiss in the French service, probably thought that the Emperor could not stand against such a host of enemies; and presuming that on the fall of Napoleon he should be left unprovided, he preferred seizing this new opportunity of trying his fortune, in which he thought himself as secure as when he first entered upon his military career."—*Savary*, vol. iv., p. 103.

was mingled with the feeling of deep indignation portrayed in his countenance an expression of increasing uneasiness, which he evidently could not subdue. I was unable to proceed.

"'Is this all?' resumed he, holding out his hand to me. 'Speak, Caulaincourt! Let me know all! I must know all!'

"'Sire, the coalition has taken a wide range. Sweden, too, is in arms against us.'

"'What do you say?' interrupted he, with impetuosity. 'Bernadotte! Bernadotte in arms against France? This is the ass's kick indeed!'

"'Bernadotte,' resumed I, 'not satisfied with turning his arms against his country, has recruited for deserters among our allies, as if unable singly to endure the maledictions of his countrymen.'

"'What mean you?'

"'*General Moreau is in the camp of the Allies.*'

"'Moreau with the Allies! This is not possible. Caulaincourt, I can not believe this. Bernadotte, the *King of Sweden*, may color his odious treason by some specious pretext, but Moreau! Moreau! take revenge on his countrymen—on his country! No, no, it can not be! Moreau is weak, devoid of energy, and of boundless ambition. Yet there is a wide difference between him and Jomini—a renegade, a traitor! No, this report is not to be credited. How did you hear it?'"*

In reference to the negotiations with the Allies, M. Caulaincourt, who took an active part in them, records: "With respect to Austria, I cherished but faint expectations. On the part of Russia and Prussia I saw nothing to hope for. You may easily believe that it cost me a painful effort to conceal, beneath an outward show of confidence, my profound conviction of the inutility of Napoleon's efforts to avert the storm. I saw that it must inevitably and surely break over our heads, even at the very moment when, to the Emperor's dictation, I wrote those pages which must ever remain a monument of the sincerity of Napoleon's desire to make peace on reasonable conditions. But all our sacrifices, all our efforts were unavailing, when opposed by the machinations of England—England, our implacable and eternal enemy. Five powers were leagued against one! A contingent of two millions of

* "But we were in a difficult situation; we were to be crushed without mercy; though the Emperor, far from taking any undue advantage of any of his victories, had always refrained from oppressing the vanquished. He constantly checked himself in his triumphs, being reluctant, as he used to say, to reduce a nation to despair. In Italy he made the first step toward reconciling the French Revolution with Europe, and he laid the basis of a peace which was signed at Campo Formio. After the battles of Marengo and Hohenlinden he stopped, when it was in his power to have marched to Vienna; after the battle of Austerlitz he stopped short, when it was in his power to have confounded the most shameful of aggressions; and at Tilsit, after the battle of Friedland, he renounced all the advantages of a war still more fortunate than the first, and did not follow up his successes against a power whose forces were exhausted, because he wished to facilitate peace, and to secure the tranquillity of Europe on a steady foundation. Such examples of magnanimity deserve to be remembered.

"There was another consideration which ought not to have been lost sight of by the sovereigns. Napoleon had calmed the revolutionary ferment, and had given laws to the democracy, by which they had so long been menaced. He was reproached for his insatiable thirst for glory—of love of war; but he had given a pledge of his wish to live in peace, by contracting an alliance with the house which had reason to cherish the strongest resentment against him, and which he would have had but little difficulty in ruining."—*Memoirs of the Duke of Rovigo*, vol. iii., p. 81, 82.

men nullified at once their defeats and our victories. In vain did the sons of France perform prodigies of valor on the field of battle, which they watered with their blood. They but enfeebled the resources of their country, which sooner or later was doomed to succumb in the unequal conflict.

"When we had gained the victory of Lutzen, I offered, in the Emperor's name, peace to Russia and Prussia. But the offer was refused. A few days after this we were again victorious at Bautzen, but we sealed our triumph with the bravest blood in the French army. Bruyère, Kirgenir, and Duroc were among the lamented trophies of the enemy's defeat. The Emperor informed me that his conference with M. Budna (the Austrian envoy) had produced no result. 'Caulaincourt,' said he, 'among these men, *born kings*, the ties of nature are matter of indifference. The interests of his daughter and grandson will not induce Francis to deviate one hair's breadth from the course which the Austrian cabinet may mark out. Oh! it is not blood which flows in the veins of these people, but cold policy. The Emperor of Austria, by rallying cordially with me, might save all. United to France, Austria would be formidable. Prussia and Russia could no longer maintain the conflict. But Austria is ruled by an ambitious traitor. I must yet humor him a little ere I can destroy him. Metternich will do a great deal of mischief.'

"I could never understand," continues Caulaincourt, "how the Emperor bore up under the physical privations and bodily fatigues of that campaign. The days were occupied by battles and rapid movements from place to place. The Emperor, who, during the day, was incessantly on his horse, usually passed his nights in writing. The memorable battle of Bautzen lasted thirty-four hours, and during the whole of that time the Emperor took no rest. On the second day, overcome with lassitude and fatigue, he alighted from his horse and lay down on the slope of a ravine, surrounded by the batteries of Marshal Marmont's corps, and amid the roaring of a terrific cannonade. I awoke him an hour after by announcing that the battle was won. 'Ah!' he exclaimed, 'it may truly be said that good comes to us in sleep.' He immediately mounted his horse, for, though the engagement was actually decided, the fighting was partially kept up until five in the evening."

CHAPTER XVI.

RETROSPECT.

Testimony of Alison—Napoleon not responsible for the Wars which succeeded the French Revolution—Napoleon not a Usurper—State of the French Republic—The Consular Throne—The Imperial Throne—Political Views of Sir Walter Scott—Napoleon not a Tyrant—Proof of the Love of the People—Admissions of Sir Walter Scott—Testimony of the Abbé de Pradt—Honesty of the Elections—State of Europe now.

BEFORE proceeding with the melancholy recital of Napoleon's last struggles, it may be well briefly to glance upon the past, and to introduce to our readers some of the concessions which the career of this extraordinary man has extorted from the most malignant of his enemies. It is not necessary here to introduce their antagonistic anathemas. The world is flooded with them.

"Never," says Sir Archibald Alison, "were talents of the highest, genius of the most exalted kind, more profusely bestowed upon a human being, or worked out to greater purposes of good or of evil. Gifted at once with a clear intellect, a vivid imagination, and a profound judgment, burning with the fervent passions and the poetic glow of Italy, and yet guided by the highest reasoning and reflective powers, at once the enthusiastic student of the exact sciences and a powerful mover of the generous affections, imbued with the soul of eloquence, the glow of poetry, and the fire of imagination, he yet knew how to make them all subservient to the directions of sagacious reason, and the dictates of extensive observation.

"He was not merely illustrious on account of his vast military achievements, but from his varied and often salutary civil efforts. He was a great general because he was a great man. The prodigious capacity and power of attention which he brought to bear on the direction of his campaigns, and which produced such astonishing results, were but a part of the general talents which he possessed, and which were not less conspicuous in every other department, whether of government or of abstract thought. It was hard to say whether he was greatest in laying down strategetical plans for the general conduct of a campaign, or in seizing the proper direction of an attack on the field of battle, or in calculating the exact moment when his reserves could be most effectually employed. And those who are struck with astonishment at the immense information and just discrimination which he displayed at the council board, and the varied and important public improvements which he set on foot in every part of his dominions, will form a most inadequate conception of his mind, unless they are at the same time familiar with the luminous and profound views which he threw out on the philosophy of politics in the solitude of St. Helena. Never was evinced a clearer proof of the truth which a practical acquaintance with men must probably have impressed upon every observer, that talent of the highest order is susceptible of any application, and that accident, or supreme direction alone, determines whether their possessor is to become a Homer, a Bacon, or a Napoleon.

"It would require the observation of a Thucydides directing the pencil of a Tacitus to portray, by a few touches, such a character; and modern idiom, even in their hands, would probably have proved inadequate to the task. Equal to Alexander in military achievement, superior to Justinian in legal information, sometimes second only to Bacon in political sagacity, he possessed, at the same time, the inexhaustible resources of Hannibal, and the administrative powers of Cæsar. Enduring of fatigue, patient of hardship, unwearied in application, no difficulties could deter, no dangers daunt, no obstacles impede him; a constitution of iron, a mind, the ardor of which rendered him almost insensible to physical suffering, enabled him to brave alike the sun of Egypt and the snows of Russia; indefatigable in previous preparation, he was calm and collected in the moment of danger; often on horseback for eighteen hours together, and dictating almost the whole night to his secretaries, he found a brief period for slumber during the roar of the battle, when the enemy's balls were falling around him. Nor was peace a period of repose to his genius, or the splendor of courts a season merely of relaxation. When surrounded by the pomp of a king of kings, he was un-

ceasingly employed in conducting the thread of interminable negotiations, or stimulating the progress of beneficent undertakings.

"It was the pains which he took to seek out and distinguish merit and talent among the private men or inferior ranks of the army, joined to the incomparable talent which he possessed of exciting the enthusiasm of the French soldiers by warlike theatrical exhibitions, or brief, heart-stirring appeals in his proclamations, which constituted the real secret of his success; and if the use of proper words in proper places be the soul of eloquence, never did human being possess the art in higher perfection than Napoleon.

"No words can convey an adequate idea of the indefatigable activity of the Emperor, or of his extraordinary power of undergoing mental or bodily fatigue. He brought to the labors of the cabinet a degree of industry, vigor, and penetration which was altogether astonishing. Those who were most in his confidence were never weary of expressing their admiration at the acuteness, decision, and rich flow of ideas which distinguished his thoughts when engaged in business. No one better understood or more thoroughly practiced De Witt's celebrated maxim, the justice of which is probably well known to all engaged extensively in active life, that the great secret of getting through active business is to take up every thing in its order, and to do only one thing at a time. During a campaign, he set no bounds to the fatigue which he underwent. Often, after reading dispatches, or dictating orders to one set of secretaries, during the whole day, he would commence with another relay at night, and, with the exception of a few hours' sleep on a sofa, keep them hard at work until the following morning. The fervor of his imagination, the vehemence of his conceptions, seemed to render him insensible to the fatigues of the moment, which were felt as altogether overwhelming by his attendants, less wrapped up than him (he) in the intense anticipations of the future.

"Although the campaigns were the great scene of Napoleon's activity, yet peace was very far from being a season of repose to his mind. He was then incessantly engaged in the maze of diplomatic negotiations, projects of domestic improvements, or discussions in the Council of State, which filled up every leisure moment of the forenoon. He rose early, and was engaged in his cabinet with his secretary till breakfast, which never lasted above half an hour. He then attended a parade of his troops, received audiences of embassadors, and transacted other official business, till three o'clock, when he generally repaired to the Council of State, or rode out, till dinner, which was always at six. Dinner occupied exactly forty minutes. The Emperor conversed a great deal, unless his mind was much preoccupied, but never indulged in the slightest convivial excess. Coffee succeeded at twenty minutes to seven, unless some special occasion required a longer stay at table; and the remainder of the evening, until eleven, when he retired to rest, was engaged in discussions and conversation with a circle of officers, embassadors, scientific, or literary men, artists of celebrity, or civil functionaries.

"In their society he took the greatest delight. On such occasions he provoked discussion on serious and interesting topics—not unfrequently morals, intellectual philosophy, and history—and never failed to astonish his auditors by the extent of his information and the original views which he started

on every subject that came under discussion. A little talent or knowledge, doubtless, goes a great way with an emperor, and suspicions might have been entertained that the accounts transmitted to us by his contemporaries of the ability of his conversation were exaggerated, did not ample and decisive evidence of it remain in the Memorials of St. Helena, and the luminous speeches, superior to any other at the council-board, which are recorded by Thibaudeau and Pelet, in their interesting works on the Council of State during the Consulate and Empire."*

If there be such a thing as moral demonstration, it is in these pages demonstrated that the Allies are responsible for the wars which succeeded the French Revolution. Whatever reckless assertions individuals may make, no intelligent man will attempt to prove the reverse from historical documents. It is easy to ring the changes upon "monster," "insatiable ambition," "bloodthirsty conqueror," "tyrant," "usurper;" but the *fact* that France was heroically struggling, in self-defense, for national independence, against the encroachments of her banded foes, no man can deny. War was as hostile to Napoleon's interests as to his wishes. He was assailed by coalition after coalition of the despots of Europe in a never-ending series, until France, after a long and glorious struggle, fell, overwhelmed by numbers, and aristocracy again riveted upon Europe her chains.

This is so far admitted by the despots themselves, that they urge, in extenuation, that the democratic government of France was so dangerous to the repose of Europe that it was necessary for the surrounding governments, in self-defense, to effect its destruction. The despots of Europe knew perfectly well that Napoleon was the Emperor of the *Republic*—that he was the able and determined advocate of *democratic rights*. William Pitt asserted that Napoleon, though on the throne, was still "the child and champion of democracy," and that therefore he must be put down. When Napoleon made proposals of peace to England, it was contended by the British min-

* Alison's History of Europe, vol. iv., chap. lxx.

In glaring contradiction to the facts which even Sir Archibald Alison is constrained to record, he endeavors, in the following terms of reckless denunciation, to excuse the insolence and the aggression of the British government.

"If we contemplate him in one view, never was any character recorded in history more worthy of universal detestation. We behold a single individual, for the purposes of his own ambition, consigning whole generations of men to an untimely grave, desolating every country of Europe by the whirlwind of conquest, and earning the support and attachment of his own subjects by turning them loose to plunder and oppress all mankind. In the prosecution of these objects we see him deterred by no difficulties, daunted by no dangers, bound by no treaties, restrained by no pity; regardless alike of private honor and public faith, prodigal at once of the blood of his people and the property of his enemies, indifferent equally to the execrations of other nations and the progressive exhaustion of his own. We perceive a system of government at home, based upon force, and resting upon selfishness, which supported religion only because it was useful, and spoke of justice only because it passed current with men; which at once extinguished freedom and developed talent, which dried up the generous feelings by letting them wither in obscurity, and ruled mankind by selfish, by affording them unbounded, gratification. We see a man of consummate abilities wielding unlimited powers for the purposes of individual advancement; straining national resources for the fostering of general corruption; destroying the hopes of future generations in the indulgence of the present; constantly speaking of disinterested virtue, and never practicing it; perpetually appealing to the generous affections, and ever guided by the selfish; everlastingly condemning want of truth in others, yet daily promulgating falsehoods among his subjects with as little hesitation as he discharged grape-shot among his enemies."

isters, as a reason for refusing peace and for urging on the war, that the democratic tendencies of France, threatening to undermine the thrones of legitimacy, remained unchanged. "France," said Lord Grenville, "still retains the sentiments, and is constant to the views which characterized the dawn of her revolution. She was innovating, she is so still—she was Jacobin, she is so still."

Despotic Europe consequently redoubled its blows upon the imperial republic. France, to repel the assault, was compelled to draw the sword. "The hostility of the European aristocracy," says Colonel Napier, with his honorable candor, "caused the enthusiasm of Republican France to take a military direction, and forced that powerful nation into a course of policy which, however outrageous it might appear, was in reality one of necessity."

In noble language, in a spirit characteristically lofty, frank, and generous, Napoleon said to Lord Whitworth, when remonstrating with him against the rupture of the peace of Amiens,

"You well know that in all I have done it has been my object to complete the execution of the treaties and to secure the general peace. Now is there, any where, a state that I am threatening? Look; seek about. None, as you well know. If you are jealous of my designs upon Egypt, my lord, I will endeavor to satisfy you. I have thought a great deal about Egypt, and I shall think still more if you force me to renew the war; but I will not endanger the peace which we have enjoyed so short a time for the sake of reconquering that country.

"The Turkish empire threatens to fall. For my part, I shall contribute to uphold it as long as possible. But if it crumble to pieces, I intend that France shall have her share. Nevertheless, be assured that I shall not precipitate events.

"Do you imagine that I deceive myself in regard to the power which I exercise at this moment over France and Europe? Now that power is not great enough to allow me to venture, with impunity, upon an aggression, without adequate motive. The opinion of Europe would instantly turn against me. My political ascendency would be lost. And as for France, it is necessary for me to prove to her that war is made upon me, that I have not provoked it, in order to inspire her with that enthusiastic ardor which I purpose to excite against you if you oblige me to fight. *All the faults must be yours, and not one of them mine.* I contemplate, therefore, no aggression."

Was Napoleon a usurper? It is in these pages not merely asserted, but proved beyond all controversy, that Napoleon was elected to both the consular and the imperial throne by the almost unanimous suffrages of his countrymen. Whether wisely or unwisely, the French nation *chose* the consular government, and *elected* Napoleon as First Consul. The act of daring by which Napoleon restored to his enslaved countrymen the power to choose, won their gratitude. France, in the exercise of its unquestioned right, decided that, in the peculiar circumstances in which it was placed, with all the despots of Europe in arms against the Republic, with a powerful party of Royalists at home and abroad, doing every thing in their power to organize conspiracies and to bring back the Bourbons, and with a Jacobin mob clam-

orous for plunder, it was in vain to attempt to sustain a republic; and it is by no means certain that this was not the wisest measure which could then be adopted.

Sir Archibald Alison, who will not be accused of framing apologies for Napoleon, says, in reference to the state of France at this time,

"While the republic, after ten years of convulsions, was fast relapsing into that state of disorder and weakness which is at once the consequence and punishment of revolutionary violence, the hall of the Jacobins resounded with furious declamations against all the members of the Directory, and the whole system, which, in every country, has been considered as the basis of social union. The separation of property was, in an especial manner, the object of invective, and the agrarian law, which Babœuf had bequeathed to the last democrats of the Revolution, universally extolled as the perfection of society. Felix Lepelletier, Arena, Drouet, and all the furious Revolutionists of the age, were there assembled, and the whole atrocities of 1793 speedily held up for applause and imitation. In truth, it was high time that some military leader of commanding talent should seize the helm, to save the sinking fortunes of the republic. Never, since the commencement of the war, had its prospects been so gloomy, both from external disaster and internal oppression."*

In confirmation of these views, Thiers presents the following picture of France at this time: "Merit was generally persecuted; all men of honor chased from public situations; robbers every where assembled in their infernal caverns; the wicked in power; the apologists of the system of terror thundering in the tribune; spoliation re-established under the name of forced loans; assassination prepared; thousands of victims already designed, under the name of hostages; the signal for pillage, murder, and conflagration anxiously looked for, couched in the words, the 'country is in danger;' the same cries, the same shouts, were heard in the clubs as in 1793; the same executioners, the same victims; liberty, property could no longer be said to exist; the citizens had no security for their lives, the state for its finances. All Europe was in arms against us. America, even, had declared against our tyranny; our armies were routed, our conquests lost, the territory of the republic menaced with invasion."

That, under these circumstances, France should have decided upon a change of the form of government, is not strange. Still, it matters not whether France acted wisely or foolishly in making the change. *The act was an exercise of her own undoubted right.* To accuse Napoleon of *usurpation* for his co-operation with his countrymen in that act is surely unjust. "*Napoleon,*" said Fontanes, "*dethroned nothing but anarchy.*"

As a mob of a few hundred individuals can overrun a whole city, so can a few resolute persons, holding the reins of government, trample upon a whole nation. An overwhelming majority of the people of France were opposed to this anarchy. So universal was the desire for the consular government, that it was established, says Alison, "*with entire unanimity.*" Napoleon was placed upon the consular throne by *three million eleven hundred and seven* votes. But *fifteen hundred and sixty-two* votes were cast in the

* Alison's History of Europe, vol. i., p. 567.

negative. Such unanimity is unprecedented in the history of the world. And yet for half a century Europe has asserted, and many in America have re-echoed the assertion, that Napoleon *usurped* the consular throne!

The change from the Consulate to the Empire was an act of concession to monarchical Europe. Admitting that it was a very unwise change, *still that was a question for France to decide, in the exercise of her own nationality, without asking the permission of foreigners.* This change was not forced upon a reluctant people by a tyrant who was trampling upon their liberties. It was the free act of the French nation. And who will say that the French nation had not a right to make this change? It may have been a very impolitic act. It may have been exceedingly gratifying to the ambition of Napoleon. Still, it was a question for France to decide. The French people thought that the substitution of monarchical forms would enable them better to sustain the principles of popular equality against the hostility of the surrounding kings.

"Addresses flowed in," says Alison, "from all quarters—from the army, the municipality, the cities, the chambers of commerce, all imploring the First Consul to ascend the imperial throne." The senate, without a single dissentient voice, passed the decree, "That Napoleon Bonaparte be named Emperor, and in that capacity invested with the government of the *French Republic*." The ratification of this decree was referred to the people. "The appeal to the people," says Alison, "soon proved that the First Consul, in assuming the imperial dignity, had only acted in accordance with the wishes of the immense majority of the nation. Registers were opened in every commune of France, and the result showed that there were *three million, five hundred and seventy-two thousand, three hundred and twenty-nine* votes in the affirmative, and only *two thousand five hundred and sixty-nine* in the negative. History has recorded no example of so unanimous an approbation of the foundation of a dynasty."*

And yet Napoleon has been so universally called a *usurper*, that one becomes almost an outlaw from ordinary literary courtesies by venturing to affirm that he was not. In respect to this so called usurpation, Sir Walter Scott says, "Another and a more formidable objection remains behind, which pervaded the whole pretended surrender by the French nation of their liberties, and rendered it void, null, and without force or effect whatsoever. It was from the commencement what jurists call a *pactum in illicito*; the people gave that which they had no right to surrender, and Bonaparte accepted that which he had no title to take at their hands. *The people are in this respect like minors, to whom the law assures their property, but invests them with no title to give it away or consume it; the national privileges are an estate entailed from generation to generation, and they can neither be the subject of gift, exchange, nor surrender, by those who enjoy the usufruct, or temporary possession of them.*"

This plump denial of the right of France to choose its own ruler, and its own form of government, though the universal doctrine in despotic Europe, will find few advocates in Republican America. American freemen will declare, in the language of Napoleon, that "*the sovereignty dwells in the na-*

* Alison's History of Europe, vol. ii., p. 286.

tion;" and they will also declare that Napoleon, elected to the highest office in the state by the free suffrage of the nation, *was no usurper.*

That a European Loyalist, cherishing the views of Sir Walter Scott, should call Napoleon *a usurper*, is perhaps not strange; but that any American should re-echo that cry, thus denying to the people of France the right to adopt their own form of government, and to choose their own ruler, is strange indeed. England, in her leading journals, has heaped such insult upon the democratic institutions of America as to create in the United States unfriendly feelings, which half a century of kindly intercourse will hardly efface. It would be well for the United States not to imitate her offensive example. We all, in this country, prefer a republic; but let us not insult a people who, under circumstances vastly different from ours, choose an empire and an emperor. The intercourse of friendly nations, as well as that of individuals, should be courteous.

But it may be asked, admitting that Napoleon was entitled to the throne by the votes of the people, did he not afterward abuse that power? did he not become a tyrant? did he not trample the liberties of his country in the dust? Despots, who were fighting against him, say that *he did;* but the French people, who placed him on the throne, who sustained him with their love, and who still adore his memory, say that he *did not.* Napoleon and the nation acted together, and struggled, shoulder to shoulder, in the tremendous conflict with their foes. The most rigorous measures which he adopted, the nation approved and sustained. Perhaps they were unwise; but the people and their emperor went hand in hand in all the sacrifices which were made, and in all those herculean efforts which baffled their enemies and astounded the world. In the fearful peril which environed them, they deemed the conscription necessary, and the censorship of the press necessary, and the concentration of dictatorial power in the hands of Napoleon necessary. Admitting that they judged unwisely, still they did so judge. They deemed Napoleon the savior of France. They loved him for what he did as monarch was never loved before.

This is proved beyond all intelligent denial by the enthusiasm with which the French nation ever rallied around their Emperor, by the readiness with which the French people followed him to Marengo, to Austerlitz, and to Moscow, ever ready to shed their blood like water in defense of their Emperor, and of the institutions which he had conferred upon them. It is proved by the almost supernatural enthusiasm with which France, as one man, rose to welcome Napoleon upon his return from Elba. It is proved by the universal demand of France, after his death, for his revered remains, that his ashes might repose among the people he loved so well. It is proved by the gorgeous mausoleum which the nation has reared to his memory, and by the affection, the adoration almost, with which his name is now pronounced in every peasant's hut in France. Tyranny does not bear such fruit. To call such a man *a tyrant* is absurd. The autocrat and the anarchist may hate the principles of his government; but he who wins through life, and after death, the blessings of a nation, and whose resurrection from the grave would win from that nation a shout of gratitude and love, such as the world has never seen paralleled, surely must not be called a tyrant.

"An apology, or rather a palliation," says Sir Walter Scott, "of Bonaparte's usurpation has been set up by himself and his more ardent admirers, and we are desirous of giving to it all the weight which it shall be found to deserve. They have said, and with great reason, that Bonaparte, viewed in his general conduct, was no selfish usurper, and that the mode in which he acquired his power was gilded over by the use which he made of it. *This is true;* for we will not underrate the merits which Napoleon thus acquired by observing that shrewd politicians have been of opinion that sovereigns who have only a *questionable right* to their authority are compelled, were it but for their own sakes, to govern in such a manner *as to make the country feel its advantages in submitting to their government.* We grant, willingly, that in much of his internal administration Bonaparte showed that he desired to have no advantage separate from that of France, that he conceived her interests to be connected with his own glory, that he expended his wealth in ornamenting the empire, and not upon objects more immediately personal to himself. We have no doubt that he had more pleasure in seeing treasures of art added to the museum than in hanging them upon the walls of his own palace; and that he spoke truly when he said that he grudged Josephine the expensive plants with which she decorated her residence at Malmaison, because her taste interfered with the public botanical garden of Paris. We allow, therefore, that Bonaparte fully identified himself with the country which he had rendered his patrimony, and that, while it should be called by his name, he was desirous of investing it with as much external splendor and as much internal prosperity as his gigantic schemes were able to compass.

"No doubt it may be said, so completely was the country identified with its ruler, that as France had nothing but what belonged to its emperor, he was, in fact, improving his own estate when he advanced her public works, and could no more be said to lose sight of his own interest than a private gentleman does who neglects his garden to ornament his park. But it is not fair to press the motives of human nature to their last retreat, in which something like a taint of self-interest may so often be discovered. It is enough to reply, that the selfishness which embraces the interests of a whole kingdom is of a kind so liberal, so extended, and so refined as to be closely allied to patriotism, and that the good intentions of Bonaparte toward that France over which he ruled with despotic sway can be no more doubted than the affections of an arbitrary father, whose object it is to make the son prosperous and happy, to which he annexes the only condition that he shall be implicitly obedient to every tittle of his will." In such language does one of the most hostile of Napoleon's historians reluctantly acknowledge his greatness as a sovereign.

The Congress of Laybach was held by the allied sovereigns of Austria, Russia, and Prussia in the year 1821. It was on this occasion that the Emperor of Austria made his famous speech to the professors of the University in that city.

"*Be careful,*" said he, "*not to teach your pupils too much. I do not want learned or scientific men. I want obedient subjects.*"

Laybach was the capital of those Illyrian provinces into which Napoleon

had infused the intellectual life of civil and religious liberty. At the close of the Congress the allied sovereigns issued a declaration insulting to the memory of Napoleon. This called forth the following observations from the pen of the Abbé de Pradt, Archbishop of Malines. It is a noble atonement for his previous injustice:

"It is too late to insult Napoleon, now that he is defenseless, after having for so many years crouched at his feet while he had the power to punish. Those who are armed should respect a disarmed enemy. The glory of a conqueror, in a great measure, depends on the just consideration shown toward the captive, particularly when he yields to superior force, not to superior genius. It is too late to call Napoleon a revolutionist, after having, for such a length of time, pronounced him to be the restorer of order in France, and consequently in Europe. It is odious to see the shaft of insult aimed at him by those who once stretched forth their hands to him as a friend, pledged their faith to him as an ally, sought to prop a tottering throne by mingling their blood with his.

"This representative of a revolution, which is condemned as a *principle of anarchy*, like another Justinian, drew up, amid the din of war and the snares of foreign policy, those codes which are the least defective portion of human legislation, and constructed the most vigorous machine of government in the whole world. This representative of a revolution, which is vulgarly accused of *having subverted all institutions*, restored universities and public schools, filled his empire with the master-pieces of art, and accomplished those stupendous and amazing works which reflect honor on human genius. And yet, in the face of the Alps, which bowed down at his command; of the ocean subdued at Cherbourg, at Flushing, at the Helder, and at Antwerp; of rivers smoothly flowing beneath the bridges of Jena, Serres, Bordeaux, and Turin; of canals uniting seas together in a course beyond the control of Neptune; finally, in the face of Paris, metamorphosed as it is by Napoleon, he is pronounced to be the agent of general annihilation! He, who restored all, is said to be the representative of that which destroyed all! To what undiscerning men is this language supposed to be addressed?"

All historians alike admit the honesty of these elections and the fairness of these returns. No intelligent man has ventured to deny that the popularity of Napoleon was real and almost boundless, and that the people of France, with enthusiasm unparalleled, raised him to power. There were in Paris generals and statesmen of commanding character, vast influence, and lofty pride, who were watching the proceedings with the eagle eye of rivalry, but neither then nor since have they ventured to affirm that there was any unfairness in the elections. Even Sir Walter Scott admits the unanimity to be undeniable, and endeavors to account for it by saying,

"The rich favored Bonaparte for the sake of protection; the poor for that of relief; the emigrants because they desired to return to France; the men of the Revolution because they were afraid of being banished from it; the sanguine and courageous crowded around his standard in hope of victory; the timid cowered behind it in the desire of safety."

For these reasons, he says that it is not strange that the consular throne should have been erected by the general sanction of the people. All agree

that Napoleon was elevated to the supreme power by an outburst of popular enthusiasm. That Napoleon was and is the idol of France, no intelligent man will deny. Hostility must be driven to utter desperation before it can venture to affirm that the suffrages of the French people were not given to Napoleon. His unconstrained election to the chief magistracy of France is as demonstrative as any truth which history has recorded. And with this fact thus established beyond all cavil, forever palsied must be the tongue that will continue to say to the Emperor, *Thou art a usurper.**

Look at Europe now, with Napoleon in his tomb, and aristocracy dominant. See Russia marching her legions into Hungary, to crush, with iron hoofs, that brave people struggling for liberty. Hearken to the moans of Hungarian ladies bleeding beneath the lash of their Austrian oppressor, and gaze, till tears of indignation blind your eyes, upon the melancholy train of Hungarian, Polish, and Italian exiles perishing in all lands. Penetrate the dungeons of Naples, and wipe the oozing agony from the brow of the martyrs of liberty there. Look at Poland, fettered and lashed by Russia, Austria, and Prussia, till she lies still in exhaustion and despair. These are the despots with whom the Tory government of England formed an alliance to crush Napoleon. Such are the "*liberties*" which the battle of Waterloo conferred upon Europe. "*When I heard of the result of the battle of Waterloo, I felt as if the clock of the world had gone back six ages.*" Thus spake Robert Hall, one of the greatest and most eloquent of English divines.

Napoleon struggled, with energy unparalleled, to arrest the progress of Russian despotism. England joined the great tyranny of the North, and combined every despot of Europe in an iniquitous coalition against Napoleon. The illustrious champion of popular rights, after a gigantic struggle, was thus finally overthrown. And now Russia pours her tyrannic legions over prostrate nations unresisted, and is pressing proudly upon Constantinople. And England is now compelled to solicit another Napoleon, whose imperial title, though founded on popular suffrage, she no longer ventures to deny, to assist her in checking these Russians. She is now, with fear and trembling, compelled to attempt, almost in despair, the very enterprise which she prevented Napoleon from accomplishing. Bowed down beneath a debt of four thousand millions of dollars, which her Tory government incurred to uphold the aristocratic institutions of Europe, she now sees those despotisms trampling justice and mercy in the dust. Never was a nation placed in a more humiliating attitude. For one quarter of a century she deluged Europe in blood to arrest republican equality, and now she sees the necessity of again deluging Europe in blood to arrest the progress of those very despotisms which she established. We pity her embarrassment. We wonder not at her hesitancy and vacillation. The memory of Napoleon is avenged. The sin of the British government was committed before the eyes of the

* "Universal suffrage chose him. Neither as consul nor emperor had he any need to deal surreptitiously with that new and mighty element of public favor. Public functionaries, prefects of departments, electoral colleges, inhabitants of towns, peasantry, all rallied to his promotion.

"There was no need of seduction, intimidation, force, or fraud. National instinct and common sense indicated Napoleon as the best protector of every one's dearest rights, their property, religion, peace, honor, and advancement; as the man best disposed, and no monarch so able, to restore and preserve justice, order, equality, and even liberty."—*Hon. Charles J. Ingersoll.*

world. God is just. Before the whole world she has been compelled to utter her confession. The prediction of Napoleon is fulfilled:

"*I wanted to establish a barrier against those barbarians, by re-establishing the kingdom of Poland, and putting Poniatowski at the head of it as king, but your imbeciles of ministers would not consent. A hundred years hence I shall be applauded, and Europe, especially England, will lament that I did not succeed. When they see the finest countries in Europe overcome, and a prey to those northern barbarians, they will say, 'Napoleon was right!'*"

CHAPTER XVII.

TRIUMPHS AT DRESDEN.

Exultation of the Allies—March to the Elbe—The Attack of the Allies upon Dresden—Sanguinary Battle—Scene at a Battery—Gloomy Night—The Fall of Moreau—Testimony of Caulaincourt—The Soldier rewarded—Sudden Sickness of Napoleon—Unexpected Disasters—Energy of the Emperor.

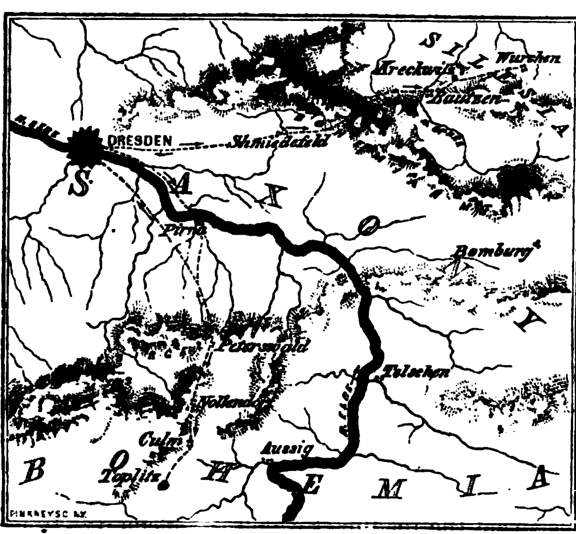
ON the 12th of August, 1813, Austria again joined the great coalition of the sovereigns of Europe to crush Napoleon, and, with him, to crush all hopes of popular liberty on the Continent. The anticipated tidings of this abandonment of Napoleon by Francis, and of the march of two hundred thousand Austrians to swell the ranks of the Allies, was received in the hostile camp with unbounded exultation. The intelligence spread from corps to corps of their armies, awakening shouts of joy. Brilliant rockets pierced the skies, and bonfires blazed along the summits of the Bohemian Mountains. The Allies had now augmented their forces to five hundred thousand men. Napoleon could oppose to this immense array but two hundred and sixty thousand soldiers. General Jomini, the Benedict Arnold of France, having deserted and passed over to the enemy, communicated to the Allies all his knowledge of the position of the French army, and of the orders of the Emperor. Moreau and Bernadotte, caressed by the haughty monarchs of the coalition, planned the campaign.*

This important matter had been confided to them, as best understanding

* "Moreau, ever since his trial and condemnation by the First Consul in 1804, had lived in retirement in America, beholding the contest which still raged in Europe as the shipwrecked mariner does the waves of the ocean from which he has just escaped. Moreau's arrival on the shores of the Baltic was felt, as Marshal Eessen, the Swedish commander expressed it, as a re-enforcement of a hundred thousand men. He was received at Stralsund with the highest military honors by Bernadotte, who, amid the thunders of artillery and the cheers of an immense concourse of spectators, conducted him to his head-quarters. But though the meeting between the hero of Hohenlinden and the old Republican of the Sambre and the Meuse was extremely cordial, yet they experienced considerable embarrassment when they came to consult on the ulterior measures to be pursued in France in the event of Napoleon being dethroned. Moreau, whose republican ideas had undergone no change by his residence in America, was clear for reverting to the Constitution of 1792, and perhaps indulged the secret hope that, in such an event, he might be called to an elevated place in its councils. Bernadotte, whose democratic principles had been singularly modified by the experience he had had of the sweets of royalty, inclined to a monarchical constitution, and nursed the expectation that the choice of the French people, as well as of the allied sovereigns, might fall upon himself. But, though the seeds of future and most serious discord might thus be perceived germinating in the very outset of their deliberations, yet a common hatred of Napoleon kept them united in all objects of present policy."—*Alison's History of Europe*, vol. iv., p. 126.

the tactics of that noble foe, before whose renown the Allies still trembled. The orders which these generals issued showed how little reliance they ventured to place in the vast numerical superiority of the Allies. No general was to allow himself to be drawn into a battle. Each one was to do every thing in his power to bewilder the French by false demonstrations. Should any maneuver succeed in thus withdrawing the Emperor from his central position, other troops were to advance and attack his marshals while the dreaded Emperor was absent. They hoped thus to baffle and elude him, till his resources should be exhausted and his army wasted away. They could then, with the countless thousands of troops at the disposal of these allied monarchies, either destroy him or make him a prisoner.

It was a wise plan, which Napoleon at once divined. Instead, therefore, of waiting to be attacked, as had been his original plan, he took with him the divisions of Ney and Macdonald, and rushed upon "the debauched old dragoon," Blucher, who, with eighty thousand Russians and Prussians, was posted in advance of Breslau. Blucher, faithful to his instructions, fled. A column of twenty-five thousand Prussians was, however, overtaken and routed. Immediately the grand army of the Allies, two hundred thousand strong, broke up its encampment among the Bohemian Mountains, and the innumerable host poured down through all the defiles of the Erzgebirge to attack Dresden. The Saxon capital was defended by St. Cyr alone, with but thirty thousand men. It was of the utmost importance to Napoleon to retain possession of this city, since it was the pivot of his operations, and the key to his line of communications with Paris. Leaving Macdonald, therefore, to hold Blucher in check, Napoleon, with the Imperial Guard and the troops of Ney, returned rapidly to the Elbe. The march of Napoleon on this occasion was conducted with such celerity as to amaze even those who were accustomed to his almost supernatural energy.



DRESDEN AND VICINITY.

On the evening of the 25th, the heights which surrounded Dresden were glittering with the arms of the allied host. Dreadful was the consternation in the city. This beautiful capital of Saxony contained about sixty thousand inhabitants, dwelling peacefully in their homes. An army of two hundred thousand men was all the night planting its batteries to rain down upon the devoted city a horrible tempest of destruction. The troops of St. Cyr were insufficient to man the walls and defenses of the city. He, however,

resolved to be true to his trust, and to defend his post to the last possible moment. The inhabitants, fathers, mothers, and children, trembling in view of the impending horrors, were anxious to capitulate. St. Cyr could not listen to such a word. Such are the stern necessities of demoniacal war.

At midnight he dispatched the following urgent message to Napoleon: "An immense army, composed of Russians, Prussians, and Austrians, is at this moment all around Dresden, with a prodigious train of artillery. From the vast amount of force which he has collected, it would appear that the enemy is determined to hazard an immediate attack, knowing that your majesty is not far off, though perhaps not suspecting that you are so near as you actually are. We are determined to do all in our power, though I can answer for nothing more, with such young soldiers."

The next morning the assault commenced. In six immense columns, each headed by fifty pieces of artillery, the foe advanced against the walls. The batteries opened their fires. The storm of war concentrated all its fury upon those thronged dwellings. The balls and shells fell thickly in the crowded streets. The pavements were red with blood. Gory bodies were strewed over the shattered parlors of refinement and luxury. There was no place of safety for mother, or infant, or maiden. Two regiments of Westphalian hussars, deeming Napoleon's fate now sealed, abandoned their posts in the garrison, and went over to the Allies. The terrified inhabitants were clamoring for a surrender. In the mean time, Napoleon pressed forward with the utmost earnestness. Courier after courier met him, in breathless haste, announcing that the feeble garrison could hold out but a short time longer. Napoleon, in advance of the main body of his troops, soon arrived upon a height which gave him a view of the distant city. With his glass he saw the French desperately fighting in the redoubts and behind the works; while the beleaguering hosts, in interminable lines, seemed to threaten their immediate and entire destruction. His horses were spurred onward at their utmost speed. The Allies swept the road over which Napoleon was to pass with grape-shot and shells. So violent was the fire of bullets from the Russian batteries on the one side, and of bombs from the redoubt Marcellini on the other, that the Emperor was compelled to leave his carriage and traverse the exposed portions on foot. While the air was filled with the missiles of death, and the ground was plowed into furrows at his feet, he passed along unharmed.

It was now nearly midday. Suddenly loud acclamations and cries of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" were heard in the direction of the river, and Napoleon appeared, accompanied by universal and most enthusiastic demonstrations of joy. He immediately rode to the palace of the aged king, and cheered the royal family by the assurance that his Guard, and a division of sixty thousand troops, would soon be in the city. Caulaincourt, who accompanied the Emperor at this time, says:

"It would be impossible to describe the demonstrations of joy evinced by the troops when they beheld the Emperor at the further end of the bridge. Both the Young and Old Guard marched forward to meet him. The joyous enthusiasm of the troops was raised to the highest possible degree. 'There he is! there he is! that is he!' they exclaimed, and shouts resounded

along the whole banks of the river. The authority of the officers was insufficient to restrain the troops.

"'Let them alone! let them alone!' said the Emperor. 'They will presently make room for me to lead them on to face the enemy.'

"These words were repeated from mouth to mouth, and in a few moments the troops were almost stifling each other in their efforts to make room for us. Napoleon's entry into Dresden was truly triumphal, and it will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it. As we approached the city, nothing was heard but clapping of hands and cries of enthusiasm. Men, women, and children mingled with the troops, and escorted us to the palace. The consternation and alarm which had hitherto prevailed, were now succeeded by boundless joy and confidence."*

The Emperor rode out of the city to examine the exterior works. He was accompanied but by a single page, that he might avoid attracting observation. The youth was struck down at his side by a musket ball. With



THE RECONNOISSANCE.

his accustomed promptness, Napoleon formed his plan to repel his assailants. Soon the Guard and the cuirassiers came pouring like a torrent over the bridge into the city. Almost perishing with thirst, and fainting beneath the rays of a blazing sun, these devoted men, fully aware of the dreadful emer-

* Caulaincourt. Souvenirs, vol. i., p. 212.

gence, refused to lose a moment even to receive the refreshments which the inhabitants gratefully offered them. Without the slightest confusion, cavalry, infantry, and artillery took their appointed positions in the various suburbs, and the conflict raged with redoubled horror. The batteries of the Allies, numbering six or seven hundred guns, were formed in a semicircle, and the balls and shells, falling without intermission in the thronged streets of Dresden, produced awful devastation.

The incessant roar of more than a thousand pieces of artillery, the rattling of the musketry, the shouts of three hundred thousand combatants, the frequent explosion of ammunition wagons, the bursting of shells, the heavy rolling of gun-carriages, and of all the ponderous enginery of war over the pavements, the flames, which were bursting out in all parts of the city, the suffocating clouds of smoke, which darkened the sun, and produced almost midnight gloom, the shrieks of the wounded women and children, who were every moment mangled by the bullets, balls, and shells, which, like hail-stones, were falling upon the dwellings and in the streets, presented a scene of crime, of horror, and of woe which neither pen nor pencil can delineate, and which no imagination can conceive. It was a woe which continued long, long after the dreadful storm of war had passed away. Thousands were reduced from competence to beggary; thousands, mangled and deformed, passed the remainder of their wretched lives objects of pity and repulsion. Parents were rendered childless. Children were made orphans; and once happy mothers, plunged suddenly into the desolations of poverty and widowhood, lingered through the remainder of their threescore years and ten in the endurance of woes which death alone could terminate. By such measures of carnage and misery, the despots of Europe finally succeeded in crushing those principles of popular liberty which threatened to overturn their thrones.

At length Napoleon, whom the Allies did not as yet suspect of being in the city, seizing the proper moment, directed Murat to make a sortie on the right, Mortier on the left, and Ney to pierce the centre of the allied army. With their accustomed impetuosity, these troops rushed from the city, and fell upon the foe with such desperation of valor, that the assailing columns of the combined army broke and fled in all directions. The cavalry of the Guard immediately swept the plain, and cut down all who attempted resistance. Prince Schwartzenberg stood by the side of Alexander and Frederick William, upon an eminence which commanded the field of battle. When he saw this discomfiture, so sudden, so unexpected, he said to his royal companions,

"The Emperor must certainly be in Dresden. The favorable moment for carrying the city has been lost. The utmost we can now hope is to rally."

In the midst of this dreadful fight, two of the French redoubts were taken by an overwhelming force of the enemy. Napoleon, perceiving the disaster, which threatened serious consequences, immediately placed himself at the head of a body of troops, and galloped forward through a storm of bullets for their recapture. Nearly all of his aids were struck down at his side by the shot of the enemy. But he recovered the redoubts, and received no wound.

"It was curious," says Caulaincourt, "to observe the attachment, confidence, and familiarity which existed between the humblest of the soldiers and the most absolute sovereign that ever existed. There was not one of Napoleon's intimate friends who would have ventured to indulge in that sort of companionship which was kept up between the Emperor and his old *Mustaches;* and these same men would not have ventured to speak to one of their lieutenants in the familiar tone in which they addressed the redoubted chief of the army. They regarded Napoleon as a being different from all others, and combining within himself the attributes of sovereign, country, and family. He inspired them with a language which they addressed only to him, and words which they uttered only in his presence. Nothing used to amuse Napoleon so much as this familiarity of the soldiery, and he always replied to them with truly paternal kindness."

As the day advanced, the violence of the storm increased, and the rain fell in floods. Still the dreadful battle raged. One incessant roar of destruction swept the field, mingling with the dismal wailings of the storm. Napoleon had been on horseback since the break of day, and was soaked to the skin. The sleeplessness and incredible toil of many days and nights had so exhausted his physical energies, that an appearance of extreme lassitude was observable in all his movements.

A battalion of the grenadiers of his old Guard had, for many hours, repulsed repeated and terrific attacks from the powerful cavalry of the enemy. The conservation of that battery was of immense importance. At one moment the enemy's fire appeared to relax, and Napoleon, observing the circumstance, put spurs to his horse, and galloped between the guns of the battery and the enemy's cavalry, to speak a word of encouragement to his soldiers. Piles of the dying and of the dead encumbered the ground.

"This position costs us dear," said he, sadly. Then, turning to its brave defenders, he added, with a look of satisfaction, "I knew that my Guard would not surrender it to the Russians."

"Let them come back again at their peril," exclaimed an old artilleryman, who had received a frightful sabre gash upon his head, which was bandaged with a handkerchief saturated with blood. Then turning to the Emperor, he said, "But this is not a fit place for you. You are more ill than any of us. Go and take some rest."

"I will, my friend," said the Emperor, "when we have won the battle."

"My comrade is right," rejoined a veteran grenadier. "Your majesty is wet to the skin. Pray go and get your clothes changed." He uttered these words in tones of tenderness and supplication, such as a child would address to a beloved father.

"I will rest," Napoleon replied, "when you can all rest, my lads, that is to say, when the battle is ended."

"I know that your majesty has that battery at heart," continued the grenadier, "but we will take care that the Russians do not get it; will we not, comrades?" He was answered by a shout of acquiescence from all around the guns. "Now, sire," he added, "since we answer for the safety of the battery, surely you may go and take a little rest."

"Very well, my good friends, very well," said Napoleon, regarding these



THE BATTERY.

devoted men with a grateful smile; "I trust to you." Then, plunging his spurs into his horse, he again disappeared in the smoke and the confusion of the battle. He rode through storms of grape-shot, and animated his soldiers by presenting himself at every point where danger was most imminent.

"Only those," says Caulaincourt, "who knew Napoleon in the intercourse of private life, can render justice to his character. For my part, I know him, as it were, by heart; and in proportion as time separates us, he appears to me like a beautiful dream. And would you believe that, in my recollections of Napoleon, that which seems to me to approach most nearly to ideal excellence is not the hero, filling the world with his gigantic fame, but the man, viewed in the relations of private life. This is a contrast which often affords me a theme for curious and interesting reflections."

Night came, with clouds, and darkness, and floods of rain. With pitiless violence the torrents fell, all the night long, drenching the exhausted troops. In the darkness the defeated Allies rallied upon the heights from whence they had descended with so much confidence in the morning. Napoleon, allowing himself no rest, was hour after hour employed dictating dispatches. An immense weight of anxiety, however, evidently oppressed his mind. He saw clearly the most insuperable difficulties of his position.

At midnight he, for some moments, with hurried steps, and in perfect si-

lence, paced up and down his chamber. Then, suddenly stopping short, and turning to Caulaincourt, he said, without introducing the subject with any preliminary remark,

"Murat has arrived."

Then he again resumed his walk, apparently absorbed in deep thought. After a short silence he again stopped, and, fixing his eye upon Caulaincourt, continued,

"I have given him the command of my Guard."

The Duke of Vicenza, remembering Murat's unworthy conduct at the close of the retreat from Moscow, could not repress a gesture of astonishment.

"Ah! indeed," Napoleon quickly added, "I thought that you would be surprised. At first I gave him a bad reception, but finally I yielded to his importunities. He, at least, will not betray me. Caulaincourt, there are certain forebodings which it is our duty to overcome. As long as I am fortunate, Murat will continue to follow my fortune. But the cares of the present are sufficient to occupy me. I will not anticipate the future."

It was now an hour after midnight. The cold storm swept furiously through the streets, and drenched the poor soldiers, shivering in their bivouacs upon the dark and flooded plains. Napoleon, aware of the fearful issues which the morning would introduce, regardless of the tempest, passed from the gates of the city on foot to visit the outposts of his army. He traversed the bivouacs of his soldiers, and addressed to them words of sympa-



VISIT TO THE OUTPOSTS.

thy and encouragement. He seemed to court the hardships to which they were exposed, and loved to have them know that his head was not reposing upon a pillow of down while they were stretched upon the storm-drenched sod. After carefully reconnoitering the lines of the enemy, as revealed by their camp-fires, he formed his plan for the attack in the morning, and returned to his head-quarters in the city.

He immediately issued minute directions to all his marshals and generals, and dispatched couriers to hasten the march to Dresden of such bodies of French soldiers as were near the city. To this order there was such a prompt response, that, before the night had passed away, Napoleon had at his command a hundred and thirty thousand men. The Allies also had received re-enforcements, and with more than two hundred thousand soldiers were prepared to renew the attack.

A gloomy morning of wind and rain dawned upon the hostile armies. With the first rays of light the battle commenced. It raged with ceaseless fury until three o'clock in the afternoon. Napoleon was then at every point a victor. The Allies were precipitately retreating along the flooded roads toward the mountains of Bohemia. Alexander and Frederick William again saw their armies defeated, and were again obliged to flee before the genius of Napoleon. The Emperor received, as the trophies of this great victory, between twenty and thirty thousand prisoners, forty standards, and sixty pieces of cannon. The Allies, in killed and wounded, lost also more than ten thousand men.

In the midst of this conflict, Napoleon observed that one of the batteries of his Guard slackened its fire. On inquiring the reason, he was informed that the guns were placed too low, and that the balls did not reach the enemy.

"No matter," said he, "fire on; it is necessary to occupy the attention of the enemy at that point." They immediately renewed their discharges. At that moment a group of horsemen appeared on the brow of an eminence, at the distance of two thousand yards, to reconnoitre Napoleon's position, and to detect the maneuvers which the French troops, concealed by the mist, were executing. Napoleon resolved to disperse them, and sent an order to the captain of the battery,

"*Jettez une douzaine de bullets à la fois, dans ce groupe là; peut-être il y a quelques petits generaux.*" (Throw a dozen bullets at once into that group; perhaps there are some little generals in it.)

It so happened that Moreau was there, with the Emperor Alexander, pointing the batteries of the combined despotisms against his own countrymen. One of the shot struck General Moreau, and, passing through his horse, shockingly lacerated both his legs. By the great disorder into which the group was thrown, it was perceived that some person of distinction had fallen. An immediate amputation was necessary. Moreau, with his mangled limbs hanging by the skin, was borne on a litter, made of Cossacks' pikes, to a cottage at some distance from the field. The wounded man, during this melancholy route, was drenched with the rain, which fell in torrents. A few blankets alone protected him from the inclemency of the weather. He was placed upon a table, and the knife of the surgeon speedily did its work in



THE FALL OF MOREAU.

cutting off one of the limbs. He endured the operation with extraordinary fortitude, smoking a cigar, and not uttering a groan while the knife was severing the quivering nerves. The surgeon, having amputated one limb, examined the other, and said, sorrowfully,

"It can not be saved."

"Had I been informed of that before," said Moreau, "I should rather have died. However, cut it off," and he resumed his cigar.

Toward evening the cottage became so much exposed to the fire of the victorious French, that, hastily, another litter was constructed, and he was conveyed, in excruciating pain, several miles further from the field of conflict. The next morning it became necessary again to remove him, notwithstanding the anguish of his inflamed and throbbing wounds. He was placed in a baker's house, in a little village on the frontiers of Bohemia. He there wrote the following characteristic letter to his wife:

"My dearest,—At the battle of Dresden, three days ago, I had both my legs carried off by a cannon ball. That rascal Bonaparte is always fortu-

nate. They have performed the amputation as well as possible. Though the army has made a retrograde movement, it is by no means a reverse, but of design, to draw nearer to General Blucher. Excuse my scrawl. I love and embrace you with my whole heart."

In two days from this time he expired. He manifested to the last the same stoic insensibility which had characterized his life. He died without giving the slightest indication of any regard for God, or of any interest in the awful reality of eternity. Such a death is not heroic; it is brutal. His embalmed body was conveyed to St. Petersburg, and buried in a Russian cemetery with the highest funeral honors. Alexander immediately wrote a touching letter to his wife, making her a present of one hundred thousand dollars. He also settled upon her a pension for life of seven thousand five hundred dollars. Moreau now sleeps in the midst of the enemies of his native land. France, without a dissenting voice, demanded from St. Helena the ashes of Napoleon, that they might repose in the midst of the people he loved so well. The remains of Moreau will probably never be disturbed.

During the action, the Emperor found himself commanding in person a terrific cannonade against the Austrian troops. His feelings seemed painfully agitated in thus contending against the soldiers of his father-in-law. He turned to Caulaincourt and said,

"The wicked advisers of the Emperor Francis deserve to be hanged. This is an iniquitous, impious war. How will it all end?"

In the evening of this bloody day, Napoleon, drenched with rain and utterly exhausted, returned to Dresden. The inhabitants and the royal family received him with raptures. Napoleon expressed the deepest regret that the capital of his faithful ally had been subjected to the horrors of a bombardment, and that France was remotely the cause. All the generous impulses of his generous nature were moved. He immediately distributed large sums of money to all whose property had been injured, spoke in tones of subdued and peculiar kindness to those who approached him, caused the utmost attention to be paid to the wounded, not only of his own troops, but also of the allied army, and relieved, with almost parental care, the wants of his prisoners. With generosity unparalleled, he included in this provision even those prisoners who were deserters from the contingent corps in his pay. The sympathies of this great man were with the people, even when in their ignorance they were betrayed to fight against him.

The Emperor did not return to the palace until after midnight. He had indulged in no rest for thirty-six hours. During much of this time he had been soaked with rain, while the blasts of the cold storm swept over him. Still he sat up the whole night dictating orders. Caulaincourt was so exhausted that he had frequently fallen asleep while sitting upon his horse, although the roar of artillery was thundering in his ears, and the air was filled with the shrill whistle of bullets and of balls. "It required a constitution of iron," says Caulaincourt, "to bear up under the fatigue to which we had been exposed for the last five months. But how could we think of ourselves when we saw the Emperor exposing his life and health to continual danger?"

At four o'clock in the morning, Napoleon threw himself upon a camp-bed,

and was instantly asleep. After resting but twenty minutes, he suddenly awoke and sprung from his bed, exclaiming,

"Caulaincourt, are you there? Proceed to the camp, and take with you the plan which I have drawn up. The corps of Victor and Marmont have arrived to-night. Examine the amount of their forces, and see if they are strong enough to maintain the positions which I have assigned to them. This is essential, Caulaincourt. See with your own eyes, and trust only to your own observation."

Napoleon went to a window and looked out anxiously at the state of the weather. The rain beat violently against the panes. Fierce gusts of wind swept by. The streets were flooded, and the lamps flickered and burned dimly in the stormy air. The camp presented an indescribable image of desolation and misery. The fires were all extinguished by the ceaseless torrents. The soldiers, exhausted by forced marches, were vainly seeking repose upon the muddy ground. The Emperor went down into the court-yard of the palace. The squadron on duty consisted of the grenadiers of the Old Guard, who, on the preceding day, had served as the escort of the Emperor, and, soaked through with the rain, had returned with him to Dresden. In their intense desire to gratify their beloved Emperor, fatigued as they were, they had passed many hours in removing the mud from their garments, and in preparing themselves to present a soldierly appearance in the morning. And now, in the earliest dawn, they were in martial array, presenting arms, and looking as trim as if they had been on parade at the Tuileries. Napoleon was surprised. It seemed like the work of magic.

"Why, my lads," said he, in those tones of kindness which ever touched the hearts of his soldiers, "you have had no rest. You must have spent the whole night in equipping yourselves."

"No matter for that," one of the men replied; "we have had as much rest as your majesty has had."

"I am accustomed to go without rest," Napoleon replied. Then, casting a glance along the line, his eye rested upon a soldier whom he seemed to recognize, and he addressed him, saying, "You served in Egypt, I think?"

"I am proud to say that I did," the soldier replied. "I was at the battle of Aboukir, and the work was hot enough there."

"You have no decoration, I perceive," Napoleon rejoined.

"It will come some time or other," the soldier replied.

"It has come," said the Emperor. "I now give you the cross."

"The poor fellow," says Caulaincourt, who narrates this scene, "was entirely overcome with joy and gratitude. He fixed upon the Emperor a look which it is impossible to describe, and the tears filled his eyes. 'I shall lay down my life for your majesty to-day, that is certain,' said he. In his transport he seized the skirt of the Emperor's famous gray greatcoat, and, putting it into his mouth, bit off a fragment, which he placed in his button-hole. 'This will do till I get the red ribbon,' said he, 'please your majesty.'"

The whole escort, rejoicing in the honor conferred upon their deserving comrade, simultaneously raised a shout of *Vive l'Empereur!* Napoleon, deeply touched by these proofs of devotion and love, spurred his horse and galloped from the court-yard. The King of Saxony, who witnessed this



SOLDIER REWARDED.

scene, sent the same evening twenty gold Napoleons to the soldier, with a message informing him the money was to purchase a red ribbon.

According to his usual custom, Napoleon rode immediately to visit the field of battle. It was, indeed, a ghastly spectacle which there met the eye. Upon a space of ground but a few leagues in extent, three hundred thousand men, with a thousand pieces of artillery, and with the most destructive weapons of infantry and of cavalry, for two days had contended with the utmost desperation of valor. The ground was covered with the gory bodies of the dead, in every conceivable form of mutilation. Dismembered limbs, and headless trunks, and shapeless masses of flesh of men and horses, presented an aspect, as far as the eye could extend, inconceivably revolting. Those fiends in human form, both male and female, who ever, in vast numbers, follow in the track of armies for the sake of plunder, had stripped the bodies of the dead. In parts of the field where the action had been unusually severe,

these unclothed and bloodstained corpses were piled together in vast masses. Though thousands of the wounded had been removed, multitudes still remained, filling the air with dying moans, through which occasionally pierced the sharp shriek of unutterable agony. The Allies had marshaled their hosts not only from nearly all the nations of Europe, but even from the savage tribes of Asia. The wolfish Cossacks and the polished noble met hand to hand in the deadly combat, and mingled their blood, and bit the dust together. "The blue-eyed Goth," says Alison, "lay beneath the swarthy Italian; the long-haired Russian was still locked, in his death struggle, with the undaunted Frank; the fiery Hun lay athwart the stout Norman; the lightsome Cossack and roving Tartar repose far from the banks of the Don or the steppes of Samarcand."

By such enormous slaughter the Allies accomplished their purposes. They have postponed for perhaps half a century the regeneration of Europe, and now, in all probability, these awful battles are to be fought over again; but where are we to look for a Napoleon, who will confer upon the people equal rights, while he sustains sacred law, and rescues Europe from the horrors of blind and maddened revolution. The future of Europe we contemplate in despair.

Having for some time silently and sadly gazed upon this awful spectacle, the Emperor urged onward his horse, and proceeded to ascertain the positions of the retreating foe, and to direct the vigorous pursuit. Utterly worn down as he was by exposure, sleeplessness, and exhaustion, he had not advanced far in the chill and driving storm before he was seized with severe colic pains, accompanied with burning fever and violent vomitings. He was compelled to take a carriage and return to Dresden. While thus suddenly thrown upon a bed of helplessness and anguish, the pursuit was necessarily intrusted to his generals.

But for this sudden indisposition, it is by no means improbable that the foe, bewildered and overwhelmed, would have been compelled again to sue for peace. Now, however, disaster after disaster rapidly fell upon the French arms. Russia, Prussia, and Austria were raising vast re-enforcements. Notwithstanding the losses of the Allies, each day their numbers were increasing. But France was exhausted. Though Napoleon was in the midst of victories, his army was continually diminishing, and it was almost impossible for him to replenish his wasted battalions. The popular governments friendly to France, surrounded by triumphant foes, were disheartened. The old Royalist party in those states and kingdoms were animated to more vigorous opposition.

General Vandamme, a French officer of remarkably fiery temperament, was stationed in the mountains of Bohemia. Napoleon once said of him,

"Were that general lost, I know not what I should refuse to have him restored. But if I had two such, I should be compelled to make one shoot the other."

While Murat, Marmont, and St. Cyr were pursuing the enemy, Napoleon expected from Vandamme, in his peculiar position, almost the total overthrow of the routed host. But by the unforeseen casualties of war, this stern soldier became surrounded by overwhelming numbers. After a bloody con-

flict, in which many were slain, some twenty thousand of his troops, under General Corbineau, succeeded in cutting a passage through the Allies. General Vandamme, however, and seven thousand men, remained prisoners of war.

General Oudinot had been ordered to give battle to Bernadotte. Suddenly he found himself assailed by a combined force of eighty thousand soldiers. He was defeated, with the loss of fifteen hundred men and eight guns. General Gerard sallied from Magdeburg with six thousand troops to aid General Oudinot. He was immediately assailed by resistless forces, and put to flight, with the loss of fifteen hundred prisoners, and nearly all his baggage.

General Macdonald was marching against Blucher. He became entangled in a narrow defile flooded with rains, and sustained a defeat. General Lauriston, who commanded Macdonald's right wing, being surrounded by the Allies, was compelled to surrender, with a garrison of a thousand men.

Such were the disastrous tidings which were brought to Napoleon while he was prostrate on his sick-bed at Dresden. By these calamitous events he had lost more than thirty thousand soldiers.

"This," said he to Murat, "is the fate of war; exalted in the morning, low enough before night. There is but one step between triumph and ruin."

A map of Germany was lying upon the table by his bedside. He took it up, and seemed to be carefully studying it, as, in low tones, he repeated to himself the words of the poet Corneille:

> "J'ai servi, commandé, vaincu quarante années.
> Du monde, entre mes mains j'ai vu les destinées;
> Et j'ai toujours connu qu'en chaque événement,
> Les destin des états dependait d'un moment."*

But disasters still continued to accumulate. Ney, near the walls of Wittemberg, was assailed by an overwhelming force of the Allies. A corps of the Saxon army, disheartened by the desperate odds against which Napoleon was now contending, in the midst of the engagement abandoned their post and fled, in all probability by previous agreement. Into the gap thus produced, the cavalry of the Allies plunged, cutting Ney's division in two, and taking ten thousand men and forty pieces of artillery. The separated bodies were compelled to retire in different directions.†

Though Napoleon's serious sickness continued, he could no longer endure

* I have served, commanded, conquered for fourteen years.
Of the world, in my hands, I have seen the destinies;
And I have always known, that in each event,
The destiny of states depended upon a moment.

† St. Cyr, who was present when Napoleon received the intelligence of this disaster, says, "The Emperor interrogated the officer minutely, and entered, with the most imperturbable composure, into the movements of the different corps; after which he explained, in a manner equally lucid and satisfactory, the causes of the reverse, but without the slightest expression of ill-humor, or any manifestation of displeasure at Ney, or any of the generals engaged. That conversation was brought on by the recital of one of the greatest disasters of the campaign—a disaster attended with terrible effects to the interests of many, and of none so much as himself. He spoke of it, nevertheless, as calmly as he would have done of the affairs of China, or of Europe in the preceding century."—*Histoire Militaire*, vol. iv., p. 149, 150.

the torture of such calamitous tidings. He rose from his sick-bed, and, in pain and exhaustion, again placed himself at the head of his troops. And now ensued, by the confession of both friend and foe, the most extraordinary display of genius, of heroism, and of fortitude the world has ever witnessed Through a series of almost uninterrupted victories, Napoleon was conducted to ruin. Overwhelmed by numbers, surrounding him and assailing him at all points, victories were to him of no avail. The enemy, vanquished to-day, presented themselves in redoubled numbers on the morrow.

CHAPTER XVIII.

DISASTER AT LEIPSIC.

Renewed Discomfiture of the Allies—Extraordinary Plan of the Emperor—Defection of his Generals—Anguish of Napoleon—The Retreat to Leipsic—Battle of Leipsic—Proposals for an Armistice—Sickness of the Emperor—Second Day of Battle—Desertion of the Saxon Troops—Failure of Ammunition—The Retreat—Last Interview with the King of Saxony—Extraordinary Magnanimity of the Emperor—Battle of Hanau—Surrender of Fortresses—False Faith of the Allies—Napoleon's Return to Paris.

It was on the 4th of September that Napoleon joined the corps of Macdonald near Bautzen. The Allies, under Blucher, occupied a strong position on some neighboring heights. Within an hour of Napoleon's arrival in the camp the corps of Macdonald was in motion. The Allies were attacked, driven from their positions, and were pursued furiously all the next day. In the midst of the victorious tumult, a courier arrived in breathless haste, and informed Napoleon that a portion of the allied army, in immense force, was pouring down from the mountains of Bohemia, and threatening Dresden. The Emperor immediately turned upon his track, and hastened to the Elbe. At seven o'clock in the evening of the next day, he came in sight of the advanced guard of the Allies at Pirna, about fifteen miles from Dresden. The Allies, not willing to hazard a battle, immediately retreated to the fastnesses of the mountains, "afraid," says Sir Walter Scott, "of one of those sudden strokes of inspiration, under which their opponents seemed almost to dictate terms to fate."

The Emperor pursued them some twenty miles, through wild ravines, to Peterswald. Blucher was now marching from another direction, with a powerful army, upon Dresden. Napoleon turned upon him. Upon the Emperor's approach, Blucher immediately wheeled about and fled. Napoleon, however, encountered the Austrians under Schwartzenburg near Töplitz, attacked them, routed them entirely, and drove them in wild confusion through the valley of Culm to Nollensdorf.

A terrific storm, rendering the roads impassable, arrested his farther pursuit. The discomfited Austrians, better acquainted with the by-paths of the country, effected their escape. Again Napoleon returned a victor, but fruitlessly a victor, to Dresden. Here he was informed that Bernadotte, with an army far more powerful than Napoleon had at his command, had crossed the Elbe, to cut off the French communications with Paris. Napoleon impetuously advanced to attack him. Bernadotte, afraid to await the indig-

nant blows of his old companion in arms, precipitately retreated toward Dresden. Thus the Allies incessantly for a month renewed their attempts to seize Dresden, and thus Napoleon incessantly baffled their endeavors, without being able to draw them into any decisive action.

But every day the army of Napoleon was growing weaker, while the Allies, notwithstanding their defeats, were constantly growing stronger. Napoleon had in his ranks many men belonging to the contingent troops furnished by the princes of the Rhenish Confederation. These men, frequently mere mercenary soldiers, were ready to fight for any cause which would pay the best. Foreseeing, in these hours of disaster, the inevitable downfall of Napoleon, as all the monarchies of Europe were arrayed against him, they began to desert in great numbers. The gold of England was distributed with a lavish hand to all who would join in this, now prosperous, crusade against England's dreaded foe.

Lord Cathcart, Sir Robert Wilson, and other English commissioners were in the camp of the Allies, to make bargains with all who, individually or in bodies, would unite with the enormous coalition. Pamphlets and proclamations were scattered like autumn leaves, defaming the character of Napoleon in every way, audaciously accusing him of being the author of these sanguinary wars, and calling upon the people of France and of Europe to crush the tyrant, and thus to restore peace and liberty to the world. Many of the fickle and uninformed populace believed these slanders. They were not acquainted with the intrigues of diplomacy. They knew that for many weary years Napoleon had been struggling against all Europe, and they began to think that, after all, it was possible that the overthrow of Napoleon might bring that peace for which France and Germany ardently longed.

Napier, in the following indignant strain, shows how thoroughly corruption had at that time pervaded the British government, and how effectually, in England, liberty of speech and of the press was trampled down under aristocratic usurpation: "Such was the denuded state of the victorious Wellington at a time when millions, and the worth of more millions, were being poured by the English ministers into the Continent; when every petty German sovereign, partisan, or robber, who raised a band or a cry against Napoleon, was supplied to satiety. And all this time there was not, in England, one public salary reduced, one contract checked, one abuse corrected, one public servant rebuked for negligence; not a writer dared expose the mischief, lest he should be crushed by persecution; no minister ceased to claim and to receive the boasting congratulation of the Tories; no Whig had sense to discover or spirit to denounce the iniquitous system."*

Before the end of September Napoleon received a sorrowful letter from Maximilian Joseph, King of Bavaria, whose daughter Eugene had married, informing him that it would be impossible for Bavaria to maintain its alliance with France more than six weeks longer. The Allies, in overwhelming numbers, had overrun nearly the whole of Germany. They would allow of no neutrality. Bavaria must either join the Allies against France, or come under that iron rule which is the fate of a conquered kingdom. The defection of Bavaria would sever at a blow, from the French alliance, a kingdom

* Napier, vol. iv., p. 336.

containing between three and four millions of inhabitants. The Allies offered the king, in case he would abandon France and join the coalition against Napoleon, his full sovereignty and the integrity of his dominions. The king had to choose between this and inevitable and total ruin.

Jerome was King of Westphalia. This kingdom contained about two millions of inhabitants. The Westphalians, terrified in view of their danger, and anxious to make the best terms possible with the enormous armies swarming through Germany, revolted, and Jerome was compelled to abandon the capital and retire to the Rhine.

About four millions of inhabitants were embraced in the kingdom of Saxony. The king, Frederick Augustus, has immortalized his name by the fidelity with which he adhered to his noble friend and ally; but the Saxon people, fickle like all uninformed multitudes, were anxious to abandon a sinking cause, and attach themselves to one so manifestly destined to be triumphant.

Frederick I. of Wurtemberg had one million three hundred thousand subjects under his sway. The Allies threatened to desolate his kingdom with the whirlwind of war. His terrified subjects were clamorous for peace. Napoleon could no longer protect them. But peace with the Allies could only be obtained by turning their arms against their benefactor. The Allies would allow no neutrality. Such were the difficulties with which the Emperor was now surrounded; yet he manifested no agitation, yielded to no outbursts of passion, in view of the treachery which was securing his ruin, but with serenity, dignity, and fearlessness, which has won the admiration of his bitterest foes, he struggled till hope expired.

"He had conceived," says Colonel Napier, "a project so vast, so original, so hardy, so far above the imagination of his contemporary generals, that even Wellington's sagacity failed to pierce it, and he censured the Emperor's long stay on the Elbe as an obstinacy unwarranted by the rules of art. But Napoleon had more profoundly judged his own situation."*

The extraordinary plan which Napoleon had adopted was this: The Allies had already crossed the Elbe; had established themselves in great force on the left bank, and were threatening speedily to close on his rear, and to cut off all possibility of retreat. Napoleon, under these circumstances, resolved, instead of retreating to the Rhine, to cut through the allied army before him, and march boldly to the north, some two hundred miles from the banks of the Elbe, toward the banks of the Oder, and thus to carry the war into the territory of his enemies. Napoleon could now muster but one hundred thousand men. The Allies had five hundred thousand. By this extraordinary movement he would compel the Allies hastily to retrace their steps, to prevent the capture of their own cities.

"Under these circumstances, Napoleon would have been finally successful," says Colonel Napier, "but for the continuation of a treachery, which seemed at the time to be considered a virtue by sovereigns who were unceasingly accusing their more noble adversary of the baseness they were practicing so unblushingly."†

* Nothing can show more conclusively than this the folly of literary gentlemen, by their peaceful firesides, criticising the strategy of Napoleon.

† Napier's Peninsular War, vol. iv., p. 326.

This plan was in process of successful execution, and different corps of the French army were advancing upon Berlin, when Napoleon received the appalling intelligence that the King of Bavaria, instead of waiting the promised six weeks, had gone over with his whole force to the Allies; that the King of Wurtemberg, yielding to the same tremendous pressure of circumstances, had followed his example; that thus his friends, converted into foes, were combined in his rear to cut off his supplies; that the Russians had just received a re-enforcement of eighty thousand men; that an army of a hundred thousand were marching upon Mayence, to carry the war into France; and that the Allies, with half a million of troops, were converging upon Dresden.

One would suppose that such tidings would have crushed any spirit. Napoleon received them, however, with his accustomed equanimity. He immediately appealed to France for an extraordinary levy of men to preserve the empire from invasion. Maria Louisa proceeded in person to the Legislative Chambers, and pronounced a discourse which Napoleon had prepared for her. The Senate promptly and unanimously voted a supply of one hundred and eighty thousand conscripts. This force was raised with alacrity, and sent forward to aid their countrymen, struggling against overwhelming numbers upon the frontiers of France. Such was one of those acts of *conscription*, for resorting to which the Allies have had the audacity to abuse Napoleon. Indignant justice will reverse their verdict. These terrible disasters, however, disheartened the French generals, and they recoiled from the apparently desperate enterprise which the Emperor had projected.

Napoleon's plan of thus boldly marching upon Berlin is now universally considered as one of the grandest of the combinations of his genius. He had carefully contemplated it in every possible point of view. His officers, however, were exhausted by toil, and disheartened by the defection of their friends, and by the overwhelming forces in the midst of whom they were struggling. When the plan was communicated to them, there was a general expression of dissatisfaction. They were not prepared for so perilous an enterprise. They complained loudly, and clamored to be led back to the Rhine. These remonstrances, now heard for the first time, wounded the Emperor deeply. The hour of adversity was darkening around him, and his long-tried friends began to fail in their fidelity.

"There was something," says Caulaincourt, "very odious in insurrection thus excited by unmerited misfortune. I was in the Emperor's saloon when the officers of his staff came to implore him to abandon his design on Berlin, and march back to Leipsic. It was an exceedingly distressing scene. None but those who knew the Emperor as I knew him can form any idea of what he suffered. The subject was opened by a marshal of France. I will not name him. His existence has since been poisoned by cruel regret. After he had spoken, several others delivered their opinions."

The Emperor listened in silence to their remonstrances. The flush of his cheek and the fire of his eye alone betrayed the intensity of his emotions. He had sufficient control over himself to refrain from any expression of resentment. When they had concluded, he replied with calmness and dignity, though an unusual tremor was observable in his voice:

"I have maturely reflected on my plans, and have weighed the defection of Bavaria in the balance of circumstances adverse to our interests. I am convinced of the advantage of marching on Berlin. A retrograde movement, in the circumstances in which we are placed, will be attended by disastrous consequences. Those who oppose my plan are taking upon themselves a fearful responsibility. I will consider what you have said, gentlemen."

He then retired into his cabinet alone. Hour passed after hour, and yet he did not make his appearance, and no one was admitted to his solitude. Caulaincourt at last became anxious, and walked up and down the saloon adjoining the cabinet, hesitating what to do. It was a cold, dark, and stormy night. The wind shrieked around the towers, and howled through the corridors of the gloomy castle of Duben, rattling the windows in their antique leaden frames. It was a melancholy hour, and sadness oppressed all hearts. Night advanced, and still the Emperor remained in the solitude of his cabinet, and the uproar of the elements alone disturbed the silence of the scene. Caulaincourt at last tore a leaf from his memorandum book, and wrote with a pencil, "I am here; will your majesty be pleased to see me?" Summoning an usher, he directed him to enter the Emperor's apartment and give him the slip of paper. Caulaincourt approached the door as the usher entered. As the Emperor read the paper, a faint smile passed over his dejected countenance, and he said aloud, "Come in, Caulaincourt."

The Emperor was lying upon a sofa. A little table stood by his side covered with maps. His eyes were dim and vacant, and an expression of profound melancholy was spread over his features. In a state of nervous agitation, he unconsciously took up and threw down the objects which were near him.



DRESDEN AND LEIPSIC.

Caulaincourt approached him, and said, imploringly, "Sire, this state of mind will kill you."

Napoleon made no reply, but by a gesture seemed to say, "It matters not."

Caulaincourt, trying to frame an apology for the remonstrances of the generals, said, "Sire, the representations which have been made to you are submitted for your majesty's consideration."

Napoleon fixed his languid eyes upon Caulaincourt, and said, "You are not under the delusion, Caulaincourt; no, it can not be! You must be aware of the fatal result of this spirit of insubordination. It must be followed by fearful and incalculable consequences. When bayonets deliberate, power escapes from the sceptre of the sovereign. I see growing up around me a spirit of inertness more dangerous than positive revolt. A hundred generals in open insurrection could not embarrass me. My troops would put down the fiercest rebellion. They do not argue—they obey; and are willing to follow me to the farthest extremity of the earth. But in the critical circumstances in which we are at present placed, it is a matter of life or death to the country that a good understanding should exist between the leaders of the army and myself. Distrust and hesitation will bring about our destruction more speedily than the swords of the Allies."

The Emperor rose from the sofa, walked two or three times up and down the floor, slowly and thoughtfully, and then continued, as if speaking to himself, "All is lost! I am vainly contending against Fate. The French know not how to bear reverses." He then threw himself again upon the sofa and was absorbed in reverie.

The morning dawned, and another day of painful suspense lingered away. The embarrassment of the Emperor was distressing in the extreme. He could not execute his bold march upon Berlin without the most energetic and cordial co-operation of his generals. A retreat toward the Rhine would, in his judgment, almost certainly secure the ruin of the army and of France. At length he came to a decision. The agitation of his mind was now over. He was calm, firm, determined, as he made up his mind to return to Leipsic and struggle heroically till the last.

With prophetic solemnity he said to Caulaincourt, "Fate marks the fall of nations."

"But, sire," said Caulaincourt, "the will of a people may counterbalance the decree of Fate."

"Yes," Napoleon replied; "but that will has not been shown. Bear this in mind, Caulaincourt! Let not the French invoke maledictions on my memory. May they who have urged this movement not have reason to repent it."*

Orders were immediately given for the retreat of the army. On the evening of the 15th of October he had assembled his small but valiant band around the walls of Leipsic. On the same evening, the Allies, pouring in from all quarters, had encircled the city with their enormous host of three hundred and fifty thousand men. During the night the sentinels of the hostile armies were posted within musket-shot of each other. With such a vast superiority of numbers, the Allies were confident of success. The French troops, however, though outnumbered three to one, and though they had but

* Souvenirs de Caulaincourt.

six hundred pieces of artillery to repel the assault of a thousand, still, accustomed to victory whenever Napoleon was present, yielded to no despondency. The Emperor passed the night in surveying the ground where the Allies were ranged, in issuing orders to his marshals and generals, in visiting all the posts of his army in person, and in distributing Eagles to such regiments as had not yet received them. The soldiers were roused to enthusiasm by his presence and his words of encouragement.

"Yonder lies the enemy," said Napoleon; "swear that you would die rather than see France dishonored."

"We swear it," the soldiers responded, and cries of *Vive l'Empereur!* resounded through the camp, and fell in prolonged echoes upon the ears of the astonished foe.

Napoleon was fully conscious of the fearful odds against which he was to contend. The hurried manner in which he issued his commands alone indicated the disturbed state of his mind.

"While pointing out to me," says Caulaincourt, "the plan which he had traced, the Emperor said, 'There are no scientific combinations which can compensate, on this point, for the thinness of our squares. We shall be overpowered by mere numbers. One hundred and twenty-five thousand men against three hundred and fifty thousand, and this in a pitched battle! Well, they would have it thus!' This phrase, which he repeated for the second time, in a tone of despair, rang in my ears like a sentence of death."

At nine o'clock in the morning of the 16th of October, the terrible battle of Leipsic commenced. The awful battle raged with unabated fury hour after hour, through the morning and through the afternoon, till the lurid sun went down veiled in the clouds of war. Struggling against such odds, a decisive victory was impossible. "It required thunderbolts," said Napoleon, "to enable us to conquer such masses."

The Allies, during the day, lost twenty thousand men. The loss of the French, protected by their redoubts, was much less. Among the prisoners taken by the French was Count Merfield, who, in former years, had been sent to Napoleon's head-quarters at Leoben to implore, in behalf of Austria, the cessation of hostilities. Napoleon had, on that occasion, treated Francis with extraordinary magnanimity. He now caused Merfield to be brought to his tent, liberated him on his parole, and made him bearer of a message to the Allies soliciting an armistice.

Napoleon conversed with the utmost frankness with the Austrian general, and expressed how deeply he was disappointed and wounded that his father-in-law should take up arms against him.

"Our political alliance," said he, "is broken up, but between your master and me there is another bond, which is indissoluble. That it is which I invoke; for I shall always place confidence in the regard of my father-in-law. I shall never cease to appeal to him from all that passes here. You see how they attack me, and how I defend myself."

In reference to the peril with which Europe was threatened by the despotic power of Russia, Napoleon said, "For Austria to gain at the expense of France, is to lose. Reflect on it, general. It is neither Austria, nor Prussia, nor France, singly, that will be able to arrest, on the Vistula, the inun-

dation of a people half nomade, essentially conquering, and whose dominions extend from this to China."

In conclusion, he said, "Depart on your honorable mission of peace-maker. Should your efforts be crowned with success, you will secure the affection and gratitude of a great nation. The French people, as well as myself, earnestly wish for peace. I am willing to make great sacrifices for this end. If it be refused, we will defend the inviolability of our territory to the last drop of our blood. The French have already shown that they know how to defend their country against foreign invaders. Adieu, general! When, on my entreaty, you mention the word armistice to the two Emperors, I doubt not that the voice that strikes their ears will awaken the most impressive recollections."*

Francis, Alexander, and Frederick William had all been in the power of Napoleon. He had treated them, especially the two former, with a generosity which had excited the surprise of all Europe. But now that disasters were thickening around their magnanimous foe, they would not treat *him* with ordinary courtesy. They did not condescend even to return an answer to the application for an armistice.

"The allied sovereigns," says Alison, "were too well aware of the advantages of their situation either to fall into the snare which Napoleon had laid for them, by sending back Merfield with proposals for an armistice, or to throw them away by precipitating their attack before their whole force had come up. Under pretense, therefore, of referring the proposals to the Emperor of Austria, Schwartzenberg eluded them altogether, and no answer was returned to them till after the French had recrossed the Rhine."

During the 17th the battle was not renewed. The Allies, though outnumbering the French three to one, rendered cautious by the heroic resistance which Napoleon had presented, were waiting for Bernadotte, who, with a powerful re-enforcement of sixty thousand troops, was hurrying to lend his aid in the slaughter of his countrymen. Napoleon did not renew the conflict, as he hoped the Allies were deliberating upon the proposal for a cessation of hostilities. He, however, devoted the whole day in preparing for the worst. He seemed incapable of fatigue, as, regardless of food and sleep, he directed every movement in person.

At night he returned to his tent in a painful state of agitation, anxiously looking for the return of General Merfield. The unspeakable magnitude of the interests at stake overwhelmed the soul of the Emperor. There rose before him the vision of another day of merciless slaughter, the possible annihilation of his army by resistless numbers, the overthrow of the independence of France, and of all the free governments of Europe, and his own personal ruin. He was also worn down with sleeplessness and exhaustion, and was sick and in pain. He could not conceal his anxiety, which increased every moment. His features were contracted, and his countenance lividly pale. He threw himself into an easy-chair which stood at the farther end of the tent, and, placing his hand upon his stomach, where the fatal disease was probably commencing its ravages, said, languidly,

"I feel very ill. My mind bears up, but my body fails."

* Fain, vol. ii., p. 412. Caulaincourt, vol. i., p. 242.

Caulaincourt was alarmed, and exclaimed, hurrying toward the door, "I will send for your physician, Ivan."

"No! no!" the Emperor replied, "I desire that you do not. The tent of a sovereign is as transparent as glass. I must be up, to see that every one is at his post."

"Sire," said Caulaincourt, taking the burning hands of the Emperor in his own, "I implore you to lie down and take some rest. Lie down, I entreat you."

"I can not," said the Emperor. "A sick soldier would receive a hospital order; but I—I can not share the indulgence which would be granted to the poor soldier."

"As he uttered these words," says Caulaincourt, "he heaved a deep sigh, and his head sank languidly on his bosom. This scene will never be effaced from my memory. The recollection of it inspired me with courage in those subsequent hours when all was irreparably lost. During those terrible scenes, when my energy was nearly exhausted, when my resolution was on the point of yielding in the struggle with despondency, I thought of Napoleon on the night of the 17th of October. How trivial my own sufferings appeared in comparison with those of the noble victim."

The Emperor took the hand of his faithful and sympathizing friend, and pressing it feebly, said, "It is nothing; I shall soon be better. Take care that no one enters."

"I was in an agony of alarm," says Caulaincourt, "at seeing the Emperor in this sad condition. The enemy was pressing on all sides. The fate of thousands who were on the field of battle hung on the fate of Napoleon. I offered up to heaven one of those tacit prayers to which no language can give adequate expression. After a little interval, the Emperor, though still breathing with difficulty, said, 'I feel somewhat better, my dear Caulaincourt.' He took my arm, and walked two or three times slowly up and down the tent. His countenance gradually resumed its wonted animation. Half an hour after this serious fit of sickness, the Emperor was surrounded by his staff, and was giving orders and dispatching messages to the different commanders of corps. Day was beginning to dawn, and the carnage was about to recommence."

As Napoleon mounted his horse, he said to his escort, "This day will resolve a great question. The destiny of France is about to be decided on the field of Leipsic. Should we be victorious, all our misfortunes may yet be repaired. Should we be conquered, it is impossible to foresee what may be the consequences of our defeat."

As the sun rose in the cloudless sky, the whole allied army was put in motion. The spectacle now presented from the steeples of Leipsic was awful in its sublimity. As far as the eye could extend in every direction, the dense columns of the Allies, in multitudes which seemed innumerable, were advancing upon the city. The clangor of martial bands, the neighing of horses, the gleam of polished armor in the bright rays of the morning sun, and the confused murmur of the interminable host, presented a spectacle of the pageantry of war which has never been surpassed. A mass of nearly five hundred thousand men, armed with the most terrible instruments of de-

struction which human ingenuity can create, were concentrating in a circle but a few leagues in extent.

Soon, louder than ten thousand thunders, the appalling roar of the battle commenced. A day of tumult, blood, and woe ensued. The French could oppose to their foes but about one hundred thousand men. The Allies, three hundred and fifty thousand strong, were rushing upon them.*

Napoleon, reckless of danger, was moving through clouds of smoke and over heaps of the slain, from place to place, with such rapidity that it was extremely difficult for his escort to follow him. He seemed to bear a charmed life; for while others were continually falling at his side, he escaped unharmed. "During the whole of this eventful day," says Sir Walter Scott, "in which he might be said to fight less for victory than for safety, this wonderful man continued calm, decided, collected, and supported his diminished and broken squadrons in their valiant defense with a presence of mind and courage as determined as he had so often exhibited in directing the tide of onward victory. Perhaps his military talents were more to be admired when thus contending at once against fortune and the superiority of numbers, than in the most distinguished of his victories when the fickle goddess fought on his side."

At three o'clock in the afternoon, in the very hottest of the battle, Bernadotte was advancing with a combined corps of Swedes, Russians, and Prussians, against his old companion in arms, Marshal Ney, who was defending an important post with some French and Saxon troops, and the cavalry of Wurtemberg. It will be remembered that, at the battle of Wagram, Bernadotte had command of the Saxon contingent force, and that Napoleon reproved him for commending them at the expense of the rest of the army. Suddenly the whole Saxon corps, together with the cavalry of Wurtemberg, twelve thousand men, taking with them forty guns and all their ammunition and equipments, abandoned their post and passed over to the lines of Bernadotte. As they retired, they turned the muzzles of their guns against the French lines, and poured into the bosoms of their former comrades a point-blank discharge. "The allied troops," says Alison, "excited to the greatest degree by these *favorable circumstances*, now pressed forward at all points to encircle the enemy."

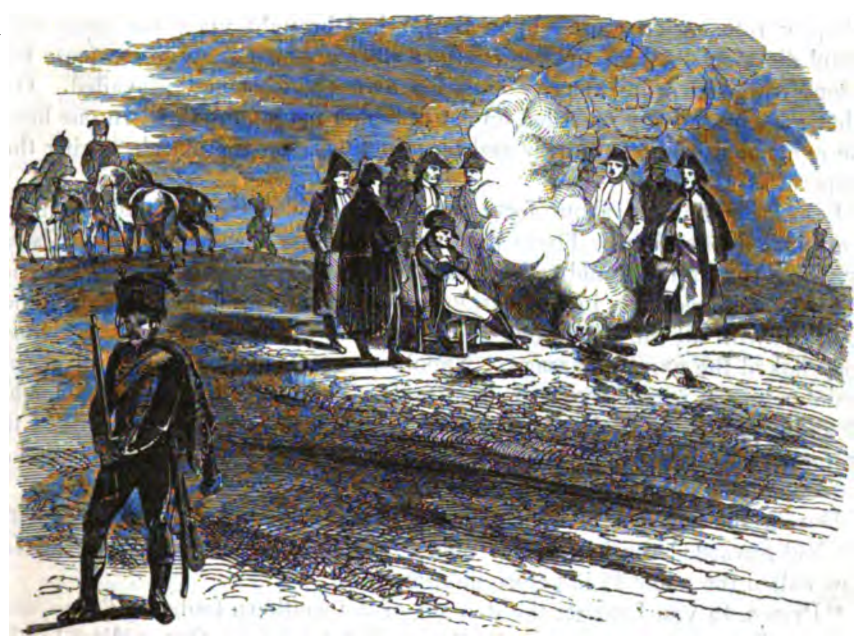
While these infamous deserters were received by the Allies with shouts of exultation, Ney, left defenseless, was compelled to retreat. An aid-de-camp was dispatched to Napoleon with the intelligence of this disastrous event. The Emperor reined in his horse, and for a moment sat motionless as a statue, stunned by the blow. Then raising his eyes to heaven, he exclaimed, as if appealing to God for justice, "*Infamous!*" But not another word was wasted—not another moment was lost in useless repinings. He promptly placed himself at the head of a corps of his guard, and hastened to the menaced point. The French soldiers were so indignant at this unheard-of perfidy, that they fell with such vehemence upon the corps of Bernadotte, with their traitorous allies, as to force them into a tumultuous retreat. Shouting "Vive l'Empereur!" "Death to the Saxons!" they plunged, with resistless fury, into the enemy's ranks. Thus all the day the conflict raged. The

* Caulaincourt.

French, with almost superhuman exertions and courage, every where beat back their assailants.*

Night at last came, and threw its silence and its gloom over the scene of blood and misery. Both armies were utterly exhausted by this long and dreadful struggle. With an unyielding spirit Napoleon resolved to renew the battle on the following day. He issued the necessary orders, and retired to his tent to arrange his plan of action. But at seven o'clock he received the appalling tidings that there was not sufficient ammunition left to sustain the action for two hours. During the battles of the 16th and the 18th, upward of two hundred and twenty thousand charges had been expended. Retreat was now inevitable; a retreat of one hundred thousand men destitute of ammunition, in the presence of three hundred and fifty thousand men flushed with success.

A council of war was immediately convened. Imagination can not paint



THE COUNCIL OF WAR.

a more melancholy scene. The awful uproar of battle had ceased, and nothing disturbed the silence of the night but the wail of anguish which as-

* "The situation of the King of Saxony was a very painful one, inasmuch as he was exposed to the resentment of other sovereigns who had pursued a line of conduct less honorable than his. The Saxon army deserted from our ranks, and entered those of our enemy; that was without his order or participation. His name, however, was made use of to seduce the troops. They were told that the king had joined the alliance against France, and that the French were carrying him off. Russia neglected no paltry artifice of this kind to destroy the influence of France over the armies of the German princes; but of all the members of the coalition, he who resorted to the most unworthy means was Bernadotte. He had commanded the Saxons when he was one of our generals, and he availed himself of the advantages which this circumstance afforded to deceive them. Correspondence, proclamations, were actively employed, and no kind of seduction was spared."—*Memoirs of the Duke of Rovigo*, vol. iii., p. 123.

cended from the wounded and the dying over the extended field. The whole circumference of the horizon, blazing with the bivouac fires of the enemy, indicated the apparent hopelessness of the condition of the French. They had no reserves to bring into action, no re-enforcements to expect, and their grand park of ammunition was at Torgau, fifty miles distant. The marshals and generals of Napoleon, in silence and dejection, gathered around him. There was little to be said, as no one, in this dreadful emergency, ventured to give any decisive counsel. In the midst of the conference, Napoleon, utterly overcome by fatigue, fell asleep in his chair. His arms were negligently folded, and his head fell upon his breast, as, in the oblivion of slumber, his spirit found a momentary respite from care and anguish. His officers, commiserating his woes, gazed sadly on him in profound silence. At the end of fifteen minutes he awoke, and, casting a look of astonishment on the circle around him, exclaimed, "Am I awake, or is it a dream?"

Napoleon uttered not a word of reproach to add to the anguish of those who, by refusing to march upon Berlin, had brought upon the army this awful disaster. All his tireless energies were aroused anew to extricate his troops with the same alacrity as if his own counsels had prevailed. On what page has history recorded an act of higher magnanimity? In one hour the exhausted soldiers, hungry and bleeding, were on the march, urging the desperate retreat.

Leipsic, containing about forty thousand inhabitants, was situated in a large and fertile plain. There was but one bridge across the River Elster by which the French could retire. At this point there was witnessed a scene of awful confusion, as, in the darkness of the night, infantry, cavalry, and artillery, with all the ponderous and lumbering machinery of war, crowded and choked the narrow passage. Napoleon passed most of the night in superintending in person the perilous retreat. The camp fires were replenished and kept blazing to deceive the foe. Marmont and Ney were charged to protect the flanks of the retiring columns. To Macdonald was assigned the arduous command of the rear guard.

During the carnage of the preceding day, Napoleon, on the field of battle, had rewarded the heroism of Poniatowski with a marshal's baton. He now called the noble Pole before him, and said,

"Prince, to you I assign the defense of the southern faubourg."

"Sire," answered the marshal, "I fear that I have too few soldiers left."

"Well," replied the Emperor, sadly yet firmly, "but you will defend it with those you have."

"Doubt it not," rejoined the heroic prince; "we are all ready to die for your majesty."

During the whole night the French army was rapidly defiling along the narrow bridge. All the streets of the city leading to that passage were crowded with a prodigious throng of men, horses, and wagons. In the first gray of the morning the Allies detected the retreat of the French. The peal of bugles and the thunder of artillery instantly roused the whole hostile army. They sprung to arms, and rushed, with shouts of exultation, upon their comparatively defenseless foe. But the wise precautions which Napoleon had adopted still held them at bay.

Napoleon was anxious to save the unhappy city of Leipsic from the horror of a battle in its streets between the rear guard of the French and the advance guard of the Allies. Such a conflict would necessarily be attended with every conceivable brutality, with the conflagration of dwellings, and with the carnage of peaceful inhabitants. He resolved to appeal in their behalf to the mercy of the Allies, and sent a flag of truce, with proposals to spare the town. "But when," says Sir Walter Scott, "were victorious generals prevented from prosecuting military advantages by the mere considerations of humanity? Napoleon, on his side, was urged to set fire to the suburbs to check the progress of the Allies on his rear guard. As this, however, must have occasioned a most extensive scene of misery, Bonaparte generously refused to give such a dreadful order."*

"The Emperor," says Norvin, "wished to save the unhappy city from the horrors with which it was menaced. By his orders a deputation was sent to intercede for Leipsic. These demands of humanity were haughtily rejected by the Allies. '*Let Leipsic perish;*' such was the response of the combined sovereigns. Napoleon, as generous in adversity as in prosperity, was more humane toward a German city than were those who called themselves the *saviors of Germany.*" And this is the man whom the Allies have stigmatized as a *bloodthirsty monster!* He ordered the city to be protected, though by doing so he vastly increased the peril with which he was already overwhelmed; and he did this, notwithstanding the Saxon army had abandoned him, and the Royalists were already firing from the windows upon his retreating troops.

While the balls and shells of the Allies were thickly falling in the streets of Leipsic in the gloom of the morning, Napoleon entered the city and held his final interview with the King of Saxony, who had accompanied him from Dresden. It was a melancholy and a sublime parting of two friends, endeared to each other by the noblest ties of friendship. The aged king, having heard of the infamous conduct of his army, was overwhelmed with anguish. Napoleon, forgetting his own woes, endeavored to assuage the grief of his faithful ally. Napoleon was sad, yet calm. He expressed sincere re-

* Sir Walter Scott, with disingenuousness which we regret to record, adds, "which, besides, could not have been executed without compromising the safety of a great part of his own rear, to whom the task of destruction must have been committed, and who, doubtless, would have immediately engaged in an extensive scale of plunder."

It is painful to witness the earnestness with which Sir Walter Scott endeavors to ascribe every noble deed of Napoleon to some unworthy motive. There are, indeed, two Napoleon Bonapartes: the one the true Napoleon, as he exists in his own words and his actions; the other the false Napoleon, as he is portrayed in the hostile criticisms of his foes. We would not speak disrespectfully of Sir Walter Scott. The world owes him a debt of gratitude. He was a high-minded and an honorable man, and merits commiseration rather than censure. Bowed down with adversity and overwhelmed with debt, to extricate himself he performed the herculean task of writing the life of Napoleon in one year. He had no time for investigation. Writing with the utmost rapidity, he could only record, in those glowing words which his genius ever dictated, the current rumors respecting Napoleon which were at his hand in the English journals. The success of his enterprise depended upon his writing a book adapted to the prejudices of the higher classes of English society; and he doubtless thought that the views cherished by the English aristocracy were correct. Himself a high Tory in political principles, and breathing the very atmosphere of hostility to all democratic tendencies, it would be demanding too much of frail human nature to expect from his pen an impartial delineation of the career of the great foe of aristocratic privilege.

gret that he was thus compelled to leave the king in the midst of his triumphant enemies. In the utterance of these sentiments of affection and sympathy, he prolonged the conversation till a brisk cannonade before the very gates of the city proved the imminent danger that his retreat would be cut off. The king, alarmed for the safety of his guest, urged the Emperor, without delay, to mount his horse and depart.

"You have done all that could be done," he said, "and it is carrying your generosity too far to risk your personal safety in order to afford us a few additional moments of consolation."

Napoleon was deeply affected. He had been betrayed by so many, that his heart clung to those friends who remained faithful. He still lingered, reluctant to depart. At last, the rattle of musketry, drawing nearer and nearer, showed the rapid approach of the Allies. The Queen and the Princess Augusta now united with tears in imploring the Emperor to consult his own safety. Reluctantly, Napoleon yielded.

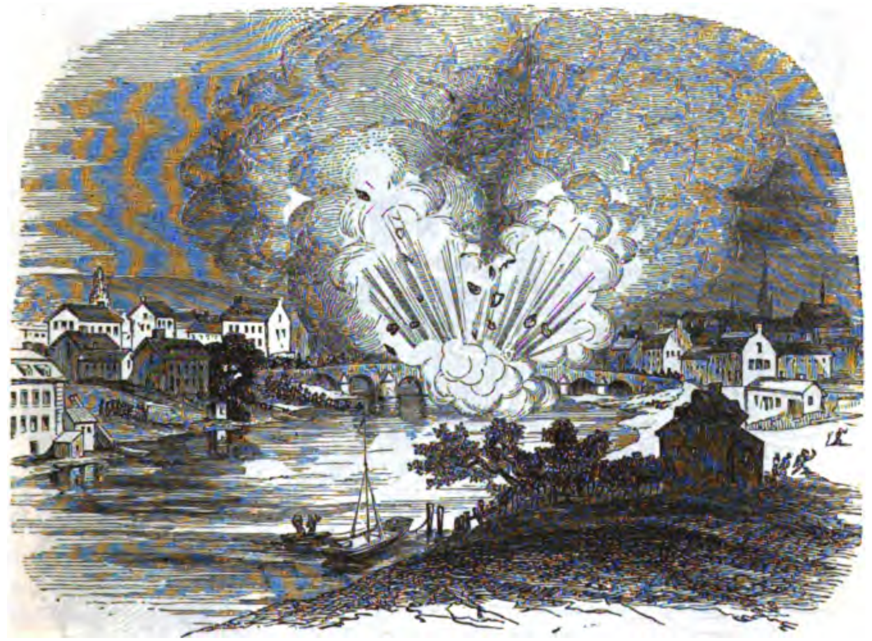
"I would not leave you," said he, "but that I perceive that my presence increases your alarms. I will insist no longer. Receive my adieus. When her power shall return, France will repay you the debt of gratitude which I have contracted."

The Emperor then descended to the gates of the palace, accompanied by Frederick Augustus. The two monarchs there, in a final embrace, took leave of each other, never to meet again. Napoleon mounted his horse, and, addressing a few noble words to the king's body guard who had been in his service, discharged them from all future obligations to him, and exhorted them to watch over the safety of their own sovereign and his family. He then directed his course to the nearest gate which led to the bridge. But the streets were so encumbered with a prodigious crowd of horsemen, carriages, and foot soldiers, that the Emperor could not force his passage through them. He was compelled to retrace his steps, and, passing through the centre of the city, issued by a gate on the opposite side, while the bullets of the enemy were falling thickly around him. Riding along the boulevards, he made the entire circuit of the city, till he arrived at the suburb near the head of the bridge. Here he again encountered such an accumulation of baggage-wagons, artillery-wagons, and the tumultuous host of the retreating army, that further advance was impossible. In this emergence, a friendly citizen conducted him into a garden through a narrow lane, and led him by a circuitous route to the head of the bridge. Thus narrowly he effected his escape.

The great stone bridge of the Elster, across which the disordered mass of the French army were crowding, had been mined. Many barrels of gunpowder were placed beneath its arches. Colonel Montfort had orders to apply the torch the moment the last of the French troops had passed, in order to arrest the pursuit of the enemy. Montfort, instead of attending to this most important duty himself, intrusted the charge to a corporal and four miners. Napoleon had hardly crossed the bridge ere the allied troops, in locust legions, were pouring into Leipsic, rending the heavens with their exultant shouts, and driving all opposition before them. The rear guard sullenly retired, bravely disputing every inch of ground against overwhelming

numbers. An enormous mass of soldiers, and wagons of every description, were now crowding the bridge in awful confusion. The bullets and cannon balls of the Allies fell like hailstones into their ranks.

The corporal, losing his presence of mind in this scene of tumult and carnage, applied the fatal torch. With a frightful explosion, the bridge was thrown into the air. Twenty-five thousand of the French army, with two hundred pieces of cannon and several hundred baggage-wagons, were thus cut off from the main body, without any possibility either of defense or retreat. A cry of horror burst from those who were near the chasm opened before them. The moving masses behind could not at once be stopped, and thousands of men and horses, with cannon and wagons, were crowded into the deep stream, presenting a scene of horror and destruction which the passage of the Beresina hardly paralleled.



DESTRUCTION OF THE BRIDGE.

The French troops thus cut off in despair broke and fled in all directions. Macdonald spurred his horse into the river, and saved himself by swimming. Poniatowski, farther in the rear, and almost surrounded by the enemy, when he heard the fearful explosion, drew his sword, and exclaimed to the officers around him,

"Gentlemen, it now becomes us to die with honor."

With his little band he dashed into the midst of the enemy's troops, and cut a passage through. Faint and bleeding, with one arm shattered by a bullet, he reached the River Plaisse, a small stream which it was necessary to cross before he reached the Elster. He plunged into the water while his pursuers were close after him. His exhausted horse sank beneath his weight, and was swept down the stream. The heroic marshal, however, attained

the opposite shore, and there, fainting through fatigue and loss of blood, with the bullets of his pursuers whistling around him, he with difficulty mounted another charger which he found upon the bank, whose rider had fallen. Spurring rapidly across a narrow space of ground swept by a storm of shot, he plunged boldly into the Elster. The steed bore him safely across; but, in endeavoring to struggle up the precipitous bank, he fell back upon his wounded, bleeding, exhausted rider, and Poniatowski sank to rise no more.



DEATH OF PONIATOWSKI.

Thus died this noble Pole. His body was found floating upon the stream a few days after his death, and was buried by his enemies with all the accompaniments of martial pomp. An unassuming monument now marks the spot where he perished. Napoleon, at St. Helena, pronounced his brief but well-merited eulogy:

"Poniatowski was a noble character, full of honor and bravery. It was my intention to have made him King of Poland had I succeeded in Russia."

All nations revere the memory of this illustrious man. Even his enemies respect him for his virtuous and lofty character. In Napoleon he found a congenial spirit, and he loved the Emperor with the deepest devotion. He

fought by Napoleon's side with a fidelity which never wavered, because he knew that Napoleon was struggling in the holy cause of popular rights. It was this conviction which enabled the Emperor to gather around him, and to bind to him in indissoluble ties, many of the noblest spirits of Europe. If Napoleon is to be consigned to the grave of infamy, he must be accompanied there by a vast retinue of the most illustrious men earth has known. The verdict which condemns Napoleon must also condemn Poniatowski, Bessières, Duroc, Desaix, Eugene, Macdonald, Caulaincourt, Ney, Lannes, and a host of others, who, with deathless affection, espoused the cause he advocated. This is making infamy reputable.

The victorious Allies now assembled, with shouts of exultation, in the great square of Leipsic. No pen can describe the horrible scene which the interior of the city presented. The streets were filled with heaps of the dying and of the dead—not merely of combatants, but of peaceful citizens, aged men, women, and children. The houses were shattered and blown into fragments by the terrific cannonade. Many parts of the city presented but piles of smouldering ruins. Broken caissons, baggage-wagons, guns, and all the enginery of war, were strewed in ruin around. Mangled horses, dismembered limbs, and pools of blood, polluted the pavements.

The Emperors of Russia and Austria, with the King of Prussia, accompanied by a magnificent suite, and deafening the city with clarion notes of triumph, entered by the southern barrier. At the same moment, Bernadotte, also surrounded by war's most exultant pageant, entered by the eastern gates. The Royalist party in Leipsic, who would regain opulence and power by the overthrow of the popular party, received the Allies with every demonstration of joy.

The friends of reform retired in silence and anguish to their dwellings, or abandoned their homes and accompanied the retreating army, to escape persecution, imprisonment, and death. In the explosions of artillery, and the chimes ringing from the steeples, and the peals of martial music, they heard the knell of German liberty. Their great friend, who, with heroism unexampled, had so long held at bay all the despots of Europe, was at last struck down. Germany was again delivered over, bound hand and foot, to Russian, and Prussian, and Austrian absolutism. Beneath that impenetrable gloom those nations still lie enthralled. Why God should thus, for a time, have permitted despotism to triumph, is one of those mysteries which is reserved for the revelations of a future day.*

The allied kings, who rested their claims to the throne on the doctrine of divine right, condescended to forget the plebeian origin of Bernadotte, since

* "Two hundred and fifty pieces of cannon," says Alison, "nine hundred chariots and ammunition wagons, an incalculable quantity of baggage, the King of Saxony, two generals of corps, seven generals of division, twelve of brigade, and thirty thousand other prisoners, constituted the trophies during the three days of a battle, in which the loss of the French was upward of sixty thousand men. The loss of the Allies was also immense; it amounted to nearly eighteen hundred officers, and forty-one thousand private soldiers, killed and wounded in the three days' combat. A prodigious sacrifice, but which, great as it is, humanity has no cause to regret, for it delivered Europe from French bondage, and the world from revolutionary aggression." In such phrase do the Allies record the triumph of their cause. Russian and Austrian bondage they call *liberty*, and republican equality is stigmatized as *revolutionary aggression*.

they stood in need of those services which he was both able and willing to render them. But Bernadotte himself admits that he felt that he was in an uncomfortable position, and he no longer wished to participate in the slaughter of his countrymen. He was therefore soon removed from the camp of the Allies, and was intrusted with an important distant command.

In the mean time, Napoleon, with his shattered army, continued his retreat rapidly toward Erfurth, which was about a hundred miles from Leipsic. The Allies, to throw reproach upon his honorable name, shamefully circulated through Europe the charge that Napoleon, immediately on crossing the bridge, had ordered it to be blown up, willing to secure his own escape at the expense of the lives of his friends. A story so confidently asserted was generally believed, and Napoleon was represented as a monster of meanness and selfishness; and it was thought that some magical arts must have been practiced upon the French soldiers to induce them to love, as they manifestly did love, one thus deserving only detestation. The accusation was subsequently proved to be false. It has now, with a thousand similar charges, passed into oblivion. The effect, however, of these calumnies still remains upon many minds.

On the day following the retreat, the French army, dejected, but still firm and determined, passed over the plains of Lutzen, where, but a few months before, they had obtained so decisive a victory. The Allies had now crossed the river, and were vigorously pressing the pursuit. In five days Napoleon reached Erfurth. Here Murat, seeing clearly that the cause of the Emperor was declining, and that, in the overthrow of the French empire, the crown of Naples would also be wrested from his brow, entered into secret negotiations with the Allies, engaging, if they would support him on his throne, that he would abandon Napoleon and attach himself to their cause. He deemed Napoleon utterly ruined, and from the wreck of the fortunes of his master, with an ignoble spirit, he wished to secure what he could for himself. Under pretense, therefore, of going to his own dominions to obtain re-enforcements, he abandoned the Emperor and departed for Naples.

Murat, though a fearless swordsman, and a man capable of sudden and heroic impulses, was not a man of lofty spirit. Napoleon fully appreciated his excellences and his defects. He had not forgotten Murat's base abandonment of his post on the Vistula. He fully understood the object of the King of Naples in his present movement; but the characteristic pride of the Emperor would not permit him, in the hour of approaching ruin, to solicit others to share his fall. When Murat called to take leave, Napoleon received him kindly. He uttered not a word of reproach, stifled his wounded feelings, and sadly, yet affectionately, embraced his brother-in-law, with the full assurance that they would never meet again. It proved to be their last interview. Murat went over to the Allies, and thus prevented Eugene from marching from Italy to assist Napoleon. Murat is not, perhaps, severely to be blamed. He was an impulsive man, of shallow intellect and of diluted heart, and, by nature, incapacitated for any noble deed of self-sacrifice.

On the 11th of January, 1814, a treaty was signed between the Allies and Murat. By this treaty Murat engaged to furnish thirty thousand men, to co-operate with sixty thousand furnished by Austria. Murat, taking com-

mand of this army of ninety thousand troops, made an attack upon the viceroy, Eugene Beauharnais, at Milan, and thus prevented him from moving to the aid of the Emperor. For this act, which must ever remain an indelible stain upon the character of Murat, the allied powers guaranteed to him and his heirs the throne of Naples, which guarantee they subsequently perfidiously violated. The thirty pieces of silver were never paid.

We do but give utterance to the general admission even of Napoleon's enemies when we say that the magnanimity which he manifested during the whole of this dreadful crisis was such as has never been surpassed.

Napoleon had with him but eighty thousand men. Six hundred thousand were crowding fiercely in pursuit of him, to rush, like an inundating wave, into France. He could no longer afford his friends any protection. Their attempt to protect him would only result in their utter ruin. He called before him the troops of the various German contingents who still remained faithful, released them from all further obligations to him, and, supplying them with money and provisions, permitted them to retire to their homes, where he knew that they would immediately be compelled to turn their arms against him.

The King of Bavaria, as we have before mentioned, had abandoned his alliance with Napoleon, joined the coalition, and declared war against France. Though he did this under compulsion, still, by passing over to the enemy several weeks sooner than Napoleon had expected, he plunged the Emperor into extreme embarrassment. The Bavarian army was now marching under the guidance of the Allies, to cut off the retreat of the French. There was, however, a corps of Bavarian troops still with Napoleon. They had remained faithful to him, notwithstanding the defection of their sovereign. Napoleon assembled these soldiers, who were bound to obey their lawful government, addressed them in terms of gratitude for their fidelity, and dismissed them to return to their king, who would immediately be compelled to direct their arms against the enfeebled bands of the French. He addressed a letter to his former ally, Maximilian, in which he wrote:

"Bavaria having disloyally, and without notice, declared hostilities against France, I might, with justice, have detained these troops as prisoners of war; but such a step would destroy the confidence which I wish the troops in my service to repose in me. I have, therefore, abstained from any act of retaliation." These soldiers were strongly attached to Napoleon; but, yielding to cruel necessity, they sorrowfully retired from the French ranks.

Napoleon then assembled the Polish troops, and gave them their option either to make peace with the allied sovereigns upon the best terms in their power, or to adhere to his broken fortunes.

These gallant soldiers, with entire unanimity, declared that they would share the fate of the only monarch who, since the destruction of their country, had uttered a word of sympathy in their behalf.

As Napoleon had been compelled to weaken his forces in Spain, the popular cause was effectually suppressed there. Colonel Napier says,

"Lord Wellington's victories had put an end to the intercourse between Joseph and the Spaniards, who desired to make terms with the French; but the people, not losing hope, formed a strong anti-English party. The *ser-*

viles, extremely bigoted both in religion and politics, had the whole body of the clergy on their side. These doctrines were comprised in two sentences —*an absolute king; an intolerant Church.* The *liberals*, supported and instigated by all ardent innovators, by the commercial body and populace of Cadiz, and taking as guides the revolutionary writings of the French philosophers, were hastening onward to a democracy, without regard to ancient usages or feelings, and without practical ability to carry their theories into execution. Jealousy of England was common to all, and *Inglesimo* was used as a term of contempt. Posterity will scarcely believe that when Lord Wellington was commencing the campaign of 1813, the Cortes was with difficulty, and by threats rather than reason, prevented from passing a law forbidding foreign troops to enter a Spanish fortress."*

In this conflict, England expended on her own operations more than five hundred millions of dollars. She subsidized Spain and Portugal with millions besides, and maintained all the armies, English, Spanish, and Portuguese, with her own supplies of clothing, arms, and ammunition. She constantly employed in the Peninsula from thirty to seventy thousand British troops, in addition to the countless armies she raised from Spain and Portugal. Her naval squadron continually harassed the French, making descents on the coast. She left the bones of forty thousand Englishmen strewed over the plains and mountains of the Peninsula. The number of natives who perished no tongue can tell. Two hundred thousand of her adversaries were either killed, wounded, or taken prisoners; and yet all this time Napoleon was engaged with adversaries so much more formidable, that he could hardly turn a passing glance toward his foes in Spain. General Soult was left, with enfeebled forces, to resist as he could the Duke of Wellington.

Most generously, at St. Helena, Napoleon apologized for the defection of his allies. "To the honor of human nature," he said, "and even to the honor of kings, I must once more declare, that never was more virtue manifested than amid the baseness which marked this period. I never, for a moment, had cause to complain, individually, of the princes, our allies. The good King of Saxony continued faithful to the last. The King of Bavaria loyally avowed to me that he was no longer his own master. The generosity of the King of Wurtemberg was particularly remarkable. The Prince of Baden yielded only to force, and at the very last extremity. All, I must render them this justice, gave me due notice of the storm that was gathering, in order that I might adopt the necessary precautions; but, on the other hand, how odious was the conduct of subaltern agents! Can military parade obliterate the infamy of the Saxons, who returned to our ranks for the purpose of destroying us? Their treachery became proverbial among the troops, who still use the word *Saxonner* to designate a soldier who assassinates another. To crown all, it was a Frenchman, a man for whom French blood purchased a crown, a nursling of France, who gave the finishing stroke to our disasters."†

Napoleon remained at Erfurth two days, reorganizing his army, and then resumed his line of march. Swarms of Cossacks, savage in garb and in

* Napier's Peninsular War, vol. iv., p. 259.

† Las Casas, vol. iii., p. 19.

character, hung upon his rear, not daring to venture on any formidable attack, yet harassing the army by incessant annoyances. Blucher, with a powerful force of Russians, Austrians, and Prussians, followed close behind, ready to avail himself of any opportunity to crush the retiring foe. Napoleon pressed resolutely on for five days, and, after safely traversing some two hundred miles, arrived, on the 30th of October, at Haynau.

Here the Bavarian government, active in its new alliance, and animated by those now in power, who were hostile to France, had assembled an army of sixty thousand Austrians and Bavarians, strong in artillery and in cavalry, and had planted these forces in a formidable position, to cut off entirely the retreat of Napoleon. But the French soldiers, indignant and desperate, rushed recklessly upon their batteries, and, after a long and sanguinary battle, routed them entirely. During this conflict, in which thirty thousand men, goaded by indignation and despair, charged the intrenchments where sixty thousand were posted, Napoleon was anxiously walking backward and forward on the highway, conversing with Caulaincourt. A bomb-shell fell, and buried itself in the soft earth, close by their side. Caulaincourt immediately placed himself before the Emperor, to shield him with his own body from the effects of the explosion. The Emperor, paying no regard to the shell, continued his conversation. Fortunately, the bomb sank so deep in the moist ditch that it did not burst.



THE BOMB-SHELL.

The Allies lost in this battle ten thousand men in killed and wounded. The French troops then pressed rapidly forward, and in two days arrived at Frankfort. At five o'clock the next morning, the 2d of November, the army arrived at Mayence. Napoleon remained there three days, reorganizing his

troops, and making arrangements for defending the passage of the Rhine from the advancing legions of the Allies. At eight o'clock at night on the 4th of November he departed for Paris, and at five o'clock in the afternoon of the next day he arrived at St. Cloud.

It is said that Maria Louisa was in a state of dreadful embarrassment. She almost dreaded to see Napoleon. Her father had treacherously turned against her husband, and he was now marching, with hostile armies, to invade France. As the Emperor entered her apartment, she threw herself into his arms, hung her head upon his shoulder, and, bursting into a flood of tears, was unable to articulate a syllable. Napoleon pressed her tenderly to his bosom, soothed her with words of affection, and anxiously inquired for their idolized boy. The beautiful child was brought in, and a touching



INTERVIEW WITH MARIA LOUISA.

scene of domestic affection and grief ensued. Napoleon alone was calm. He still clung to hope, and endeavored to alleviate the anguish of his wife by the anticipation of brighter days.

The victorious Allies, in the mean time, overran all Germany. All the states of the Confederation of the Rhine were now arranged under their standards.

"The lesser princes," says Sir Walter Scott, "had no alternative but to

declare, as fast as they could, their adherence to the same cause. Their ministers thronged to the head-quarters of the allied sovereigns, where they were admitted to peace and fraternity on the same terms, namely, that each state should contribute, within a certain period, *a year's income of their territories and a contingent of soldiers double in numbers* to that formerly exacted by Bonaparte, *for sustaining the good cause of the Alliance.*"

St. Cyr, with thirty thousand men, was shut up in Dresden. He was soon compelled, through famine, to capitulate. It was solemnly stipulated that he and his troops should be permitted to return to France, upon condition of not serving against the Allies till regularly exchanged. After St. Cyr, with his emaciate and tottering troops, had marched out of the city, and the Allies had taken possession, he was informed by the allied sovereigns that they were dissatisfied with the convention which their general had concluded, and could admit of no terms but such as provided for conducting the garrison *as prisoners of war into the Austrian states.* They also, having now had Dresden in their possession seven days, having ascertained all its weak points, and knowing that there was not food there to subsist its garrison for a single day, mocked St. Cyr by saying that, if he were dissatisfied with these terms, he might return again to Dresden.* By such an act of perfidy were thirty thousand men carried off into the prisons of Austria. This fact may to some seem incredible; but it is admitted, in all its bald baseness, even by those historians who most earnestly plead the cause of the Allies. Sir Archibald Alison, though adding to the remark several ungenerous qualifications, says, "In violating this convention, the allied sovereigns did not imitate the honorable fidelity with which Napoleon observed the conditions of the capitulation of Mantua, granted to Wurmser in 1796."

On the 29th of November, General Rapp, who was in Dantzic, with fifteen thousand men, one half of whom were French and the rest Germans, was also compelled by famine to surrender. "As in the case of Dresden," says Sir Walter Scott, "the sovereigns refused to ratify the stipulations, which provided for the return of the garrison to France, but made the commandant, Rapp, the same proposal which had been made to the Marshal St. Cyr, which Rapp, in like manner, declined. The detention of this garrison must also be recorded against the Allies as a breach of faith, which the temptation of diminishing the enemy's forces can not justify."

In reference to this capitulation, General Rapp himself says, "General Houdelet and Colonel Richemont went to the enemy's camp, and concluded a capitulation, in which the *power of returning to France was particularly guaranteed to us.* A part of the articles had been already executed; the Russian prisoners had been sent back, the forts had been given up, when I learned that the Emperor Alexander refused his ratification. The Duke of Wurtemberg offered me to put things in their former condition. This was a mockery; but what could we do? We had no more provisions. It was necessary to be resigned. He managed things as he wished, and we took the road to Russia." With such perfidy was Napoleon ever assailed. How

* "For how was it possible for the French commandant to be in the same situation as before the capitulation, when the enemy had become completely acquainted with his means of defense and resources?"—*Sir Walter Scott.*

noble and magnanimous does his character appear when contrasted with that of the Allies !

Rapidly, one after another of the garrisons which Napoleon had left behind, numbering in all some eighty thousand men, fell into the hands of the coalesced powers, and feudal despotism again became dominant over all the broad plains of Germany. The three great despotisms of Christendom, in alliance with the Tory government of England, had quenched the flames of republican liberty in blood. Nothing now remained but to march with a million of bayonets into France, to overthrow the popular government there, to force the Bourbons upon a people who had rejected them, to rivet upon ignorant and superstitious Spain the chains of the most intolerable civil and religious despotism, and then Europe would once again repose in the quietude of the dark ages.

In speaking of this memorable campaign, Napoleon said at St. Helena, "How was I perplexed, when conversing on this subject, to find myself the only one to judge of the extent of our danger, and to adopt means to avert it! I was harassed on the one hand by the coalesced powers, who threatened our very existence, and on the other by the spirit of my own subjects, who, in their blindness, seemed to make common cause with them; by our enemies, who were laboring for my destruction, and by the importunities of my people, and even my ministers, who urged me to throw myself on the mercy of foreigners. And I was obliged to maintain a good appearance in this embarrassing situation; to reply haughtily to some, and sharply to rebuff others, who created difficulties in my rear, encouraged the mistaken course of public opinion, instead of seeking to give it a proper direction, and suffered me to be tormented by demands for peace, when they ought to have proved that the only means of obtaining it was to urge me ostensibly to war. However, my determination was fixed. I awaited the result of events, firmly resolved to enter into no concessions or treaties which could present only a temporary reparation, and would inevitably have been attended by fatal consequences. Any middle course must have been dangerous; there was no safety except in victory which would have preserved my power, or in some catastrophe which would have brought back my allies. In what a situation was I placed! I saw that France, her destinies, her principles, depended on me alone."

"Sire," said Las Casas, "this was the opinion generally entertained; and yet some parties reproached you for it, exclaiming with bitterness, 'Why would he connect every thing with himself personally?'"

"That was a vulgar accusation," the Emperor replied. "My situation was not one of my own choosing, nor did it arise out of any fault of mine. It was produced entirely by the force and nature of circumstances—by the conflict of two opposite orders of things. Would the individuals who held this language, if, indeed, they were sincere, have preferred to go back to the period preceding Brumaire, when our internal dissolution was complete, foreign invasion certain, and the destruction of France inevitable? From the moment when we decided on the concentration of power, which could alone save us, when we determined on the unity of doctrines and resources, which rendered us a mighty nation, the destinies of France depended solely

on the character, the measures, and the principles of him who had been invested with this accidental dictatorship. From that moment the public interest, *the State, was myself.*

"These words, which I addressed to men who were capable of understanding them, were strongly censured by the narrow-minded and ill-disposed; but the enemy felt the full force of them, and therefore his first object was to effect my overthrow. The same outcry was raised against other words which I uttered in the sincerity of my heart. When I said that *France stood more in need of me than I stood in need of her*, this solid truth was declared to be mere excess of vanity. But, my dear Las Casas, you now see that I can relinquish every thing; and as to what I endure here, my sufferings can not be long. My life is limited; but the existence of France—"

Here the Emperor paused for a moment in silence, and then continued: "The circumstances in which we were placed were extraordinary and unprecedented; it would be vain to seek for any parallel to them. I was myself the keystone of an edifice totally new, and raised on a slight foundation. Its stability depended on each of my battles. Had I been conquered at Marengo, France would have encountered all the disasters of 1814 and 1815 without those prodigies of glory which succeeded, and which will be immortal. It was the same at Austerlitz and Jena; and again at Eylau and elsewhere. The vulgar failed not to blame my ambition as the cause of all these wars. But they were not of my choosing; they were produced by the nature and force of events. They arose out of that conflict between the past and the future, that constant and permanent coalition of our enemies, which obliged us to subdue under pain of being subdued."

"Napoleon," says Napier, "the greatest man of whom history makes mention, Napoleon, the most wonderful commander, the most sagacious politician, the most profound statesman, lost by arms Poland, Germany, Italy, Portugal, Spain, and France. Fortune, that name for the unknown combinations of infinite power, was wanting to him, and without her aid the designs of man are as bubbles on a troubled ocean."

CHAPTER XIX.

THE STRUGGLE RENEWED.

French Equality—Remarks of the Emperor—Advance of the Allies—Conspiracies in France—The Emperor's Address to the Senate—Object of the Allies—Testimony of Napier; of Caulaincourt—Patriotism of Carnot—Offer of Gustavus—Remarks of the Emperor—Character of Joseph—Strength of the Allies.

THE war had now become a struggle for the dethronement of Napoleon, and for the effectual suppression, throughout Europe, of those principles of republican equality to which the French Revolution had given birth. There never was a government so popular as not to have its opposition. In every nation and state allied to France, there were many Royalists ready eagerly to join the allied armies. In the triumph of that cause they hoped to regain their exclusive privileges; and in all the old aristocracies, there

were multitudes of the more intelligent portion of the populace hungering for reform. They welcomed with enthusiasm the approach of the armies of Napoleon. It was the existence of this party, in such strength, both in England and Ireland, which roused the Tory government of Britain to such tremendous exertions to crush, in the person of the French Emperor, the spirit of republican equality. The North British Review, one of the organs of the Tory party, in the following strain, which will certainly amuse American readers, complains of that equality which Napoleon established in France:

"Those who have watched the interior workings of society in France, long and close at hand, are inclined to attribute much of that uselessness and discontent, which is one of its most striking features, and which is the despair both of the friends of order and the friends of freedom, to the national system of education. Members of various grades and classes in the social scale are instructed together, in the same schools, in the same mode, and on the same subjects, to a degree of which we have no example here. If the peasant, the grocer, or the tailor, can scrape together a little money, his son receives his training in the same seminary as the son of the proprietor, whose land he cultivates, whose sugar and coffee he supplies, and whose coat he makes. The boy who ought to be a laborer or a petty tradesman sits on the same bench and learns the same lesson as the boy who is destined for the bar, the tribune, or the civil service of the state. This system arises out of the passion for equality, and fosters it in turn. The result is, that each one naturally learns to despise his own destination, and to aspire to that of his fortunate schoolfellow. The grocer's son can not see why he should not become an advocate, a journalist, a statesman, as well as the wealthier and noble-born lad, who was often below him in the class, whom he occasionally thrashed, and often helped over the thorny places of his daily task."*

"Napoleon," says Las Casas, "truly was, and must remain in the eyes of posterity, the type, the standard, and the prince of liberal opinions. They belonged to his heart, to his principles, and to his mind. If his actions sometimes seemed at variance with these ideas, it was when he was imperiously swayed by circumstances. In one of the evening parties at the Tuileries, Napoleon, conversing with several individuals of the court, who were group-

* It is greatly to Napoleon's honor that such men as the Duke of Wellington were contending against him. It is, in itself, evidence of the righteousness of his cause. Probably there can not be found in the world a man more resolutely hostile to popular reform than was the Duke of Wellington. He was the idol of the aristocracy. He was hated by the people. They had pelted him with mud through the streets of London, and he had been compelled to barricade his windows against their assaults. Even the soldiers under his command in Spain had no affection for his person; and, notwithstanding all the calumnies of the British press, they loved, around their campfires, to tell stories of the goodness of Napoleon. Many, too, of these soldiers, after the battle of Waterloo, were sent to Canada. I am informed, by a gentleman of commanding character and intelligence, that, when a child, he has sat for hours listening to the anecdotes in favor of Napoleon which these British soldiers had picked up in the camp. Yet, true to military discipline, they would stand firmly to their colors in the hour of battle. They were proud of the grandeur of the "Iron Duke," but no soldier loved him. We will imitate Napoleon's magnanimity in not questioning the sincerity of the Duke of Wellington's convictions that an aristocratic government is best for the people. We simply state the undeniable *fact* that his hostility was deadly to all popular reform.

ed around him, closed a discussion on a great political question with the following words:

"'For my part, I am fundamentally and naturally favorable to a fixed and moderate government.' Observing that the countenance of one of the interlocutors expressed surprise, he continued, 'You do not believe me. Why not? Is it because my deeds do not seem to accord with my words? My dear sir, how little you know of men and things! Is the necessity of the moment nothing in your eyes? Were I to slacken the reins only for a moment, neither you nor I would probably sleep another night in the Tuileries.'"

With a million of foes marching against France, and aristocrats and Jacobins, in the heart of the empire, ready to combine against the established government, a degree of rigor was essential, which, under other circumstances, would not be called for. Liberty was compelled to make sacrifices to preserve herself from destruction. When the ship is in peril of foundering in the storm, even the richest freight must be cast into the sea.

The Allies now advanced triumphantly toward the Rhine. Napoleon roused all his energies to meet the emergence. "Though age," says Bourrienne, "might have been supposed to have deprived him of some of his activity, yet, in that crisis, I beheld him as in his most vigorous youth. Again he developed that fervid mind, which, as in his early conquests, annihilated time and space, and seemed omnipresent in its energies." France, from the Rhine to the Pyrenees, assumed the appearance of a vast arsenal. The Council of State suggested to Napoleon that it might not be wise to announce to the people the humiliating truth that the frontiers of France were invaded.

"Wherefore," replied Napoleon, "should not the truth be told? Wellington has entered the south; the Russians menace the north; the Austrians, Prussians, and Bavarians are on the east. Shame! Wellington is in France, and ye have not risen, *en masse*, to drive him back. There must be an impulse given. All must march. It is for you, councillors, fathers of families, heads of the nation, to set the example. People speak of peace when all should echo to the call of war."

The emigrants, members of the old Royalist party whom Napoleon had generously permitted to return to France, and to enter again upon their estates, basely, in this hour of disaster, turned against their benefactor. They organized a wide-spread conspiracy, opened communications with the Allies, distributed arms among their adherents, extolled the Bourbons, and defamed in every possible way the good character of Napoleon.

The priests, hoping by the restoration of the Bourbons to regain the enormous Church possessions which had been confiscated by the Revolution, in large numbers joined the conspirators, and endeavored to sting the bosom which had warmed them into life. In many districts, their influence over the peasantry was almost omnipotent.

The Count of Artois, afterward Charles X., hastened to join the army of the Austrians. His son, the Duke of Angoulême, who had married the unhappy daughter of Louis XVI., whose tragic imprisonment with her brother, the Dauphin, in the Temple, has moved the sympathies of the world, hastened to the head-quarters of the Duke of Wellington. The Count of Provence,

subsequently Louis XVIII., was residing at Hartwell, England. He was an infirm, unwieldy, gouty old man of threescore years. Unable to make any exertions himself, he sat lolling in his chair, while the Allies deluged France in blood and flame to place him on the throne. Talleyrand, the wily diplomatist, clearly discerning the fall of the Empire, entered into communication with the Allies to secure the best possible terms for himself. He did every thing in his power to thwart the exertions of Napoleon and of the nation. In the Council of State and in the saloons of the capital, he incessantly advised submission.

On the 20th of December Napoleon assembled the Senate. He opened the session in person, and thus addressed the members:

"Splendid victories have illustrated the French army in this campaign. Defections without a parallel have rendered those victories unavailing, or have turned them against us. France would now have been in danger but for the energy and the union of the French. In these momentous circumstances, my first thought has been to summon you around me. My heart has need of the presence and affection of my subjects. I have never been seduced by prosperity. Adversity will find me superior to its strokes. I have often given peace to the nations when they had lost every thing. With a part of my conquests I have raised up monarchs who have since abandoned me. I had conceived and executed great designs for the happiness of the world. A monarch and a father, I feel that peace adds to the security of thrones as well as families. Nothing on my part is an obstacle to the re-establishment of peace. You are the natural organs of the throne. It is for you to give an example of energy which may dignify our generation in the eyes of our posterity. Let them not say of us, 'They have sacrificed the first interests of our country; they have submitted to laws which England has sought in vain, during four centuries, to impose upon France.' I am confident that in this crisis the French will show themselves worthy of themselves and of me."

At the same time, Napoleon communicated to the Senate and to the Legislative Assembly the correspondence which had taken place with the Allies, both before and after the battle of Leipsic. He wished to prove to the nation that he had neglected no honorable exertions to arrest the calamities of war. A committee was appointed by both bodies to examine and report upon the documents. The report of the Senate was favorable to Napoleon, and yet the influence of that report was to weaken the Emperor's hold on the democracy. He had sought to identify himself with the ancient order of things. It was the policy of his government to conciliate antagonistic principles, to ingraft democratic rights upon monarchical forms. He hoped thus to secure popular rights on the one hand, and to abate the hostility of monarchical Europe on the other. This policy might have been unwise, but there is every evidence that he sincerely thought it the best which could be adopted under then existing circumstances. He knew that France would not submit again to place her neck under the yoke of the old feudal aristocracy. He believed it impossible to maintain republican forms in France, with a Jacobin mob at one extremity of society, with Royalist conspirators at the other extremity, and with all Europe in arms against the republic.

Though the overwhelming majority of the people of France were strongly in favor of the policy of Napoleon, yet the Jacobins on the one hand, and the Royalists on the other, a small but busy minority, were ever ready to join hands for his overthrow. The president of the senatorial commission, M. Fontanes, concluded his report respecting the continued assault of the Allies with the following words:

"Against whom is that attack directed? Against that great man who has merited the gratitude of all kings; for he it was who, in re-establishing the throne of France, extinguished the volcano with which they were all menaced."

The *people* did not relish this declaration that Napoleon had become an advocate of the *rights of kings*. Napoleon had achieved all his victories and attained his supremacy as the recognized advocate of the *rights of the people*. His rejection of Josephine, and his matrimonial alliance with the proud house of Hapsburg, also operated against him. They had secured for his cause no monarchical friends, but had wilted the enthusiasm of the people.

France was now disheartened. One army had perished upon the snows of Russia, another upon the plains of Saxony. The conscription and taxation had borne heavily upon all classes. All Europe had been combining, in an interminable series of wars, against Revolutionary France. It seemed impossible any longer to protract the conflict. The majority of the Legislative Body adopted the report of their committee, containing the following sentiments deeply wounding to the Emperor:

"In order to prevent the coalesced powers from accusing France of any wish to maintain a too extensive territory, which they seem to fear, would it not exhibit real greatness to undeceive them by a formal declaration? It is for the government to propose the measures which may be considered most prompt and safe for repelling the enemy and establishing peace on a solid basis. These measures must be effectual, if the French people be convinced that their blood will be shed only in defense of their country and of its laws. It appears indispensable, therefore, that his majesty shall be entreated to maintain the full and constant execution of the laws which guarantee to the nation the free exercise of its political rights."

Napoleon regarded these insinuations as peculiarly unfriendly, and ordered the printing of the report to be suppressed. He immediately assembled the Council of State, and thus expressed his sentiments on the subject:

"You are aware, gentlemen, of the dangers to which the country is exposed. Without any obligation to do so, I thought it right to consult the deputies of the Legislative Body. They have converted this act of my confidence into a weapon against me, that is to say, against the country. Instead of assisting me, they obstruct my efforts. We should assume an attitude to check the advance of the enemy. Their attitude invites him. Instead of showing to him a front of brass, they unveil to him our wounds. They stun me with clamors for peace, while the only means to obtain it is to prepare for war. They speak of grievances. But these are subjects to be discussed in private, and not in the presence of an enemy.

"Was I inaccessible to them? Did I ever show myself averse to rational

argument? It is time to come to a conclusion. The Legislative Body, instead of assisting to save France, has concurred to accelerate her ruin. It has betrayed its duty. I fulfill mine. I prorogue the Assembly, and call for fresh elections. Were I sure that this act would bring the people of Paris in a crowd to the Tuileries to murder me this day, I would still do my duty. My determination is perfectly legal. If every one here will act worthily, I shall yet be invincible, as well before the enemy as behind the shelter of the law."

Notwithstanding this prorogation, a few days after, on the first of January, a deputation from the Legislative Body attended court, to present the congratulations of the season to the Emperor. As they entered the room, Napoleon advanced to meet them. In earnest tones, which were subdued by the spirit of seriousness and sadness, he thus spoke:

"Gentlemen of the Chamber of Deputies,—You are about to return to your respective departments. I had called you together with perfect reliance upon your concurrence in my endeavors to illustrate this period of our history. You might have rendered me a signal service by giving me the support of which I stood in need, instead of attempting to confine me within limits which you would be the first to extend when you had discovered the fatal effects of your internal dissensions. By what authority do you consider yourselves entitled to limit the action of government at such a moment as the present? Am I indebted to you for the authority which is invested in me? I hold it from God and the people only. Have you forgotten in what manner I ascended the throne which you now attack? There existed at that period an assembly like your own. Had I deemed its authority and its choice sufficient for my purposes, do you think that I wanted the means to obtain its votes? I have never been of opinion that a sovereign could be elected in that manner.

"I was desirous, therefore, that the wish, so generally expressed for my being invested with the supreme power, should be submitted to a national vote, taken from every person in the French dominions. By such means only did I accept of a throne. Do you imagine that I consider the throne as nothing more than a piece of velvet spread over a chair? The throne consists in the unanimous wish of the nation in favor of their sovereign. Our position is surrounded with difficulties. By adhering to my views, you might have been of the greatest assistance to me. Nevertheless, I trust that, with the help of God and of the army, I shall extricate myself, if I am not doomed to be betrayed. Should I fall, to you alone will be ascribed the evils which will desolate our common country."*

* "The internal state of France was more disquieting to his mind than foreign negotiation or the number of invaders. The sincere Republicans were naturally averse to him as the restorer of monarchy, yet they should have felt that the sovereign, whose ruin was so eagerly sought by the legitimate kings and nobles of Europe, could not be really opposed to liberty. Meanwhile, the advocates of legitimacy shrunk from him as a usurper, and all those tired of war—and they were a majority of the nation—judging from the stupendous power of his genius that he had only to will peace to attain it with security, blamed his tardiness in negotiation. An unexpected opposition to his wishes was also displayed in the Legislative Body, and the partisans of the Bourbons were endeavoring to form a great conspiracy in favor of that house. There were many traitors, likewise, to him and to their country, men devoid of principle, patriotism, or honor, who, with instinctive hatred

The Duke of Rovigo, who has recorded the above interview, says that the Emperor, on returning to his cabinet, showed no particular indications of displeasure against the Legislative Body. With that wonderful magnanimity which ever characterized him, he gave them credit for the best intentions. He, however, observed that he could not safely allow the existence of this state of things behind him, when he was on the point of proceeding to join the army, where he would find quite enough to engage his attention.

It was the special aim of the Allies, aided by their copartners, the Royalists of France, to create a division between Napoleon and the French people, and to make the Emperor as odious as possible. Abusive pamphlets were circulated like autumn leaves all over the Empire. The treasury of England and that of all the Allies was at the disposal of any one who could wage effective warfare against the dreaded republican Emperor. The invading kings, at the head of their locust legions, issued a proclamation, to be spread throughout Europe, full of the meanest and most glaring falsehoods. They asserted that they were the friends of peace, and Napoleon the advocate for war; that they were struggling for liberty and human rights, Napoleon for tyranny and oppression. They declared that they earnestly desired peace, but that the despot Napoleon would not sheathe the sword. They assured the French people that they waged no war against France, but only against the *usurper*, who, to gratify his own ambition, was deluging Europe in blood. The atrocious falsehood was believed in England, on the Continent, and in America. Its influence still poisons thousands of minds.

Colonel Napier, though an officer in the allied army, and marching under the Duke of Wellington for the invasion of France, candidly admits that the Allies in this declaration were utterly insincere, that they had no desire for peace, and that their only object was to rouse the hostility of the people of Europe against Napoleon. He says the negotiations of the Allies with Napoleon were "a deceit from the beginning." "This fact," he says, "was placed beyond a doubt by Lord Castlereagh's simultaneous proceedings in London."*

Napoleon sent Caulaincourt to the head-quarters of the Allies to make every effort in his power to promote peace. They had consented to a sort of conference, in order to gain time to bring up their reserves. France was exhausted. The Allies had slain so many of the French in these iniquitous wars, that the fields of France were left untilled for want of laborers; and they proclaimed this horrible fact as the result of Napoleon's bloodthirsty spirit! More than a million of men were now on the march to invade the almost defenseless empire. It is utterly impossible but that Napoleon must

of a falling cause, plotted to thwart his projects for the defense of the nation. In fine, the men of action and the men of theories were alike combined for mischief. Nor is this outbreak of passion to be wondered at, when it is considered how recently Napoleon had stopped the anarchy of the Revolution, and rebuilt the social and political structure of France. But of all who, by their untimely opposition to the Emperor, hurt their country, the most pernicious were those silly politicians whom he so felicitously described as 'discussing abstract systems of government when the battering-ram was at the gates.'"—*Napier.*

* For the conclusive proof of this hypocrisy on the part of the Allies, see Napier's Peninsular War, vol. iv., p. 327, 328.

have wished for peace. But nobly he resolved that he would perish rather than submit to dishonor. Every generous heart will throb in sympathy with this decision.*

"The Emperor," says Caulaincourt, "closed his last instructions to me with the following words: 'I wish for peace. I wish for it without any reservation or after-thought. But, Caulaincourt, I will never accede to dishonorable conditions. It is wished that peace shall be based on the independence of all nations; be it so. This is one of those Utopian dreams of which experience will prove the fallacy. My policy is more enlightened than that of those men who were *born kings*. Those men have never quitted their gilded cages, and have never read history except with their tutors. Tell them, I impress upon them, with all the authority we are entitled to exercise, that peace can be durable only inasmuch as it shall be reasonable and just to all parties. To demand absurd concessions, to impose conditions which can not be acceded to consistently with the dignity and importance of France, is to declare a deadly war against me. I will never consent to leave France less than I found her. Were I to do so, the whole nation, *en masse*, would be entitled to call me to account. Go, Caulaincourt. You know the difficulties of my position. Heaven grant that you may succeed! Do not spare couriers. Send me intelligence every hour. You know how anxious I shall be.'

"Our real enemies," continues Caulaincourt, "they who had vowed our destruction, were England, Austria, and Sweden. There was a determined resolution to exterminate Napoleon, and consequently all negotiations proved fruitless. Every succeeding day gave birth to a new conflict. In proportion as we accepted what was offered, new pretensions rose up, and no sooner was one difficulty smoothed down than we had to encounter another. I know not how I mustered sufficient firmness and forbearance to remain calm amid so many outrages. I accordingly wrote to the Emperor, assuring him that these conferences, pompously invested with the title of a congress, served merely to mask the irrevocably fixed determination not to treat with France; that the time we were thus losing was employed by the allied powers in assembling their forces, for the purpose of invading us on all points at once; that by further temporizing we should unavoidably augment the disadvantages of our position."

In a private interview with Caulaincourt, as reported by the Duke of Rovigo, Napoleon said, "France must preserve her natural limits. All the powers of Europe, including England, have acknowledged these bases at Frankfort. France, reduced to her old limits, would not possess two thirds

* "The contrast between these wiles to gain a momentary advantage, and the manly, vigorous policy of Lord Wellington, must make honest men of all nations blush for the cunning which diplomatists call policy. Napoleon, rising even above himself, hurtled against the armed myriads opposed to him with such a terrible energy, that, though ten times his number, they were rolled back on every side with confusion and dismay. * * * That great man was never personally deceived by the Allies' pretended negotiations. He joined issue with them to satisfy the French people that he was not averse to peace; but his instructions, dated the 4th of January, and addressed to Caulaincourt, prove at once his sagacity and his firmness. 'I think,' he said, 'that both the Allies' good faith and the wish of England to make peace are doubtful. For my part I desire peace, but it must be solid and honorable. I have accepted the bans proposed at Frankfort, yet it is more probable the Allies have other notions.'"—*Napier's Peninsular War*, vol. iv., p. 330.

of the relative power she possessed twenty years ago. What she has acquired toward the Alps and the Rhine does not compensate for what Russia, Austria, and Prussia have acquired by the mere act of the partition of Poland. All these powers have aggrandized themselves. To pretend to bring France back to her former state would be to lower and to degrade her. Neither the Emperor, nor the republic, if it should spring out anew from this state of agitation, can ever subscribe to such a condition. I have taken my determination, which nothing can change. Can I consent to leave France less powerful than I found her? If, therefore, the Allies insist upon this reduction of France, the Emperor has only one of three choices left: either to fight and conquer; to die honorably in the struggle; or, lastly, to abdicate, if the nation should not support me. The throne has no charms for me. I will never attempt to purchase it at the price of dishonor."*

In the midst of these days of disaster, when Napoleon's throne was crumbling beneath him, there were exhibited many noble examples of disinterestedness and fidelity. The illustrious and virtuous Carnot, true to his republican principles, had refused to accept office under the Empire. Napoleon had earnestly, but in vain, sought his aid. Carnot, retiring from the allurements of the imperial court, was buried in seclusion and poverty. His pecuniary embarrassments at length became so great, that they reached the ears of the Emperor. Napoleon, though deeming Carnot in error, yet highly appreciating the universally recognized integrity of the man, immediately sent him, with a touching letter, ample funds for the supply of his wants. Years had rolled away; gloom was gathering around the Emperor; foreign armies were crowding upon France; all who advocated the cause of Napoleon were in danger of ruin. In that hour Carnot came to the rescue, and offered himself to Napoleon for the defense of the country. Napoleon gratefully accepted the offer, and intrusted him with the command of Antwerp, one of the keys of the empire. In the defense of this place, Carnot exhibited all those noble traits of character which were to be expected of such a man.

"The offer," said Carnot, in his letter to Napoleon, "of an arm sixty years old is, without doubt, but little. But I thought that the example of a soldier, whose patriotic sentiments are known, might have the effect of rallying to your Eagles a number of persons hesitating as to the part which they should take, and who might possibly think that the only way to serve their country was to abandon it."

In many of the departments of France, the populace, uninfluenced by the libels against Napoleon, enthusiastically demanded arms, and entreated that they might be led against the invading foe. The leaders of the Jacobin clubs in Paris offered their services in rousing the phrensy of the lower orders, as in the days of the old revolution, if Napoleon would receive them into his alliance, surrender to their writers and to their orators the press and the tribune, and allow them to sing their revolutionary songs in the streets and in the theatres. Napoleon listened to their proposition, hesitated for a moment, and then resolutely replied,

"No. I shall find in battle some chance of safety, but none with these

* Memoirs of the Duke of Rovigo, vol. iv., p. 193.

wild demagogues. There can be no connection between them and monarchy; none between furious clubs and a regular ministry; between revolutionary tribunals and the tribunal of the law. If I must fall, I will not bequeath France to the revolution from which I rescued her."

Gustavus, the deposed king of Sweden, who had always strenuously affirmed that Napoleon was the *Beast* described in the Apocalypse, now strangely offered his services to the Emperor. He wished to make himself the rallying point of the old Royalist party in Sweden. He would thus greatly embarrass the movements of the treacherous Bernadotte, and stand some chance of regaining his throne. It was a curious case of a legitimate monarch who had been deposed by the people, applying for aid to Napoleon, in order to overthrow the elected monarch, and to restore him to his hereditary claims. Notwithstanding the strength of the temptation, Napoleon refused, magnanimously refused to listen to his overtures.

"I have reflected," he said, "that if I received him, my dignity would require me to make exertions in his favor; and, as I no longer rule the world, common minds would not have failed to discover, in the interest I might have displayed for him, an impotent hatred against Bernadotte. Besides, Gustavus had been dethroned by the voice of the people, and it was by the voice of the people that I had been elevated. In taking up his cause, I should have been guilty of inconsistency in my conduct, and have acted upon discordant principles."

This will be universally recognized as an exhibition of the very nicest sense of honor. Napoleon might thus have greatly embarrassed his foes, but he preferred to fall rather than call the forces of despotism to his aid. There is, perhaps, no incident in Napoleon's career more nobly illustrative of his lofty character.

The Duke of Wellington, with a hundred and forty thousand British, Portuguese, and Spanish troops, having driven the French soldiers out of Spain, was now overrunning the southern departments of France. Spain was lost. Napoleon consequently released Ferdinand, and restored him to his throne. The perfidious wretch manifested no gratitude whatever toward his English deliverers. He promptly entered into a treaty hostile to England.

"Thus did the sovereign," says Alison, "who had regained his liberty and his crown by the profuse shedding of English blood, make the first use of his promised freedom to banish from his dominions the allies whose swords had liberated him from prison and placed him on the throne."

"Ferdinand," says Colonel Napier, "became once more the King of Spain. He had been a rebellious son in the palace, a plotting traitor at Aranjuez, a dastard at Bayonne, an effeminate, superstitious, fawning slave at Valençay, and now, after six years of captivity, he returned to his own country an ungrateful and cruel tyrant. He would have been the most odious and contemptible of princes, if his favorite brother, Don Carlos, had not existed."

Such were the results of the English war in Spain. A greater curse one nation never inflicted upon another. What is Spain now? What would she now have been had the energies of a popular government, under Joseph Bonaparte, been diffused throughout the Peninsula? This king, whom the

English drove from Spain, was a sincere, enlightened, conscientious man, devoted to the public welfare.

When Joseph ascended the throne of Spain, Cevallos, the secretary of State, notified the accession to all the foreign powers. By all of them, with the exception of England, he was formally recognized. The Emperor of Russia, acquainted with the exalted personal character of Joseph, added felicitations to his acknowledgments. Even Ferdinand was so well satisfied with the bargain he had made that he wrote Joseph letters of congratulation. "Madame Joseph Bonaparte," says the Duchess of Abrantes, "is an angel of goodness. Pronounce her name, and all the indigent, all the unfortunate in Paris, Naples, &c., will repeat it with blessings. Never did she hesitate a moment to set about what she conceived to be her duty. Her unalterable kindness, her active charity, gain her the love of every body."

Blaquiere, an English writer, in his History of the Spanish Revolution of 1820, says, "Whatever objections may have been made to the particular mode in which Napoleon effected the regeneration of this country, it will doubtless be enough for posterity to know that the honor belonged to him alone; the principle was unquestionably paramount to every other consideration, and if there ever existed a case in politics or morals wherein the end justified the means, that of rescuing a whole people from the lowest and most abject state of misery and degradation is certainly not among the least exceptionable.

"I can not help observing that the spoliations of human lives and territory effected by the various European congresses held since the abdication of Napoleon, run the risk of being regarded in an infinitely worse light by future generations than his enterprise against Spain, inasmuch as the latter was undertaken for the avowed and express purpose of improving the institutions of an enslaved people, weighed down by centuries of oppression, and of whom numbers of the most virtuous and enlightened espoused the cause of the foreign prince, whereas it is well known that neither Poland, Naples, Genoa, Lombardy, Venice, Saxony, Ragusa, Sicily, nor Spain herself, were restored to their old masters for any other purpose than the renewal of the former tyrannies destroyed by the victorious arms of Bonaparte."

Joseph, upon the overthrow of his brother, retired to the United States, and resided for many years, universally respected, at Bordentown, upon the Delaware. While there, a deputation from Mexico came to offer him the Mexican crown. He replied,

"I have worn two crowns. I would not take a step to wear a third. Nothing can gratify me more than to see men who would not recognize my authority when I was at Madrid now come to seek me in exile. But I do not think that the throne which you wish to raise again can make you happy. Every day I pass in this hospitable land proves more clearly to me the excellence of republican institutions for America. Keep them as a precious gift from Heaven; settle your internal commotions; follow the example of the United States, and seek among your fellow-citizens a man more capable than I am of acting the great part of Washington."*

* Joseph Bonaparte died at Florence on the 28th of July, 1844, aged seventy-six years. "He was attended," says Louis Napoleon, "by Queen Julie, whose devotion failed not to the last, and

The last days of the month of January had now arrived. An army of one million twenty-eight thousand men, from the north, the east, and the south, were on the march for the overthrow of the imperial republic. Such forces the world had never before seen. Napoleon, having lost some five hundred thousand men in the Russian campaign, three hundred thousand on the plains of Saxony, two hundred and fifty thousand in the Spanish peninsula, and having nearly a hundred thousand besieged in the fortresses of the Elbe and the Oder, was unable, with his utmost exertions, to bring forward more than two hundred thousand in the field to meet the enormous armies of the Allies. He could take but seventy thousand to encounter the multitudinous hosts crowding down upon him from the Rhine.*

CHAPTER XX.

THE CAPITULATION OF PARIS.

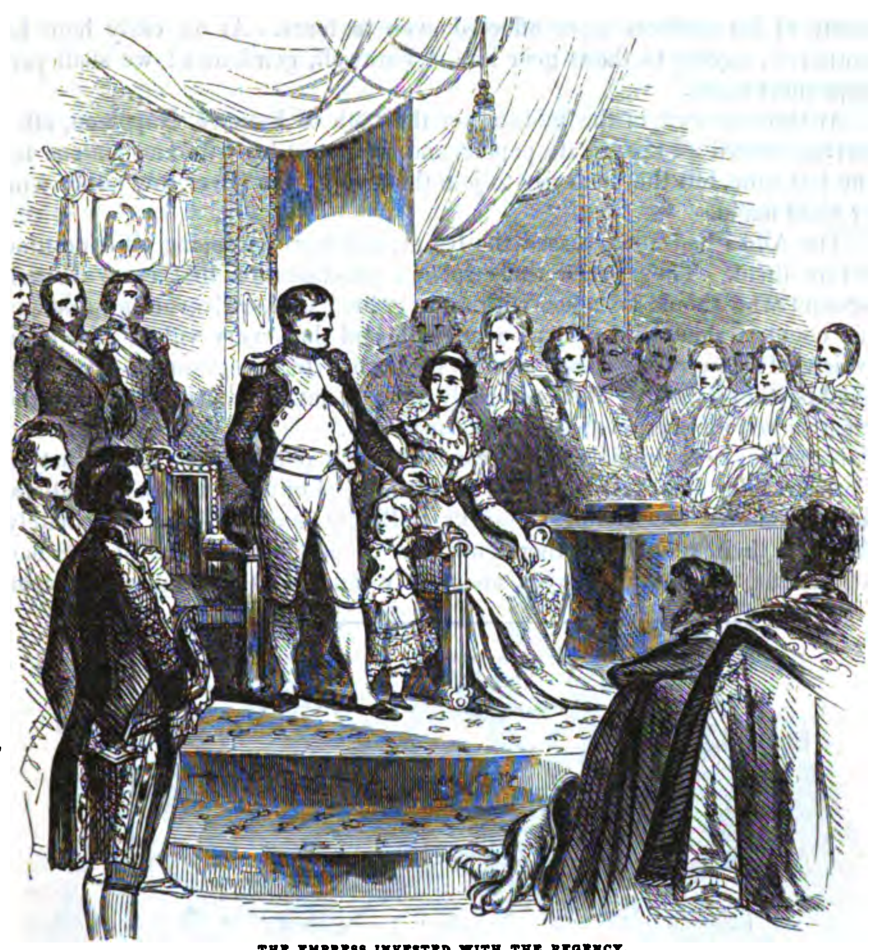
The Empress invested with the Regency—The Emperor's Departure from Paris—Battle of Brienne—Directions to Caulaincourt—Unrelenting Hostility of the Allies—Their atrocious Demands—Unparalleled Efforts of the Emperor—Battle of Montereau—Interview with Josephine—Bold Resolve of the Emperor—Plan of the Allies—The Attack on Paris—Capitulation—Napoleon at Fontainebleau.

ON Sunday, the 24th of January, 1814, Napoleon, after attending mass, received the dignitaries of the empire in the grand saloon of the Tuileries. The Emperor entered the apartment preceded by the Empress, and leading by the hand his idolized son, a child of extraordinary beauty, not yet three years of age. The child was dressed in the uniform of the National Guard, while luxuriant ringlets of golden hair were clustering over his shoulders. The Emperor was calm, but a deep shade of melancholy overspread his features. The most profound sadness reigned in the assembly. In a ceremony grave and solemn, the Empress was invested with the regency, and took the requisite oath of office. The Emperor, then advancing, with his child, into the centre of the circle, in tones which thrilled upon every heart thus addressed them :†

who was ever a comforting angel, as well as by his brothers Louis and Jerome, whom he loved affectionately. He expired gently; and, as a righteous man, he would have seen the approach of death without regret, if the phantom of exile had not intruded, even on his last moments, to wring his heart and poison his last farewell."

* "Napoleon having decreed a fresh levy of three hundred thousand conscripts, the Allies had published a manifesto treating this measure, so essentially a defensive one, since they would not suspend their military operations, as a fresh provocative on his part, because the motives assigned for the conscription contained a just and powerful description of the past deceits and violence, with a view to rouse the national spirit of France. Thus having first, by a pretended desire for peace, and a willingness on the part of England to consent to an arrangement about her maritime code, inveigled the Emperor into negotiations, and thereby ascertained that the maritime question was uppermost in his mind and the only obstacle to peace, they declared that vital question should not even be discussed; and when, by this subtlety, they had rendered peace impossible, proclaimed *that Napoleon alone resisted the desire of the world for tranquillity*."—*Napier's Peninsular War*, vol. iv., p. 329.

† It is to be regretted that Lamartine can not record the most simple fact respecting Napoleon without interweaving some hostile comment. In reference to this extraordinary struggle, he says, "Seventy thousand troops constituted the only army with which Napoleon had to maneuver and



THE EMPRESS INVESTED WITH THE REGENCY.

"Gentlemen,—I depart to-night to place myself at the head of the army. On quitting the capital, I leave behind, with confidence, my wife and son, upon whom so many hopes repose. I shall depart with a mind freed from a weight of disquietude when I know that these pledges are under your faithful guardianship. To you I confide what, next to France, I hold dearest in the world. Let there be no political divisions. Endeavors will not be wanting to shake your fidelity to your duties. I depend on you to repel all such perfidious instigations. Let the respect for property, the maintenance of order, and, above all, the love of France, animate every bosom." As Napoleon uttered these words, his voice trembled with emotion, and

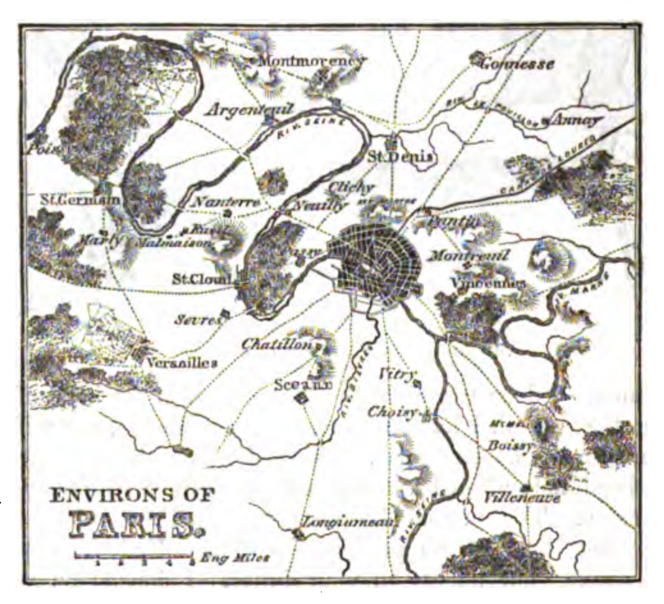
combat a million of men in the heart of France. Victory itself could do nothing for so small a number. It could only waste them less rapidly than defeat. Did he depend on impossibilities, or was he only desirous of illustrating his last struggle? No one knows what was passing in that soul, maddened for so many years by illusions. The most likely solution is, that he calculated upon some brilliant but passing success which might serve as a pretext for the Emperor of Austria to negotiate with him. He never thought a father would dishonor his son-in-law, or that kings would dethrone the conqueror of the Revolution. But, at all events, he did not doubt that, if conquered or deprived of his throne, the empire would be transmitted to his son."

many of his auditors were affected even to tears. At an early hour he withdrew, saying to those near him, "Farewell, gentlemen; we shall perhaps meet again."

At three o'clock in the morning of the 25th of January, Napoleon, after having burned all his private papers, and embraced his wife and his son for the last time, left the Tuileries to join the army. He never saw either wife or child again.

The Allies had now crossed the Rhine, and were sweeping all opposition before them. They issued the atrocious proclamation that every French peasant who should be taken with arms in his hands, endeavoring to defend his country, should be shot as a brigand, and that every village and town which offered any resistance should be burned to the ground. Even Mr. Lockhart exclaims, "This, assuredly, was a flagrant outrage against the most sacred and inalienable rights of mankind."

Napoleon drove rapidly in his carriage about one hundred miles east of Paris, to Vitry and St. Dizier. Here, at the head of a few thousand soldiers, he encountered the leading Cossacks of Blucher's army. He immediately fell upon them, and routed them entirely. Being informed that Blucher had a powerful army near Troyes, about fifty miles south of Vitry, Napoleon



marched all the next day through wild forest roads, and in a drenching rain, to surprise the unsuspecting and self-confident foe. The ground was covered with snow, and the wheels of the cannon were with the utmost difficulty dragged through the deep quagmires. But intense enthusiasm inspired the soldiers of Napoleon, and the inhabitants of the country through which they passed gave the most affecting demonstrations of their gratitude and their love. "The humblest cabins," says Lamartine, "gave up their little stores, with cordial hospitality, to warm and nourish these last defenders of the soil of France." Napoleon, in the midst of a column of troops, marched fre-

quently on foot, occasionally entering a peasant's hut to examine his maps, or to catch a moment's sleep by the fire on the cottage hearth.

About noon on the 29th, with but twenty thousand men, he encountered sixty thousand Russians, commanded by Blucher, formidably posted in the castle and upon the eminences of Brienne. Napoleon gazed for a moment upon these familiar scenes, hallowed by the reminiscences of childhood, and ordered an immediate assault, without allowing his troops a moment to dry their soaked garments. Before that day's sun went down behind the frozen hills, the snow was crimsoned with the blood of ten thousand of the Allies, and Blucher was retreating to effect a junction with Schwartzenberg at Bar-sur-Aube, some few miles distant.

As Napoleon was slowly returning to his quarters after the action, indulging in melancholy thought, a squadron of Russian artillery, hearing the footfalls of his feeble escort, made a sudden charge in the dark. Napoleon was assailed, at the same moment, by two dragoons. General Corbineau



THE ATTACK UPON NAPOLEON.

threw himself upon one of the Cossacks, while General Gourgaud shot down the other. The escort, who were but a few steps behind, immediately charged, and rescued the Emperor. Napoleon had lost in the conflict at Brienne five or six thousand men in killed and wounded.

The next day Blucher and Schwartzenberg, having effected a junction, marched with a hundred and fifty thousand men to attack Napoleon at Ro-

thierre, nine miles from Brienne. Prince Schwartzenberg sent a confidential officer to Blucher to inquire respecting the plan of attack. He abruptly replied,

"We must march to Paris. Napoleon has been in all the capitals of Europe. We must make him descend from a throne which it would have been well for us all that he had never mounted. We shall have no repose till we pull him down."

The Emperor had, with much difficulty, assembled there forty thousand troops. The French, desperately struggling against such fearful odds, maintained their position during the day. As a gloomy winter's night again darkened the scene, Napoleon retreated to Troyes, leaving six thousand of his valiant band, in every hideous form of mutilation, upon the frozen ground. Alexander and Frederick William, from one of the neighboring heights, witnessed, with unbounded exultation, this triumph of their arms. Blucher, though a desperate fighter, was, in his private character, one of the most degraded of bacchanals and debauchees.

"The day after the battle," says Sir Archibald Alison, "the sovereigns, embassadors, and principal generals supped together, and Blucher, striking off, in his eagerness, the necks of the bottles of champagne with his knife, quaffed off copious and repeated libations to the toast, drunk with enthusiasm by all present, '*To Paris*.'"

Napoleon was now in a state of most painful perplexity. His enemies, in bodies vastly outnumbering any forces he could raise, were marching upon Paris from all directions. A movement toward the north only opened an unobstructed highway to his capital from the east and the south. Tidings of disaster were continually reaching his ears. A conference was still carried on between Napoleon and the Allies in reference to peace. Napoleon wrote to Caulaincourt to agree to any reasonable terms "which would save the capital and avoid a final battle, which would swallow up the last forces of the kingdom."

The Allies, however, had no desire for peace. They wished only to create the impression that Napoleon was the one who refused to sheathe the sword. Consequently, they presented only such terms as Napoleon could not, without dishonor, accept. On receiving, at this time, one of those merciless dispatches, requiring that he should surrender *all the territory which France had acquired since his accession to the throne*, Napoleon was plunged into an agony of perplexity. Such a concession would dishonor him in the eyes of France and of Europe. It would leave France weakened and defenseless—exposed not only to insult, but to successful invasion from the powerful and banded enemies who surrounded the republican empire. Napoleon shut himself up for hours, pondering the terrible crisis. Ruin was coming like an avalanche upon him and upon France. The generals of the army urged him to submit to the dire necessity. With reluctance Napoleon transmitted these inexorable conditions of the Allies to his privy council at Paris. All but one voted for accepting them. His brother Joseph wrote to him:

"Yield to events. Preserve what may yet be preserved. Save your life, precious to millions of men. There is no dishonor in yielding to numbers

and accepting peace. There would be dishonor in abandoning the throne, because you would thus abandon a crowd of men who have devoted themselves to you. Make peace at any price."

Thus urged and overwhelmed, Napoleon at last, with extreme anguish, gave Caulaincourt permission to sign any treaty which he thought necessary to save the capital. His consent was given in a singularly characteristic manner. Calmly taking from a shelf a volume of the works of Montesquieu, he read aloud the following passage:

"I know nothing more magnanimous than a resolution which a monarch took, who has reigned in our times, to bury himself under the ruins of his throne, rather than accept conditions unworthy of a king. He had a mind too lofty to descend lower than his fortunes had sunk him. He knew well that courage may strengthen a crown, but infamy never."

In silence he closed the book. He was still entreated to yield to the humiliating concessions. It was represented that nothing could be more magnanimous than to sacrifice even his glory to the safety of the state, which would fall with him. The Emperor, after a moment's pause, replied,

"Well! be it so. Let Caulaincourt sign whatever is necessary to procure peace. I will bear the shame of it, but I will not dictate my own disgrace."

But to make peace with the Republican Emperor was the last thing in the thoughts of these banded kings. When they found that Napoleon was ready to accede to their cruel terms, they immediately abandoned them for other and still more exorbitant demands. Napoleon had consented to surrender all the territory which France had acquired *since his accession to power*.

The Allies now demanded that Napoleon should cut down France *to the limits it possessed before the Revolution*. The proposition was a gross insult. Can we conceive of the United States as being so humbled as even to listen to such a suggestion? Were England to combine the despotisms of Europe in a war against Republican America, and then to offer peace only upon the condition that we would surrender all the territory which had been annexed to the United States since the Revolution—Florida, Louisiana, Texas, New Mexico, California—what administration would dare to accede to such terms? And yet demands so atrocious the Allies pronounced moderate and reasonable. Napoleon nobly resolved to perish rather than yield to such dishonor.

"What!" he exclaimed, as he indignantly held up these propositions, "do they require that I should sign such a treaty as this, and that I should trample upon the oath I have taken, to detach nothing from the soil of the empire? Unheard of reverses may force from me a promise to renounce my own conquests, but that I should also abandon the conquests made before me—that, as a reward for so many efforts, so much blood, such brilliant victories, I should leave France smaller than I found her! Never! Can I do so without deserving to be branded as a traitor and a coward?

"You are alarmed at the continuance of the war, but I am fearful of more certain dangers which you do not see. If we renounce the boundary of the Rhine, France not only recedes, but Austria and Prussia advance. France stands in need of peace; but the peace which the Allies wish to impose on

her would subject her to greater evils than the most sanguinary war. What would the French people think of me if I were to sign their humiliation? What could I say to the republicans of the Senate, when they demanded the barriers of the Rhine? Heaven preserve me from such degradation! Dispatch an answer to Caulaincourt, and tell him that I reject the treaty. I would rather incur the risks of the most terrible war." This spirit his foes have stigmatized as insatiable ambition and the love of carnage.

The exultant Allies, now confident of the ruin of their victim, urged their armies onward, to overwhelm with numbers the diminished bands, still valiantly defending the independence of France. Napoleon, with forty thousand men, retreated some sixty miles down the valley of the Seine to Nogent. Schwartzenberg, with two hundred thousand Austrians, took possession of Troyes, about seventy-five miles above Nogent. With these resistless numbers he intended to follow the valley of the river to Paris, driving the Emperor before him.

Fifty miles north of the River Seine lies the valley of the Marne. The two streams unite near Paris. Blucher, with an army of about seventy thousand Russians and Prussians, was rapidly marching upon the metropolis, down the banks of the Marne, where there was no force to oppose him. The situation of Napoleon seemed now quite desperate. Wellington, with a vast army, was marching from the south. Bernadotte was leading uncounted legions from the north. Blucher and Schwartzenberg, with their several armies, were crowding upon Paris from the east; and the enormous navy of England had swept French commerce from all seas, and was bombarding every defenseless city of France. The counselors of the Emperor were in despair. They urged him, from absolute necessity, to accede to any terms which the Allies might extort.

The firmness which Napoleon displayed under these trying circumstances soars into sublimity. To their entreaties that he would yield to dishonor, he calmly replied:

"No! no! we must think of other things just now. I am on the eve of beating Blucher. He is advancing on the road to Paris. I am about to set off to attack him. I will beat him to-morrow. I will beat him the day after to-morrow. If that movement is attended with the success it deserves, the face of affairs will be entirely changed. Then we shall see what is to be done."

Napoleon had formed one of those extraordinary plans which so often, during his career, had changed apparent ruin into the most triumphant success. Leaving ten thousand men at Nogent to retard the advance of the two hundred thousand Austrians, he hastened, with the remaining thirty thousand troops, by forced marches across the country to the valley of the Marne. It was his intention to fall suddenly upon the flank of Blucher's self-confident and unsuspecting army.

The toil of the wintry march, through miry roads, and through storms of sleet and rain, was so exhausting, that he had but twenty-five thousand men to form in line of battle when he encountered the enemy. It was early in the morning of the 10th of February, as the sun rose brilliantly over the snow-covered hills, when the French soldiers burst upon the Russians, who

were quietly preparing their breakfasts. The victory was most brilliant. Napoleon pierced the centre of the multitudinous foe, then turned upon one wing and then upon the other, and proudly scattered the fragments of the army before him. But he had no reserves with which to profit by this extraordinary victory. His weary troops could not pursue the fugitives.



THE RUSSIANS SURPRISED.

The next day, Blucher, by energetically bringing forward re-enforcements, succeeded in collecting sixty thousand men, and fell with terrible fury upon the little band who were gathered around Napoleon. A still more sanguinary battle ensued, in which the Emperor was again, and still more signally, triumphant. These brilliant achievements elated the French soldiers beyond measure. They felt that nothing could withstand the genius of the Emperor, and even Napoleon began to hope that Fortune would again smile upon him. From the field of battle he wrote a hurried line to Caulaincourt, who was

his plenipotentiary at Chatillon, where the Allies had opened their pretended negotiation. "I have conquered," he wrote; "your attitude must be the same for peace. But sign nothing without my order, because I alone know my position."

While Napoleon was thus cutting up the army of Blucher upon the Marne, a singular scene was transpiring in Troyes. The Royalists there, encouraged by Napoleon's apparently hopeless defeat, resolved to make a vigorous movement for the restoration of the Bourbons. A deputation, consisting of the Marquis de Vidranges and the Chevalier de Goualt, accompanied by five or six of the inhabitants, with the white cockade of the fallen dynasty upon their breasts, treasonably called upon the Emperor Alexander, and said,

"We entreat your majesty, in the name of all the respectable inhabitants of Troyes, to accept with favor the wish which we form for the re-establishment of the royal house of Bourbon on the throne of France."

But Alexander, apprehensive that the genius of Napoleon might still retrieve his fallen fortunes, cautiously replied: "Gentlemen, I receive you with pleasure. I wish well to your cause, but I fear your proceedings are rather premature. The chances of war are uncertain, and I should be grieved to see brave men like you compromised or sacrificed. We do not come ourselves to give a king to France. We desire to know its wishes, and to leave it to declare itself."

"But it will never declare itself," M. de Goualt replied, "as long as it is under the knife. Never, so long as Bonaparte shall be in authority in France, will Europe be tranquil."

"It is for that very reason," replied Alexander, "that the first thing we must think of is to beat him—to beat him—to beat him."

The Royalist deputation retired, encouraged with the thought that, from prudential considerations, their cause was adjourned, but only for a few days. At the same time, the Marquis of Vitrolles, one of the most devoted of the Bourbon adherents, arrived at the head-quarters of the Allies with a message from the Royalist conspirators in Paris, entreating the monarchs to advance as rapidly as possible to the capital. A baser act of treachery has seldom been recorded. These very men had been rescued from penury and exile by the generosity of Napoleon. He had pardoned their hostility to Republican France; had sheltered them from insult and from injury, and with warm sympathy for their woes, which Napoleon neither caused or could have averted, had received them under the protection of the imperial regime.

In ten days Napoleon had gained five victories. The inundating wave of invasion was still rolling steadily on toward Paris. The activity and energy of Napoleon surpassed all which mortal man had ever attempted before. In a day and night march of thirty hours he hurried back to the banks of the Seine. The Austrians, now three hundred thousand strong, were approaching Fontainebleau. Sixty miles southeast of Paris, at the confluence of the Seine and the Yonne, is situated, in a landscape of remarkable beauty, the little town of Montereau.

Here Napoleon, having collected around him forty thousand men, presented a bold front to arrest the farther progress of the Allies. An awful

battle now ensued. Napoleon, in the eagerness of the conflict, as the projectiles from the Austrian batteries plowed the ground around him, and his artillerymen fell dead at his feet, leaped from his horse, and with his own hand directed a gun against the masses of the enemy. As the balls from the hostile batteries tore through the French ranks, strewing the ground with the wounded and the dead, the cannoneers entreated the Emperor to retire to a place of safety. With a serene eye, he looked around upon the storm of iron and of lead, and smiling, said, "Courage, my friends; the ball which is to kill me is not yet cast."* The bloody combat terminated with the night. Napoleon was the undisputed victor.

The whole allied army, confounded by such unexpected disasters, precipitately retreated, and began to fear that no numbers could triumph over Napoleon. The Emperors of Russia and Austria, and the King of Prussia, bewildered by such unanticipated blows, were at a loss what orders to issue. Napoleon, with but forty thousand men, pursued the retreating army, one hundred thousand strong, up the valley of the Seine, till they took refuge in the vicinity of Chaumont, about a hundred and sixty miles from the field of battle.

"My heart is relieved," said Napoleon, joyfully, as he beheld the flight of the Allies. "I have saved the capital of my empire." Amazing as were these achievements, they only postponed the day of ruin. The defeat of one or two hundred thousand, from armies numbering a million of men, with another army of a million held in reserve to fill up the gaps caused by the casualties of war, could be of but little avail.†

In the midst of these terrific scenes Napoleon almost daily corresponded with Josephine, whom he still loved as he loved no one else. On one occasion, when the movements of battle brought him not far from her residence, he turned aside from the army, and sought a hurried interview with his most faithful friend. It was their last meeting. At the close of the short and melancholy visit, Napoleon took her hand, and, gazing tenderly upon her, said,

"Josephine, I have been as fortunate as was ever man upon the face of this earth. But in this hour, when a storm is gathering over my head, I have not, in this wide world, any one but you upon whom I can repose."

His letters, written amid all the turmoil of the camp, though exceeding brief, were more confiding and affectionate than ever, and, no matter in what

* In one of the charges which took place at the bridge of Montereau, a bomb literally entered the chest of General Pajoli's charger, and burst in the stomach of the poor animal, sending its rider a considerable height into the air. General Pajoli fell, dreadfully mangled, but almost miraculously escaped mortal injury. When this singular occurrence was mentioned to the Emperor, he said to the general that nothing but the interposition of Providence could have preserved his life under such circumstances. This anecdote was related to W. H. Ireland, Esq., by General Pajoli himself.

† "Meantime hostilities were maintained with increased vigor over a vast line of operations. How much useless glory did our soldiers not gain in these conflicts! But, in spite of prodigies of valor, the enemy's masses advanced and approximated to a central point, so that this war might be compared to the battle of the ravens and the eagles on the Alps. The eagle kills them by hundreds. Every stroke of his beak is the death of an enemy, but still the ravens return to the charge and press upon the eagle, until he is literally overwhelmed by the number of his assailants."—*Bourrienne.*

business he was engaged, a courier from Josephine immediately arrested his attention, and a line from her was torn open with the utmost eagerness. His last letter to her was written from the vicinity of Brienne, after a desperate engagement against overwhelming numbers. It was concluded in the following affecting words:

"On beholding these scenes where I had passed my boyhood, and comparing my peaceful condition then with the agitation and terrors which I now experience, I several times said in my own mind, 'I have sought to meet death in many conflicts. I can no longer fear it. To me, death would now be a blessing. But I would once more see Josephine.'"

There was an incessant battle raging for a circuit of many miles around the metropolis. All the hospitals were filled with the wounded and the dying. Josephine and her ladies were employed at Malmaison in scraping lint and forming bandages for the suffering victims of war. At last it became dangerous for Josephine to remain any longer at Malmaison, as bands of barbarian soldiers, with rapine and violence, were wandering all over the country. One stormy morning, when the rain was falling in floods, she took her carriage for the more distant retreat of Navarre. She had proceeded about thirty miles, when some horsemen appeared in the distance, rapidly approaching. She heard the cry, "The Cossacks, the Cossacks!" In her terror she leaped from her carriage, and, in the drenching rain, fled across the fields. The attendants soon discovered that they were French hussars, and the unhappy Empress was recalled. She again entered her carriage, and proceeded the rest of the way without molestation.

The scenes of woe which invariably accompany the march of brutal armies no imagination can conceive. We will record but one, as illustrative of hundreds which might be narrated. In the midst of a bloody skirmish, Lord Londonderry saw a young and beautiful French lady, the wife of a colonel, seized from a calèche by three semi-barbarian Russian soldiers, who were hurrying into the woods with their frantic and shrieking victim. With a small band of soldiers he succeeded in rescuing her. The confusion and peril of the battle still continuing, he ordered a dragoon to conduct her to his own quarters till she could be provided with suitable protection. The dragoon took the lady, fainting with terror, upon his horse behind him, when another ruffian band of Cossacks struck him dead from his steed, and seized again the unhappy victim. She was never heard of more. And yet every heart must know her awful doom. Such is war, involving in its inevitable career every conceivable crime and every possible combination of misery.

The Allies, in consternation, held a council of war. Great despondency prevailed. "The Grand Army," said the Austrian officers, "has lost half its numbers by the sword, disease, and wet weather. The country we are now in is ruined. The sources of our supplies are dried up. All around us the inhabitants are ready to raise the standard of insurrection. It has become indispensable to secure a retreat to Germany and wait for re-enforcements."

These views were adopted by the majority. The retreat was continued in great confusion, and Count Lichtenstein was dispatched to the head-quarters of Napoleon to solicit an armistice. Napoleon received the envoy in

the hut of a peasant, where he had stopped to pass the night. Prince Lichtenstein, as he proposed the armistice, presented Napoleon with a private note from the Emperor Francis. This letter was written in a conciliatory and almost apologetic spirit, admitting that the plans of the Allies had been most effectually frustrated, and that, in the rapidity and force of the strokes which had been given, the Emperor of Austria recognized anew the resplendent genius of his son-in-law. Napoleon, according to his custom on such occasions, entered into a perfectly frank and unreserved conversation with the prince. He inquired of him if the Allies intended the restoration of the Bourbons to the throne of France.

"Is it a war against the throne," said he, "which you intend to carry on? The Count d'Artois is with the Grand Army in Switzerland. The Duke d'Angoulême is at the head-quarters of the Duke of Wellington, from thence addressing proclamations to the southern portions of my empire. Can I believe that my father-in-law, the Emperor Francis, is so blind or so unnatural as to project the dethronement of his own daughter and the disinheriting of his own grandson?"

The prince assured Napoleon that the Allies had no such idea; that the residence of the Bourbon princes with the allied armies was merely on sufferance, and that the Allies wished only for peace, not to destroy the empire. Napoleon acceded to the proposal for an armistice. He appointed the city of Lusigny as the place for opening the conference. Three of the allied generals were deputed as commissioners, one each on the part of Austria, Russia, and Prussia. Hostilities, however, were not to be suspended till the terms of the armistice were agreed upon.

On the morning of the 24th Napoleon re-entered Troyes, the enemy having abandoned the town during the night. The masses of the people crowded around him with warm and heartfelt greetings. They thronged the streets through which he passed, strove to kiss his hand and even to touch his horse, and with loud acclamation hailed him as the savior of his country. Napoleon immediately ordered the arrest of Vidranges and Goualt. The former had escaped and joined the Allies. The latter was arrested, tried by a court-martial, and condemned to be shot. Napoleon, conscious of the peril he encountered from the Royalist conspirators in every town, thought that he could not safely pardon so infamous an act of treason. The nobleman was left to his fate. At eleven o'clock at night he was led out to his execution. A large placard was suspended upon his breast, upon which were inscribed, in conspicuous letters, the words, "Traitor to his country." He died firmly, protesting to the last his devotion to the Bourbons.

Since the commencement of this brief campaign, Napoleon had performed the most brilliant achievements of his whole military career. It is the uncontradicted testimony of history that feats so extraordinary had never before been recorded in military annals. The Allies were astounded and bewildered. Merely to gain time to bring up their enormous reserves, they had proposed a truce, and now, to form a new plan, with which to plunge again upon their valiant foe, they held a council of war. The Kings of Russia and Prussia, and the Emperor of Austria, were present, and a strong delegation of determined men from the court of St. James. Lord Castlereagh was the

prominent representative of the British government. The Allies, while intimating that they had not determined upon the dethronement of Napoleon, still advanced resolutely to that result.

"Lord Castlereagh," says Alison, "in conformity with the declared purpose of British diplomacy, ever since the commencement of the war, made no concealment of his opinions, either in or out of Parliament, that the best security for the peace of Europe would be found in the restoration of the dispossessed race of princes to the French throne; and 'the ancient race and the ancient territory' was often referred to by him, in private conversation, as offering the only combination which was likely to give lasting repose to the world."

When Napoleon was elected to the chair of the First Consul by the almost unanimous suffrages of France, he made overtures to England for peace. Lord Grenville returned an answer both hostile and grossly insulting, in which he said, "The best and most natural pledge of the abandonment by France of those gigantic schemes of ambition by which the very existence of society in the adjoining states has so long been menaced, would be the restoration of that line of princes which for so many centuries maintained the French nation in prosperity at home and consideration and respect abroad. Such an event would alone have removed, and will at any time remove, all obstacles in the way of negotiation or peace. It would confirm to France the unmolested enjoyment of its ancient territory, and it would give to all the other nations of Europe, in tranquillity and peace, that *security* which they are now compelled to seek by other means."

General Pozzo di Borgo was sent by Alexander on an embassy to the British government. Count d'Artois, afterward Charles X., urged him to induce the Allies openly to avow their intentions to reinstate the Bourbons. "My lord," General Borgo replied, "every thing has its time. Let us not perplex matters. To sovereigns you should not present complicated questions. It is with no small difficulty that they have been kept united in the grand object of overthrowing Bonaparte. As soon as that is done, and the imperial rule destroyed, the question of dynasty will present itself, and then your illustrious house will spontaneously occur to the thoughts of all."

Lord Castlereagh, in a speech in Parliament on the 29th of June, 1814, said, "Every pacification would be incomplete if you did not re-establish on the throne of France the ancient family of the Bourbons. Any peace with the man who had placed himself at the head of the French nation could have no other final result but to give Europe fresh subjects for alarms; it could be neither secure nor durable; nevertheless, it was impossible to refuse to negotiate with him when invested with power without doing violence to the opinion of Europe, and incurring the whole responsibility for the continuance of the war."

These proud despots were, indeed, committing a crime which was doing violence to the sense of justice of every unbiased mind. They were ashamed to acknowledge their intentions. While forcing, by the aid of two millions of bayonets, upon a nation exhausted by compulsory wars, a detested king, they had the boldness to declare that they had no intention to interfere with the independence of France. When the indignant people again drove the

Bourbons beyond the Rhine, again the invading armies of combined despotisms, crushing the sons of France beneath their artillery-wheels, conducted the hated dynasty to the throne. And England, liberty-loving England, was compelled by her Tory government to engage in this iniquitous work. Louis XVIII., encircled by the sabres of Wellington's dragoons, marched defiantly into the Tuileries. In the accomplishment of this crime, Europe was, for a quarter of a century, deluged in blood and shrouded in woe. And these conspirators against popular rights, instead of doing justice to the patriotism and the heroism of Napoleon, who for twenty years nobly sustained the independence of his country against the incessant coalitions of the monarchs of Europe, have endeavored to consign his name to infamy. But the world has changed. The *people* have now a voice in the decisions of history. They will reverse—they have already reversed—the verdict of despotisms. In the warm hearts of the *people* of all lands, the memory of Napoleon has found a congenial throne.

The Allies now decided to embarrass Napoleon by dividing their immense host into two armies. Blucher, taking the command of one, marched rapidly across the country to the Marne, to descend on both sides of that river to Paris. The other multitudinous host, under Schwartzenberg, having obtained abundant re-enforcements, still trembling before the renown of Napoleon, were cautiously to descend the valley of the Seine. Napoleon, leaving ten thousand men at Troyes to obstruct the march of Schwartzenberg, took thirty thousand troops with him, and resolutely pursued Blucher. The Prussians, astonished at the vigor of the pursuit, and bleeding beneath the blows which Napoleon incessantly dealt on their rear guard, retreated precipitately. The name of Napoleon was so terrible, that one hundred thousand Prussians fled in dismay before the little band of thirty thousand exhausted troops headed by the Emperor.

Blucher crossed the Marne, blew up the bridges behind him, and escaped some fifty miles north, in the vicinity of Laon. Napoleon reconstructed the bridges and followed on. By wonderful skill in maneuvering, he had placed Blucher in such a position that his destruction was inevitable, when suddenly Bernadotte came, with a powerful army, to the aid of his Prussian ally. Napoleon had now but about twenty-five thousand men with whom to encounter these two united armies of more than one hundred thousand. With the energies of despair he fell upon his foes. His little army was melted away and consumed before the terrific blaze of the hostile batteries. The battle was long and sanguinary. Contending against such fearful odds, courage was of no avail. The enemy, however, could do no more than hold their ground. Napoleon rallied around him his mutilated band, and retired to Rheims. The enemy dared not pursue him in his despair.

As soon as Schwartzenberg heard that Napoleon was in pursuit of Blucher, he commenced, with two hundred thousand men, his march upon Paris by the valley of the Seine. The Duke of Wellington was, at the same time, at Bordeaux, with his combined army of English, Portuguese, and Spaniards, moving, almost without opposition, upon the metropolis of France. The Duke of Angoulême was with the English army, calling upon the Royalists to rally beneath the unfurled banner of the Bourbons. Another army of the

Allies had also crossed the Alps from Switzerland, and had advanced as far as Lyons. Wherever Napoleon looked, he saw but the march of triumphant armies of invasion. Dispatches reached him with difficulty. He was often reduced to conjectures. His generals were disheartened; France was in dismay.

In the midst of these scenes of impending peril, Napoleon was urged to request Maria Louisa to interpose with her father in behalf of her husband. "No," Napoleon promptly replied, with pride which all will respect; "the archduchess has seen me at the summit of human power; it does not belong to me to tell her now that I am descended from it, and still less to beg of her to uphold me with her support." Though he could not condescend to implore the aid of Maria Louisa, it is very evident that he hoped that she would anticipate his wishes, and secretly endeavor to disarm the hostility of the Emperor Francis. The Empress was with Napoleon when he received the intelligence that Austria would, in all probability, join the coalition. He turned affectionately toward her, took her hand and said, in tones of sadness,

"Your father is then about to march anew against me. Now I am alone against all! yes, alone! absolutely alone!" Maria Louisa burst into tears, arose, and left the apartment.

Napoleon now formed the bold resolve to fall upon the rear of Schwartzenberg's army, and cut off his communications with Germany and his supplies. With astonishing celerity, he crossed the country again from the Marne to the Seine, and Schwartzenberg, in dismay, heard the thunders of Napoleon's artillery in his rear. The Austrian army, though two hundred thousand strong, dared not advance. They turned and fled. Alexander, Francis, and Frederick William, mindful of Napoleon's former achievements, and dreading a snare, turned from Paris toward the Rhine, and put spurs to their horses. The enormous masses of the retreating Allies unexpectedly encountered Napoleon at Arcis upon the Aube. A sanguinary battle ensued.

"Napoleon," says Lamartine, "fought at hazard, without any other plan, and with the resolution to conquer or die. He renewed in this action the miracles of bravery and *sang froid* of Lodi and of Rivoli; and his youngest soldiers blushed at the idea of deserting a chief who hazarded his own life with such invincible courage. He was repeatedly seen spurring his horse to a gallop against the enemy's cannon, and reappearing, as if inaccessible to death, after the smoke had evaporated. A live shell having fallen in front of one of his young battalions, which recoiled and wavered in expectation of an explosion, Napoleon, to reassure them, spurred his charger toward the instrument of destruction, made him smell the burning match, waited unshaken for the explosion, and was blown up. Rolling in the dust with his mutilated steed, and rising without a wound, amid the plaudits of his soldiers he calmly called for another horse, and continued to brave the grape-shot, and to fly into the thickest of the battle."

During the heat of the conflict, a division of Russians, six thousand strong, preceded by an immense body of Cossacks, with wild hurrahs broke through the feeble lines of the French. The smoke of their guns, and the clouds of dust raised by their horses' hoofs, enveloped them in impenetrable obscurity. Napoleon, from a distance, with his eagle glance, perceived the approach



THE BURSTING OF THE BOMB.

of this whirlwind of battle. Putting spurs to his horse, he galloped to the spot. He here encountered crowds of soldiers, some of them wounded and bleeding, flying in dismay. It was a scene of awful tumult. At that moment an officer, bareheaded and covered with blood, galloped to meet the Emperor, exclaiming,

"Sire, the Cossacks, supported by an immense body of cavalry, have broken our ranks, and are driving us back." The Emperor rushed into the midst of the fugitives, and, raising himself in his stirrups, shouted, in a voice that rang above the uproar of the battle, "Soldiers, rally! Will you fly when I am here? Close your ranks! Forward!"

At that well known and dearly beloved voice, the flying troops immediately re-formed. Napoleon placed himself at their head, and, sword in hand, plunged into the midst of the Cossacks. With a shout of *Vive l'Empereur!* the men followed him. The Cossacks were driven back with enormous



THE COSSACKS REPULSED.

slaughter. Thus one thousand men, headed by the Emperor, arrested and drove back six thousand of their foes. The Emperor then tranquilly returned to his post, and continued to direct the dreadful storm of war. During every hour of this conflict the masses of the Allies were accumulating. Night at length darkened over the dreadful scene, and the feeble bands of the French army retired into the town of Arcis. The Allies, alarmed by this bold march of Napoleon toward the Rhine, now concentrated their innumerable forces on the plains of Chalons. Even Blucher and Bernadotte came back to join them.

Soon after the battle of Arcis, the Austrians intercepted a French courier, who had, with other dispatches, the following private letter from Napoleon to Maria Louisa: "My love,—I have been for some days on horseback. On the 20th I took Arcis-sur-Aube. The enemy attacked me there at eight o'clock in the evening; I beat him the same evening; I took two guns and retook two. The next day the enemy's army put itself in battle array to protect the march of its columns on Brienne and Bar-sur-Aube, and I resolved to approach the Marne and its environs, in order to drive them farther from Paris by approaching my own fortified places. This evening I shall be at St. Dizier. Farewell, my love! Embrace my son!"

Another council of war was held by the Allies. The dread of Napoleon was so great, that many argued the necessity of falling back upon the Rhine, to prevent Napoleon from entering Germany, and relieving his garrisons which were blockaded there. Others urged the bolder counsel of marching directly upon Paris. Napoleon was now at Arcis. The Allies were thirty miles north of him, at Chalons, on the banks of the Marne. On the 25th of March, the Allies, united in one resistless body, advanced once more toward Paris, thronging, with their vast array, all the roads which follow the valley of the Marne. Napoleon was about two hundred miles from Paris. He hoped, by doubling his speed, to descend the valley of the Seine, and to arrive at the metropolis almost as soon as the Allies. There he had resolved to make his last and desperate stand.

As soon as Napoleon learned that the combined army were marching vigorously upon Paris, he exclaimed, "I will be in the city before them. Nothing but a thunderbolt can now save us." Orders were immediately given for the army to be put in motion. The Emperor passed the whole night shut up in his cabinet, perusing his maps.

"This," says Caulaincourt, "was another cruel night. Not a word was uttered. Deep sighs sometimes escaped his oppressed bosom. He seemed as if he had lost the power of breathing. Good heaven! how much he suffered!"

His brother was then in command of the city. Napoleon dispatched courier after courier, entreating him, in the most earnest tones, to rouse the populace, to arm the students, and to hold out until his arrival. He assured him that if he would keep the enemy in check but for two days at the longest, he would arrive, and would yet compel the Allies to accept reasonable terms.

"If the enemy," said he, "advance upon Paris in such force as to render all resistance vain, send off, in the direction of the Loire, the Empress-Regent, my son, the grand dignitaries, the ministers, and the great officers of the crown and of the treasury. Do not quit my son. Recollect that I would rather see him in the Seine than in the hands of the enemies of France. The fate of Astyanax, prisoner of the Greeks, has always appeared to me the most unhappy fate recorded in history."

Napoleon, at Arcis, was four marches further distant from Paris than were the Allies at Chalons. It was a singular spectacle which the two armies now presented. The Allies, numbering some three hundred thousand, were rushing down the valley of the Marne. The war-wasted army of Napoleon, now dwindled to thirty thousand men, with bleeding feet, and tattered garments, and unhealed wounds, were hurrying down the parallel valley of the Seine. The miry roads, just melting from the frosts of winter, and cut up by the ponderous enginery of war, were wretched in the extreme. But the soldiers, still adoring their Emperor, who marched on foot in their midst, sharing their perils and their toils, were animated by the indomitable energies of his own spirit.

Throwing aside every thing which retarded their speed, they marched nearly fifty miles a day. Napoleon, before leaving Arcis, with characteristic humanity, sent two thousand francs from his private purse to the Sisters

of Charity, to aid and relieve the wants of the sick and wounded. At midnight on the 29th of March, the French army arrived at Troyes. In the early dawn of the next morning, Napoleon was again upon the march at the head of his Guard. Having advanced some fifteen miles, his impatience became so insupportable, that he threw himself into a light carriage which chance presented, and proceeded rapidly to Sens. The night was cold, dark, and dismal as he entered the town. He immediately assembled the magistrates, and ordered them to have refreshments ready for his army upon its arrival. Then mounting a horse, he galloped through the long hours of a dark night along the road toward Fontainebleau.

Dreadful was the scene which was then occurring in Paris. The allied army had already approached within cannon shot of the city. Mortier and Marmont made a desperate but an unavailing resistance. At last, with ammunition entirely exhausted, and with their ranks almost cut to pieces by the awful onslaught, they were driven back into the streets of the city. Marmont, with his sword broken, his hat and clothes pierced with balls, his features blackened with smoke, disputed, step by step, the advance of the enemy into the suburbs. With but eight thousand infantry and eight hundred cavalry, he held at bay, for twelve hours, fifty-five thousand of the Allies. In this dreadful conflict the enemy lost, in killed, wounded, and prisoners, fourteen thousand men. The Empress, with the chief officers of the state, and with the ladies of her court, had fled to Blois. Her beautiful child, inheriting the spirit of his noble father, clung to the curtains of his apartments, refusing to leave.

"They are betraying my papa, and I will not go away," exclaimed the precocious child, who was never destined to see that loved father again. "I do not wish to leave the palace. I do not wish to go away from it. When papa is absent, am I not master here?" Nothing but the ascendency of his governess, Madame Montesquieu, could calm him, and she succeeded only by promising faithfully that he should be brought back again. His eyes were filled with tears as he was taken to the carriage. Maria Louisa was calm and resigned; but, pallid with fear, she took her departure, as she listened to the deep booming of the cannon which announced the sanguinary approach of her own father.

The batteries of the Allies were now planted upon Montmartre, and upon other heights which commanded the city, and the shells were falling thickly in the streets of Paris. Joseph, deeming further resistance unavailing, ordered a capitulation. Mortier, in the midst of a dreadful fire, wrote upon a drum-head the following lines to Schwartzenberg:

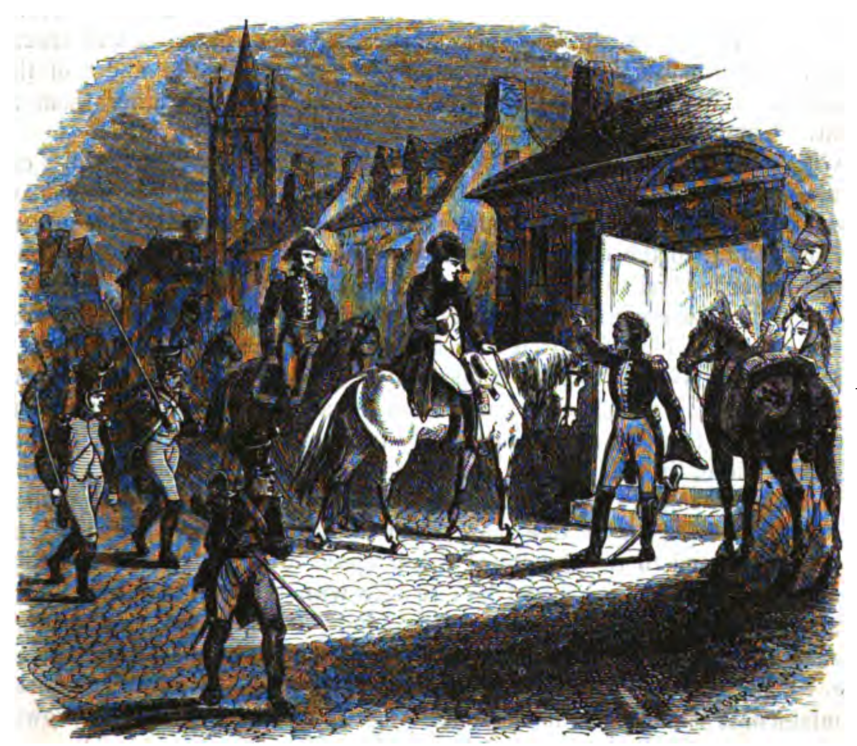
"Prince, let us save a useless effusion of blood. I propose to you a suspension of arms for twenty-four hours, during which we will treat, in order to save Paris from the horrors of a siege; otherwise we will defend ourselves within its walls to the death."*

* "Had Paris held out for two days longer, Napoleon's army would have entered it, and every one is well acquainted with his skill in the management of affairs. He would have had no hesitation in throwing the arsenals open to the people. His presence would have influenced the multitude. He would have imparted a salutary direction to their enthusiasm, and Paris would no doubt have imitated the example of Saragossa; or, to speak more correctly, the enemy would not have ven-

Marshal Marmont also, who was contending against Blucher, sent a similar proposition to the Allies. But the fire was so dreadful, and the confusion so great, that seven times the officers who attempted, with flags of truce, to pass over to the hostile camp, were shot down, with their horses, on the plain. During this scene Marmont slowly retreated, with one arm severely wounded, the hand of the other shattered by a bullet, and having had five horses killed under him during the action.

In the gloomy hours of the night, when Napoleon was galloping along the solitary road, the allied monarchs were congratulating themselves upon their astonishing victory. Napoleon had avoided Fontainebleau, lest he should encounter there some detachments of the army. The night was intensely cold; gloomy clouds darkened the sky, and Napoleon encountered no one on the deserted roads who could give him any information respecting the capital. Far away in the distance the horizon blazed with the bivouac fires of his foes. The clock on the tower of the church was tolling the hour of twelve as he entered the village of La Cour. Through the gloom, in the wide street, he saw groups of disbanded soldiers marching toward Fontainebleau. Riding into the midst of them, he exclaimed, with astonishment,

"How is this? why are not these soldiers marching to Paris?"



TIDINGS OF THE CAPITULATION.

tured to make any attempt upon it; for, independently of the Emperor's being for them a Medusa's head, it was ascertained, at a later period, that in the battle which preceded the surrender of the capital, they had consumed nearly the whole of their ammunition. Tears of blood are ready to flow at the recollection of these facts."—*Memoirs of the Duke of Rovigo*, vol. iv., p. 44.

General Belliard, one of Napoleon's most devoted friends, from behind a door recognizing the voice of the Emperor, immediately came forward and said, "Paris has capitulated. The enemy enters to-morrow, two hours after sunrise. These troops are the remains of the armies of Marmont and Mortier, falling back on Fontainebleau to join the Emperor's army at Troyes."

The Emperor seemed stunned by the blow. For a moment there was dead silence. The cold drops of agony oozed from his brow. Then, with rapid step, he walked backward and forward on the rugged pavement in front of the hotel, hesitating, stopping, retracing his steps, bewildered with the enormity of his woe. He then, in rapid interrogatories, without waiting for any answer, as if speaking only to himself, exclaimed,

"Where is my wife? Where is my son? Where is the army? What has become of the National Guard of Paris, and of the battle they were to have fought to the last man under its walls? and the Marshals Mortier and Marmont, where shall I find them again?"

After a moment's pause, he continued, with impatient voice and gesture, "The night is still mine. The enemy only enters at daybreak. My carriage! my carriage! Let us go this instant! Let us get before Blucher and Schwartzenberg! Let Belliard follow me with the cavalry! Let us fight even in the streets and squares of Paris! My presence, my name, the courage of my troops, the necessity of following me or of dying, will arouse Paris. My army, which is following me, will arrive in the midst of the struggle. It will take the enemy in rear, while we are fighting them in front. Come on! success awaits me, perhaps, in my last reverse!"

General Belliard then acknowledged to him that, by the terms of the capitulation, the army of Paris was bound to fall back upon Fontainebleau. For a moment Napoleon was again silent, and then exclaimed, "To surrender the capital to the enemy! What cowards! Joseph ran off too! My very brother! And so they have capitulated! betrayed their brother, their country, their sovereign; degraded France in the eyes of Europe! Entered into a capital of eight hundred thousand souls without firing a shot! It is too dreadful. What has been done with the artillery? They should have had two hundred pieces, and ammunition for a month. And yet they had only a battery of six pieces, and an empty magazine on Montmartre. When I am not there, they do nothing but heap blunder upon blunder."

A group of officers successively arriving now closed sadly around their Emperor. Napoleon became more calm as he interrogated them, one by one, and listened to the details of the irreparable disaster. Then, taking Caulaincourt aside, he directed him to ride with the utmost speed to the head-quarters of the Allies. "See," said he, "if I have yet time to interpose in the treaty, which is signing already, perhaps, without me and against me. I give you full powers. Do not lose an instant. I await you here." Caulaincourt mounted his horse and disappeared. Napoleon then, followed by Belliard and Berthier, entered the hotel.

Caulaincourt speedily arrived at the advanced posts of the enemy. He gave his name and demanded a passage. The sentinels, however, refused to allow him to enter the lines. After an absence of two hours Caulaincourt returned to the Emperor. They conversed together for a few moments,

during which Napoleon, though calm, seemed plunged into the profoundest grief, and Caulaincourt wept bitterly.

"My dear Caulaincourt," said Napoleon, "go again, and try to see the Emperor Alexander. You have full powers from me. I have now no hope but in you, Caulaincourt." Affectionately he extended his hand to his faithful friend.

Caulaincourt pressed it fervently to his lips, and said, "I go, sire; dead or alive, I will gain entrance to Paris, and will speak to the Emperor Alexander."

As, several years after, Caulaincourt was relating these occurrences, he said, "My head is burning; I am feverish; should I live a hundred years, I can never forget these scenes. They are the fixed ideas of my sleepless nights. My reminiscences are frightful. They kill me. The repose of the tomb is sweet after such sufferings."



NAPOLEON AT FONTAINEBLEAU.

It was now past midnight. Caulaincourt mounted another horse, and galloped in the deep obscurity by another route to Paris. Napoleon also

mounted his horse, and in silence and in sadness took the route to Fontainebleau. A group of officers, dejected, exhausted, and woe-worn, followed in his train. At four o'clock in the morning he arrived at this ancient palace of the kings of France. Conscious of his fallen fortunes, he seemed to shrink from every thing which could remind him of the grandeurs of royalty. Passing by the state apartments which his glory had embellished, and to which his renown still attracts the footsteps of travelers from all lands, he entered, like a private citizen, into a small and obscure chamber in one angle of the castle. A window opened into a small garden shaded with funereal firs, which resembled the cemeteries of his native island. Here he threw himself upon a couch, and his noble heart throbbed with the pulsations of an almost unearthly agony, but he was calm and silent in his woe. The troops which had followed him from Troyes, and those which had retired from Paris, soon arrived, and were cantoned around him. They numbered about fifty thousand. Their devotion to the Emperor was never more enthusiastic, and they clamored loudly to be led against the three hundred thousand Allies who were marching proudly into Paris.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE ABDICATION.

The Mission of Caulaincourt—The Allies enter Paris—Adventures of Caulaincourt—Interview with Alexander—Caulaincourt returns to Napoleon—Abdication in favor of the King of Rome—Defection of Marmont—Mission of Macdonald, Ney, and Caulaincourt to Paris—The Allies demand Unconditional Abdication—The Abbé de Pradt—Speech of Pozzo di Borgo; of Talleyrand—Interview between Caulaincourt and Napoleon—The Unconditional Abdication—Libel of Chateaubriand—Comments of Dr. Channing.

WHILE Napoleon, before the dawn of the dark and lurid morning of the 1st of April, was directing his melancholy steps toward Fontainebleau, his faithful embassador, Caulaincourt, was galloping once more toward Paris. The deep obscurity of the night was partially mitigated by the fires of the bivouacs, which glimmered, in a vast semicircle, around the city. The road which Caulaincourt traversed was crowded with officers, soldiers, and fugitives, retiring before the triumphant army of the invaders. He was often recognized, and groups collected around him, inquiring, with the most affectionate anxiety,

"Where is the Emperor? We fought for him till night came on. If he lives, let him but appear. Let us know his wishes. Let him lead us back to Paris. The enemy shall never enter its walls but over the dead body of the last French soldier. If he is dead, let us know it, and lead us against the enemy. We will avenge his fall."

Universal enthusiasm and devotion inspired the troops, who, be it remembered, were the people; for the conscription to which France had been compelled to resort by the unrelenting assaults of its foes, had gathered recruits from all the villages of the empire. The veterans of Marengo, of Austerlitz, and of Friedland had perished beneath the snows of Russia, or in the awful

carnage of Leipsic. The youthful soldiers, who now surrounded Napoleon with deathless affection, were fresh from the work-shops, the farm-houses, and the saloons of France. They were inspired by that love for the Emperor which they had imbibed at the parental hearth. These faithful followers of the people's devoted friend, war-worn and haggard, with shriveled lips, and bleeding wounds, and tattered garments, and shoes worn from their feet, were seated by the road side, or wading through the mud, eager only to meet once more their beloved Emperor. Whenever Caulaincourt told them that Napoleon was alive, and was waiting for them at Fontainebleau, with hoarse and weakened voices they shouted "*Vive l'Empereur!*" and hastened on to rejoin him. Truly does Colonel Napier say, "The troops idolized Napoleon. Well they might. And to assert that their attachment commenced only when they became soldiers, is to acknowledge that his excellent qualities and greatness of mind turned hatred into devotion the moment he was approached. But Napoleon never was hated by the people of France; he was their own creation, and they loved him so as never monarch was loved before."

As Caulaincourt drew near the city, he found it encircled by the encampments of the Allies. At whatever post he made his appearance, he was sternly repulsed. Orders had been given that no messenger from Napoleon should be permitted to approach the head-quarters of the hostile sovereigns. At length the morning gloomily dawned, and a shout of exultation and joy ascended from the bivouacs of the Allies, which covered all the hills. With the roar of artillery, and with gleaming banners, and clarion peals of martial music, three hundred thousand men, the advance guard of a million of invaders, marched into the humiliated streets of Paris. The masses of the people, dejected, looked on in sullen silence. They saw the Bourbon princes, protected by the bayonets of foreigners, coming to resume their sway. The Royalists did every thing in their power to get up some semblance of rejoicing, in view of this spectacle of national humiliation. The emissaries of the ancient nobility shouted lustily, "*Vive le Roi!*" The wives and daughters of the Bourbon partisans rode through the streets in open carriages, scattering smiles on each side of the way, waving white flags, and tossing out to the listless spectators the white cockade of the Bourbons. "Still," says M. Rochefoucauld, "the silence was most dismal." The masses of the people witnessed the degradation of France with rage and despair.

As night approached, these enormous armies of foreign invaders, in numbers apparently numberless, of every variety of language, lineament, and costume, swarmed through all the streets and gardens of the captured metropolis. The Cossacks, in aspect as wild and savage as the wolves which howl through their native wastes, filled the Elysian Fields with their bivouac fires, and danced around them in barbarian orgies.

Alexander, who well knew the exalted character and the lofty purposes of Napoleon, was the only one of these banded kings who manifested any sympathy in his behalf. Though all the rest were ready to crush Napoleon utterly, and to compel the people to receive the Bourbons, he still hesitated. He doubted whether the nation would long submit to rulers thus forced upon them. "But a few days ago," said he, "a column of five or six thousand

new French troops suffered themselves to be cut to pieces before my eyes, when a single cry of '*Vive le Roi!*' would have saved them."

"And things will continue just so," the Abbé de Pradt replied, "until Napoleon is put out of the way—even although he has at this moment a halter round his neck." He alluded, in this last sentence, to the fact that the Bourbonists, protected from the rage of the populace by the sabres of foreigners, had placed ropes round the statue of Napoleon, to drag it from the column in the Place Vendôme. A nation's love had placed it on that magnificent pedestal; a faction tore it down. The nation has replaced it, and there it will now stand forever.

The efforts of the Royalist mob to drag the statue of the Emperor from the column were at this time unavailing. As they could not throw it down with their ropes, they covered the statue with a white sheet to conceal it from view. When Napoleon was afterward informed of this fact, he simply remarked, "They did well to conceal from me the sight of their baseness." Alexander, to protect the imperial monuments from destruction, issued a decree taking them under his care. "The monument in the Place Vendôme," said he, "is under the especial safeguard of the magnanimity of the Emperor Alexander and his allies. The statue on its summit will not remain there. It will immediately be taken down."

During the whole of the day, while these interminable battalions were taking possession of Paris, Caulaincourt sought refuge in a farm-house in the vicinity of the city. When the evening came, and the uproar of hostile exultation was dying away, he emerged from his retreat, and again resolutely endeavored to penetrate the capital. Every where he was sternly repulsed. In despair, he slowly commenced retracing his steps toward Fontainebleau; but it so happened that, just at this time, he met the carriage of the Grand Duke Constantine, brother of the Emperor Alexander. The Grand Duke instantly recognized Caulaincourt, who had spent much time as an embassador at St. Petersburg. He immediately took him into his carriage, and informed him frankly that Talleyrand, who had now abandoned the fallen fortunes of Napoleon, and had attached himself to the cause of the Bourbons, had inflexibly closed the cabinet of the Allies against every messenger of the Emperor. But Constantine was moved by the entreaties and the noble grief of Caulaincourt. He enveloped him in his own pelisse, and put on his head a Russian cap. Thus disguised, and surrounded by a guard of Cossacks, Caulaincourt, in the shades of the evening, entered the barriers.

The carriage drove directly to the palace of the Elysée. Constantine, requesting the Duke to keep muffled up in his cap and cloak, alighted, carefully shut the door with his own hands, and gave strict orders to the servants to allow no one to approach the carriage. At this moment a neighboring clock struck ten. The apartments of the palace were thronged and brilliantly lighted. The court-yard blazed with lamps. Carriages were continually arriving and departing. The neighing of horses, the loud talking and joking of the drivers, the wild hurras of the exultant foe in the distant streets and gardens, presented a festive scene sadly discordant with the anguish which tortured the bosom of Napoleon's faithful embassador. The Emper-

or of Russia, the King of Prussia, and Prince Schwartzenberg, as representative of the Emperor of Austria, with others, were assembled within the palace in conference.

Hour after hour of the night passed away, and still the Grand Duke did not return. From his concealment Caulaincourt witnessed a vast concourse of diplomatists and generals of all nations, incessantly coming and going. Toward morning the Grand Duke again made his appearance. He informed Caulaincourt that, with great difficulty, he had obtained the consent of Alexander to grant him a private audience. Caulaincourt descended from the carriage, and, still enveloped in his Russian disguise, conducted by the Grand Duke, passed unrecognized through the brilliant saloons, which were crowded with the exultant enemies of his sovereign and friend.



CAULAINCOURT AND THE GRAND DUKE CONSTANTINE.

Caulaincourt was a man of imposing figure, and endowed with great dignity and elegance of manners. The unaffected majesty of his presence commanded the deference even of those monarchs who stood upon the highest pinnacles of earthly power. He was received by Alexander with great courtesy and kindness, but with much secrecy, in a private apartment. The Russian emperor had formerly loved Napoleon; he had been forced by his nobles into acts of aggression against him; he had even been so much charmed with Napoleon's political principles as to have been accused of the wish to introduce liberal ideas into Russia. They had called him, contemptuously, the *liberal emperor*. To sustain his position, he had found it necessary to yield to the pressure, and to join in the crusade against his old friend. In this hour of triumph, he alone, of all the confederates, manifested sympathy for their victim. The Emperor of Russia was alone as Caulaincourt en-

tered his cabinet. He was agitated by a strong conflict between the natural magnanimity of his character and his desire to vindicate his own conduct.

Caulaincourt's attachment to Alexander was so strong that Napoleon occasionally had bantered him with it. Caulaincourt considered the pleasantry rather too severe when Napoleon, evidently himself a little piqued, sometimes, in allusion to these predilections, called the friend whose constancy he could not doubt *The Russian*.

"My dear duke," said Alexander, clasping both hands of Caulaincourt warmly in his own, "I feel for you with all my heart. You may rely upon me as upon a brother. But what can I do for you?"

"For me, sire, nothing," Caulaincourt replied, "but for the Emperor, every thing."

"This is just what I dreaded," resumed Alexander. "I must refuse and afflict you. I can do nothing for Napoleon. I am bound by my engagements with the allied sovereigns."

"But your majesty's wish," replied Caulaincourt, "must have great weight. And if Austria should also interpose in behalf of France—for surely the Emperor Francis does not wish to dethrone his daughter and his grandson—a peace may still be concluded which shall insure general tranquillity."

"Austria, my dear duke," Alexander replied, "will second no proposition which leaves Napoleon on the throne of France. Francis will sacrifice all his personal affections for the repose of Europe. The allied sovereigns have resolved, irrevocably resolved, to be forever done with the Emperor Napoleon. Any endeavor to change this decision would be useless."

Caulaincourt was struck, as by a thunderbolt, with this declaration. The idea that the victors would proceed to such an extremity as the dethronement of Napoleon had not seriously entered his mind. It was a terrible crisis. Not a moment was to be lost. A few hours would settle every thing. After a moment of silence, he said,

"Be it so! but is it just to include the Empress and the King of Rome in this proscription? The son of Napoleon is surely not an object of fear to the Allies. A regency—"

"We have thought of that," Alexander exclaimed, interrupting him. "But what shall we do with Napoleon? He will doubtless yield, for the moment, to necessity. But restless ambition will rouse all the energy of his character, and Europe will be once more in flames."

"I see," said Caulaincourt, sadly, "that the Emperor's ruin has been resolved upon."

"Whose fault is it?" eagerly resumed Alexander. "What have I not done to prevent these terrible extremities? In the imprudent sincerity of youth, I said to him, 'The Powers, wearied with insults, are forming alliances among themselves against your domination. One signature alone is wanting to the compact, and that is mine.' In reply, he declared war against me. Still, I can not find in my heart any unkind feeling toward him. I wish his fate depended on me alone."

"Noblest of monarchs," said Caulaincourt, "I feel assured that I do not vainly invoke your support for so great a man in adversity. Be his defender, sire. That noble part is worthy of you."

"I wish to be so," Alexander replied; "on my honor I wish it; but I can not succeed. To restore the Bourbons is the wish of a very influential party here. With that family we should have no fear of a renewal of the war. We have no wish to *impose* the Bourbons on the French people. My declaration secures full liberty for France to choose a sovereign. I am assured that the French nation desires the Bourbons. The public voice recalls them."

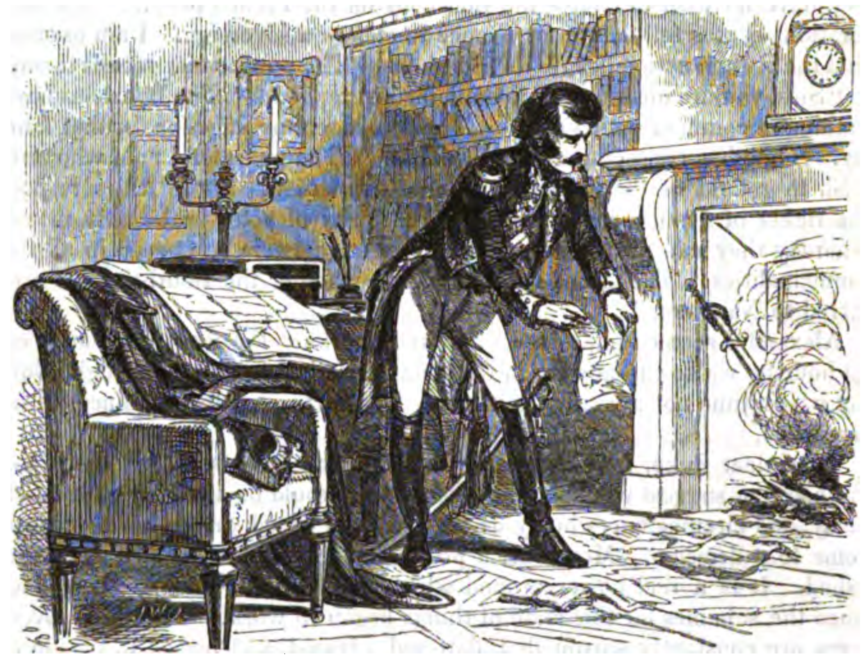
"Sire, you are misinformed," Caulaincourt replied. "The Bourbons have nothing in common with France. The people feel no affection for that family. Time has consecrated the Revolution. The ungrateful men who now wish to get rid of the Emperor are not the nation. If the Allies respect the rights of France, an appeal to the majority of votes is the only means whereby they can prove that intention. Let registers be opened in all the municipalities. The Allies will then learn whether the Bourbons are preferred to Napoleon."

Alexander seemed impressed by these remarks. For nearly a quarter of an hour he walked to and fro in the room, absorbed in intense thought, during which time not a word was uttered. Then, turning to Caulaincourt, he remarked,

"My dear duke, I am struck with what you have said. Perhaps the method you suggest would be the best; but it would be attended with much delay, and circumstances hurry us on. We are urged, driven, tormented, to come to a decision. Moreover, a provisional government is already established. It is a real power around which ambition is rallying. It is long since the schemes for this state of things began to work. The allied sovereigns are constantly surrounded, flattered, pressed, and teased to decide in favor of the Bourbons; and they have serious personal injuries to avenge. The absence of the Emperor of Austria is a fatality. Were I to attempt any thing in favor of Napoleon's son, I should be left alone. No one would second me. They have good reason, my dear friend," said he, kindly, taking Caulaincourt by the hand, "for making me promise not to see you. This warmth of heart, which renders you so distressed, is infectious. You have roused every generous feeling within me. I will try. To-morrow, at the council, I will advert to the regency. Every other proposition is impossible. So do not deceive yourself; and let us hope."

It was now four o'clock in the morning. The room in which this interesting interview took place was the bed-chamber of Napoleon when he inhabited the Elysée. A small room opened from it, which the Emperor had used as a study. Alexander conducted Caulaincourt into this cabinet as a safe retreat, and the embassador threw himself upon a sofa in utter exhaustion. After a few hours of slumber, disturbed by frightful dreams, he awoke. It was eight o'clock in the morning. He heard persons passing in and out of the chamber of the Emperor of Russia. He stepped to a window, and looked through the curtains into the garden. It was filled with hostile troops, as were also the squares of the city. Tormented by the sight, he again threw himself upon the sofa, almost in a state of distraction. The room remained just as it was when the Emperor last left it. The table was covered with maps of Russia, plans, and unfinished writing. Caulaincourt carefully rearranged the books and maps, and tore all the papers and plans into a thou-

sand bits, and buried them in the ashes of the fireplace. "The new occupants of the Elysée," said he, "might there have found matter for jests and for mortifying comparisons."



CAULAINCOURT IN THE CABINET OF NAPOLEON.

At eleven o'clock some one knocked at the door, and the Grand Duke Constantine entered. "Duke," said he to Caulaincourt, "the Emperor sends you his compliments. He was unable to see you before leaving the palace, but in the mean time we will breakfast together. I have given orders to have it prepared in Alexander's room. We will shut ourselves up there, and endeavor to pass the time till his return."

After breakfast, Caulaincourt, accompanied by Constantine, returned to the cabinet, where he remained in close concealment during the day. At six o'clock in the evening the Emperor of Russia again made his appearance. "My dear Caulaincourt," said he, "for your sake I have acted the diplomatist. I intrenched myself behind certain powerful considerations, which did not permit us to decide rashly on a matter so important as the choice of a sovereign. Finding myself safe on that ground, I then resumed the subject of the regency. Hasten back to the Emperor Napoleon. Give him a faithful account of what has passed here, and return as quickly as possible with Napoleon's abdication in favor of his son."

"Sire," said Caulaincourt, earnestly, "what is to be done with the Emperor Napoleon?"

"I hope that you know me well enough," Alexander replied, "to be certain that I shall never suffer any insult to be offered to him. Whatever may be the decision, Napoleon shall be properly treated. Return to Fontainebleau as rapidly as possible. I have my reasons for urging you."

The shades of night had now darkened the streets. The Grand Duke Constantine descended the stairs to make preparation for Caulaincourt's departure, for it was necessary that he should leave the city as he entered it, in disguise. He soon returned; and Caulaincourt, wrapped in his cloak, and favored by the gloom of night, followed Constantine on foot through the dense grove of the garden of the Elysée into the Elysian Fields, where, at an appointed station, they found a carriage in waiting.

"Prince," said Caulaincourt, as he took leave of the Grand Duke at the door of the carriage, "I carry with me a recollection which neither time nor circumstances can efface. The service you have rendered me is one which must bind a man of honor forever, unto death. In all places, in all circumstances, dispose of me, my fortune, and my life."

"Ill-informed persons," continues the duke, "who have contracted unjust prejudices against the Russian sovereign, will tax me with partiality for Alexander and his family. But I speak in truth and sincerity, and I fulfill an obligation of honor in rendering them that justice which is their due. The base alone disallow benefactors and benefits. Eighteen leagues separated me from the Emperor, but I performed the journey in five hours. In proportion as I approached Fontainebleau I felt my courage fail. Heavens! what a message had I to bear! In the mission which I had just executed, I had experienced all the anguish which could be endured by pride and self-love. But in the present business my heart bled for the pain I was about to inflict on the Emperor, who rose in my affections in proportion as the clouds of misfortune gathered around him."

It was just midnight when Caulaincourt approached Fontainebleau. The environs were filled with troops who were bivouacking, impatient for battle. The forest of Fontainebleau and the whole surrounding region were illumined with the camp-fires of fifty thousand men, who, in a state of intense excitement, were clamoring to be led to battle. As Caulaincourt approached the gate of the chateau, he was recognized. He was known as the firm friend of Napoleon, and was greeted with an enthusiastic shout of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" which was echoed and re-echoed from rank to rank through the deep aisles of the forest. He entered the little cabinet where our narrative left Napoleon.

The Emperor was alone, seated at a table, writing. "Ten years seemed to have passed over his noble head," says Caulaincourt, "since last we parted. A slight compression of his lips gave to his countenance an expression of indescribable suffering."

"What has been done?" inquired Napoleon. "Have you seen the Emperor of Russia? What did he say?"

For a moment, Caulaincourt, overcome with anguish, was unable to speak. Napoleon took his hand, pressed it convulsively, and said,

"Speak, Caulaincourt, speak. I am prepared for every thing."

"Sire," Caulaincourt replied, "I have seen the Emperor Alexander. I have passed twenty-four hours concealed in his apartments. He is not your enemy. In him alone your cause has a supporter."

Napoleon shook his head expressive of doubt, but said,

"What is his wish? What do they intend?"



CAULAINCOURT RETURNING TO FONTAINEBLEAU.

"Sire," Caulaincourt replied, in a voice almost unintelligible through emotion, "your majesty is required to make great sacrifices—to surrender the crown of France to your son."

There was a moment's pause, and then, in accents "terribly impressive," Napoleon rejoined,

"That is to say, they will not treat with me. They mean to drive me from my throne which I conquered by my sword. They wish to make a Helot of me, an object of derision, destined to serve as an example to those who, by the sole ascendency of genius and superiority of talent, command men, and make legitimate kings tremble on their worm-eaten thrones. And is it you, Caulaincourt, who are charged with such a mission to me?"

For a moment the Emperor paced the floor in great agitation, then threw himself, exhausted, into a chair, and buried his face in his hands. After a brief interval of silence he arose, and, turning to Caulaincourt, continued,

"Have not you courage to go on? Let me hear what it is *your Alexander* has desired you to say."

Caulaincourt, deeply wounded by this unkind reproach, replied, "Sire, your majesty has no mercy. The stroke which is now felt by you lacerated my heart before it reached yours. For forty-eight hours this torture has rankled in my bosom."

Napoleon was at once vanquished. Pressing his hand upon his burning

brow, he exclaimed, in accents of deepest tenderness, "I am to blame, Caulaincourt, I am to blame, my friend. There are moments when I feel my brain beating within my head, so many misfortunes assail me at once. That powerful organization which so often sustained me amid battles and perils, sinks under the repeated strokes which overwhelm me. I can not doubt your fidelity, Caulaincourt. Of all about me, you perhaps are the only one in whom I place implicit faith. It is only among my poor soldiers, it is only in their grief-expressing eyes, that I still find written fidelity and devoted attachment. When happy, I thought I knew men, but I was destined to know them only in misfortune." He paused, fixed his eyes upon the floor, and remained absorbed in silent thought.

Caulaincourt, entirely overcome by exhaustion and mental anguish, was unable to make any reply. At length he said, "Sire, I request permission to take a little rest. I am beyond measure fatigued. You must be correctly informed of the difficulties of your position before you can decide on the course to be adopted. I feel, in my present state, incapable of giving those detailed explanations which the importance of the subject demands."

"You are right, Caulaincourt," the Emperor replied. "Go and take some rest. I have a presentiment of the subject about which we shall have to discourse, and it is necessary for me to prepare myself for the consequences. Go and repose a while. I will take care to have you called at ten o'clock."

At ten Caulaincourt again entered the apartment of the Emperor. Napoleon, in subdued tones, but calm and firm, said, "Take a seat, Caulaincourt, and tell me what they require. What is exacted from us?"

Caulaincourt gave a minute recital of his interview with Alexander. When he spoke of the debate of the Allies respecting the restoration of the Bourbons, Napoleon rose from his chair in extreme agitation, and, rapidly pacing up and down the room, exclaimed,

"They are mad! Restore the Bourbons! It will not last for a single year! The Bourbons are the antipathy of the French nation. And the army—what will they do with the army? My soldiers will never consent to be theirs. It is the height of folly to think of melting down the empire into a government formed out of elements so heterogeneous. Can it ever be forgotten that the Bourbons have lived twenty years on the charity of foreigners, in open war with the principles and the interests of France? Restore the Bourbons! it is not merely madness, but it shows a desire to inflict on the country every species of calamity. Is it true that such an idea is seriously entertained?"

Caulaincourt informed him unreservedly of the machinations which were carried on for the accomplishment of that purpose.

"But," Napoleon observed, "the Senate can never consent to see a Bourbon on the throne. Setting aside the baseness of agreeing to such an arrangement, what place, I should like to know, could be assigned to the Senate in a court from which they or their fathers dragged Louis XVI. to the scaffold? As for me, I was a new man, unsullied by the vices of the French Revolution. In me there was no motive for revenge. I had every thing to reconstruct. I should never have dared to sit on the vacant throne of France had not my brow been bound with laurels. The French people elevated me

because I had executed, with them and for them, great and noble works. But the Bourbons, what have they done for France? What proportion of the victories, of the glory, of the prosperity of France belongs to them? What could they do to promote the interests or independence of the people? When restored by foreigners, they will be forced to yield to all their demands, and, in a word, to bend the knee before their masters. Advantage may be taken of the stupor into which foreign occupation has thrown the capital to abuse the power of the strongest by proscribing me and my family. But to insure tranquillity to the Bourbons in Paris! never! Bear in mind my prophecy, Caulaincourt."

After a moment's pause, the Emperor, in a more tranquil tone, resumed: "Let us return to the matter in question. My abdication is insisted on. Upon this condition, the regency will be given to the Empress, and the crown will descend to my son. I do not know that I have the right to resign the sovereign authority—that I should be justified in taking such a step until all hope was lost. I have fifty thousand men at my disposal. My brave troops still acknowledge me for their sovereign. Full of ardor and devotedness, they call loudly on me to lead them to Paris. The sound of my cannon would electrify the Parisians and rouse the national spirit, insulted by the presence of foreigners parading in our public places. The inhabitants of Paris are brave; they would support me; and after the victory," he added, in a more animated tone, "after the victory, the nation would choose between me and the Allies, and I would never descend from the throne unless driven from it by the French people. Come with me, Caulaincourt. It is now twelve o'clock. I am going to review the troops."

As the Emperor left the palace, Caulaincourt sadly followed him. The illusions to which the Emperor still clung filled him with anxiety, for he knew that the strength of the Allies was such that all further resistance must be unavailing.

The soldiers were delighted in again seeing the Emperor, and received him with acclamations of unbounded joy. The officers thronged enthusiastically around him, shouting, "To Paris—to Paris! Sire, lead us to Paris!"

"Yes, my friends," replied the Emperor, "we will fly to the succor of Paris. To-morrow we will commence our march."

At these words, tumultuous shouts of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" rang through the air. The ardor was so intense and so universal, that even Caulaincourt thought that there were some chances in Napoleon's favor.

As the Emperor returned to the court-yard of the palace, and dismounted from his horse, he said to Caulaincourt, triumphantly, and yet interrogatively, "Well?" as if he would inquire, "What do you think now?"

"Sire," Caulaincourt replied, "this is your last step. Your majesty ought alone to decide."

"You approve of my determination, that is clear," Napoleon added, with a smile. Passing silently, but with friendly recognitions, through the groups of officers who thronged the saloons, he retired to his room.

The young generals, full of ardor, and who had their fortunes to make, expressed an intense desire to march upon Paris. The older officers, however, who had already obtained fame and fortune, which they hoped to re-



THE LAST REVIEW AT FONTAINEBLEAU.

tain by yielding to a power which they no longer felt able to resist, were silent.

Talleyrand, president of the Senate, now eager to ingratiate himself into the favor of the Allies, had influenced that body to pass a decree deposing Napoleon, and organizing a provisional government with Talleyrand at its head. As Napoleon received his office, not from the Senate, but from the people, he paid no respect to this act. Still, the abandonment of the Emperor by the Senate bewildered and disheartened the people, inspired the Royalists, and introduced much perplexity into the councils of the army.

At twelve o'clock the next day, Napoleon, struggling against despondency, again reviewed the troops, having previously given orders to have all things prepared for the march upon Paris. Immediately after the review he met in council all the dignitaries, civil and military, who were at Fontainebleau. A conference ensued, which crushed the hopes and almost broke the heart of the Emperor. His most influential generals presented difficulties, and, finally, remonstrances, declaring that all was hopelessly lost.

"If at this moment," says Baron Fain, "Napoleon had quitted his saloon and entered the hall of the secondary officers, he would have found a host of

young men ready to follow wherever he should lead. But a step further, and he would have been greeted by the acclamations of all his troops."

Disheartened, however, by the apathy which he encountered, he yielded, addressing to his generals these prophetic words:

"You wish for repose. Take it, then. Alas! you know not how many troubles and dangers will await you on your beds of down. A few years of that ease which you are about to purchase so dearly, will cut off more of you than the most sanguinary war could have done."

The Emperor then, in extreme dejection, retired alone to his cabinet. After the lapse of a few hours of perplexity and anguish, such as mortals have seldom endured, he again sent for Caulaincourt. As the duke entered the room, he found the countenance of the Emperor fearfully altered, but his demeanor was calm and firm. He took from his table a paper, written with his own hand, and, presenting it to Caulaincourt, said,

"Here is my abdication. Carry it to Paris." As the Emperor saw the tears gush into the eyes of his noble companion, he was for a moment unmanned himself. "Brave, brave friend!" cried he, with intense emotion. "But those ungrateful men! they will live to regret me." Then throwing himself into the arms of Caulaincourt, he pressed him fervently to his agitated breast, saying, "Depart, Caulaincourt; depart immediately." The abdication was written in the following words:

"The allied powers having proclaimed that the Emperor Napoleon was the sole obstacle to the re-establishment of peace, the Emperor Napoleon, faithful to his oath, declares that he is ready to descend from the throne, to quit France, and even life itself, for the good of the country; without prejudice, however, to the rights of his son, to those of the regency of the Empress, and to the maintenance of the laws of the empire.

"Given at our palace at Fontainebleau, the 4th of April, 1814."

Napoleon requested Macdonald and Ney to accompany Caulaincourt, as commissioners, to Paris. As he confided to them this important document, he said to Macdonald, whom he had in former years mistrusted, but to whom he became fully reconciled on the field of Wagram,

"I have wronged you, Macdonald; do you not remember it?"

"No, sire," Macdonald responded, "I remember nothing but your confidence in me."

Napoleon affectionately grasped his hand, while tears filled the eyes of both these noble men.

"What conditions," said one of the commissioners, "shall we insist upon in reference to your majesty?"

"None whatever," Napoleon promptly replied. "Obtain the best terms you can for France. For myself, I ask nothing."

The commissioners immediately entered a carriage and set out for Paris. Napoleon, overpowered by the events of the day, retired in solitude to his chamber. He immediately sent an officer to Marshal Marmont, who, with twelve thousand men, occupied a very important position at Essonne, a village about half way between Fontainebleau and Paris. The messenger re-

turned at night with the utmost speed, and communicated the astounding intelligence that Marshal Marmont had abandoned his post and joined the Allies; that he had gone to Paris, and had marched his troops, without their knowledge of the treachery, within the lines of the enemy. Thus Fontainebleau was entirely undefended.

Napoleon at first could not credit the story. He repeated to himself, "It is impossible. Marmont can not be guilty of dishonor. Marmont is my brother-in-arms." But when he could no longer doubt, he sank back in his chair, riveted his eyes upon the wall, pressed his burning brow with his hand, and said, in generous tones of grief, which brought tears into the eyes of those who were present, "He! my pupil! my child! Ungrateful man! Well, he will be more unhappy than I!"

In order to deliver up these soldiers, the subordinate officers, who were devoted to the Emperor, were assembled at midnight, and deceptively informed that the Emperor had decided to move upon Paris, and that they were to march, as an advance guard, on the road to Versailles. All flew eagerly to arms, with cries of *Vive l'Empereur!* In the darkness of the night this disgraceful transaction was consummated. With enthusiasm the soldiers commenced their march. But they were astonished in meeting no enemy. They heard strange noises on either side of them, as of troops in motion, but the darkness of the night concealed all distant objects from their view. The break of day showed them the batteries, battalions, and squadrons of the Russian army, by whom they were now completely encircled. Escape was impossible. A cry of indignation and grief, loud and long-continued, broke from the ranks. The rearguard, in the early dawn, discovered the snare before it had crossed the bridge of Essonne. It immediately halted, and fortified the pass to protect the Emperor, resolving to defend him to the last drop of blood.

The entrapped soldiers, as soon as they recovered from their astonishment, congregated together in groups, almost insane with rage, and commenced loud shouts, in the very camp of the Allies, of *Vive l'Empereur!* Colonel Ordiner called together all the other colonels, who, indignant at the treachery of their generals, immediately conferred upon him the command of their battalions. He accordingly ordered the cavalry to mount, and directed them on Rambouillet, that they might return by that circuitous route to Fontainebleau. The entire force—infantry, artillery, and cavalry—seized their arms, and, in the spirit of desperation, commenced their march, through the ranks of their multitudinous enemies, back to Napoleon. "The roads and woods echoed," said Lamartine, "with fury and acclamations, the expression of their desperate and indomitable fidelity to their vanquished Emperor."

Marmont, hearing the tidings, in great alarm mounted one of his fleetest horses, and soon overtook the retiring column. "Stop!" he cried to Colonel Ordiner, "or I will have you court-martialed for usurping the command."

"I defy you," the colonel replied. "There is no law which compels the troops to obey treachery; and if there were, there is no soldier here so base as to obey it."

The loud altercation caused a halt in the ranks. The soldiers had re-



MARMONT ARRESTING THE RETURN OF THE TROOPS.

spected Marmont and admired his courage. He appealed to them; showed his scars and his still bleeding wounds; assured them that peace was already negotiated, and that the movement they were making was harmless to themselves and to the Emperor. He entreated them to kill him rather than disgrace themselves by abandoning their general. The soldiers, accustomed to obedience, believed him, and shouting "*Vive Marmont!*" bewildered, returned again to their cantonments within the lines of the Allies.*

In the mean time, the commissioners, unconscious of this treachery, were rapidly approaching Paris. Just as the evening lamps were lighted, they entered the gates of the agitated city. Caulaincourt, leaving his companions, immediately obtained a private audience with Alexander. The Emperor, though cordial, seemed not a little embarrassed. He, however, promptly announced to Caulaincourt that the whole aspect of affairs was now changed.

"But, sire," said Caulaincourt, "I am the bearer of the act of abdication of the Emperor Napoleon in favor of the King of Rome. Marshals Ney and Macdonald accompany me as the plenipotentiaries of his majesty. All the formalities are prepared. Nothing now remains but the conclusion of the treaty."

"My dear duke," Alexander replied, "when you departed, the position of

* Bourrienne, who was associated with Talleyrand in the provisional government, says, "The mission of the marshals" (Caulaincourt, Ney, and Macdonald) "had caused the most lively apprehensions among the members of the provisional government; but the alarm was equally great on hearing the news of the mutiny of Marmont's troops. During the whole of the day we were in a state of the most cruel anxiety. The insurrectionary spirit, it was feared, might extend to other corps of the army. But the successful gallantry of Marmont saved every thing; and it would be impossible to convey an idea of the manner in which he was received by us at Talleyrand's when he related the particulars of what had passed at Versailles."

the Emperor Napoleon was still imposing. The rallying of troops around Fontainebleau, their devotion to the Emperor, his address and courage, were of a nature to create alarm; but to-day the position of the Emperor is not the same."

"Your majesty deceives yourself," Caulaincourt replied. "The Emperor has at his command, within the circle of a few leagues, eighty thousand men who demand to be led upon Paris, who will allow themselves, in defense of the Emperor, to be cut in pieces to the last man, and whose example will electrify the capital."

"My dear duke," Alexander replied, "I am truly sorry to afflict you. But you are in complete ignorance of what is going on. The Senate has declared the forfeiture of Napoleon. The commanders of corps of the army are sending in their adherence from all parts. They disguise, under pretext of submission to the mandates of the Senate, their eagerness to absolve themselves from allegiance to a sovereign who is unfortunate. Such are mankind. At the very moment at which we speak, Fontainebleau is uncovered, and the person of Napoleon is in our power."

"What say you, sire," cried Caulaincourt, in amazement—"still fresh treasons?"

"The camp of Essonne is raised," Alexander deliberately added. "Marshal Marmont has sent in his adherence, and that of his division of the army. The troops which compose it are in full march into the camp of the Allies."

At this intelligence Caulaincourt was struck dumb as by a thunderbolt. After a moment's pause, he bowed his neck to the storm, and sadly said, "I have no hope but in the magnanimity of your majesty."

"As long as the Emperor Napoleon," Alexander replied, "was supported by an army, he held the councils of his adversaries in check; but now, when the marshals and generals are leading away the soldiers, the question is changed. Fontainebleau is no longer an imposing military position. All the persons of note at Fontainebleau have sent in their submissions. Now judge for yourself, what could I do?"

Caulaincourt raised his hand to his burning brow, so bewildered that he was unable to utter a single word.

"During your absence," Alexander continued, "a discussion arose on the subject of the regency. Talleyrand and others contended against it with all their might. The Abbé de Pradt declared that neither Bonaparte nor his family had any partisans—that all France earnestly demanded the Bourbons. The adherences of the civil and military bodies are pouring in. You thus see the impossibilities which master my good wishes."

"The Emperor Napoleon," exclaimed Caulaincourt, indignantly, "is betrayed, basely abandoned, delivered to the enemy by the very men who ought to have made for him a rampart of their bodies and their swords. This, sire, is horrible, horrible!"

Alexander, with an expression of bitter disdain, placing his hand confidingly on the arm of Caulaincourt, said,

"And add, duke, that he is betrayed by men who owe him every thing, every thing—their fame, their fortune. What a lesson for us sovereigns! I verily believe that if we had wished to place Kutusoff upon the throne of

France, they would have cried out, *Vive Kutusoff!* But take courage. I will be at the council before you. We will see what can be done."

He then took the act of abdication, read it, and expressed much surprise that it contained no stipulations for Napoleon personally. "But I have been his friend," said Alexander, "and I will still be his advocate. I will insist that he shall retain his imperial title, with the sovereignty of Elba, or some other island."

As Caulaincourt was passing out of the court-yard, exasperated by grief and despair, he met the Abbé de Pradt, who, with the basest sycophancy, was hovering around the court of the Allies. The smiling ecclesiastic, complacently rubbing his hands, advanced to meet the tall, courtly, and dignified duke, exclaiming,

"I am charmed to see you."

Caulaincourt fixed his eye sternly upon him, and was proudly passing by, refusing to return his salutation, when the abbé ventured to add, with an insulting smile, "Your affairs are not going on very prosperously, duke."

Caulaincourt could restrain his indignation no longer. He lost all self-control. Seizing the astonished and gray-headed abbé by the collar, he ex-



CAULAINCOURT AND THE ABBÉ DE PRADT.

claimed, "You are a villain, sir!" and after almost shaking his breath out of his body, twirled him around upon his heels like a top; then, ashamed of such an instinctive ebullition of fury toward one so helpless, he contemptuously left him and went on his way. The abbé never forgave or forgot this rude pirouette. The Bourbons administered to his wounded pride the balm of many honors.

Caulaincourt immediately sought his companions, Macdonald and Ney, and proceeded to the council. But he had no heart to reveal to them the awful defection of Marmont. They found the council chamber filled with the highest dignitaries of the various kingdoms allied against France. The Emperor of Russia was earnestly talking with the King of Prussia in the embrasure of a window. In other parts of the room were groups of English, Russian, Prussian, Austrian, and Swedish diplomatists, engaged in very animated conversation.

The entrance of the French commissioners interrupted the colloquy. The Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia approached a long table covered with green, in the centre of the room, and sat down. Each person then took his seat at the table. The Emperor of Austria, perhaps from motives of delicacy, was not present. Lord Castlereagh, the English plenipotentiary, had not yet arrived. Caulaincourt presented, in the name of Napoleon, the act of abdication in favor of the King of Rome and of the regency of Maria Louisa. For a moment there was profound silence. Then Frederick William, the King of Prussia, remarked,

"Events no longer permit the Powers to treat with the Emperor Napoleon. The wishes of France for the return of her ancient sovereigns are manifest on all sides."

Macdonald replied, "The Emperor holds the crown from the French nation. He resigns it for the purpose of obtaining general peace. The allied sovereigns having declared that he is the only obstacle to peace, he does not hesitate to sacrifice himself when the interests of his country are concerned. But if they deny him the right of abdicating in favor of his son, great misfortunes may result therefrom. The army, entirely devoted to its chief, is still ready to shed the last drop of its blood in support of the rights of its sovereign."

A smile of disdain, accompanied with whispering, followed this declaration, as the Allies perceived that Macdonald was unaware how entirely Napoleon's position was uncovered. Just at that moment Marmont entered the room, with his head erect and a smile on his features.

He was received with shaking of hands and congratulations. The discussion was again resumed. Pozzi di Borgo, the aid of Bernadotte, inveighed loudly against the regency. He foolishly hoped to gain for his traitorous master the throne of France.*

"As long," said he, "as the name of Napoleon weighs from the throne upon the imagination of Europe, Europe will not consider itself satisfied or delivered. It will always see in the government of the son the threatening

* Pozzi di Borgo was a Corsican. He was a strong partisan of the Bourbons, and joined the English in their attack upon his native island. As Napoleon adopted the cause of popular rights, Borgo became his implacable enemy. He took refuge in London, and joined with intense zeal those who were conspiring against the popular government of France. Though a man of dissolute habits, his elegant manners and his zeal for royalty secured for him the familiarity and esteem of the English and Continental aristocracy. Entering the Russian service, he had been employed by Alexander at the court of Bernadotte. "He knew," says Lamartine, "that he flattered, in secret, the inclinations of his master, the intrigues of M. de Talleyrand, the vengeance of the court of London, and the resentment of the aristocracy of Vienna, in speaking against the half measure of the regency."

soul of the father. If he is present, nothing will restrain his genius, impatient of action and of adventures. The allied armies will have no sooner returned into their respective countries than ambition will inflame the mind of this man. Again he will summon to the field his country, speedily restored from its disasters, and once more it will be necessary to repeat over him those victories, so dearly purchased by the treasures and the blood of the human race. If banished far from France, his counsels will cross the sea, and his lieutenants and his ministers will seize upon the regency. To allow the empire to survive the Emperor, this is not to extinguish the incendiary fire of Europe, but to cover it with treacherous ashes, under which will smoulder a new conflagration. Victory made Napoleon. Victory unmade him. Let the empire fall with the man who made it."

These sentiments were too obviously true to be denied. The government of Napoleon was the government of popular rights. The Allies were deluging Europe in blood to sustain aristocratic privilege. These two hostile principles of government could not live side by side. Even the genius of Napoleon, tasked to its utmost, could not reconcile them. He has drawn upon himself insane abuse, even from the sincere lovers of liberty, for his humane endeavor, by a compromise, to rescue Europe from those bloody wars with which combined despots assailed the dreaded spirit of republicanism.

"There are," said Talleyrand, "but two principles now at issue in the world—legitimacy and chance." By *chance*, he meant the suffrages of the people—popular rights. But it was not prudent to call things by their right names. "Legitimacy," he continued, "is a recovered right. If Europe wishes to escape revolution, she should attach herself to legitimacy. There are but two things possible in this case—either Napoleon or Louis XVIII. The Emperor Napoleon can have no other successor than a legitimate king. He is the first of soldiers. After him, there is not one man in France or in the world who could make ten men march in his cause. Every thing that is not Napoleon or Louis XVIII. is an intrigue."

Thus contemptuously was the name of Bernadotte flung aside.

The defection of the camp at Essonne, which was the advance guard of the army at Fontainebleau, placed Napoleon entirely at the mercy of the Allies. A corps of the Russian army had already been echeloned from Paris to Essonne, and covered all that bank of the Seine. Napoleon was now apparently helpless, and the Allies triumphantly demanded *absolute and unconditional abdication.* It was clear that Napoleon was ruined, and, even while the discussion was going on, many, anxious to escape from a falling cause, were sending in their adherence to the Allies.

The French commissioners, having received the peremptory demand for the unconditional abdication of Napoleon, now retired in consternation to watch over the personal security of the Emperor, for he was in imminent danger of being taken captive.

"Who," said Caulaincourt, in tones of anguish, "can be the bearer of this fresh blow to the Emperor?"

"You," answered Ney, with tearful eyes. "You are the friend of his heart, and can, better than any other, soften the bitterness of this news.

For my part, I have no courage but in the presence of an enemy. I can never, never go and say coldly to him—" His voice choked with emotion, and he could say no more.

There was a moment of profound silence, during which neither of the three could utter one word. Macdonald, then taking the hand of Caulaincourt, pressed it with affection, and said,

"It is a sorrowful, a most sorrowful mission; but you alone can fulfill it to the Emperor, for you possess his entire confidence."

Caulaincourt departed. He was so entirely absorbed in painful thought that he became quite unconscious of the lapse of time, and was struck with astonishment when the carriage entered the court-yard of Fontainebleau. For a time he was so transfixed with grief and despair that he could not leave his seat.

"Was I, then," says Caulaincourt, "destined only to approach the Emperor to give him torture? I revolted at the misery of my destiny, which forced upon me the office of inflicting pain on him whom with my blood I would have ransomed from suffering. I sprang from the carriage, and reached the cabinet of the Emperor almost running. I know not how it happened that there was no one there to announce me. I opened the door. 'Sire, it is Caulaincourt,' said I, and I entered."

Napoleon was seated at a window looking out upon the gardens. His pallid countenance and disordered dress indicated that he had passed the night without seeking any repose. Caulaincourt hesitated to commence his dreadful message. The Emperor broke the silence by saying, with an evident effort to be calm,

"The defection of Essonne has served as an excuse for new pretensions. Is it not so? Now that I am abandoned, openly betrayed, there are other conditions. What do they now demand?"

Caulaincourt deliberately narrated the scenes through which he had passed, and the demand of the Allies for an unconditional abdication. The indignation of Napoleon was now roused to the highest pitch. All the gigantic force and energy of his lofty nature burst forth like a volcano. His eyes flashed fire. His face glowed with an almost superhuman expression of intellect and of determination.

"Do these arrogant conquerors suppose," he exclaimed, "that they are masters of France because treason has opened to them the gates of Paris? If a handful of vile conspirators have planned my destruction, the nation has not ratified the infamous deed. I will summon my people around me. Fools! they can not conceive that a man like me only ceases to be formidable when he is laid in the tomb. To-morrow, in one hour, I will shake off the fetters with which they have bound me, and rise, more terrible than ever, at the head of one hundred and thirty thousand warriors.

"Attend to my calculation, Caulaincourt. I have here around me 25,000 men of my Guards. Those giants, the terror of the legions of the enemy, shall form a nucleus round which I will rally the army of Lyons, 30,000 strong. These, with Grenier's corps of 18,000, just arrived from Italy, Suchet's 15,000, and the 40,000 scattered under the command of Soult, make altogether an army of 130,000 men. I am master of all the strong places in

France and Italy, though I know not as yet whether they contain aught but felons and traitors. I am again upon my feet," said he, raising his head proudly, "assisted by this same sword which has opened to me every capital in Europe. I am still the chief of the bravest army in the whole world —of those French battalions of which no portion has suffered a defeat. I will exhort them to the defense of their country by the principles and in the name of liberty. Above my Eagles shall be inscribed, 'Independence and our country!' and my Eagles will again be terrible. If the chiefs of the army, who owe their splendor to my conquests, wish for repose, let them retire. I will find among those who now wear worsted epaulets men fit to be generals and marshals. A road that is closed against couriers will soon open before 50,000 men."

As the Emperor uttered these vehement words he strode rapidly up and down the apartment. Suddenly he stopped, and, turning to Caulaincourt, said,

"Write to Ney and Macdonald to return directly. I renounce all negotiation. The Allies have rejected the personal sacrifice which I imposed upon myself for the sake of purchasing the peace and the repose of France. They have insolently refused my abdication, and I retract it. I will prepare for the conflict. My place is marked out above or below the surface of a field of battle. May the French blood which is again about to flow fall upon the wretches who wish the ruin of their country!"

Caulaincourt, contemplating with pain the intense excitement into which the Emperor was plunged, and conscious of the inutility, at that moment, of attempting a calm and dispassionate discussion, bowed to the Emperor, and asked leave to retire.

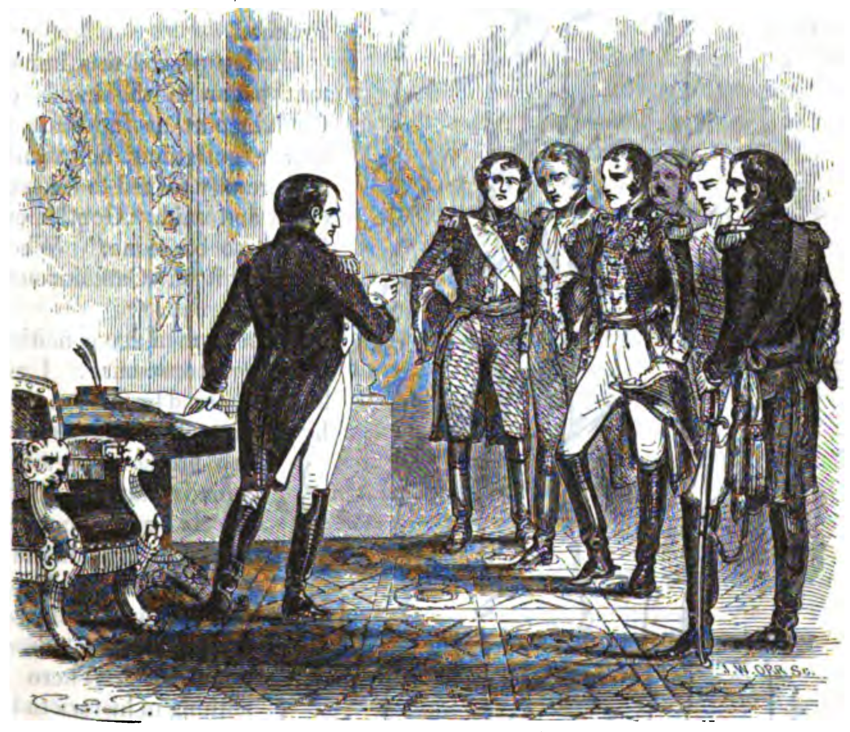
"We are one, Caulaincourt," said the Emperor, kindly. "Our misfortunes are great. Go and take some repose. There is, henceforth, none for me. The night will perhaps enlighten me."

In unutterable anguish, Caulaincourt retired to his room and threw himself upon his bed. He knew that though the Emperor might prolong the bloody struggle, his situation was desperate. Already armies containing six hundred thousand foreigners covered the soil of France. Reserves which would more than double the number were collected on the frontiers, waiting but the signal to pour themselves into the doomed republican empire. The new government welcomed all who would abandon Napoleon and give in their adhesion. There was now a general rush of the high functionaries to Paris to obtain situations under the new dynasty. Still the Allies stood in terror of Napoleon. They knew that the masses of the people were all in his favor, and they dreaded one of those bold movements which more than once had astonished Europe. Foreign troops now occupied all the avenues around Fontainebleau. Napoleon was inclosed in a vast knot. At one signal two hundred thousand men could spring upon the little band which still guarded him. But the formidable name of the Emperor still kept the Allies at a respectful distance.

The next day Caulaincourt again saw the Emperor, and informed him of the fearful peril in which he was placed. He endeavored to dissuade him from any attempt to extricate himself by force, representing the extreme danger of such a step to the country, the army, and himself.

"Dangers!" exclaimed the Emperor; "I do not fear them! A useless life is a heavy burden. I can not long support it. But, before involving others, I wish to question them as to their opinion respecting this desperate resolve. If my cause, if the cause of my family is no longer the cause of France, then I can decide. Call around me the marshals and generals who still remain. I will be guided by their opinion."

The generals and the marshals, dejected and embarrassed, were soon assembled. "I have offered my abdication," said Napoleon, "but the Allies now impose upon me the abdication of my family. They wish me to depose my wife, my son, and all who belong to my family. Will you allow it? I have the means of cutting my way through the lines that surround me. I can traverse and arouse the whole of France. I can repair to the Alps, rejoin Augereau, rally Soult, recall Suchet, and, reaching Eugene in Lombardy, pass into Italy, and there found with you a new empire, a new throne, and new fortunes for my companions, until the voice of France shall recall us to our country. Will you follow me?"



THE ABDICATION.

"I listened," says Caulaincourt, "to the Emperor's noble and dignified appeal to the hearts, to the honor of his ancient lieutenants. But those hearts remained cold. They opposed the interests of France, a useless civil war, and the country ravaged by invasion, but they found no word of sympathy for the frightful misfortune which fell upon the benefactor, the sovereign who, during twenty years, had been the glory of France."

Caulaincourt, unable to repress his emotions, was about to leave the apartment. As he rose, the Emperor caught his eye, and understood the movement. "Stop, Caulaincourt," said he; then, taking his seat at the table, he rapidly wrote,

"April 6, 1814.

"The allied sovereigns having declared that the Emperor Napoleon is the sole obstacle to the re-establishment of a general peace in Europe, the Emperor Napoleon, faithful to his oath, declares that he renounces, for himself and his heirs, the throne of France and Italy; and that there is no personal sacrifice, not even that of life itself, which he is not willing to make for the interests of France."

Having placed this important paper in the hands of Caulaincourt as the basis of new negotiations, he calmly and proudly turned to his generals, and said, "Gentlemen, I wish to be alone." When all had left but Caulaincourt, he added,

"These men have neither heart nor conscience. I am less conquered by fortune than by egotism and ingratitude of my brothers in arms. This is hideous. Now all is consummated. Leave me, my friend."

"I shall never," says Caulaincourt, "forget these scenes at Fontainebleau. There is nothing in history to be compared with these last convulsions of the French empire, to the torture of its chief, to the agony of its hours, its days. Never did the Emperor appear to me so truly great."

FAC SIMILE OF THE ABDICATION.

6 Avril, 1814.

Les puissances alliées ayant proclamé que l'Empereur Napoleon était le seul obstacle au rétablissement de la paix en Europe, l'Empereur, fidèle à son serment, declare qu'il renonce pour lui et ses enfans, aux trônes de France et d'Italie, et qu'il n'est aucun sacrifice, même celui de la vie, qu'il ne soit prêt à faire aux intérêts de la France.

The tortures of suspense being now removed, the heart of Napoleon seemed relieved of an enormous load. Allowing himself to indulge in no useless repinings, with dignity and gracefulness he submitted to his destiny. He had sufficient self-command at least to assume the aspect of cheerfulness and contentment. No reproaches escaped his lips, and he addressed all around him only in tones of benignity and kindness. The noble and dignified resignation he displayed surprised all, and won their admiration. He conversed familiarly, and as a private citizen, respecting the events of the Revolution and of the empire, as if they had been matters of a past century, having no reference to himself.

But it was not enough for the Allies that they had driven Napoleon from the throne. He was still enthroned in the hearts of the French people. It was essential to the final success of the cause of the Allies that the reputation of Napoleon should be destroyed, and that the people of France should look upon him as a selfish and merciless monster. The Allies had now the control of the press of all Europe. They could deluge the nations with libels to which Napoleon could make no possible reply. The pen of Chateaubriand was dipped in mingled venom and gall for the accomplishment of this crime. His world-renowned pamphlet on "Bonaparte and the Bourbons," was the most cold, merciless, infamous assassination of character history has recorded. There is no historian who assails Napoleon with more acrimony than Lamartine, and yet even he speaks of this atrocious work in the following terms:

"M. Chateaubriand, the first writer of the day, did not preserve either his genius or his conscience from the outpouring of insults and calumnies upon a great but a fallen name. He had written a severe pamphlet against the Emperor and in favor of the restoration of the Bourbons, in which he dragged his name through the blood and the charnel-houses of time. He himself performed in it the office of hangman to the reign of the Emperor. He had formerly praised him, even by sacred comparisons, with the heroes of the Bible. After the assassination of the Duke d'Enghien, the enthusiasm of the writer, which had changed into contempt, had placed him in a secret but cautious opposition. He called himself proscribed and persecuted; yet he never was proscribed except by imperial favors, nor persecuted except by the affected contempt of his master.

"However this may have been, he bore about him for several months his unedited pamphlet, as the sword which was to give the last blow to the tyrant. This pamphlet, printed in the night, and delivered in fragments to the journals, inundated Paris in the morning, and very shortly all France, with maledictions against the Emperor and the empire. Napoleon was there painted in the traits of the modern Attila, and with the features, still more hideous, of a hangman, effecting, with his own hands, the executions in which he delighted. He was represented at Fontainebleau torturing the conscience of Pius VII., and dragging the pontiff by his white locks on the flags of his prison—a martyr at once to his complaisance for, and resistance of, the crowned upstart.

"M. de Chateaubriand opened all the dungeons, to indicate therein to the people, with his finger, the tortures, the gags, the pretended silent assassina-

tion of victims. He raked up all the ashes, from that of Pichegru down to the plague-hospital at Jaffa, to drag from out of the long-buried mass accusations, suspicions, and crimes. It was the bitter speech of the public prosecutor of humanity and of liberty, written by the hand of the Furies against the great culprit of the age. He did not spare his enemy even those vile accusations of sordid avarice and of peculation which penetrate the deepest and tarnish the most in the vulgar and venal souls of the multitude. Robbery, cowardice, cruelty, sword, poison, every thing served as a weapon to stab that fame he wished to extinguish. This book, issued leaf by leaf to the public during several days, was the more terrible, inasmuch as it succeeded the long silence of a mute opposition.

"M. de Chateaubriand, in putting forth this character of Napoleon as food for the wickedness of the people, and a homage to the Royalist party, was guilty of an action which no political passion can excuse—the annihilation of a reign by poisoned weapons. But this wicked action, praised at the time because the time required it, was repudiated at a later period by the conscience of the age, though it contributed powerfully then to render the empire unpopular. When M. de Chateaubriand presented himself to Louis XVIII. to receive his reward in the shape of favors from the new monarchy, the prince said to him, '*Your book has been worth an army to my cause!*'"

These libels were reiterated in Great Britain in pamphlets and reviews, which were scattered, like autumn leaves, throughout the kingdom. The Tories were triumphant in England, the Allies triumphant on the Continent, the Bourbons triumphant in France. Napoleon was silenced, imprisoned, crushed. No voice, pleading his cause, could obtain a hearing in the universal clamor of his foes. Even now, he who ventures to speak for Napoleon must be prepared to breast a great flood of obloquy. The *people* of the world love him; but political influences of tremendous power still assail his memory.

An English writer, W. H. Ireland, Esq., says: "The most trifling circumstances, brought forward to the disparagement of Napoleon, were tortured into the most enormous crimes; every thing that had been urged against him in England for many years was readily and most eagerly received by the British nation as indisputable truth; while, on the contrary, any circumstance which gained this country favorable to the Emperor was solely imputed to French flattery and adulation. Scarcely a publication emanated from the press for a series of years, however foreign to French affairs, in which means were not found of introducing something to the disparagement of Napoleon. No less zeal was displayed from the pulpit, the Senate, the bar, and the stage; nay, to such a ridiculous excess was that sentiment carried, that the name of Bonaparte was used to inspire dread in children, for, instead of being told, according to custom, that if they were naughty, *the old man should take them away*, they were threatened with Bonaparte's coming for them. So true is this statement, that we would challenge any individual in this island, under thirty years of age, to say whether he does not call to mind that such were his earliest impressions respecting Napoleon Bonaparte."

Thus far the Allies have had it all their own way. They have been ac-

cuser, counsel, jury, judge, and executioner. They have also reported the trial and written the biography. But now, after the silence of thirty years, the spirit of Napoleon emerges from its tomb beneath the dome of the Invalides, and, turning to a new nation of twenty-five millions of freemen, solicits another trial. Calmly, yet firmly, these freemen insist that he shall not be defrauded of that right.*

CHAPTER XXII.

DEPARTURE FOR ELBA.

Deliberations of the Allies—Generosity of Alexander—Napoleon recalls his Abdication—The Treaty—Unworthy Conduct of the English Government—Interview between Caulaincourt and the Emperor—Illness of Napoleon—Testimony of Antommarchi—Parting with Macdonald—Napoleon's Impatience to leave Fontainebleau—Departure of Berthier—The Cuirassier of the Guard—Situation of Maria Louisa—Conversation with Beausset—Grief of the Emperor—Napoleon takes leave of Caulaincourt—Noble Address to his Officers—Affecting Adieu to the Old Guard—Departure for Elba.

The scenes described in the conclusion of the last chapter occurred in the evening of the 6th of April. The next morning, at sunrise, Caulaincourt again set out for Paris with the unconditional abdication. In the course of the day the important document was presented to the council of the Allies. The entire overthrow of one whose renown had so filled the world moved their sympathies. The march of their troops upon Fontainebleau was suspended, and an anxious conference was held to determine what should be done with the fallen Emperor and his family.

The Bourbon partisans were anxious that he should be sent as far as possible from France, and mentioned St. Helena. Others spoke of Corfu and of Corsica. Elba was mentioned, and its fine climate highly eulogized. Caulaincourt immediately seized upon this opening, and urged the adoption of Elba. The Bourbonists were alarmed. They well knew the love of the people of France for Napoleon, and trembled at the thought of having him so near. Earnestly they objected.

Alexander, however, generously came to the support of Caulaincourt. After an animated debate, his influence prevailed, and it was decided that the principality of the island of Elba should be conceded to the Emperor Napoleon, to enjoy for life, with the title of sovereignty and proprietorship.

* Under the influence of these representations of Chateaubriand, which were universally prevalent thirty years ago, Dr. William Ellery Channing—whose name as a philosopher, a philanthropist, and a Christian I can not mention but with affection and admiration—wrote his celebrated comments upon the career of Napoleon. He was fresh from the reading of the reiteration of those sentiments by Sir Walter Scott—of whose "Life of Napoleon" Dr. Channing's eloquent treatise was a review—and assumed that the statements of Chateaubriand and Sir Walter Scott were correct. It was the misfortune of the age, not the fault of the individual. It is currently reported that Dr. Channing's views upon this subject were much modified before his death. Indeed, there is no intelligent man who thinks of Napoleon now as he thought of him thirty years ago. The writer, in that day, read Dr. Channing's pages with approval and delight. But we are very certain that, with the light of the present time, the candid and generous mind of Dr. Channing, ever appreciating greatness and loving goodness, would have been among the first to acknowledge the magnanimity and the virtues of that great man, who even now stands without a rival in the hearts of the masses of the people in all lands.

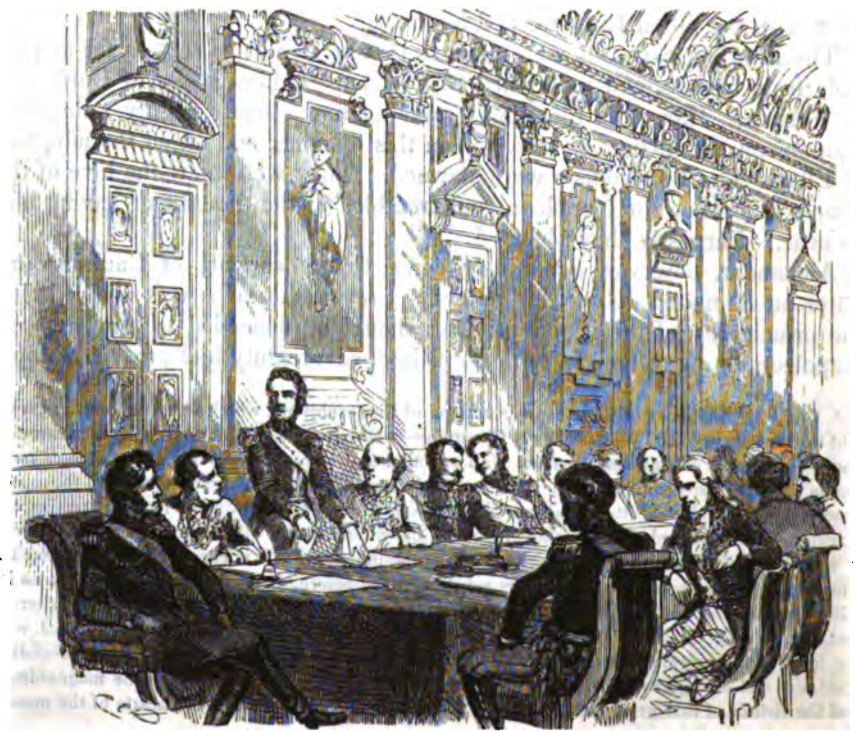
Napoleon, finding that the Allies were not disposed to treat with him, but were simply deciding his fate according to their good pleasure, was stung to the quick. He immediately dispatched a courier to Caulaincourt, with the order, "Bring me back my abdication. I am conquered. I yield to the fortune of arms. A simple cartel will be sufficient."

In the evening he dispatched another letter, saying, "Why do you speak to me of the conventions of a treaty? I want none. Since they will not treat with me, and only employ themselves about the disposal of my person, to what purpose is a treaty? This diplomatic negotiation displeases me. Let it cease."

At five o'clock the next morning Caulaincourt was awakened by another courier. He brought the following message. "I order you to bring back my abdication. I will sign no treaty. And in all cases I forbid you to make any stipulations for money. That is disgusting."

In twenty-four hours Caulaincourt received seven couriers. He was utterly bewildered. He had given in the abdication. The Allies were drawing up the terms of the settlement, which were to be presented to Napoleon for his acceptance. The power was entirely in their hands. Caulaincourt, whose solicitude amounted to anguish, was watching the proceedings with an eagle eye, ever ready to interpose in behalf of the Emperor.

A few days of harassing diplomacy thus passed away, and on the 11th of April, the treaty, as drawn up by the Allies, was ready. It provided that the Emperor Napoleon and the Empress Maria Louisa should retain those



THE CONVENTION.

titles during their lives; and that the mother, brothers, sisters, nephews, and nieces should equally preserve the titles of princes of his family. The sovereignty and right of ownership of Elba was assigned to him, with an annual income from France of $500,000. The sovereignty and full property of the duchies of Parma, Placentia, and Guastella were assigned to Maria Louisa, to descend to her son. The Emperor's mother was to receive from France $60,000 a year; King Joseph and his queen, $100,000; King Louis, $40,000; Hortense and her son, $80,000; Jerome and his queen, $100,000; the Princess Eliza, $60,000; the Princess Pauline, $60,000. The annual allowance to the Empress Josephine, which Napoleon had fixed at $600,000, was reduced to $200,000. The princes and princesses of the imperial family were also to retain all their private property. Certain domains in France were set aside, the rents of which were to be appropriated to the payment of the above annuities. The private property of Napoleon, however, whether as extraordinary or as private domain, was to revert to the crown.

The Imperial Guard were to furnish a detachment of twelve or fifteen hundred men, to escort Napoleon to his place of embarkation. He was to retain a body-guard of four hundred men, who might volunteer to accompany him to Elba. Two days were allowed for the ratification of the treaty.

The unrelenting hostility with which the English government still pursued the overpowered Emperor is unparalleled in the history of nations. We record with amazement that, when every other government in Europe, without a single exception, hesitated not to recognize the legality of a nation's suffrage as a title to sovereignty, England alone refused to recognize that right, and still persisted in the insulting declaration *that the French nation were rebels, and that Napoleon was a usurper*. They even murmured that the illustrious monarch of the people was granted the pitiable boon of Elba. Had the British commissioners been present at the conference, even the magnanimity of Alexander could not have rescued Napoleon from imprisonment and insult.*

"There was one power," says Sir Walter Scott, "whose representatives foresaw the evils which such a treaty might occasion, and remonstrated against them. But the evil was done, and the particulars of the treaty adjusted before Castlereagh came to Paris. Finding that the Emperor of Russia had acted for the best, in the name of the other Allies, the English minister refrained from risking the peace, which had been made in such urgent circumstances, by insisting upon his objections. He refused, however, on the part of his government, to become a party to the treaty further than by acceding to it so far as the territorial arrangements were concerned; *but he particularly declined to acknowledge, on the part of England, the title of Emperor, which the treaty conferred on Napoleon.* Yet, when we have expressed all the objections to which the treaty of Fontainebleau seems liable, it must be owned that the allied sovereigns showed policy in obtaining an ac-

* "Lord Castlereagh's objections to the treaty were twofold: 1. That it recognized the title of Napoleon as Emperor of France, which England had never yet done, directly or indirectly. 2. That it assigned him a residence, in independent sovereignty, close to the Italian coast, and within a few days' sail of France, while the fires of the revolutionary volcano were yet unextinguished in both countries."—*Alison.*

commodation upon almost any terms, rather than renewing the war by driving Napoleon to despair, and inducing the marshals, from a sense of honor, again to unite themselves with his cause."

With a heavy heart, on the evening of the 11th of April, Caulaincourt set out with this treaty for Fontainebleau. He had disobeyed the Emperor in making no attempt to withdraw the abdication. He had been compelled to exercise his own judgment in the midst of the embarrassments which oppressed him.

Napoleon, as Caulaincourt entered his cabinet, fixed upon him a piercing glance, and said,

"Do you at length bring me back my abdication?"

"Sire," Caulaincourt replied, "I beseech your majesty to hear me before you address to me unmerited reproaches. It was no longer in my power to send back to you that act. My first care, on my arrival at Paris, was to communicate it to the allied sovereigns, for the purpose of obtaining a cessation of hostilities. It has served as the basis to the negotiations of the treaty. The official document of the abdication of your majesty is already inserted in the journals."

"And what is that to me," Napoleon responded, "that they have made it public—that they have inserted it in the journals—if I do not choose to treat in these forms? I will not sign. I want no treaty."

The painful debate was long continued. At last Caulaincourt, leaving the treaty on the table, begged leave to retire. "I had not been able," he says, "to prevail upon him to read the whole of it. I returned to my quarters. I had need of rest. My energy was exhausted in this incessant struggle. I almost gave myself up to despair. But my thoughts returned to the sufferings of this great and noble victim, and I found the will and the power to attempt to alleviate them."

In the evening he returned again to the cabinet. The Emperor was in a state of profound dejection. He seemed bewildered with the enormity of his woe. His beloved France was handed over to the Bourbons; all the liberal governments of Europe were overthrown. All his devoted friends fell with him. The most disastrous eclipse darkened the liberties of the world. It was difficult to rouse him from the apathy into which he had sunk.

Caulaincourt was overwhelmed with anguish. He knew that if Napoleon should refuse to accept the terms presented him, a worse fate would be his doom. With the utmost difficulty, the noble duke had won from the Allies even the little mercy they had offered to the dethroned Emperor. But a few hours more remained for his acceptance, and then Napoleon would be again entirely at their mercy, and they might deal with their captive as they would.

"Sire," exclaimed Caulaincourt, in tones thrilling with anguish, "I entreat you, in the name of your own glory, come to a decision. Circumstances do not admit of temporizing. Sire, I can not express the agony which preys upon me. But when Caulaincourt, your faithful, your devoted friend, implores you, on his knees, to consider the position in which your majesty is placed, there must be reasons, most imperative, which urge his perseverance."

The Emperor languidly raised his eyes, fixed them earnestly upon Cau-

laincourt, and, after a moment's pause, sadly said, "What would you have me do?" He then arose, clasped his hands behind his back, and slowly paced the floor for a long time in silence. Then turning again to his faithful friend, he said, "It must come to an end. I feel it. My resolution is taken. To-morrow, Caulaincourt."

It was now late in the evening. Caulaincourt pressed the burning hand of the Emperor and retired. At midnight he was hastily summoned to the bedside of the Emperor, who was taken suddenly and alarmingly ill. It will be remembered that Napoleon, just after the battle of Dresden, was seized by a violent attack of colic. Fatigue, sleeplessness, and woe had apparently renewed the attack. These were probably the early paroxysms of that fatal disease which, subsequently developed by captivity and insults, in a few years consigned him to the grave. The Emperor was writhing upon his bed, in frightful convulsions of pain. The big drops of agony oozed from his brow. His hair was matted to his forehead. His eyes were livid and dull, and he smothered the cries which agony extorted by grinding a handkerchief between his teeth. The Emperor evidently thought that he was dying, and, utterly weary of the world, he was glad to go. Turning his eyes to the duke, he said,

"I die, Caulaincourt. To you I commend my wife and son. Defend my memory. I can no longer support life."

His physician, Ivan, simply administered a little hot tea. Gradually the cramp in the stomach became less violent, the limbs became more supple, and the dreadful paroxysms passed away.

"The interior of this chamber of death," says Caulaincourt, "this agony, by the pale light of the tapers, can not be described. The silence was uninterrupted but by the sobbings of those present. There was no witness of this terrible scene who would not have given his own life to have saved that of Napoleon, who, in his domestic retirement, was the best of men, the most indulgent of masters. The regrets of all who served him survive him."

It has been asserted that Napoleon, on this occasion, attempted to commit suicide. But the nature of his disease, the remedy applied—simply hot tea—the rapid recovery, and his previous and subsequent conduct, have led many men to discharge the accusation as groundless.*

* Dr. Antommarchi, who was with Napoleon at St. Helena during the last eighteen months of the Emperor's life, very decisively rejects the idea of his having attempted suicide. He says:

"He loved to revert to the events of his life, without omitting the slightest details or the most trivial incidents. It is, therefore, highly improbable that, in those moments of unreserved confidence of a patient to his physician, he would have concealed the fact of his having made an attempt which must ever be attended with consequences of a most serious nature. The scenes and preparations which such an event suggest may have a most dramatic effect; but their only existence, in the case alluded to, has been in the imagination of the writer who is pleased to allude to them."

Since writing the above, we have found in Montholon's History of the Captivity of Napoleon the following statement. He represents the Emperor as saying to him, in reference to this scene,

"My life no longer belonged to my country. The events of the last few days had again rendered me master of it. Why should I endure so much suffering?" I reflected; "and who knows that my death may not replace the crown on the head of my son? France was saved. I hesitated no longer, but, leaping from my bed, mixed the poison with a little water, and drank it with a sort of feeling of happiness. But time had taken away its strength. Fearful pains drew forth some groans from me. They were heard, and medical assistance arrived. It was not God's will that I should die so soon. St. Helena was in my destiny." Did Montholon misunderstand the Emperor? It seems impossible.

The lofty nature of Napoleon ever condemned self-destruction as an ignoble and a cowardly act. "Self-murder," said he, "is sometimes committed for love. What folly! Sometimes for the loss of fortune. There it is cowardice. Another can not live after he has been disgraced. What weakness! But to survive the loss of empire—to be exposed to the insults of one's contemporaries—that is true courage."

The Emperor slept for a few moments that profound sleep which follows the exhaustion of intolerable agony. He soon awoke. The morning sun was shining brightly in at his window. With energetic action he drew aside his bed-curtains, rose up in his bed with his accustomed energy, and silently and thoughtfully gazed upon the glories of the lovely morning. The forest and the shrubbery of Fontainebleau were bursting into luxuriant foliage. Innumerable birds, free from all mortal griefs and cares, filled the air with their songs. Napoleon, after a few moments of apparently serene thought, turned to Caulaincourt, and said, in serious tones,

"God has ordained that I should live. I could not die."

"Sire!" Caulaincourt replied, "your son—France, in which your name will live forever—impose upon you the duty of supporting adversity."

"My son! my son!" exclaimed the Emperor, in accents of peculiar tenderness and sadness. "What a dismal inheritance I leave him! A child born a king, to-day without a country! Why was I not permitted to die? It is not the loss of the throne which renders my existence insupportable. There is something harder to bear than the reverses of fortune. Do you know what that is which pierces the heart most deeply? It is the ingratitude of man. I am weary of life. Death is repose. What I have suffered for the last twenty days can not be comprehended."

At that moment the clock struck five. The cloudless sun of a beautiful spring morning, shining through the damask curtains, colored with the rosy tint of health and vigor the serene and expressive features of Napoleon. He pressed his hand upon his expansive brow, and said,

"Caulaincourt, there have been moments in these last days when I thought I should go mad—when I have felt such a devouring heat here! Madness is the last stage of human degradation. It is the abdication of humanity. Better to die a thousand times. In resigning myself to life, I accept tortures which are nameless. It matters not—I will support them."

After a moment's pause, in which his whole soul seemed concentrated in intense thought, he resumed with emphasis,

"*I will sign the treaty to-day.* Now I am well, my friend. Go and rest yourself."

Caulaincourt retired. Napoleon immediately rose and dressed. At ten o'clock he sent again for Caulaincourt, and, with entire composure and self-possession, as if it were the ordinary business of the day, entered into conversation upon the conditions of the treaty.

"These pecuniary clauses," said he, "are humiliating. They must be canceled. I am now nothing beyond a soldier. A Louis a day will be sufficient for me."

Caulaincourt, appreciating this refinement of sensibility, urged that the necessities of his friends and attendants, who would be dependent upon the

means at Napoleon's disposal, would not permit the stipulations in question to be suppressed.

Napoleon yielded to these considerations, and added,

"Hasten the conclusion of the whole. Place the treaty in the hands of the allied sovereigns. Tell them, in my name, that I treat with a conquering enemy, not with this provisional government, in which I see nothing but a committee of factious men and traitors."

He requested the two plenipotentiaries, Macdonald and Ney, to come to his cabinet. As they entered, he slowly passed his hand over his forehead, then took the pen and signed the treaty. Rising from his chair, he turned to the noble Macdonald, and said, "I am no longer rich enough to recompense your last and faithful services. I wish, however, to leave you a souvenir, which shall remind you of what you were to me in these days of trial. Caulaincourt," said he, turning to his confidential officer, "ask for the sabre that was given to me in Egypt by Mourad Bey, and which I wore at the battle of Mount Tabor."

Napoleon took the Oriental weapon, and, handing it to the marshal, said,

"There is the only reward of your attachment which I am now able to give you. You are my friend."



MARSHAL MACDONALD.

"Sire," replied Macdonald, pressing the weapon to his heart, "I shall preserve it all my life. And if I should ever have a son, it will be his most precious inheritance."

Napoleon clasped the hands of the marshal, threw his arms around his neck, and tears filled the eyes of both as they thus parted.

Mindful of his soldiers more than of himself in this hour, he said to his plenipotentiaries, as they left the room, "My abdication and my ratification of the treaty can not be obligatory unless the Allies keep the promises made to the army. Do not let the documents go out of your possession until that be done."

The plenipotentiaries immediately returned to Paris. The sovereigns and the members of the provisional government were assembled in council. The treaty, as ratified by the Emperor, was presented. There were various points to be established, which occupied several days, during which great rewards were held out to the prominent and influential men of the empire who would give in their cordial adherence to the new government. Their support was of essential importance to its stability. The situation in which they were placed was peculiarly trying. They could do nothing more for Napoleon. Their refusal to accept office under the new regime consigned them to suspicion, poverty, and obscurity. Still many, from love to the Emperor, refused to enroll themselves under the banners of the Bourbons. But the great majority were eager to make peace with the new government.

Under these circumstances, Napoleon was exceedingly impatient for the hour of his departure. He sent courier after courier to Caulaincourt, urging expedition. In one of his short notes he wrote, "I wish to depart. Who would have ever supposed that the air of France would become suffocating to me? The ingratitude of mankind kills more surely than steel or poison. It has rendered my existence a burden. Hasten, hasten my departure."

The four great powers, Russia, Prussia, England, and Austria, appointed each a commissioner to conduct the Emperor to Elba. The sovereigns deemed the escort of an imposing armed force to be necessary. It was feared that the enthusiastic love of the inhabitants of the middle and eastern departments of France for Napoleon might, upon his appearance, break out into an insurrection which would blaze through the whole empire. In some of the southern departments the Royalists predominated. It was feared that in those sections conspiracies might lead to his assassination. It was therefore deemed necessary that commissioners should accompany Napoleon with a force sufficiently strong to crush the populace should they attempt to rise, and also to protect him from insult and violence. His death would have left an irreparable stain upon the Allies, and a renewal of the war would have been a fearful calamity.

Bernadotte, who had foolishly hoped to obtain the crown of France, was deeply chagrined at the result of his infamy. Notwithstanding the presence of the allied army, he could appear nowhere in the streets of Paris without encountering insult. Crowds daily greeted him with loud cries, "Down with the traitor—the perjurer!" They besieged his residence, until Bernadotte, unable to endure this universal detestation of his countrymen, left Paris and returned to Sweden.

"He was greatly surprised," says his friend and confidant, Bourrienne, "that the French people could yield so readily to receive back the Bourbons; and I, on my part, felt equally astonished, that, with his experience, Bernadotte should have been simple enough to imagine that, in changes of government, the inclinations of the people are consulted."

Caulaincourt returned to Fontainebleau early in the morning of the 16th of April. A small number of grief-stricken soldiers surrounded the palace, still clinging to the Emperor with unswerving fidelity. As soon as they saw Caulaincourt, they testified their appreciation of his services by prolonged shouts of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" The galleries and saloons of the palace were deserted. The brilliant court which once thronged those halls had passed away before the blast of adversity. Napoleon's heart had just been rent by a desertion more bitter than all the rest. Berthier, the companion of his campaigns, who had slept in his tent, and dined at his table, and who had been for many years the confidant of all his thoughts, departed silently, and by stealth, and in the night, without even saying adieu.

"Berthier," says Lamartine, "had nourished for fifteen years in his heart one of those passions, at once simple and chivalrous, which formed the guiding-star and the fatality of a whole life. He loved a beautiful Italian, who had formerly fascinated him at Milan, and whom neither war, nor ambition, nor glory, nor the friendship of the Emperor, could for a moment detach from his thoughts and his eyes. In his tent, on the eve of battle, the portrait of this beauty, deified by his worship, was suspended by the side of his arms, rivaling his duty and consoling the pains of absence by the imaginary presence of her he adored. The idea of forever quitting this beloved object, should the Emperor require from his gratitude his attendance in exile, had led astray the mind of Berthier! He trembled every instant since the abdication, lest his master should put his attachment to too cruel a test by telling him to choose between his duty and his love. This proof he evaded by deserting in the night his companion in arms and benefactor. Unfaithful to the exiled Napoleon, through fidelity to love, he fled, as if to bind himself in closer chains by offering his infidelity to the Bourbons."

This unexpected desertion of a long-tried friend, without even one kind word at parting, lacerated anew the already bleeding heart of the Emperor.

Caulaincourt found him walking alone, with measured steps, in the alleys of a little garden, which was almost overshadowed by the chapel of the castle. The young buds of early spring were just bursting into foliage upon the shrubbery of the parterre, and on the oaks of the dense forest of Fontainebleau, which formed the background of the picture. The Emperor was so absorbed in reverie that for a moment he did not perceive the approaching footsteps of the duke.

Caulaincourt spoke. Napoleon turned quickly around, and a gleam of gratitude and joy beamed from his countenance as he recognized his faithful friend. He immediately took Caulaincourt's arm, and said, as he continued his walk,

"Is all ready for my departure?"

"Yes, sire," the duke replied, with emotion he could not repress.

"'Tis well, Caulaincourt," Napoleon added; "you exercise for the last time the functions of grand equerry near my person."

Then, in mournful tones, he continued: "Can you believe it, Caulaincourt? Berthier has departed—departed without even wishing me farewell. Berthier was born a courtier. You will see him begging employment of the Bourbons. I am mortified to see men whom I had raised so high bringing



NAPOLEON IN THE GARDEN AT FONTAINEBLEAU.

themselves so low. What has become of the halo of glory that encircled them? What must the allied sovereigns think of men whom I made the ornaments of my reign? Caulaincourt, this France is mine. Every thing by which it is dishonored is to me a personal injury, I am so identified with it. But I must go in and sit down. I feel fatigued. Hasten—hasten my departure. It is too long delayed."

Just as the Emperor and the Duke were leaving the garden, a cuirassier of the Guard, who had been watching an opportunity of speaking to the Emperor, came running in great agitation toward them.

"Please your majesty," said he, in a trembling, supplicating voice, "I demand justice. An odious act of injustice has been done me. I am thirty-six years old. Twenty-two years I have been in the service. I have my decoration," said he, striking roughly his broad chest, "and yet I am not in the list of those who are to go with your majesty. If I am thus sent to the

right-about, blood shall flow for it. I will make a vacancy among the privileged. This affair shall not pass thus."

"You have, then, a strong desire to go with me?" said Napoleon, deeply touched with the man's fidelity. "Have you well considered this, that you must quit France, your family, your promotion? You are a quarter-master."

"It is not merely a desire, my Emperor," the man replied; "it is my right, my honor, which I claim. I relinquish my promotion. I have my cross; that will suffice. As to my family, you have been my family these two-and-twenty years."

"Very well," said the Emperor; "you shall go with me, my good friend. I will arrange it."

"Thanks—thanks to your majesty," the poor fellow replied, and he retired elated with pride and happiness.

All the affections of the Emperor were deeply moved by these tokens of devotion on the part of the common soldiers. Almost overcome with emotion, he convulsively pressed Caulaincourt's arm, and said,

"I can only take with me four hundred men, and yet the whole of my brave Guard wish to follow me. Among those faithful soldiers, the question is, which shall be the most ingenious in finding, in the antiquity of his services and the number of his armorial bearings, claims to share with me my exile. Brave, brave men, why can I not take you all with me?"

While these things were transpiring, the Empress, with her son, was at Blois, about one hundred miles southeast from Paris, and seventy miles from Fontainebleau. She was in the deepest distress, and her face was continually bathed in tears. She was but twenty-two years of age, quite inexperienced, had never been trained to any self-reliance, and was placed in circumstances of the greatest possible embarrassment. When informed of the Emperor's abdication, she could not believe it possible that the Allies could contemplate his dethronement. "My father," she said, "would never consent to it. He repeated to me over and over again, when he placed me on the French throne, that he would always maintain me in that station; and my father is rigidly true to his word."

The Emperor wrote to Maria Louisa daily, and often two or three times a day, keeping her informed of the progress of events. It was, however, with great difficulty that any courier could pass between Fontainebleau and Blois, as bands of Cossacks were prowling in all directions. Napoleon was afraid to request Maria Louisa to join him, since he had no means of affording her protection, and she would be imminently exposed on the way to insult and captivity.

On the 7th of April the Emperor wrote her a letter, by Colonel Galbois. With great difficulty the courier succeeded in reaching the Empress. She read the letter in a state of great excitement, and then said, "My proper place is near the Emperor, particularly now, when he is so truly unhappy. I insist upon going to him. I should be contented any where, provided I can but be in his company."

The colonel represented to her that the peril of the journey was so extreme that it was not to be thought of. With great reluctance she yielded, and wrote a letter to the Emperor, which gratified him exceedingly. He

immediately wrote to her to advance to Orleans, which was about half way between Blois and Fontainebleau. She reached Orleans without any personal molestation, though her escort was robbed by the way. She remained in Orleans several days, in the deepest distress and alarm. Her eyes were swollen with continual weeping, and she exhibited an aspect of woe which moved the sympathy of every heart.

Maria Louisa, though possessing but little native force of character, was an amiable woman, and by her gentle spirit won Napoleon's tender attachment. It would be impossible for any woman to have been placed in circumstances of greater perplexity. "What can I do?" she said in anguish to the Duke of Rovigo. "I write to the Emperor for advice, and he tells me to write to my father. But what can my father say, after the injuries he has allowed to be inflicted upon me? Shall I go to the Emperor with my son? But if an attempt is made upon the Emperor's life, and he should be compelled to fly, we should but embarrass him, and add to his danger. I know not what to do. I live but to weep."

Maria Louisa was now entirely helpless. A Russian escort was sent from the allied sovereigns, and conducted her without resistance to Rambouillet, an ancient hunting-seat of the kings of France, about thirty miles from Paris. Here she joined her father, and became, with her son, the captive of the Allies. Guarded by the soldiers who had overthrown her husband, she was conveyed to Vienna. How far her subsequent inglorious career was influenced by inclination or by force, it is impossible now to determine.

The 20th of April was fixed for the departure of the Emperor. During the few intervening days he appeared calm, tranquil, and decided. He still clung to the hope that Maria Louisa and his adored child would be permitted to rejoin him at Elba. "The air there is healthy," he observed, "and the disposition of the inhabitants excellent. I shall feel tolerably comfortable there, and I hope that Maria Louisa will do so too."

A few days before his departure, his old prefect of the palace, Beausset, in conversation, ventured to state, "It is now to be regretted that we had not concluded peace at Chatillon."

Napoleon, with remarkable composure, replied, "I never believed in the good faith of our enemies. Every day there were new demands, new conditions. They did not want peace; and then I had declared to France that I never would accede to any terms that I thought humiliating, even though the enemy were on the heights of Montmartre."

During this same interview, which lasted above two hours, he said, "What a thing is destiny! At the battle of Arcis-sur-Aube, I did all I could to meet a glorious death in defending, foot by foot, the soil of the country. I exposed myself without reserve. It rained bullets around me. My clothes were pierced, and yet not one of them could reach me. A death which I should owe to an act of despair would be a baseness. Suicide neither accords with my principles nor with the rank which I have filled on the stage of the world. I am a man condemned to live."

General Montholon, who had been on a military reconnoissance, returned from the banks of the Loire. He spoke with enthusiasm of the feeling which

animated the soldiers and the people. "By rallying the troops of the south, a formidable force might be assembled," said he.

"It is too late," the Emperor replied. "I could have done it, but they did not wish it. Doubtless I might still hold out another campaign, and offer a successful resistance, but I should be kindling a civil war in France, and I will not do so. Besides, I have signed my abdication, and I will not recall what I have done. Let destiny be accomplished."

On the morning of the 19th, the preparations were nearly completed for the departure. As the hour approached in which Napoleon was to bid adieu to all which he had known and loved, though calm and resigned, there were many indications that he was struggling to smother the most excruciating sorrow. His heart yearned for sympathy in this hour of desertion; and yet many of his old companions in arms, whom he had loved and cherished, were now dancing at the balls of the Allies, and wearing the white cockade of the Bourbons. It is not strange that they wished to avoid a parting interview with the forsaken Emperor. Still, Napoleon hoped that some of them would come. He uttered not one word of reproach, but was overheard repeating sadly to himself the names Molé, Fontanes, Berthier, Ney. Every time the sound of a carriage broke upon the silence of the deserted halls of the palace, expectation and anxiety were visible in his looks. Still no one came.

In the course of the day he sent for Caulaincourt. His mien was dignified and composed, but expressive of one upon whom misfortune had heavily fallen. "Caulaincourt," said the Emperor, "to-morrow, at twelve o'clock, I shall step into my carriage."

There was a moment's pause, during which Caulaincourt seemed unable to make any reply. The Emperor fixed his eye upon his faithful embassador, took his hand, and added, in slow and solemn tones,

"Caulaincourt, I am heart-broken. We ought never to part."

"Sire!" Caulaincourt exclaimed, in despair, "I will go with you. France has become hateful to me."

"No, Caulaincourt," the Emperor rejoined, "you must not quit France with me. You may still be useful to me here. Who is to look to the interests of my family and of my faithful servants? Who is to defend the cause of those brave and devoted Poles, of whom the nineteenth article of the treaty guarantees the rights acquired by honorable services?* Think well! It would be a shame for France, for me, for all of us, Caulaincourt, if the interests of the Poles were not irrevocably secured. In conformity with the rights which the nineteenth article gives me, I have caused a statement to be prepared. I have fixed the sums which I wish to be paid to my guard, my civil and military household, and to my attendants. Fidelity can not be recompensed with money, but at present it is all I have to give. Tell them it is a remembrance which I leave to each individually, as an attestation of their good services. Be on the watch, Caulaincourt, till these arrangements are fulfilled."

* The nineteenth article of the treaty was as follows: "The Polish troops of all arms shall have the liberty of returning to their own country, preserving their arms and baggage as a testimonial of their honorable services. The officers, sub-officers, and soldiers shall preserve the decorations which have been granted to them, and the pensions attached to these decorations."

After a moment's pause, he added, "In a few days I shall be established in my sovereignty of the isle of Elba. I am in haste to get there. I have dreamed of great things for France. Time failed me. I told you, Caulaincourt, at Dubeu, the French nation knows not how to support reverses. This people, the bravest and most intelligent in the world, has no pertinacity but in flying to the combat. Defeat demoralizes them. During sixteen years, the French nation have marched with me from victory to victory. A single year of disasters has made them forget every thing."

He sighed deeply, and continued, "The way I have been treated is infamous. They separate me violently from my wife and child. In what barbarous code do they find the article which deprives a sovereign of his rights as a father and a husband? By what savage law do they arrogate the power to separate those whom God has joined? History will avenge me. It will say, 'Napoleon, the soldier, the conqueror, was clement and generous in victory. Napoleon, when conquered, was treated with indignity by the monarchs of Europe.'" He paused a moment, and then added with bitterness, "It is a planned thing. Do you not see that, because they dare not blow out my brains with a pistol, they assassinate me by slow degrees? There are a thousand means of causing death."

As Napoleon uttered these words, large drops of perspiration oozed from his brow, and he paced the floor in intense agitation. In reading the record of his anguish, the mind instinctively recurs to the divorce of Josephine. We, perhaps, perceive in it the retributive hand of God, who, in his providential government, does not permit even sins of ignorance to pass away unpunished.

Caulaincourt endeavored to soothe him. "Sire," he said, "all my zeal, all my efforts shall be exerted to put an end to this impious separation. Your majesty may rely on me. I will see the Emperor of Austria on his arrival at Paris. The Empress will second me. She will wish to rejoin you. Have hope, sire, have hope."

"You are right, Caulaincourt, you are right," the Emperor more calmly rejoined. "My wife loves me. I believe it. She has never had cause to complain of me. It is impossible that I have become indifferent to her. Louisa is amiable in her disposition and simple in her tastes. She will prefer her husband's house to a duchy granted in charity. And in the isle of Elba I can yet be happy with my wife and son."

Caulaincourt, as he narrates these events, adds, "This hope, which for a moment soothed his grief, I shared not in. I tried the negotiation. I pressed it. I supplicated. I was not seconded or aided by any one. Who knows, if Napoleon had been united to his wife and son, that France would have had to deplore the misfortune of the hundred days, and, subsequently, the captivity and death of the hero?"

Napoleon soon regained his wonted composure. He spoke without asperity of the restoration of the Bourbons, and of the difficulties which would render the stability of the new government quite impossible. "Between the old Bourbons," said he, "and the present generation of Frenchmen, there is an incompatibility of feeling. The future is big with events. Caulaincourt, write often to me. Your letters will make some amends for your absence.

The remembrance of your conduct will reconcile me to the human race. You are the most faithful of my friends."

Then cordially grasping the hand of the duke, the Emperor added, "My friend, we must separate. To-morrow I shall have occasion for all my fortitude in bidding adieu to my soldiers. My brave Guard! faithful and devoted in my good and in my bad fortune! To-morrow I take my last farewell. This is the final struggle that remains for me to make." His voice became tremulous, his lip quivered, and he added, "Caulaincourt, my friend, we shall one day meet again." Entirely overcome with emotion, he hastily left the cabinet. Such was the final parting of Napoleon with the Duke of Vicenza.

Caulaincourt adds, "I was a league from Fontainebleau before I felt conscious as to how or why I was there. On quitting the Emperor's cabinet, scarcely knowing what I did, I threw myself into my carriage, which was waiting at the entrance to the grand staircase. All was now over. It seemed to me as if I had never before measured the full depth of the abyss. Certainly I had never before so highly appreciated the personal merits of Napoleon. He had never appeared to me more great than at the moment when he was about to depart in exile from France. I was independent in my fortune. I was tired of men and things. I wished for repose. But repose without him! it was the ruin of all the delightful illusions which gave a value to life. I did not comprehend how henceforth I should drag out my colorless existence. I dreamed of travels into remote lands, of mental occupations, which should fill the measureless void of my days to come. I questioned the future, and in the future was written, in letters of blood—WATERLOO."

The high sense of honor with which Napoleon was disposed to discharge his part of the obligations of this treaty, compulsory as it was, is manifest from the magnanimous language with which he released his officers from all further obligations to him, and exhorted them to be faithful to their country under the new government. He assembled in his room the officers still devoted to him who remained at Fontainebleau, and, affectionately looking around upon the group, said, in his farewell words,

"Gentlemen, when I remain no longer with you, and when you have another government, it will become you to attach yourselves to it frankly, and serve it as faithfully as you have served me. I request, and even command you to do this. Therefore, all who desire to go to Paris have my permission to do so; and those who remain here will do well to send in their adhesion to the government of the Bourbons."

The morning of the 20th dawned. Napoleon had appointed midday as the hour of his departure. He remained during the forenoon alone in his cabinet. As the hour approached, the troops of the Imperial Guard were drawn up in the court-yard of the palace, to pay their last token of respect to their exiled Emperor. An immense concourse from the surrounding country had collected to witness the great event. The commissioners of the allied powers, the generals of his body-guard, and a few of the officers of the imperial household, assembled, in mournful silence, in the saloon before his cabinet. General Bertrand, grand-marshal of the palace, faithful to Napo-

leon until the dying scene at St. Helena, announced the Emperor. Napoleon, with a serene countenance and a tranquil air, came forth. The emotions excited in every breast were too deep for utterance, and not a word disturbed the solemn silence of the scene. As the Emperor passed down the line of his friends, bowing to the right and the left, they seized his hand and bathed it with their tears.

As he arrived at the landing of the grand staircase, he stood for a moment and looked around upon the Guard drawn up in the court, and upon the innumerable multitude which thronged its surroundings. Every eye was fixed on him. It was a funereal scene, over which was suspended the solemnity of religious awe. The soldiers were suffocated with sorrow. Acclamations in that hour would have been a mockery. The silence of the grave reigned undisturbed. Tears rolled down the furrowed cheeks of the warriors, and their heads were bowed in unaffected grief. They envied the lot of the little band who were allowed to depart as the companions of their beloved chieftain.

Napoleon cast a tender and a grateful look over the battalions and the squadrons who had ever proved so faithful to himself and to his cause. Before descending into the court-yard, he hesitated for a moment, as if his fortitude were forsaking him. But, immediately rallying his strength, he approached the soldiers. The drums commenced beating the accustomed salute. With a gesture Napoleon arrested the martial tones. A breathless stillness prevailed. With a voice clear and firm, every articulation of which was heard in the remotest ranks, he said,

"Generals, officers, and soldiers of my Old Guard, I bid you farewell. For five-and-twenty years I have ever found you in the path of honor and of glory. In these last days, as in the days of our prosperity, you have never ceased to be models of fidelity and of courage. Europe has armed against us. Still, with men such as you, our cause never could have been lost. We could have maintained a civil war for years. But it would have rendered our country unhappy. I have therefore sacrificed our interests to those of France. I leave you. *But do you, my friends, be faithful to the new sovereign whom France has accepted.* The happiness of France was my only thought. It shall ever be the object of my most fervent prayers. Grieve not for my lot. I shall be happy so long as I know that you are so. If I have consented to outlive myself, it is with the hope of still promoting your glory. I trust to write the deeds we have achieved together. Adieu, my children! I would that I could press you all to my heart. Let me at least embrace your general and your Eagle."

Every eye was now bathed in tears, and here and there many a strong bosom was heaving with sobs. At a signal from Napoleon, General Petit, who then commanded the "Old Guard," a man of martial bearing but of tender feelings, advanced, and stood between the ranks of the soldiers and their Emperor. Napoleon, with tears dimming his eyes, encircled the general in his arms, while the veteran commander, entirely unmanned, sobbed aloud. All hearts were melted, and a stifled moan was heard through all the ranks.

Again the Emperor recovered himself, and said, "Bring me the Eagle."



ADIEU TO THE GUARD.

A grenadier advanced bearing one of the Eagles of the regiment. Napoleon imprinted a kiss upon its silver beak, then pressed the Eagle to his heart, and said, in tremulous accents, " Dear Eagle ! may this last embrace vibrate forever in the hearts of all my faithful soldiers ! Farewell, again, my old companions—farewell !"

The outburst of universal grief could no longer be restrained ; all were alike overcome. Napoleon threw himself into his carriage, bowed his sorrow-stricken head, covered his eyes with both hands, and the carriage rolled away, bearing the greatest and noblest son of France into exile.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE EMPEROR AT ELBA.

Equanimity of the Emperor—Affection of Josephine—Her Death—Napoleon's Arrival at Elba—His Devotion to the Interests of the Island—Rural Enjoyments—Measures of the Bourbons in France—Comical Appearance of Louis XVIII.—Plans for the Abdication of the Emperor—The Income of the Emperor withheld—Conversation with Lord Ebrington—Distracted State of France—Conversation with M. Chabouillon—Napoleon decides to leave Elba—Testimony of the Duke of Rovigo.

NAPOLEON was to embark at Frejus, which is about seven hundred miles from Paris. Eight days were occupied in the journey to the coast. Throughout all the first part of the journey he was the object of universal respect and affection. Crowds gathered to see him pass along the road, and where relays of horses were to be taken, he was greeted with enthusiastic shouts of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" As he approached those departments farther remote from Paris, where he was less known, and where the Bourbon interest continued strong, it was anticipated that he would encounter many insults. In a few towns, as the cavalcade advanced, cries of "*Vive le Roi!*" were raised, and, but for the prudent precaution of the commissioners, it is not improbable that he would have been assassinated.*

Napoleon had now entirely recovered his equanimity, and appeared social and cheerful. As a matter of precaution, he rode on horseback, in advance of his escort, occasionally answering questions to the populace, and laughing good humoredly at observations often not very complimentary respecting himself. On the 27th he reached Frejus, and on the evening of the 28th embarked, under a salute of twenty-one guns, in the British frigate "*The Undaunted.*" A French vessel had been prepared for his reception, but he refused to sail under the Bourbon flag. Two of the commissioners, the Austrian and the English, accompanied him on board.

During these melancholy scenes, Napoleon could not forget his true and faithful Josephine. She was at Malmaison, overwhelmed with anguish. He wrote to her frequently. In all his letters to Josephine, he seemed to recognize her noble nature and her appreciative spirit. Four days before he left Fontainebleau for Elba, he sent to her the following letter:

"Dear Josephine,—I wrote to you on the 8th of this month, but perhaps you have not received my letter. Hostilities still continued, and possibly it

* In reference to Sir Walter Scott's account of this journey to Frejus, Mr. Hazlitt says, "He was once or twice exposed to insults and personal risk, which gave rise to the most exaggerated and ridiculous stories, that have at present only one discreditable echo. Napoleon is represented as having wept and trembled like a woman. It is easy to distinguish the style of the hero from that of his historian; nor is it difficult to understand how a pen, accustomed to describe and to create the highest interest in pure fiction, without any foundation at all, should be able to receive and gloss over whatever it pleases as true, with the aid of idle rumor, vulgar prejudice, and servile malice. The author here alluded to, with no less shame than regret, writes fiction with the broad, open palm of humanity, history with cloven hoofs."

may have been intercepted. At present the communications must be re-established. I have formed my resolution. I have no doubt this billet will reach you. I will not repeat what I said to you. Then I lamented my situation. My head and spirit are freed from an enormous weight. My fall is great, but it may, as men say, prove useful. In my retreat I shall substitute the pen for the sword. The history of my reign will be curious. The world has as yet seen me only in profile. I shall show myself in full. How many things have I to disclose! how many are the men of whom a false estimate is entertained! I have heaped benefits upon millions of ingrates, and they have all betrayed me—yes, all. I except from this number the good Eugene, so worthy of you and of me. Adieu, my dear Josephine. Be resigned, as I am, and never forget him who never forgot, and who never will forget you. Farewell, Josephine! NAPOLEON.

"P.S.—I expect to hear from you at Elba. I am not very well."

Josephine, as she read these lines, wept bitterly. All the affections of her soul, elicited anew by the sorrow of her former companion, now gushed forth unrestrained. "I must not remain here," she said. "My presence is necessary to the Emperor. The duty is, indeed, more Maria Louisa's than mine. But the Emperor is alone—forsaken. Well, I at least will not abandon him. I might be dispensed with while he was happy, now I am sure that he expects me."

In her situation of peculiar delicacy and embarrassment, and not knowing what decision Maria Louisa might adopt, she wrote the following touching lines to Napoleon:

"Now only can I calculate the whole extent of the misfortune of having beheld my union with you dissolved by law. Now do I indeed lament being no more than your friend, who can but mourn over a misfortune great as it is unexpected. Ah, sire! why can I not fly to you! Why can I not give you the assurance that exile has no terrors save for vulgar minds; and that, far from diminishing a sincere attachment, misfortune imparts to it a new force. I have been upon the point of quitting France to follow your footsteps, and to consecrate to you the remainder of an existence which you so long embellished. A single motive restrains me, and that you may divine. If I learn that I am the only one who will fulfill her duty, nothing shall detain me, and I will go to the only place where, henceforth, there can be happiness for me, since I shall be able to console you when you are isolated and unfortunate. Say but the word, and I depart. Adieu, sire! Whatever I would add would still be too little. It is no longer by *words* that my sentiments for you are to be proved, and for *actions* your consent is necessary."

A few days after writing this letter, Josephine, crushed by care and sorrow, was taken sick. It was soon evident that her dying hour approached. She received the tidings with perfect composure, and partook of the last sacraments of religion. At the close of these solemn rites she said to Eugene and Hortense, who were weeping at her bedside,

"I have always desired the happiness of France. I did all in my power to contribute to it. I can say with truth, in this my dying hour, that the first wife of Napoleon never caused a single tear to flow."

She called for a portrait of the Emperor, gazed upon it long and tenderly, and, fervently pressing it to her heart, breathed the following prayer:

"O God! watch over Napoleon while he remains in the desert of this world. Alas! though he hath committed great faults, hath he not expiated them by great sufferings? Just God! thou hast looked into his heart, and hast seen by how ardent a desire for useful and durable improvements he was animated. Deign to approve this my last petition, and may this image of my husband bear me witness that my latest wish and my latest prayer was for him and for my children."



JOSEPHINE

On the 29th of May, hardly four weeks after Napoleon's arrival in Elba, she died. It was a vernal evening of extraordinary loveliness. The shrubs and the flowers of Malmaison were in full bloom, and the luxuriant groves were filled with the songs of birds. The sun, throned in gorgeous clouds, was just descending, while gentle zephyrs from the open windows breathed over the pale cheek of the dying empress. She held the miniature of Napoleon in her hand. Her last looks were riveted upon those features she had loved so faithfully, and faintly exclaiming, "*Island of Elba—Napoleon!*" her gentle spirit passed away into the sweet sleep of the Christian's death. For four days her body remained shrouded in state. More than twenty thousand people—monarchs, nobles, statesmen, and adoring peasants—thronged the chateau of Malmaison to take a last look of her beloved remains. Her body now lies entombed in the antique village church of Ruel, two miles

from Malmaison. A mausoleum of white marble, representing the Empress kneeling in her coronation robes, bears the simple inscription:

EUGENE AND HORTENSE
TO
JOSEPHINE.

The island of Elba is situated about two hundred miles from the coast of France. Gentle breezes, a smooth sea, and cloudless skies rendered the voyage of five days peculiarly agreeable. The Emperor conversed with perfect frankness and cheerfulness, and, by his freedom from restraint, his good-nature, and his social converse, won the admiration and the friendship of all in the ship. Captain Usher, who commanded the "Undaunted," and other distinguished men on board, have left their testimony, that in extent of information, in genius, and in all social fascinations, the Emperor was the most extraordinary man they had ever met. He had been but a few hours on board before he had won the kindly feelings of all the ship's company. Even the common sailors, who had been instructed to believe that he was an incarnate fiend, were heard to say with astonishment, "*Bony is a good fellow, after all!*"



ARRIVAL AT ELBA.

On the evening of the 3d of May, as the sun was sinking beneath the blue waves of the Mediterranean, the dark mountains of Elba rose in the horizon. As the ship drew near the shore, the Emperor presented to the ship's crew a purse of two hundred Napoleons — about one thousand dollars. The

boatswain, in behalf of his shipmates, cap in hand, returned thanks, wishing "his honor long life, and *better luck next time.*"

The next morning Napoleon landed, under a royal salute from the English ship, and the discharge of a hundred guns from the battery of Porto Ferrajo, the humble capital of his diminutive domain. Napoleon, instead of proceeding immediately to the palace which had been prepared for his reception, with the simplicity of a private traveler tarried upon the shore while his property was disembarking, occasionally even rendering assistance with his own hands. The sun was intensely hot. Captain Usher, who stood by his side, felt it severely. Napoleon, noticing his discomfort, playfully expressed surprise that a British officer, belonging to a profession famed for its patient endurance of hardships, should be so affected.

Napoleon remained for two hours without sitting down, superintending the disembarkation. Then mounting a horse, and inviting Captain Usher to accompany him, he observed that he would take a ride and view the country. They ascended an eminence which commanded a view of nearly the whole island, which was sixteen miles in length, and from two to twelve miles in breadth. The population was thirteen thousand. After gazing for a few moments upon its whole extent, he remarked, with a smile, "My empire, it must be confessed, is rather small."



MAP OF ELBA.

The inhabitants received him with great demonstrations of joy. The peasantry, on meeting him, knelt and prostrated themselves to the earth. Napoleon was much displeased with this debasement, which he attributed to their want of education, and to the humiliation imposed upon them by the monks. But even here the restless energies of his mind, and his intense interest in public improvement, were immediately conspicuous. In the course of two or three days he had visited every spot in his little domain. He examined the mines, the salt marshes, the vineyards, the woods, the harbors, the fortifications, with a practical and a scientific eye. Extraordinary activity was instantly infused into the little realm. New roads were constructed, canals were dug, and aqueducts reared. A hospital was established, conveniences were introduced to facilitate the fisheries, and improved buildings were reared for carrying on the salt-works. At a short distance from Elba there was an uninhabited island called Rianosa, which had been abandoned, as it had become a lurking-place of the Barbary corsairs. Napoleon sent thirty of his guard, as a colony, to take possession of the island, and sketched out a plan of fortifications to beat off the pirates. "Europe," he remarked, with a smile, "will say that I have already made a conquest."

All his energies seemed devoted to the promotion of the wealth and the

industry of his little realm. "It has been alleged," says W. H. Ireland, "but without foundation, that the Emperor retained his taste for military exercises. Not one review took place during his residence at Porto Ferrajo, where arms seemed to possess no attractions for him."

Early in June, Madame Letitia and Pauline, impelled by maternal and sisterly affection, came to share the exile of the beloved son and brother. About the same time, the Austrian commissioner took leave and returned to Vienna. The English commissioner was now left alone. His position was humiliating to himself and annoying to Napoleon. Though he was an intelligent man, and Napoleon at first took pleasure in his society, the degrading function he was called upon to perform gradually cooled the intimacy. Napoleon ceased to pay him attention, and he soon found that he was not a welcome guest. Still, he was bound to keep a watchful eye upon all that transpired at Elba, and to transmit his observations to the English cabinet. At length, the only way in which he could obtain an interview with the Emperor was by availing himself of the forms of court etiquette, which rendered it proper to call upon the Emperor to take his leave whenever he departed from the island, and also to announce his return.

The presence of the Emperor made the little island of Elba the most conspicuous spot in all Europe. A large number of travelers from all parts of the Continent resorted to Elba in crowds. French, Italian, and Polish officers thronged thither to pay their homage to one whose renown made him, though but the proprietor of a small estate, the most illustrious monarch in Europe. All of suitable social position were readily admitted to friendly intercourse with the banished monarch. He engaged in conversation with marvelous freedom and frankness, interesting all by the nobleness and the elevation of his views, speaking of the past as of history, and of himself as politically dead.

His spirits appeared ever tranquil. No expression of regret escaped his lips, and he seemed disposed to cast the mantle of charity over the conduct of those who had most deeply wronged him. He took an interest in the simple amusements of the peasants, and they addressed him with frankness and affection, as if he were their father. On one occasion, when he was present to witness some of their athletic feats of competition, they requested him to preside as umpire. Very good-naturedly he consented. He animated the competitors by his plaudits, and crowned the victor with his own hand.

He had a farm-house but a short distance from his humble palace in Porto Ferrajo. Every day he rode thither in an open barouche, accompanied by his mother, and occasionally amused himself by going into the poultry-yard and feeding the chickens. His mother was then nearly seventy years of age. She was a remarkably fine-looking woman, her countenance being expressive of both sweetness and dignity.

Napoleon slept but little. He often threw himself upon a couch without removing his clothes, and rose very early in the morning to read and write. He breakfasted between ten and eleven, and then took a short nap. He made himself a very agreeable companion to all who approached him, never alluding with the slightest gloom or regret to his past reverses. He was



NAPOLEON AT THE FARM-HOUSE.

very simple and unostentatious in his dress, and in all his tastes. The intellectual had such a predominance in his nature that the animal appetite had no room for growth.

The summer thus passed rapidly and pleasantly away. The allied despots, having reconquered Europe, were still assembled in congress at Vienna, quarreling among themselves respecting the division of the spoils. The Bourbons were fast resuming their ancient tyranny in France. All parties, except a few extreme Loyalists, were disgusted with their sway.

Alexander, who had obtained some new ideas respecting human rights from his interviews with Napoleon, had endeavored to persuade Louis XVIII. to have some little regard to public opinion.

"The doctrine of *divine right to the crown*," said the Czar, "is now seen through and repudiated by the people of France. You must obtain an election to the throne by the Senate, that you may be understood to reign by a new title, by a voluntary appeal to the people. It will be prudent to recognize as valid the government of the last twenty-five years. If you date your reign from the death of Louis XVII., thus asserting that since that time you have been the lawful sovereign of France, and that the empire has been a usurpation, France will be wounded and irritated."

To these common-sense remarks, from the lips of the despotic Czar, Louis haughtily replied, "By what title can the Senate, the instrument and accomplice of the violence and madness of a usurper, dispose of the crown of France? Does it belong to them? And if it did, think you that they would

give it to a Bourbon? No! The deaths of my brother and of my nephew have transmitted the throne to me. In virtue of this title I reign. Europe has placed me on the throne, not to re-establish in my person a man, a race, but a *principle*. I have no other, I want no other title to present to France and to the world. You yourself—by what title do you command those millions of men whom you have led here to restore me to my throne?"

Alexander was silenced. The advice of Bernadotte was a little different, and more highly appreciated. "Sire," said he, "make yourself dreaded, and they will love you. Wear a velvet glove upon a hand of iron." In this spirit the Bourbons, madly ignoring all the light and advancement of a quarter of a century of revolution, with folly unutterable endeavored to consign France again to the gloom and oppression of the Middle Ages. "The Bourbons," said Napoleon, "during their exile, had learned nothing and had forgotten nothing."

Louis XVIII. was about sixty years of age. He suffered much from the gout, and was so excessively corpulent that he could hardly walk. He conversed with ease, and possessed that quality which his friends called firmness, and his enemies stubbornness. He wore velvet boots, that the leather might not chafe his legs. Decorations of chivalry were suspended from broad blue ribbons, which passed over his capacious white waistcoat. His whole costume was fantastically antique. His hair, carefully powdered, was artistically turned up in front, and curled by the hair-dressers upon his temples. Behind it was tied by a black ribbon, from whence it escaped, flowing down upon his shoulders. He wore a three-cornered hat, decorated with a white cockade and a white plume. When the people of Paris and the soldiers saw this comical-looking object, under the patronage of the armies of England, Russia, Austria, and Prussia, conveyed through the streets of Paris to the Tuileries, to take the place of Napoleon as their sovereign, they were at first exceedingly amused, but their amusement soon passed away into derision and contempt. They began to murmur more and more loudly for the noble exile of Elba. In very uncourtly phrase, they called Louis XVIII. Louis *the hog*. They called the Bourbons the swine. A caricature was circulated every where through the kingdom, representing a magnificent eagle winging his flight from the Tuileries, while a herd of unwieldy porkers were wallowing in at the gates.

The Bourbons disbanded the Imperial Guard, who could never forget their adored chieftain, and surrounded themselves with a body-guard of Swiss mercenaries. The tri-colored flag gave place to the ancient standard of the Bourbons. The king haughtily nullified all the acts of the imperial government, ever speaking of the empire as *the usurpation*, and dating the first of his ordinances in the *nineteenth year* of his reign. The right of suffrage was so far abolished that there were but eight hundred thousand voters in the kingdom, instead of about five million, as under Napoleon. The king insulted the nation by declaring that he held the throne by divine right, and not by the will of the people.

The Bourbons also humiliated France beyond expression by the enormous concessions they made to the Allies. At one sweep they surrendered every inch of territory which France had acquired since the Revolution. Fifteen

million three hundred and sixty thousand souls were thus severed from the empire. Twelve thousand pieces of cannon, and ammunition and military stores in incalculable quantities, were yielded to the victors. Fortresses were dismantled, garrisons containing a hundred thousand men surrendered, and the army was cut down to eighty thousand troops. Thus the Allies disarmed France, and rendered it helpless, before they intrusted it to the keeping of the Bourbon usurpers. The discontent and murmurs of the people became so loud and universal, that it became necessary to establish the most rigid censorship of the press.

When Bernadotte was seduced to turn his traitorous arms against Napoleon, the Allies secretly contracted to annex to Sweden the kingdom of Norway. It became now necessary to pay the thirty pieces of silver. But as the Allies had not the property which they had pledged, they turned themselves into highwaymen to obtain it. The Norwegians, in the anguish of despair, rose as one man, declaring, "We will live or die for old Norway's freedom." A deputation was sent from Norway to the British government, to implore, in most pathetic tones, the mercy of England. "The engagements of the allied powers, however," says Alison, "toward Sweden were too stringent to permit of any attention being paid even to these touching appeals of a gallant people struggling for their independence." England, without the slightest pretext even of provocation, sent her fleet to assail Norway by sea, while Bernadotte, by land, poured into the helpless kingdom a powerful army of invasion. The Norwegians fought desperately against such fearful odds. The little kingdom was soon overpowered, and fell, covered with wounds. The Allies, wiping their dripping swords, handed over the bloody prey to Bernadotte. This act aroused intense indignation from the opposition in the British Parliament. It was declared to be the deepest stain which as yet sullied the British government. But the Tories were in the entire ascendency, and haughtily trampled all opposition beneath their feet. This event occurred during the months of September, October, and November of this year.

With the same reckless disregard of all popular rights, the Allies proceeded to punish all those states which had manifested any disposition to throw off the yoke of feudal despotism. The noble Saxons were compelled to drink the cup of humiliation to its dregs. A large part of the kingdom was passed over to the despotism of Prussia; Blucher, with his bloody dragoons, silenced the slightest aspirations for liberty. The Grand Duchy of Warsaw, one of the portions of dismembered Poland which Napoleon had nobly enfranchised, was bound hand and foot, and delivered again to Russia. This most relentless of earth's despotisms swung her knout, and pointed to Siberia, and her trembling victims were silent and still. The Milanese, who for a few years had enjoyed a free government, and a degree of prosperity never known before, were again overrun by the armies of Austria. Truly was it declared in the British Parliament that these acts of violence and spoliation surpassed any with which Napoleon had ever been charged. Sir Archibald Alison, the eloquent advocate of the British aristocracy, thus apologizes for these acts: "All these states which were disposed of, some against their will, by the Congress of Vienna, were *at war* with the allied

powers; they were part of the French empire or of its allied dependencies, and if they were allotted to some of the conquering powers, they underwent no more than the stern rule of war, the sad lot of the vanquished from the beginning of the world."

As these governments had been sustained by the genius of one man, when he fell they all fell together. The Allies had discernment enough to see where the mighty energy was which sustained the popular institutions of Europe; consequently, they combined against Napoleon Bonaparte alone. Let those who condemn Napoleon for not having organized these kingdoms as republics answer the question, "Why did not these people, upon the fall of Napoleon, establish republican institutions themselves?"

The fate of Frederick Augustus, the unhappy King of Saxony, peculiarly excited the sympathies of all generous minds. He had been magnanimous in his fidelity to the popular cause, and with corresponding severity he was punished. After being detained for some time a state prisoner in the castle of Fredericksfield, while his judges decided his doom, one third of his dominions was wrested from him and given to Prussia. The king, thus weakened by the loss of two millions of subjects, and rendered powerless in the midst of surrounding despotisms, was permitted to sit down again upon his mutilated throne. Thus all over Europe there was with the people intense discontent. The popular cause was effectually abased, and despotism was rampant.

Napoleon, at Elba, read the European journals with the greatest avidity. He appeared to be quite indifferent to the insults which the Allies and their partisans were lavishing upon him.

"Am I much cut up to-day?" said he to General Bertrand, as he on one occasion brought him the French journals.

"No, sire," the grand marshal replied. "There is no assault to-day upon your majesty."

"Ah! well!" Napoleon replied. "It will be for to-morrow. It is an intermittent fever."*

As the summer advanced the Emperor began to be embarrassed for want of money. The sums he had brought with him were expended, and the Bourbons, with dishonor which excited the reproaches even of the Allies, neglected to pay the annuity settled upon the exiled Emperor by the treaty

* The following remarks of the Duke of Rovigo will commend themselves to every candid mind: "In spite of all attacks, the brilliant career of the Emperor remains to defend him. It is exclusively the offspring of his genius. His immortal works will long remain as objects of comparison, difficult of attainment for those who shall attempt to imitate him; while Frenchmen will consider them the proudest records in their history. They will also serve as an answer to all those attacks which a spirit of revenge never ceases to direct against him. When time, which analyzes every thing, shall have disarmed resentment, Napoleon will be held up to the veneration of history as the man of the people, as the hero of liberal institutions. He will then receive his just meed of praise for his efforts to improve the condition of mankind. A correct idea will then be formed of the resistance he must have encountered. A proper distinction will then be drawn between a dictatorship rendered necessary and a government ruling by the laws; between the crisis of a moment and the settled political existence which it was intended to impart to the nation. Lastly, it will be admitted that no one possessed in so great a degree as himself the means of rendering France happy, and that she would not have failed to be so had it not been for the wars into which his enemies had taken pains to involve him, in order to obstruct his views for her welfare."

of Fontainebleau. This violation of the compact was without a shadow of justification. Napoleon might have continued the war, and at least have cost the Allies a vast sacrifice of treasure and of blood. It was an act of perfidy to refuse the fulfillment of the treaty. The British government were ashamed of this conduct, and Lord Castlereagh earnestly but unavailingly remonstrated with the Bourbons.

Napoleon, with his accustomed promptness and energy, stopped his improvements, and introduced the most rigid economy into all his expenditures. The chill winds of winter came, and the Emperor retired to his cabinet and to his books, and to conversation with the illustrious men who, in increasing numbers, flocked to visit him. With remarkable unreserve he communicated his impressions, though he could not but have known that they would have been reported all over Europe.



RESIDENCE AT ELBA.

Lord Ebrington records an interesting interview which he had with Napoleon on the evening of the 6th of December.

"Tell me frankly," said Napoleon, "are the French satisfied?"

"So so," Lord Ebrington replied.

"It can not be," Napoleon rejoined. "They have been too much humbled. They have had a king forced upon them, and that, too, by England."

He then referred to the pamphlets which had been published in France

respecting himself. "Among them," said he, "there are some which denominate me a traitor and a coward. But it is only truth that wounds. The French well know that I am neither the one nor the other. The wisest plan the Bourbons could have adopted would have been, as regards myself, to pursue the rule by which I was guided in respect to them—that is to say, never permitting any one to state any thing either good or bad regarding the family."

"What do you think of the Emperor of Russia?" inquired Lord Ebrington.

"He is an absolute Greek," Napoleon replied. "There is no placing any dependence upon him. He nevertheless is instructed, and possesses some liberal sentiments, which were acquired from the philosophical La Harpe, who was his tutor. But he is so flippant and deceptive it is impossible to ascertain if his assertions are the results of his real thoughts, or derived from a certain vanity in contrasting himself with his real position.

"The Emperor Francis," he continued, "had more honesty, but less capacity. I would much rather confide in him than in the other. And if he passed his word to any thing, I should feel persuaded that, on pledging himself, he had the intention of fulfilling his promise. But his faculties are very circumscribed—no energy, no character.

"As to the King of Prussia, he is a corporal, without an idea beyond the dress of a soldier. He is by far the most stupid of the three."

Conversation then turned to Napoleon's last campaign. "Our ruin," said he, with as much apparent composure as if speaking of an event which occurred during the Middle Ages, "is to be ascribed to Marmont. I had confided to him some of my best troops, and a post of the greatest importance. How could I expect to be betrayed by a man whom I had loaded with kindness from the time he was fifteen years of age? Had he stood firm, I could have driven the Allies out of Paris, and the people there, as well as throughout France, would have risen in spite of the Senate. But, even with Marmont's troops, the Allies numbered against us three to one. After his defection there was no longer any hope of success. I might still, however, have been in France, and have prolonged the war for some years; but against Europe united I could not have flattered myself with a fortunate result. I soon decided to rescue France from civil war; and I now look upon myself as dead, for to die or to live *here* is the same thing."

"Were you not surprised," inquired Lord Ebrington, "that Berthier should have been among the first to welcome the arrival of the Bourbons?"

Napoleon answered with a smile, "I have been informed that he committed some such foolishness, but he was not gifted with a strong mind. I had raised him higher than his deserts, because he was useful to me in writing. After all, he was an honest soul, who, in case I appeared, would be the first to express his regrets for what he had done with tears in his eyes." Again he said, "The only revenge I wish upon this poor Berthier would be to see him in his costume of captain of the body-guard of Louis." With undeniable correctness Napoleon has said, "*I never revenged myself for a personal injury during the whole course of my life.*"

"But what would they do with me," said Napoleon, "supposing I should go to England? Should I be stoned to death?"

"I think," Lord Ebrington replied, "that you would be perfectly safe. The violent feelings against you have been daily subsiding since we are no longer at war."

"I believe, nevertheless," Napoleon rejoined, smiling, "that I should run some risk from your London mob."

He spoke of Lord Cornwallis in the highest terms. "Though not a man," said he, "of superior talents, he was, in integrity and goodness of heart, an honor to his country. He was what I call a specimen of the true race of English nobility. I wish I had had some of the same stamp in France. I always knew," he added, "whether the English cabinet were sincere in any proposals for peace by the persons they sent to treat. I believe, if Mr. Fox had lived, we should have concluded a peace. The manner in which he began his correspondence with Talleyrand gave an incontestable proof of his good faith. You doubtless call to your recollection the circumstance of the assassin. But those leagued with Mr. Fox in the administration were not so pacifically inclined."

"We considered your views of aggrandizement such," said Lord Ebrington, "that many of our statesmen, and Lord Grenville among them, were afraid of making peace with you."

"You were mistaken," Napoleon replied; "I was only desirous of making you just. I respect the English character; but I wanted a free maritime trade. Events, in creating wars, furnished me the means of enlarging my empire, and I did not neglect them. But I stood in need of some years' repose to accomplish every thing I intended for France. Tell Lord Grenville to come and visit me at Elba. I believe you thought in England that I was a very demon; but now you have seen France and me, you will probably allow that you have in some respects been deceived."

"I then attacked," says Lord Ebrington, "his detention of English travelers, which he justified on the score of retaliation, in our having made prizes at sea before a declaration of war. I replied that such a proceeding had been sanctioned by long use." 'Yes,' he said, 'to you who gain, but not to others who suffer from it; and if you made new laws of nations, I was justified in doing the same. I am fully convinced that in your hearts you allow that I was right, because I displayed energy in that proceeding; and I have, equally with yourselves, somewhat of the pirate about me.'"

Lord Ebrington expressed his surprise at the admirable *sang froid* with which Napoleon bore his reverses. "All the world," said the Emperor, "has been more astonished in that respect than myself. I do not entertain the best opinion of men, and I have uniformly mistrusted fortune. My brothers were much more kings than I. They have had the enjoyments of royalty, while I have had little but its fatigues."

The eyes of the people of France were now every day more and more earnestly turned toward Elba. Loud murmurs were every where ascending around the Bourbon throne. Louis XVIII. and his friends were alarmed. The Royalists felt that it was necessary to put Napoleon out of the way, as his boundless personal popularity endangered the repose of Europe. Many plots were formed for his assassination, which were communicated to him by his friends. Napoleon was defenseless, and the poniard of the murderer was

ever suspended over him. The English cabinet was dissatisfied with his place of exile, as not being sufficiently remote from Europe. The British government was in negotiation with the East India Company for the cession to the crown of the island of St. Helena. It was reported that the Duke of Wellington, who, on his voyage to and from India, had seen this lonely rock, had suggested it as a strong prison for the exile, whom he unworthily allowed himself implacably to hate. The report was every where that the Allies were deliberating the project of removing the Emperor from Elba to St. Helena.

"After the retreat of the Emperor to Elba," says Lord Holland, "Lady Holland furnished him with one or two packets of English newspapers, which she was informed that he had been anxious to peruse. It is remarkable that in one of those papers was a paragraph hinting a project among the confederates of transporting him to St. Helena. True it was that such an idea, however inconsistent with honor or good faith, was started and discussed before Napoleon left Elba. I stated this fact in the House of Lords, in the debate on the treatment of General Bonaparte, and *I was not contradicted.* I had it, in truth, from an Englishman of veracity employed at the Congress at Vienna, who told me it after Napoleon's arrival at Paris, but before the battle of Waterloo. Any well-grounded suspicion of such a proceeding was surely sufficient to release the exiled Emperor from the obligations of his treaty and abdication at Fontainebleau, and to justify his attempt to recover the empire he had so recently lost."

Nothing can more clearly show than this state of things the marvelous power of Napoleon. Here was a man, without arms, without money, quietly dwelling on a little island of the Mediterranean, reading his books, conversing in his cabinet, watching over the interests of a few hundred peasants, and yet the power of his name was such, and there was such a tide of sympathy circling around him from the masses of the people on the Continent, that the combined despots of Europe, in the midst of their bristling bayonets, were trembling for fear of him.

The treaty of Fontainebleau had already been shamefully violated, and Napoleon was consequently no longer bound by its obligations. A crisis was manifestly at hand. France was on the eve of another revolution. The nation was earnestly yearning for its deposed Emperor. Napoleon anxiously watched these portentous signs. He studied the journals. He received reports from his friends respecting the distracted state of France, the universal discontent with the Bourbons, the projects for his assassination, or to kidnap him and consign him to close imprisonment. They told him of the affection with which his memory was cherished by the people of France, and their earnest desire that he would return.

It was now near the close of the month of February. He had been upon the island of Elba ten months. His peril was extreme. The assassin's dagger might any day reach his heart, or a band of kidnappers convey him to imprisonment—a thousand-fold more to be dreaded than death. He resolved to return to France, present himself before the people, and let them place him upon the throne or send a bullet through his heart, as to them should seem the best.

Pauline visited the Continent, and the most distinguished of the friends of Napoleon gathered around her. On her return she acquainted the Emperor with the remorse of his old companions in arms for having joined the Bourbons, and of their urgent entreaty that he would return to France. They all agreed in the declaration that the people, with entire unanimity, would replace him upon the throne.

Early in February, Baron Chaboulon, one of the young members of Napoleon's Council of State, in disguise visited Elba. He obtained a private audience with the Emperor, and reports the following conversation as having occurred during the interview:

"I am informed that you have just arrived from France," said the Emperor. "Speak to me of Paris. Have you brought to me letters from my friends?"

"No, sire—"

Napoleon interrupted him, saying, "Ah! I see they, like the rest, have forgotten me."

"Sire, you will never be forgotten in France," Chaboulon added. "Your majesty will ever be cherished with emotions of devotion and attachment by all true Frenchmen."

"You are mistaken," said Napoleon. "The French have now another sovereign. Their duty and their happiness command them to think no more of me. They invent a great many fables and falsehoods respecting me in Paris. It is also said that I am to be transferred to Malta or to St. Helena. Let them think of it. I have provisions for six months, cannon, and brave men to defend me, and I shall make them pay dearly for the shameful attempt. But I can not think that Europe will dishonor itself by arming against a single man, who has neither the inclination nor the wish to injure others. The Emperor Alexander has too much regard for the opinion of posterity to lend himself to such a crime. They have guaranteed to me by a solemn treaty the sovereignty of the island of Elba. I am here in my own house. So long as I do not go out to seek a quarrel with my neighbors, no one has a right to come and disturb me. How are the Bourbons liked in France?"

"Sire," Chaboulon replied, "the Bourbons have not realized the expectations of the French. The number of malcontents increases daily."

"So much the worse, so much the worse," Napoleon sharply rejoined. "But why has not X—— sent me any letters?"

"He was afraid," Chaboulon replied, "that they might be taken from me. He has, however, revealed several circumstances, known only to your majesty and himself, which I am to give as proof that I am worthy of your con fidence."

"Let us hear them," the Emperor added.

"I began my detail," Chaboulon writes, "but he exclaimed, without allowing me to finish, 'That's enough. Why did you not tell me that at first? We have lost half an hour.' This storm disconcerted me. He perceived my confusion, and, resuming his discourse in tones of mildness, said, 'Come, make yourself easy, and repeat to me minutely all that has transpired between you and X——.'

"I proceeded in my narrative, but the Emperor, who, when affected, was incapable of listening to any recital without interrupting by his comments at every moment, stopped me by exclaiming,

"'I truly thought, when I abdicated, that the Bourbons, instructed and disciplined by adversity, would not fall again into the errors that ruined them in 1789. I was in hopes the king would govern you as a good man should. It was the only means of making you forget that he had been forced upon you by foreigners; but, since the Bourbons have returned to France, they have done nothing but commit blunders. Their treaty of the 23d of April has profoundly disgusted me. With one stroke of the pen they have robbed France of Belgium, and of all the territory acquired since the Revolution. They have despoiled the nation of its docks, its arsenals, its fleets, its artillery, and the immense stores which I had collected in the fortresses and ports which they have now ceded. Talleyrand has conducted them to this infamy. He must have been bribed. Peace on such terms is easy. Had I, like them, consented to the ruin of France, they would not now be on my throne; but I would sooner cut off this right arm. I preferred renouncing my throne rather than to retain it by tarnishing my glory and the honor of France. A degraded throne is an intolerable burden.

"'My enemies have published every where that I obstinately refused to make peace. They have represented me as a wretched madman, thirsting for blood and carnage. Such language answered their purpose. When you wish to hang your dog, you give out that he is mad. But Europe shall know the truth. I will acquaint it with every thing that was said or done at Chatillon. I will unmask, with a vigorous hand, the English, the Russians, and the Austrians. Europe shall judge between us. She will declare on which side lay the knavery and the thirst for shedding blood. I might have retired with my army beyond the Loire, and enjoyed a mountain warfare to my heart's content. I would not. I was weary of carnage.

"'My name, and the brave men who remained faithful to me, made the Allies tremble even in my capital. They offered Italy as the price of my abdication. I refused. After once reigning over France, one ought not to reign elsewhere. I chose the isle of Elba. They were happy to accord it to me. The position suits me; for here I can watch France and the Bourbons. All that I have done has been for France. It was for her sake, not for my own, that I wished to make her the first nation on the globe. My glory is secure. If I had thought but of self, I would have returned to a private station. But it was my duty to retain the imperial title for my family and son. Next to France, my son is to me the dearest object in all the world.'"

During this glowing discourse the Emperor rapidly paced the room, and appeared violently agitated. He paused a moment, and then continued,

"The emigrants know too well that I am here. I discover new plots every day. They have sent to Corsica one of the assassins associated with Georges—a wretch whom even the English journals have pointed out to Europe as a bloodthirsty assassin. But let them beware! If he misses me, I shall not miss him. I will send my grenadiers after him, and he shall be shot as an example to others."

There was again a moment of silence, when the Emperor resumed, "Do my generals go to court? They must cut a sad figure there."

"Yes, sire," Chaboulon replied; "and they are enraged to see themselves superseded in favor by emigrants who never heard the sound of a cannon."

"The emigrants will never alter," Napoleon rejoined. "I committed a great error when I recalled that anti-national race into France. If it had not been for me, they would have died of starvation abroad. But then I had great motives. I wanted to reconcile Europe to us, and close the Revolution. But what do my soldiers say about me?"

"The soldiers, sire," said Chaboulon, "never pronounce your name but with respect, admiration, and grief."

"And so they still love me?" said Napoleon, smiling.

"Yes, sire," said Chaboulon; "and I may venture to say that they love you even more than ever. They consider our misfortunes as the effect of treachery, and constantly affirm that they never would have been conquered if they had not been sold to their enemies."

"They are right," said Napoleon. "I am glad to learn that my army preserves the consciousness of its superiority. I see that I have formed a correct opinion of the state of France. The Bourbons are unfit to reign. Their government may be acceptable to priests, nobles, and old-fashioned countesses, but it is utterly worthless to the present generation. The Revolution has taught the people to know their rank in the state; they will never consent to fall back into their former nothingness. The army can never become attached to the Bourbons. Our victories and misfortunes have established between the troops and myself an indestructible tie. The Bourbons are neither loved nor feared. The government is evidently hastening to its fall. The priests and the emigrants are its only partisans. Every man of patriotism or of soul is its enemy. But how will all this end? Is it thought there will be a new Revolution?"

"Sire," replied Chaboulon, "discontent and irritation prevail to such an extent, that the slightest effervescence would inevitably cause a general insurrection, and nobody would be surprised if it were to take place to-morrow."

"But what would you do were you to expel the Bourbons?" said the Emperor. "Would you establish the Republic?"

"The Republic, sire!" said Chaboulon; "nobody thinks of it. Perhaps they would create a regency."

"A regency!" exclaimed Napoleon, with vehemence and surprise. "Am *I* dead?"

"But your absence—" Chaboulon commenced to say.

"My absence," interrupted Napoleon, "makes no difference. In a couple of days I could be back again in France, if the nation were to recall me. Do you think it would be well if I were to return?"

"Sire," said Chaboulon, "I dare not personally attempt to answer such a question; but—"

"That is not what I am asking," impatiently answered Napoleon. "Answer Yes or No."

"Why, then, sire, Yes," said Chaboulon.

"Do you really think so?" the Emperor inquired, with tenderness.

"Yes, sire, I am convinced," Chaboulon continued, "and so is Mons. X——, that the people and the army would receive you as their deliverer, and that your cause would be embraced with enthusiasm. He had foreseen that your majesty would make inquiries on this point, and the following is literally his answer. 'You will tell the Emperor that I would not dare decide so important a question; but he may consider it an incontrovertible fact, that the government has wholly lost the confidence of the people and the army; that discontent has increased to the highest pitch; and that it is impossible to conceive that the government can stand much longer against such universal dislike. You will add that the Emperor is the only object of the regret and the hope of the nation. He, in his wisdom, will decide what he ought to do.'"

Napoleon appeared deeply agitated. His far-reaching vision revealed to him the vastness of the impending consequences. For a long time he walked the floor, absorbed in intensity of thought, and then said,

"I will reflect upon it. Come here to-morrow at eleven o'clock."

At the appointed hour Chaboulon presented himself to the Emperor. After a long conversation, essentially the same which we have recorded, Napoleon said,

"I will set off. The enterprise is vast, it is difficult, it is dangerous. But it is not beyond my compassing. On great occasions, Fortune has never abandoned me. I shall set off, but not alone. I will not run the risk of allowing myself to be collared by the gendarmes. I will depart with my sword, my Polanders, my grenadiers. All France is on my side. I belong to France. For her I will sacrifice my repose, my blood, my life, with the greatest joy. I have not settled my day of departure. By deferring it, I should reap the advantage of allowing the Congress to terminate; but, on the other hand, I run the risk of being kept a close prisoner by the vessels of the Bourbons and the English, if, as every thing appears to indicate, there should be a rupture between the Allies. Depart, and tell X—— you have seen me, and I have determined to expose myself to every danger for the sake of yielding to the prayers of France, and ridding the nation of the Bourbons. Say, also, I shall leave here with my guard on the 1st of April, perhaps sooner."

The Duke of Rovigo writes in his memoirs: "The main object of Talleyrand's attention at Vienna was the *abduction of the Emperor*, whom he represented as a weight upon France, and as feeding the hopes of all restless minds. In this respect he was right. The subject of the Emperor engrossed the attention of all parties. The more consideration was bestowed upon the details of the events which had occasioned his downfall, the greater was the interest felt for him. Talleyrand had present to his mind the example of the return from Egypt. He dreaded a second representation of that event. It had so often been asserted that the tranquillity of Europe depended upon the repose of France, that it was easy to perceive that the *abduction of the Emperor* was necessary to the general welfare. M. de Talleyrand, therefore, succeeded in securing the adoption of this course. The Emperor of Russia alone showed any difficulty in assenting to the proposal; but he at last tacitlv consented to it.

"M. de Talleyrand was wholly bent on accelerating this operation, which was said at the time to be intrusted to the English admiral, Sir Sydney Smith, whose ostensible mission was to be the command of an expedition against the Barbary States, in the Mediterranean. I only learned this circumstance from what was publicly reported in Paris, where a variety of letters received from London communicated details respecting the Congress, toward which all eyes were then turned. The English newspapers also reported that the Emperor was to be removed to St. Helena; and the report was repeated in the German papers, which the Emperor regularly received at Elba. No doubt was entertained that this operation would soon be carried into effect.

"In the emergency, the Emperor formed the plan of returning to France, as he had done on the former occasion. No alternative was left to him. He knew that it was intended to violate his asylum, in which he had no means of defending himself for any length of time, and where it was now even impossible for him to subsist without the allowance guaranteed, but not paid to him."

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE RETURN FROM ELBA.

Preparations for Departure—The Embarkation—The Announcement—Dictating Proclamations—Passing the Enemy—First Meeting with the Troops—Entering Grenoble—Alarm of the Bourbons—Magnanimity of the Emperor.

ON the morning of the 26th of February, the Princess Pauline gave a banquet to the officers of the army, to the distinguished strangers, and to the principal inhabitants of the island of Elba. Napoleon, with all his accustomed frankness and buoyancy, conversed with his guests. He chatted very familiarly for a long time with some English travelers, whom curiosity had drawn to Elba. The plans of the Emperor were, however, all locked up in his own heart—revealed to no one. He entered into no conspiracy; but, with sublime self-confidence in the unaided might of his own genius, went forth to the conquest of a kingdom. At a late hour of the evening he retired from the brilliant saloons, taking with him General Bertrand and General Drouot. He then said to them privately,

"We leave the island to-morrow. Let the vessels which are at anchor be seized to-night. Let the guard be embarked in the morning. No vessel whatever must be permitted to leave the port until we are at sea. Do not allow my intentions to be revealed to any one."

The two generals passed the remainder of the night in the execution of these orders. At sunrise in the morning, the officers and soldiers, one thousand in all, were embarked on board Napoleon's little brig, "The Inconstant," and in three merchant vessels. They were so much accustomed to unquestioning obedience, that, without inquiry or hesitation, they yielded to these orders, though not knowing on what expedition they were bound.*

* In the following guarded phrases, the English government assigned to Sir Neil Campbell his peculiar commission: "You will pay every proper respect and attention to Napoleon, to whose secure asylum in Elba it is the wish of his royal highness, the Prince Regent, to afford every facil-



THE ROUTE FROM ELBA TO PARIS.

At midday, the launch of the brig came to the shore, and conveyed the Emperor on board under a salute of cannon. The little fleet of one brig and three transports then weighed anchor. The sails were spread, and a propi-

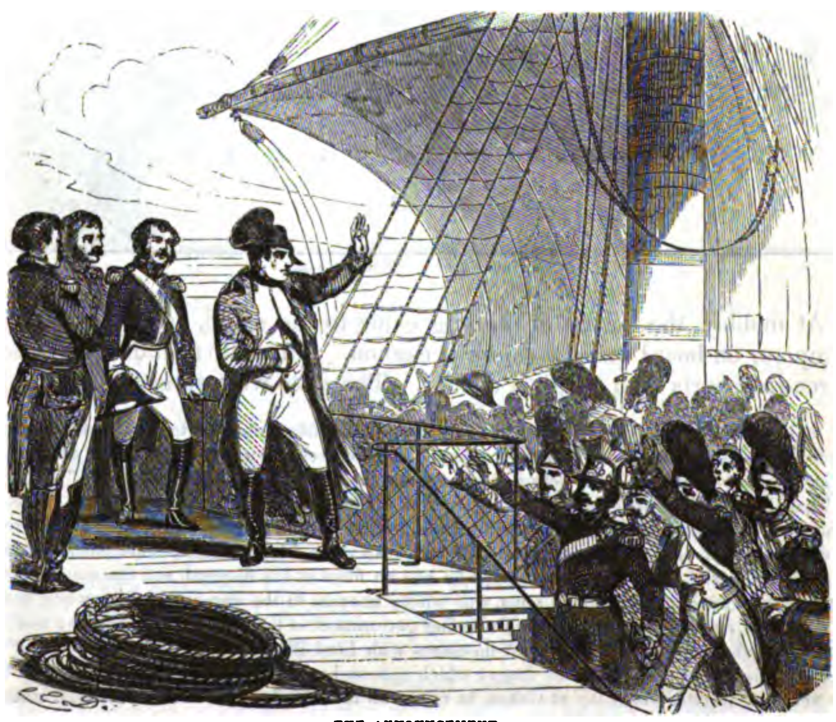
ity and protection ; and you will acquaint Napoleon, in suitable terms of attention, that you are directed to reside on the island till further orders, if he should consider that the presence of a British officer can be of any use in protecting the island and his person from insult and attack."

That the British commissioner fully understood his instructions, is evident from the following statement of Sir Archibald Alison : " Sir Neil was well aware that Napoleon meditated an outbreak, and some recent indications, particularly the arrival of three feluccas from Naples, made him suspect that it would ere long occur ; but, as he had no force at his disposal, and the single British cruiser, the Partridge, of eighteen guns, was wholly unequal to the encounter of the whole flotilla of Napoleon, he contented himself with warning government of the chance of his escape ; and had gone to Leghorn principally to concert measures with Lord Burghersh, the British envoy at Florence, on the means of averting the danger which appeared approaching, by detaching a line-of-battle ship and frigate, which lay at Genoa, to cruise off the island, when, in his absence, it actually occurred."

tious breeze swept them toward the coast of France. The sun shone brilliantly in the cloudless sky. The genial air of a beautiful spring day was peculiarly invigorating. The music of martial bands floated exultingly over the gentle swell of the sea. Napoleon's countenance beamed with confidence and joy. "The die is cast," he exclaimed, as he turned his eye from the vanishing mountains of Elba toward the unbroken horizon in the direction of the coasts of France. With this little band of faithful followers, barely enough, as Napoleon characteristically said, "to save him, on his first landing, from being collared by the gens d'armes," he was advancing to reclaim the throne of France, where the Bourbons were sustained by the bayonets of all the combined despotisms of Europe.

Such an enterprise, in its marvelousness, is unsurpassed by any other during his marvelous career. And yet there was nothing in it rash or inconsiderate. He was driven to it by inexorable circumstances. He could no longer remain in safety at Elba. The Allies recognized no sanctity in their oaths. They had already violated their solemn treaty, and were meditating a piratic expedition for the seizure of his person. He could not flee in disguise, to be hunted a fugitive over the face of the earth. There was no resource open before him but boldly to throw himself into the arms of the people of France, who still loved him with deathless constancy. His resolve was honorable and noble. Napoleon, when the vessels were out of sight of land, stood upon the deck of his little brig, gathered around him the whole ship's company, four hundred in number, and said to them,

"My friends! we are going to France—we are going to Paris."



THE ANNOUNCEMENT.

It was the first announcement. The soldiers, with shouts of joy, responded, "*Vive la France! Vive l'Empereur!*" Their exultation was boundless. Anxious to appear on their native soil in neat and martial trim, they immediately dispersed throughout the vessel, to burnish their weapons and to repair their uniforms. Napoleon passed along among these groups of his devoted followers, and addressed them in sincere and friendly words, as a father smiles upon his children. Night came. The Emperor entered the cabin, and called for several amanuenses to sit down at the table, each to write a copy of the words he was about to dictate. Then, pacing the floor, with frequent gesticulation, and earnest and rapid utterance, he uttered the following glowing proclamations:

"TO THE ARMY.

"Soldiers! we have not been conquered. Two men from our own ranks have betrayed our laurels, their country, their sovereign, their benefactor. Shall those men, who for twenty-five years have been traversing Europe to stir up our enemies against us—who have passed their lives in the ranks of foreign armies, cursing and assailing our beautiful France—shall they now pretend to enchain our Eagles—they, who have never been able to endure their fiery glance? Shall we suffer them to enjoy the fruits of our glorious toils, seize upon our honors and our estates, that they may but calumniate our glory? If their reign were to continue, all would be lost—even the memory of our exalted exploits. With what frantic rage do they misrepresent our deeds! They seek to poison that which the world admires. And if there now remain any defenders of our glory, they are only to be found among those enemies whom we have conquered on the field of battle.

"Soldiers! in my exile I have heard your voice, and I have come to you through every obstacle and every peril. Your general, called to the throne by the choice of the people, and elevated on your shields, is restored to you. Come and join him. Cast away those colors which the nation has proscribed, and which, for five-and-twenty years, have served as a rallying-point to the enemies of France. Mount the tri-colored cockade which you wore at our glorious victories. We must forget that we have been masters of other nations, but let us never suffer them to interfere in our affairs. Who shall pretend to be our master—who is able? Resume the Eagles you bore at Ulm, at Austerlitz, at Jena, at Eylau, at Wagram, at Friedland, at Tudela, at Eckmuhl, at Essling, at Smolensko, at Moscow, at Lutzen, at Wurtchen, at Montmirail. Think you that this handful of Frenchmen, now so arrogant, can endure their glance?

"They may return whence they came. There, if they please, they may reign, as they now pretend that they have reigned during the last nineteen years. Your property, rank, glory, the property, rank, and glory of your children, have no greater enemy than those very princes imposed upon us by foreigners. They are the enemies of our glory; since the recital of so many heroic actions, which have rendered the French people illustrious, fighting against them to shake off their yoke, is their condemnation.

"The veterans of the army of the Sambre and of the Meuse, of the Rhine, of Egypt, and of the Grand Army, are humiliated. Their honorable wounds

are stigmatized. Their successes are crimes. These brave men will be rebels, if, as these enemies of the people pretend, legitimate sovereigns were among the foreign armies. The honors, rewards, partialities which these princes confer, are for those who have served against us and against our country.

"Soldiers! rally beneath the standard of your chief. His existence is inseparable from yours. His rights are those of the people and of yourselves. His interest, honor, and glory centre but in you. Victory will advance with rapid strides. The eagle, with our national colors, shall fly from steeple to steeple, until it alights upon the towers of Nôtre Dame. You may then exhibit your wounds with honor; you may boast of your exploits; you will be the liberators of your country.

"In your old age, surrounded and respected by your fellow-citizens, they will listen with veneration to the recital of your noble deeds. You may proudly say, 'I also was of that Grand Army, which twice entered the walls of Vienna, and those of Rome, Berlin, Madrid, and Moscow; which cleansed Paris from the pollution with which it was contaminated by treason and the presence of an enemy.' Honor to those brave soldiers, the glory of their native France! Eternal shame to those guilty Frenchmen, of whatever rank, who for five-and-twenty years have fought in foreign armies to rend the bosom of their country! NAPOLEON."

"TO THE PEOPLE.

"Frenchmen! The defection of the Duke of Castiglione surrendered Lyons, without defense, to our enemies. The army which I had intrusted to his command was capable, from the bravery and patriotism of which it was composed, of beating the Austrians, and of taking in the rear the left flank of the enemy's army which threatened Paris.

"The victories of Champaubert, of Montmirail, of Chateau-Thierry, of Vauchamp, of Mormans, of Montereau, of Crayone, of Rheims, of Arcis-sur-Aube, and of St. Dizier; the insurrection of the brave peasantry of Lorraine, of Champagne, Alsace, Franche Comte, and Burgundy, and the position I had taken in the rear of the enemy's army, cutting it off from its magazines, parks of reserve, convoys, and wagons, had placed it in a desperate situation. The French were on the point of being more powerful than ever. The flower of the enemy's army was lost without resource; it would have been entombed in those vast districts it had so pitilessly ravaged, had not the treachery of the Duke of Ragusa surrendered the capital and disorganized the army. The unexpected conduct of these two generals, who betrayed at once their country, their sovereign, and their benefactor, changed the fate of war. The situation of the enemy was such, that, after the affair which took place before Paris, he was without ammunition, being separated from all his parks of reserve.

"Under these new and extraordinary circumstances, my heart was lacerated, but my soul remained unshaken. I consulted only the interests of our country, and exiled myself upon a rock in the middle of the sea. My life was still useful to you, and is destined to continue so. I would not permit the vast concourse of citizens desirous of sharing my fate to accompany me to

Elba. I thought that their presence at home would be useful to France, and I only took with me a handful of brave men necessary for my guard.

"Elevated by your choice to the throne, every thing which has been done without your consent is illegal. Within the last twenty-five years France has acquired new interests, new institutions, and a new glory, which can only be guaranteed by a national government, and by a dynasty created by these new circumstances. A prince who would reign over you, seated upon my throne by the power of the same armies which have ravaged our country, would seek in vain to support himself by the principles of feudal power. He could but promote the interests of a few individuals, enemies of the people, who, for the last five-and-twenty years, condemned them in all our national assemblies. Your tranquillity at home and your estimation abroad would be lost forever.

"Frenchmen! I heard in my exile your complaints and your wishes. You claim a government of your choice, which alone is legitimate. You accused me of slumbering too long. You reproached me with sacrificing to my repose the great interests of the nation. I have crossed the sea, amid dangers of every description. I come among you to resume my rights, which are identical with yours. All that has been done, written, or said by individuals, since the taking of Paris, I consign to oblivion. It shall have no influence whatever on the remembrance I preserve of the important services they have rendered; for there are events of such a nature as to be too powerful for the organization of man.

"Frenchmen! there is no nation, however small, which has not the right of relieving itself from the dishonor of obeying a prince forcibly imposed upon it. When Charles VII. re-entered Paris, and overturned the ephemeral throne of Henry VI., he acknowledged that he held his crown from the



COPYING THE PROCLAMATION.

valor of his brave people, and not from a prince-regent of England. It is likewise to you alone, and to my gallant army, that I am indebted for every thing. NAPOLEON."

Immediately, all who knew how to write among the sailors and the grenadiers of the Guard were called, and a hundred pens were busy transcribing these proclamations, that thousands of copies might be distributed at the moment of disembarkation. A feeble breeze tortured their impatience the next day, as they almost imperceptibly moved along over the mirrored surface of the sea. Toward evening a French brig of war, the Zephyr, hove in sight, and bore down upon the flotilla. Napoleon ordered all the grenadiers to conceal themselves below, that no suspicion might be excited. At six o'clock the brigs were within hailing distance. The commanders of the two vessels stood upon the decks with their speaking trumpets in their hands. After the exchange of a few words, the captain of the Zephyr inquired after the Emperor. Napoleon seized the trumpet from the hands of the commander of the Inconstant, and shouted over the waves, "He is marvelously well."



PASSING THE ENEMY.

The earliest dawn of the next morning showed a seventy-four gun ship steering toward the flotilla. This, for an hour, caused much uneasiness, since it would be impossible to resist such an enemy. The ship, however, passed on its way, paying no heed to the little merchant vessels scattered over the deep, and not dreaming of the prize within its grasp. As the cloud-like sail faded away in the distant horizon, Napoleon assembled his generals around him, and said,

"Now, gentlemen, it is your turn to speak to your companions in glory.

Come, Bertrand, take the pen, and write your own appeal to your brothers in arms."

The grand marshal excused himself as not being able to find expressions suited to the grandeur of the occasion.

"Very well, then," said Napoleon; "write, and I will speak for you all." He then, without a moment of hesitation, dictated the following address of the Guard to the Army:

"Soldiers! the drums are beating to arms. We are on the march. Come and join us. Join your Emperor and our Eagles. If these men, just now so arrogant, who have always fled at the aspect of our weapons, dare to meet us, where can we find a nobler occasion to shed our blood, and to sing the hymn of victory?

"Soldiers of the seventh, eighth, and nineteenth military divisions, garrisons of Antibes, Toulon, and Marseilles, disbanded officers and veterans of our armies, you are summoned to the honor of setting the first example. March with us to win back the throne, the palladium of our rights. Let posterity proclaim that foreigners, seconded by traitors, having imposed a disgraceful yoke upon France, the brave arose, and the enemies of the people and of the army disappeared and sunk into oblivion!"

This address was also rapidly transcribed, that each soldier might have several copies to distribute to the French regiments. Toward evening, the blue hills of France emerged from the horizon, in the bright glow of the setting sun. The joy on board the little fleet was inexpressible. Hats and caps waved in the air, and shouts of exultation floated over the water.

"Let us display the tri-colored cockade," said the Emperor, "that the country may recognize us."

Immediately the cockade of Elba was tossed into the sea, and every soldier replaced upon his cap the tri-colored cockade, which he had preserved as a sacred relic. The excitement and joy were too intense to allow of any sleep. In the dim twilight of the next morning the fleet was gently wafted into the Gulf of Juan, where Napoleon had previously landed on his return from Egypt. It was the 1st of March. At five o'clock, the Emperor disembarked upon the lonely beach near Cannes, and immediately established the bivouac for his Liliputian army of invasion in an olive grove at a short distance from the shore. Pointing to the olive leaf, the symbol of peace, he said, "This is a lucky omen. It will be realized."

A few peasants, astonished by this sudden apparition, crept from their huts, and cautiously approached the encampment. One of these peasants had formerly served under Napoleon. Immediately recognizing his old general, he insisted upon being enrolled in his battalion. "Well, Bertrand," said the Emperor, turning to the grand marshal and smiling, "you see that we have a re-enforcement already."

In the course of a few hours this escort of six hundred men, with two or three small pieces of cannon, were safely landed, and were refreshing themselves under the olive grove, preparatory to their strange campaign. They were about to march seven hundred miles, through a kingdom containing thirty millions of inhabitants, to capture the strongest capital in Europe. An army of nearly two hundred thousand men, under Bourbon leaders, were sta-

tioned in impregnable fortresses by the way; and the combined despots of Europe had two millions of bayonets still glistening in the hands of their soldiers, all of which were pledged to sustain the iniquitous sway of the Bourbon usurpers. Romance, in her wildest dreams, never conceived of such an enterprise before. Yet the adventure had been carefully considered, and profound wisdom guided every step. The millions of France loved Napoleon almost to adoration. He knew it; and he knew that he deserved it. Napoleon was well aware that all the great elements of success were in his favor, and he had no misgivings.

He passed around among his "*children*," chatting and laughing familiarly with them. "I see from this spot," said he, "the fright I shall occasion the Bourbons, and the embarrassment of all those who have turned their backs against me." Then, as usual, forgetting all his own perils in solicitude for his friends, he added, "What will become of the patriots before my arrival at Paris? I tremble lest the Bourbon partisans should massacre them. Woe to those who injure them! They shall have no mercy."

It was not till eleven o'clock at night that this little band was enabled to commence its march. The moon shone brilliantly in the cloudless sky. The Poles of the Guard, unable to transport horses from Elba, had brought their saddles, and, taking them upon their backs, gayly marched along, bending beneath the weight of their cumbrous luggage. The Emperor purchased every horse he met, and thus, one by one, mounted his cavalry.

Avoiding the large towns, where the Bourbon authorities might be strong, he determined to follow the flank of the mountains. Advancing rapidly all night and most of the next day, they arrived in the evening at Grasse, about fifty miles from the coast. Here they encamped for the night. The news of the Emperor's landing spread rapidly, and excited every where joy and surprise. The peasants crowded to meet him, and implored permission to follow in his train. "I could easily," said Napoleon afterward, "have taken two millions of these peasants with me to Paris." But he had no wish to triumph by physical force. The love of France was his all-conquering weapon. The next two days, the 3d and 4th, they advanced sixty miles to Digne. The next day they pressed on thirty miles further to Gap. The enthusiasm was now so general and so intense that Napoleon no longer needed even protection against the Bourbon police. The authorities of the legitimist usurpers were completely overwhelmed by the triumphant people.

Napoleon, in his eagerness, outstripping his Guard, arrived at the city of Gap with but six horsemen and forty grenadiers. There was such a universal burst of love and joy from the inhabitants of this city, as men, women, and children, with shouts and tears, gathered around their own Emperor, that the Bourbon authorities were compelled to fly.

"Citizens," said Napoleon, "I have been deeply penetrated by all the sentiments you have evinced for me. You are right in calling me your father, for I live only for the honor and the happiness of France. My return dissipates your disquietude. It guarantees the preservation of all property, of equality between all classes. These rights, which you have enjoyed for twenty-five years, and for which your forefathers have sighed so ardently, now form part of your existence."

Here the proclamations he had dictated at sea were printed. They spread with the rapidity of lightning. The whole population of the country was roused and inflamed, and multitudes which could not be counted were anxious to be enrolled as the Emperor's advance guard. At two o'clock in the afternoon the Emperor resumed his march, accompanied by a vast concourse, filling the air with their acclamations. No language can describe the scene of enthusiasm. The inhabitants on the route, trembling for the safety of Napoleon, and fearing that the Bourbons might send troops to crush his feeble escort, prepared to sound the tocsin, and to raise a levy *en masse* to protect the sovereign of their choice. There were strong garrisons, and formidable arrays of troops under Bourbon commanders, which he must soon encounter. Napoleon, however, declined the service they tendered.

"Your sentiments," said he, "convince me that I have not been deceived. They are to me a certain guarantee of the inclinations of my soldiers. Those whom I meet will range themselves by my side. The more numerous they may be, the more will my success be assured. Remain tranquil, therefore, in your homes."

They were now approaching Grenoble. The commandant of the garrison there, General Marchand, marched with a force of six thousand men to oppose the Emperor. He posted his troops in a defile flanked by the mountains and a lake. It was in the morning of the 7th of March. The crisis which was to decide all had now arrived. Napoleon was equal to the emergency. Requesting his column to halt, he rode, at a gentle pace, and almost alone, toward the hostile army. The peasants, who had assembled in vast numbers to witness this marvelous scene, greeted him with shouts of "*Vive l'Empereur!*"

Napoleon, without any hesitancy, rode calmly along upon a gentle trot, until he arrived within a hundred paces of the glittering bayonets which formed an impassable wall before him. He then dismounted, handed the reins to one of the Poles who accompanied him, crossed his arms upon his breast, and advanced, unprotected and entirely alone, until he arrived within ten paces of the troops. There he stood, the mark for every gun. He was dressed in the simple costume which every Frenchman recognized, with the cocked hat, the gray overcoat, and the high military boots. The commanding officer ordered the soldiers to fire. They seemed to obey. Every musket was brought to the shoulder and aimed at his breast. Had there been one single man among those battalions willing to shoot the Emperor, he would have received from the Bourbons boundless rewards. The report of a single musket would then have settled the destinies of France.

Napoleon, without the change of a muscle of his features, or the tremor of a nerve, continued to advance upon the muskets leveled at his heart. Then stopping, and uncovering his breast, he said, in those resounding tones, which, having been once heard, never could be forgotten,

"Soldiers, if there is one among you who would kill his Emperor, let him do it. Here I am."

For a moment there was silence as of the grave. Then the point of one musket fell, and another, and another. Tears began to gush into the eyes of these hardy veterans. One voice, tremulous with emotion, shouted "*Vive*



NAPOLEON AT GRENOBLE.

l'Empereur!" It was the signal for a universal burst, re-echoed by soldiers and by peasantry in a continuous cataract of sound. The troops from Grenoble, the grenadiers of the Guard, and the peasants, all rushed in a tumult of joy upon the Emperor, who opened his arms to receive them. In the confusion, the Bourbon commander put spurs to his horse and disappeared. When the transport was somewhat moderated, the Emperor, taking gently by the whiskers a veteran whose appearance attracted his attention, said to him, playfully,

"How could you have the heart to aim your musket at the Little Corporal?"

The old man's eyes immediately filled with tears. Ringing his ramrod in the barrel of his musket to show it was unloaded, he said, "Judge whether I could have done thee much harm. All the rest are the same."

Napoleon then gathered the whole assembly of soldiers and peasants in a circle around him, and thus addressed them:

"I have come with but a handful of brave men, because I rely upon the people and upon you. The throne of the Bourbons is illegitimate. It has not been raised by the voice of the nation. It is contrary to the national will, because it is in direct opposition to the interests of the country, and

only exists for the benefit of a small number of noble families. Ask of your fathers, interrogate these brave peasants, and you will learn from their lips the actual state of things. They are threatened with the renewal of the tithe system, of privileges, of feudal rights, and of all those abuses from which your victories had delivered them."

Napoleon now resumed his march, accompanied by a vast crowd of the inhabitants, increasing every moment, and thronging the roads. The battalions from Grenoble acted as the advance guard to the grenadiers from Elba. As he approached the city, he was met by a messenger, who said,

"Sire, you will have no occasion for arms. Your riding-whip will be sufficient to scatter all resistance. The hearts of the soldiers are every where your own."

As Napoleon approached the city, one of the most important fortified places of France, the enthusiasm of the people exceeded all bounds. The tri-colored cockade was upon all hats. The tri-colored banner waved from the windows, and floated from the battlements and upon the spires of the city. Shouts of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" filled the streets. The soldiers shared the enthusiasm, fraternized with the people, and promised them that they would not fire upon their brothers in arms. It was impossible for the Bourbon officers and magistrates to stem this torrent. In despair they fled, having locked the gates and concealed the keys.

At midnight, from the ramparts of Grenoble, were seen the torches of the multitude surrounding the Emperor, and advancing toward the city. Shouts of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" rose from the approaching throng, and were echoed back from the walls of the fortress. The inhabitants, in their ardor, wrenched the gates from the hinges, and Napoleon entered the streets in the midst of illuminations and exultations such as earth has rarely witnessed. A countless crowd, almost delirious with joy, bore him to his quarters in an inn. Throughout the night continuous acclamations resounded beneath his windows. The people and the soldiers, almost delirious with joy, fraternized together till morning in banquets and embraces. "All is now settled," said Napoleon, "and we are at Paris." Shortly after Napoleon's arrival at the inn, an increased tumult called him upon the balcony. The inhabitants of Grenoble had come to offer him the *gates* of the city, since they could not present him with the *keys*.

His little band was quite exhausted by the rapid march of five days, along dreadful roads, and through defiles of the mountains, often encumbered with snow. He allowed them twenty-four hours for rest in Grenoble.

On the 9th of March, Napoleon resumed his journey toward Lyons. "He marched out of Grenoble," says Lamartine, "as he had entered it, surrounded by his sacred battalion of the isle of Elba, and pressed on every side by the waves of a multitude which cleared a road for him." He passed the night at a small town half way between Grenoble and Lyons. Bonfires blazed all the night long, and the whole population united as one man in the most ardent demonstrations of affection and joy.

The intelligence of Napoleon's landing, and of the enthusiasm with which he was every where greeted, had now reached Paris. The Bourbons and their friends were in great consternation. The tidings, however, were care-

fully suppressed, for fear that an insurrection might be excited in the metropolis.* Vigorous measures were adopted secretly to arrest all the prominent men in the city who were suspected of fidelity to the Emperor. They appointed Bourrienne, who subsequently wrote an atrocious memoir of Napoleon, minister of police. "He was," says Lamartine, "an old, confidential secretary of Bonaparte, intimately acquainted with his character and secrets, who had been dismissed by the Emperor for malversation, and who was incensed against him with a hatred which guaranteed to the Royalists a desperate fidelity."

The city of Lyons contains two hundred thousand inhabitants. It is distant 250 miles from Paris. Louis XVIII., on the 5th, had heard of Napoleon's landing, and his advance to Grenoble. The Count d'Artois (Charles X.) had been dispatched to Lyons to concentrate there all the available forces of the kingdom, and to crush the Emperor. He entered the city but a few hours before Napoleon appeared at its gates. Two regiments of the line—one of infantry and one of cavalry—were in the place. Other regiments were advancing by rapid marches. The local national guard, well armed and well disciplined, amounted to twenty thousand men. But the Count d'Artois was received coldly by the troops, and still more coldly by the inhabitants. Wine was freely distributed among the soldiers in the name of Louis XVIII. They drank the wine, shouting "*Long live the Little Corporal!*" The count was in despair. He reviewed the troops, harangued them, walked around among them. To one veteran, covered with scars, he said, "Surely a brave old soldier like you will shout '*Vive le Roi!*'" "Nay," replied the honest warrior, "no one here will fight against his father. *Vive l'Empereur!*"

The count was accompanied by a guard of gentlemen, who were his personal friends, and who were pledged for his protection. When they saw the universal enthusiasm in favor of Napoleon, believing the Bourbon cause irretrievably lost, they also perfidiously abandoned the prince and turned to the Emperor. The count was compelled to flee from the city, accompanied by only one of his guard. And here again appeared that grandeur of character which was instinctive with Napoleon. *He sent the Cross of the Legion of Honor as a reward to this man for his fidelity to the Bourbon prince.* It was accompanied with the characteristic words, "I never leave a noble action without reward." And when his treacherous comrades presented them-

* The Bourbons inserted in the *Moniteur* of the 6th of March the following proclamation, which France must have read with a smile:

"Bonaparte has escaped from the island of Elba, where the imprudent magnanimity of the allied sovereigns had given him a sovereignty, in return for the desolations which he had brought into their dominions. That man, who, when he abdicated his power, retained all his ambition and his fury; that man, covered with the blood of generations, comes at the end of a year, spent seemingly in apathy, to strive to dispute, in the name of his usurpations and his massacres, the legitimate and mild authority of the King of France. At the head of a few hundred Italians and Piedmontese, he has dared again to set his feet on that land which had banished him forever; he wishes to reopen the wounds, still but half closed, which he had made, and which the hand of the king is healing every day. A few treasonable attempts, some movements in Italy, excited by his insane brother-in-law, inflamed the pride of the cowardly warrior of Fontainebleau. He exposes himself, as he imagines, to the death of a hero; he will only die that of a traitor. France has rejected him; he returns; France will devour him."

selves to the Emperor, tendering to him their services, he dismissed them with contempt, saying,

"Your conduct toward the Count d'Artois sufficiently proves how you would act by me were fortune to forsake me. I thank you for your offer. You will return immediately to your homes."

The Bourbons had been forced by foreign bayonets upon the army and the nation, and could claim from *them* no debt of loyalty. But the *personal followers* of the prince were traitors to abandon him in misfortune.

Marshal Lefebvre had remained faithfully with Napoleon at Fontainebleau until after his abdication. He then went to Paris, where he was presented to Alexander.

"You were not, then, under the walls of Paris," said the Czar, "when we arrived?"

"No, sire," Lefebvre replied, "we had the *misfortune* to be unable to reach here in time."

"The *misfortune!*" rejoined the Emperor, smiling; "you are, then, sorry to see me here?"

"Sire," replied the honest and noble-hearted marshal, "I behold with admiration a warrior who, in youth, has learned to use victory with moderation, but it is with the deepest grief that I see a conqueror within my country."

"I respect your sentiments, Monsieur Marshal," the Emperor replied, "and they only add to my esteem for you."

Upon the return of Napoleon, Lefebvre hastened to his side, and consecrated himself anew to the cause which the Emperor so gloriously advocated.



MARSHAL LEFEBVRE.

CHAPTER XXV.

TRIUMPHAL MARCH TO PARIS.

Honorable Conduct of Macdonald—Reception at Lyons—Interview with Baron Fleury—Marshal Ney—Approaching Auxerre—Attempt to Assassinate the Emperor—Anxiety of the Emperor that no Blood should be shed—Arrival at Fontainebleau—Extraordinary Scene at Melun—Entering the Tuileries—Enthusiasm of France—The Duchess of Angoulême—Death of Murat.

At four o'clock in the afternoon of the 10th, Napoleon, with his extraordinary cortège of soldiers, peasants, women, and children surrounding him with acclaim, waving branches in the air, and singing songs of joy and victory, approached the single bridge which crossed the Rhone. General Macdonald, who, after the abdication of Napoleon, had honorably taken the oath of fidelity to the Bourbons, was in the discharge of his duty in command of two battalions to defend the entrance of the bridge. But the moment Napoleon appeared, his troops to a man abandoned him. They tore down the barricades, shouted "*Vive l'Empereur!*" tumultuously rushed into the midst of the imperial escort, and blended with them in acclamations and embraces. Macdonald, perhaps afraid that his own virtue would be unable to resist the contagion, for he loved and almost adored the Emperor, plunged his spurs into his horse, and disappeared.

The entire population of the city, like an inundation, rolled along the quays, the squares, and the streets, welcoming their noble Emperor with thunder peals of acclamation. There was no city in France which had derived greater benefit from his enlightened and profound policy than the city of Lyons. There was no other place in the empire where his memory was cherished with deeper affection. As night darkened, the whole city blazed with illuminations. Napoleon was conducted in triumph to the splendid palace of the Archbishop of Lyons, and the citizens themselves, with the affection of children protecting a father, mounted guard over his person. He slept that night in the same chamber from which the Count d'Artois, in despair, had fled.

It was about nine o'clock in the evening when the Emperor entered the palace. He immediately sent for the Baron Fleury, one of the former secretaries of his cabinet, and the following conversation ensued:

"Well," said Napoleon, with a smile, "you did not expect to see me again so soon?"

"No, sire," Fleury answered. "Your majesty alone is capable of causing such surprise."

"What do they say of all this at Paris?" inquired Napoleon. "And public opinion, how is that?"

"They are rejoiced at your majesty's return," Fleury replied. "The struggle between the Bourbons and the nation has revealed our rights, and engendered liberal ideas."

"I know," said the Emperor, "that the discussions the Bourbons have provoked have diminished the respect for power and enfeebled it. There is

pleasure and glory in rendering a great people free and happy. I never stinted France in glory. I will not curtail her liberty. I wish to retain no farther power than is requisite to enable me to govern. Power is not incompatible with liberty. On the contrary, liberty is never more entire than when power becomes well established. When weak, it is captious; when strong, it sleeps in tranquillity, and abandons the reins loose on the neck of liberty. I know what is requisite for the French. But there must be no licentiousness, no anarchy. Is it thought that we shall come to a battle?"

"It is not," Fleury replied. "The government has not the confidence of the soldiers. It is detested even by the officers. All the troops they may send to oppose your majesty will be so many re-enforcements to your cause."

"I think so too," said the Emperor; "and how will it be with the marshals?"

"Sire," Fleury answered, "they can not but be apprehensive that your majesty will remember the desertion at Fontainebleau. Perhaps it would be well to remove their fears, and personally make known your majesty's intention of consigning every thing to oblivion."

"No," the Emperor replied, "I will not write to them. They would consider me as under obligations. I will not be obliged to any one. The troops are well disposed; the officers are in my favor; and if the marshals wished to restrain them, they would be hurried along in the vortex. Of my Guard I am sure. Do what they will, that corps can never be corrupted. What is Ney doing? On what terms is he with the king?"

"I think he has no command, sire," said Fleury. "I believe that he has had reason to complain of the court on account of his wife."

"His wife is an affected creature," said Napoleon. "No doubt she has attempted to play the part of a great lady, and the old dowagers have ridiculed her. False tales have been spread respecting my abdication. It has been said that Ney boasted of having ill-treated me, and laid his pistols on my table. I read at Elba that Augereau, when I met him, loaded me with reproaches. It is false. No one of my generals would have dared, in my presence, to forget what was due to me. Had I known of the proclamation of Augereau, I would have forbidden him my presence. Cowards only insult misfortune. His proclamation, which I was reported to have had in my pocket, was unknown to me till after our interview. But let us forget these things. What has been done at the Tuileries?"

"They have altered nothing, sire. Even the Eagles have not been removed," said Fleury.

Napoleon smiled, and replied, "They must have thought my arrangement of them admirable. And the king—what sort of a countenance has he? Is his coin handsome?"

"Of this your majesty may judge. Here is a twenty-five franc piece," Fleury replied, presenting the piece of money to the Emperor.

"What! they have not recoined Louis?" said Napoleon. "I am surprised." (Turning the piece over.) "He does not look as if he would starve himself. But, observe, they have taken away '*God protect France*,' to re-

store their '*Lord preserve the King.*' This is as they always were. Every thing for themselves, nothing for France. Poor France! into what hands hast thou thrust thyself? Have we any individuals in this vicinity who were nearly attached to my person? Make inquiry, and conduct them to me. I wish to be thoroughly acquainted with the spirit of the times, and with the present state of affairs. What does Hortense do?"

"Sire," said Fleury, "her house is still the resort of all who know how to appreciate wit and elegance. The queen, though without a throne, is not less the object of the respect and homage of all Paris."

"She did a very foolish thing," rejoined the Emperor, "in accepting from the Bourbons the title of duchess. She should have called herself Madame Bonaparte. That name is full as good as any other. If poor Josephine had been alive, she would have advised her better. Was my deceased wife much regretted?"

"Yes, sire," Fleury replied; "your majesty knows how much she was honored and admired by the whole French nation."

"She deserved it," said Napoleon. "She was an excellent woman. She had a great deal of good sense. I also regretted her most sincerely. The day when I heard of her death was one of the most unhappy of my life. Was there public mourning for her?"

"No, sire," said Fleury. "Indeed, I think that she would have been refused the honors due to her rank, had not the Emperor Alexander insisted that they should be accorded her. Alexander generously showed himself the protector of the Empress, the Queen, Prince Eugene, the Duke of Vicenza, and numerous other persons of distinction, who, but for him, would have been persecuted."

"You love him, it seems," said the Emperor. "What is it supposed the Allies will think of my return?"

"It is thought," Fleury answered, "that Austria will connect herself with your majesty, and that Russia will behold the disgrace of the Bourbons without regret."

"Why so?" inquired the Emperor.

"It is said, sire," Fleury replied, "that Alexander was not pleased with the Bourbon princes while at Paris. It was thought that the predilection of Louis for England, and his attributing the regaining of his crown to the Prince Regent, offended him."

"It is well to know that," said the Emperor. "Has he seen my son?"

"Yes, sire," said Fleury. "I have been assured that he embraced him with a tenderness truly paternal, and exclaimed, 'He is a charming fellow! How have I been deceived!'"

"What did he mean by that?" inquired Napoleon, eagerly.

"They say," Fleury replied, "that he had been informed that the young prince was rickety and imbecile."

"Wretches!" exclaimed the Emperor; "he is an admirable child. He gives every indication of becoming a distinguished character. He will be an honor to his age."

Napoleon remained in Lyons four days. During all this time, the exultation and transport in the city no language can describe. With noble

frankness, he spoke to his auditors of the perplexities and the errors of the past.

"I am not," said he, "altogether blameless for the misfortunes of France. I was forced on, by imperious circumstances, in the direction of universal empire. That idea I have renounced forever. France requires repose. It is not ambition which has brought me back—it is love of country. I could have preferred the tranquillity of Elba to the cares of a throne had I not known that France was unhappy, and stood in need of me. I am returned to protect and defend those interests to which our Revolution has given birth; to concur with the representatives of the nation in a family compact, which shall forever preserve the liberty and the rights of Frenchmen. It is my ambition and glory to effect the happiness of the great people from whom I hold every thing."

The hours passed in Lyons were not devoted to rest. All the tireless energies of Napoleon's mind were employed in reconstructing, upon its popular basis, the imperial throne. Decree followed decree with a rapidity which astounded his enemies, and which fanned the flame of popular enthusiasm. Even the most envenomed of Napoleon's historians are compelled to admit the admirable adaptation of these decrees to the popular cause. The magistrates of the empire were restored to their posts. The tri-colored flag and cockade were reinstated. The vainglorious cock of the Bourbons gave place on the flagstaff to the imperial eagle. All feudal claims and titles were suppressed, and the purchasers of the national domains confirmed in their possessions. The two Chambers established by the Bourbons were dissolved, and the people were requested to meet throughout the empire, to choose representatives for an extraordinary assembly, to deliberate on present emergencies. These decrees gave almost universal satisfaction. They recognized the rights of the masses, as opposed to the claims of the privileged orders. And consequently now, as throughout his whole career, the masses surrounded Napoleon with their love and adoration.

The preamble to the decree dissolving the Bourbon Chambers was in the following words:

"Considering that the Chamber of Peers is partly composed of persons who have borne arms against France, and are interested in the re-establishment of feudal rights, in the destruction of the equality of different classes, in the nullification of the sale of the national domains, and, finally, in depriving the people of the rights they have acquired, by fighting for five-and-twenty years against the enemies of their national glory;

"Considering that the powers of the deputies of the Legislative Body have expired, and that the Chamber of Commons has no longer a national character; that a portion of the Chamber has rendered itself unworthy of confidence by assenting to the re-establishment of feudal nobility, abolished by the popular constitution; in having subjected France to pay debts contracted with foreign powers for negotiating coalitions and subsidizing armies against the French people; in giving to the Bourbon family the title of *legitimate king*, thereby declaring the French people and its armies *rebels;* and proclaiming, also, those emigrants, who for five-and-twenty years have wounded the vitals of their country, as alone good Frenchmen, thus violating all

the rights of the people, by sanctioning the principle *that the nation is made for the throne, not the throne for the nation;*

"We have decreed, and do decree as follows."

The consummate genius and tact of Napoleon were peculiarly conspicuous in these decrees, which created confidence, dispelled apprehensions, confirmed attachments, and inspired the people and the army with boundless enthusiasm. Napoleon still appeared, as ever, the dauntless champion of equality and popular rights.

Baron Fleury, who was an eye-witness of these scenes, says, "Though I have more than once witnessed popular displays of enthusiasm and infatuation, yet never did I behold any thing comparable to the transports of joy and tenderness that burst from the Lyonese. Not only the quays and squares near the palace of the Emperor, but the most distant streets, rung with perpetual acclamations. Workmen and their masters, the common people and citizens, rambled about the city arm-in-arm, singing, dancing, and abandoning themselves to the impulse of the most ardent gayety. Strangers stopped one another, shook hands, embraced, and offered congratulations on the return of the Emperor. The National Guard," a body similar to our local militia, "affected by the confidence Napoleon had displayed by intrusting to it the care of his person, participated in the general intoxication. The day of his departure was that of sorrow to the city, as that of his arrival had proved the signal of unfeigned festivity."

While these scenes were transpiring, the Bourbons had promulgated an ordinance against "the miserable adventurer and his band," in which Napoleon was denounced as an outlaw, and a price set upon his head, and all his abettors were declared rebels. When Napoleon was triumphantly entering Grenoble, the *Moniteur* announced that the royal cause was every where triumphant, that the invader was already stripped of nearly all his followers, and was wandering a fugitive among the mountains, where, in the course of a few days, he would certainly be made prisoner. The Bourbons immediately made application to Marshal Ney, who was residing in quiet at his country seat, several miles from Paris, to join his corps and hasten to arrest the advance of Napoleon. Faithful to his trust, he proceeded without delay to Besançon. Upon taking the command, the officers told him that it would be impossible to induce the soldiers to fight against the Emperor. He reviewed the troops. To his utter bewilderment, they greeted him with shouts of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" that animating cry which he had so often heard ringing over the field of battle, as he guided the Eagles of France to victory. Every hour intelligence was reaching him of the supernaturally triumphant progress of the Emperor. Every city and every village through which he passed espoused his cause. The nation was shouting a welcome. The army was every where his. The cause of the Bourbons was irrevocably lost. The suspense of the marshal amounted to anguish. He afterward said that death itself would have been a relief, to have rescued him from his perplexity. He thought of Krasnoe, where Napoleon, with but ten thousand men, rushed upon the batteries of eighty thousand troops, to fight his way back into the wilds of Russia, that he might rescue his loved companion in arms. In the torture of his suspense, he reassembled his generals in council. "What

can I do?" he exclaimed; "it is impossible for me to stop the waters of the ocean with the palm of my hand."

The officers, without hesitation, assured him that the attempt to oppose Napoleon was hopeless. The temptation was too strong for ordinary human virtue to resist. History records, with weeping eyes, that Ney fell into dishonor. He proved faithless to the trust which he had allowed himself to assume, and thus affixed to his name a stigma which must forever remain uneffaced. Every generous heart will contemplate his fall with grief and compassion. Yielding to the universal impulse, he issued the following proclamation to his troops:

"Soldiers! the cause of the Bourbons is forever lost. The legitimate dynasty, which the French nation has adopted, is about to reascend the throne. It is to the Emperor Napoleon, our sovereign, that the sole right of reigning over our beautiful country belongs. Liberty is at last triumphant, and Napoleon, our august Emperor, is about to consolidate it forever. Soldiers! I have often led you to victory. I am now about to lead you to that immortal phalanx which the Emperor Napoleon is conducting to Paris, where it will be in a few days, and then our hope and happiness will be forever realized. *Vive l'Empereur!*"

The excitement of the troops during the reading of this proclamation was irrepressible. All discipline was for a moment at an end, while prolonged shouts of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" burst from the tumultuary ranks.

On the 13th of March, the very day on which this proclamation was issued, Napoleon left Lyons, to continue his progress toward Paris. A countless multitude were assembled to witness his departure. Stepping upon a balcony, he thus addressed them:

"Lyonese! At the moment of quitting your city to repair to my capital, I feel impelled to make known to you the sentiments with which your conduct has inspired me. You always ranked foremost in my affections. You have uniformly displayed the same attachment, whether I have been on the throne or in exile. The lofty character which distinguishes you merits my cordial esteem. At a period of greater tranquillity, I shall return to consider the welfare of your manufactures and of your city. Lyonese! I love you."

These unaffected words, the sincere utterance of a glowing heart, touched the fountains of feeling. Thousands of eyes were flooded, and voices tremulous with emotion shouted adieu. Napoleon pressed on that night about twenty-five miles to Villefranche, where he slept. The next day, outstripping his army, he advanced some sixty miles further, passing Macon, to Chalons. He was here traversing one of the most densely-peopled regions of France. The road sides were thronged. Triumphal arches spanned the village streets. One continuous roar of acclaim accompanied him all the way. Napoleon entered Chalons in the midst of a cold and drenching storm. Still, nearly the whole population issued from the gates to meet and welcome their beloved Emperor. He was surprised to see several artillery pieces and ammunition wagons approaching. "They were sent by the Bourbons," said the populace, "to oppose you; but we have taken them, and offer them to you as a present."

In receiving the congratulations of the authorities, he said, in the course of the conversation,

"My court, it is true, was superb. I was an advocate for magnificence, but not as regarded myself. A plain soldier's coat was good enough for me. I was fond of magnificence because it gave encouragement to our manufactures. Without magnificence there can be no industry. I have abolished, at Lyons, all the *parchment nobility*. Nobility is a chimera. Men are too enlightened to believe that some among them are born noble and others not. The only distinction is that of talents and services rendered to the state. Our laws know of no other."

On the 15th he went thirty miles further, to Autun, and on the 16th drove sixty miles, to Avalon, encountering congratulations and gratitude every step of his way. The opposition to him was so exceedingly small that it was nowhere visible. On the 17th he continued his journey, in a simple open barouche, twenty-five miles further, to Auxerre. The people were so universally enthusiastic in his favor, that no precautions for his personal safety seemed to be necessary. He rode along, in advance of his troops, accompanied by a few friends, and with hardly the semblance of guards or attendants.



APPROACHING AUXERRE.

A few hours after his arrival at Auxerre he met Marshal Ney. Napoleon, who cherished the nicest sense of honor, had sent to the marshal, before he knew that he had abandoned the Bourbons, the decrees which he had issued at Lyons. "Napoleon sent him," says Lamartine, "no other communication; for, believing in his honor, he did not insult his fidelity by proposing to him to betray his duty toward his new masters, the Bourbons."

The marshal, as he presented himself before the Emperor, was much con-

fused. He remembered his apparently unfeeling desertion of the Emperor at Fontainebleau. His present position was bewildering and embarrassing in the extreme. He had been untrue to the Bourbons, to whom he had sworn allegiance. And yet he felt that he had been true to his country. It was a period of revolution and of astounding changes. The marshal was a brave soldier, but not a man of clear and discriminating views in nice questions of morals. Still, an instinct reproached him, and he was exceedingly troubled and unhappy. He began to offer some justification for his unceremonious departure at Fontainebleau, but Napoleon, generously forgetful of all, grasped his hand, and said,

"Embrace me, my dear Ney. I am glad to see you. I want no explanations. My arms are ever open to receive you, for to me you are still the bravest of the brave."



MEETING OF NAPOLEON AND NEY.

"Sire," said Ney, "the newspapers have told many untruths. My conduct has always been that of a good soldier and a true Frenchman. Your majesty may always depend upon me when my country is concerned. It is for my country I have shed my blood. I love you, sire, but I love my country above all."

"I never doubted your attachment to me," Napoleon replied, "or to your country. It is also love of country which brings me to France. I learned that our country was unhappy, and I came to deliver it from the emigrants and from the Bourbons. I shall be in Paris, without doubt, by the 20th or 25th. Do you think that the Royalists will attempt to defend themselves?"

"I do not think, sire, that they will," Ney replied.

"I have received dispatches," continued Napoleon, "this morning from

Paris. The patriots expect me with impatience, and are on the point of rising. I am afraid of some quarrel taking place between them and the Royalists. I would not, for the world, that my return should be stained by a single drop of blood. Write to your friends, and say that I shall arrive without firing a single musket. Let all unite to prevent the effusion of blood. Our triumph should be as pure as the cause we advocate."

The Royalists entered into many plots to assassinate the Emperor on the way. The vigilance of Napoleon's friends, however, protected him. He seemed himself to have no thought of danger, but plunged, without reserve, into the midst of the crowds who continually surrounded him. In reference to these plots against his life, he said to Baron Fleury,

"I can not conceive how men, liable to falling into my hands, can be incessantly urging my assassination, and setting a price upon my head. Had I been desirous of getting rid of them by similar means, they would long ago have mingled with the dust. Like them, I could have found such assassins as Georges, Brulart, and Maubreuil. Twenty times, if I had so wished, persons would have brought the Bourbon princes bound hand and foot, dead or alive; but I have uniformly despised their atrocious plots. My blood, however, boils when I think that they have dared to proscribe as outlaws, without a trial, thousands of Frenchmen who are marching with us. Is this known to the army?"

"Yes, sire," Baron Fleury replied; "some persons have had the imprudence to inform the soldiers that we were all proclaimed outlaws, and that some of the king's body-guard and other Royalists have set out to assassinate you. The troops have therefore sworn to give no quarter."

"This is very bad, very bad," exclaimed Napoleon; "I can not permit it. It is my ardent wish that not one drop of French blood may be shed, and that not a single gun be fired. The soldiers must be restrained."

He immediately dictated the following dispatch to General Girard, who had command of the advance guard:

"I am informed that your troops, being made acquainted with the decrees of Paris, have resolved, by way of reprisals, to murder all the Royalists they meet. You will encounter none but Frenchmen. I forbid you to fire a single musket. Calm your soldiers. Contradict the reports by which they are exasperated. *Tell them that I will not enter Paris at their head if their weapons be stained with French blood.*"

To General Cambronne he wrote: "To you I intrust my noblest campaign. All Frenchmen expect me with impatience. You will every where find friends. Do not fire a single musket. I will not have my crown cost the French one drop of blood."

On the 19th he continued his route toward Fontainebleau, which was distant about seventy-five miles from Auxerre. Napoleon traveled in an open barouche, accompanied only by the carriage of General Drouot, which preceded him, and that of Baron Fleury, which followed. A few Polish lancers galloped by the sides of the carriages. His army followed several hours' march behind. He met, advancing in strong array, the dragoons of the king's regiment. They had abandoned their Bourbon officers, and mounting the tri-colored cockade, and unfurling the tri-colored banner, with exult-

ant music and shouts of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" were hastening to meet their legitimately-elected sovereign. Napoleon alighted, and addressed them in a strain of sincere and parental affection, which redoubled their enthusiasm. Driving rapidly through the night, he arrived at four o'clock in the morning at Fontainebleau. He was cautioned against exposing himself so recklessly, since it was reported that two thousand of the king's troops were stationed in the forest. He strangely replied, pointing with his finger to the heavens, "Our fate is written on high."

He immediately, in silence and thoughtfulness, wandered through the garden, then enveloped in the shades of night, which had been the scene of his almost more than mortal agony in the hours of his desertion and his forced abdication. He then visited the library, where he had passed so many hours with Josephine, and had conceived so many plans for the promotion of the grandeur of France. He then retired to the same little chamber, in an angle of the castle, which not a year before had witnessed the anguish of his overthrow, and, casting himself upon a couch, indulged in a few hours of re-



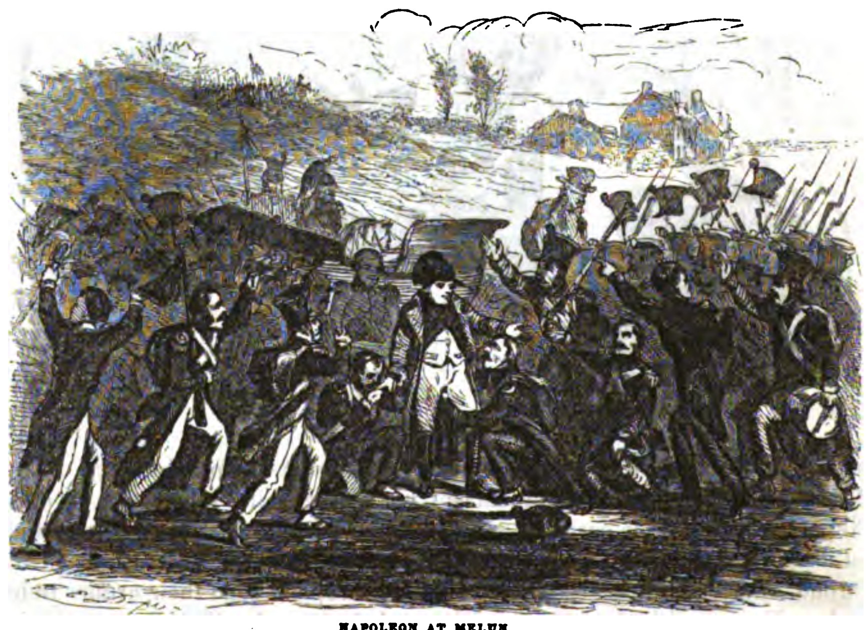
NAPOLEON AT FONTAINEBLEAU.

pose. While the Emperor was entering the forest of Fontainebleau, Louis XVIII., dismayed by the enthusiasm with which all France was greeting Napoleon, entered his carriage and fled, to seek again the aid of those banded despots, who, with bayonets dripping with blood, had placed him on his throne. Again he implored the tyrants of Europe to send their armies to inundate France with the horrors of fire and the sword. This was congenial

work for Russia, Prussia, and Austria, the bandit powers of Europe. They had learned to trample popular rights beneath an iron hoof, as they had swept the whirlwind of war over Hungary and Poland. But the cheek tingles with indignation and shame in contemplating constitutional and liberty-loving England dragged by her aristocracy into an outrage so infamous.

About the middle of the day Napoleon entered again his carriage, and set out for Paris. And now ensued perhaps the most marvelous scene of this whole unparalleled enterprise. At Melun, about half way between Fontainebleau and Paris, the Bourbons had decided to make their last attempt to arrest the progress of this one unarmed man. The number of National Guards, volunteers, and other troops, assembled at this place, amounted to nearly one hundred thousand. The royal army was drawn up in three lines, the intervals and flanks being armed with batteries, while the centre, in great force, blocked up the passage to Paris. The Duke de Berri had command of this force. In approaching Melun from Fontainebleau, one emerges from a forest upon the brow of a long declivity, where the spectator has a clear view of the country before him, while those below can easily discern any one who appears upon the eminence.

Napoleon, entering his carriage like a private citizen, and with no army to accompany him, set out to meet this formidable array. Profound silence reigned throughout the Bourbon army, interrupted only by the music of the martial bands, as they endeavored, by playing the airs of the ancient monarchy, to rouse enthusiasm. At length, about noon, a light trampling of horses was heard, and a single open carriage, followed by a few horsemen, emerged from the trees, and rapidly descended the hill. Soon the soldiers discerned the small cocked hat and gray surtout of their beloved Emperor. A simultaneous sound passed over the mighty host, like the sighing of the

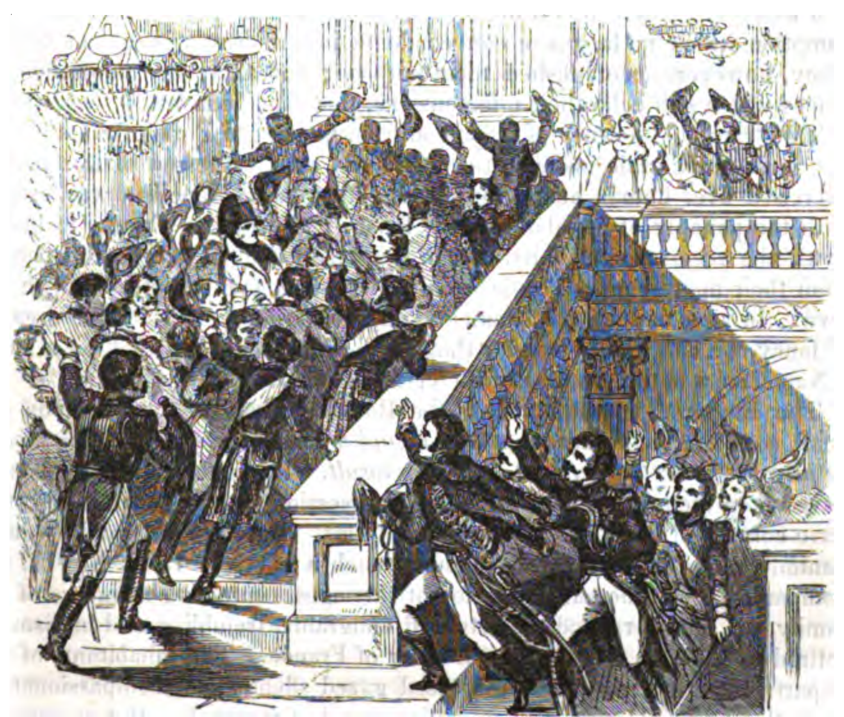


NAPOLEON AT MELUN.

wind; then all again was breathless silence. The carriage rapidly approached. Napoleon was now seen standing in the carriage, uncovered, with his arms extended as if to embrace his children. The pent-up flood of love and enthusiasm immediately burst all bounds. Shouts of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" resounded, like thunder peals, from rank to rank. At that moment the Emperor's Guard appeared upon the brow of the hill. They waved their Eagles, and the band struck up the Imperial March.

All discipline was now at an end. The soldiers broke their ranks, and rushed tumultously toward their Emperor. Napoleon eagerly leaped from his carriage, and received them to his arms. The soldiers embraced as brothers, in the midst of universal shouts and tears. The Bourbon officers, in dismay, with a few hundred cavaliers of the king's household, put spurs to their horses and fled. The Emperor now continued his progress toward Paris, accompanied by a host of soldiers and citizens which could not be numbered.

Pressing rapidly on, in advance of the bands who followed him, about nine o'clock in the evening he entered Paris. A few cavaliers surrounded his carriage, bearing torches. The streets were thronged with excited multitudes, greeting him with acclamations. Crossing the bridge of Concorde, and dashing at full gallop along the quay of the Tuileries, he entered the court-yard of the palace by the arched gallery of the Louvre. Here he found himself surrounded by a vast concourse of devoted friends, almost frantic with joy. "The moment that the carriage stopped," says Alison, "he was seized by those next the door, borne aloft in their arms, amid deaf-



ENTERING THE TUILERIES.

ening cheers, through a dense and brilliant crowd of epaulets, hurried literally above the heads of the throng up the great staircase into the saloon of reception, where a splendid array of the ladies of the imperial court, adorned with a profusion of violet bouquets half concealed in the richest laces, received him with transports, and imprinted fervent kisses on his cheeks, his hands, and even his dress. Never was such a scene witnessed in history."

Thus had Napoleon marched, in twenty days, seven hundred miles through the heart of France, and had again entered in triumph the imperial apartments of the Tuileries. Boundless enthusiasm, from citizens and soldiers, in cities and villages, had greeted him during every step of the way. He had found no occasion to fire a single musket or to draw a sword. Alone and unarmed, he had invaded a kingdom of thirty millions of inhabitants. A bloodless conqueror, he had vanquished all the armies sent to oppose him, and had, simply by the magic power of that love with which France cherished his memory, driven the Bourbon usurpers from the throne. Was there ever such an invasion, such a conquest as this before? Will there ever be again? A more emphatic vote in favor of a sovereign could by no possibility be given. A more legitimate title to the throne than this unanimous voice of a nation no monarch ever enjoyed. And yet the Allies immediately poured an army of a million of foreigners into France, to drive from the throne this sovereign enshrined in a nation's love, and to force again the detested Bourbons upon an enslaved people. And in the perpetration of this high-handed deed of infamy, they had the unpardonable effrontery to assert that they were contending for the *liberties of the people* against the *tyranny of a usurper*. There was a degree of ignobleness in this dishonorable assumption which no language can condemn in sufficiently indignant terms. They, however, accomplished their purpose; and there are thousands of voices which still echo their infamous cry, that Napoleon was a "*usurper*."

This triumphal journey of Napoleon from Cannes to Paris exhibits by far the most remarkable instance the world has ever witnessed of the power exercised over human hearts by one mighty mind. Napoleon was armed with the panoply of popular rights. He had returned to France to break down the reconstructed fortresses of despotism, and to rescue the people from their oppressors. The heart of France beat sympathetically with his own. In view of such achievements, almost too marvelous for the dreams of fancy, we can hardly wonder that Lamartine should say that, as a man, "Napoleon was the greatest of the creations of God."

The Emperor, notwithstanding the Bourbons had set a price upon his head, issued special orders that *they should not be molested; that they should be permitted to retire without injury or insult.* He could with perfect ease have taken them prisoners, and then, in possession of their persons, he could have compelled the Allies to reasonable terms. But his extraordinary magnanimity prohibited him from pursuing such a course. Louis XVIII., accompanied by a funereal procession of carriages, containing members of his family, his ministers, and the returned emigrants, trembling and in dismay, retired to Lille, on the northern frontier of France. The inhabitants of the departments through which he passed gazed silently and compassionately upon the infirm old man, and uttered no word of reproach. But as soon as

the cortège had passed, the tri-colored banner was run up on steeple and turret, and the air resounded with shouts of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" There were powerful divisions of the army distributed through the fortresses of the north. But the moment they heard of the landing of Napoleon, they mounted the tri-colored cockade, and impatiently demanded to be led to his succor. The Bourbons were well aware that they had nothing to hope from the masses of the people. Their only strength lay in the caressed nobility and in the bayonets of their soldiers. For a year they had been attempting, by disbanding old troops and organizing new battalions, and by placing in command their picked friends, to constitute a band which would be pledged for their support. But love for Napoleon was a principle too strongly implanted in the hearts of all the common people of France to be in any way effaced. Notwithstanding the prayers and the tears of the Bourbon officers, the soldiers unhesitatingly, tumultuously, enthusiastically turned to the undisputed monarch of popular suffrage. The king sought an asylum in the Netherlands. The government of Holland coldly assigned him a retreat at Ghent, a silent and deserted town of aristocratic memories and of decayed grandeur.

The Duchess of Angoulême, the unfortunate daughter of Maria Antoinette, was at Bordeaux. Her long imprisonment in the Temple, and her dreadful sufferings, had moved the sympathies of every generous heart. She was in a city of one hundred thousand inhabitants, and surrounded by an army of ten thousand men. Hearing of the landing of Napoleon, she immediately ordered the officers to lead the army to crush the audacious adventurer. They returned to her with the announcement that the soldiers declared that they would not march against the Emperor. With the heroism of her grandmother, Maria Theresa, she descended to the barracks, formed the soldiers in a hollow square around her, and, with tears and sobs, harangued them. The souls of the soldiers were moved. They were mute with respect and compassion. They would not insult a noble and an unfortunate woman. But they loved the independence of France, and the right of choosing their own monarch, and of adopting their own national policy. Silence was their only response to the affecting appeal. She then endeavored to raise some volunteers. "Those of you," said she, "who are willing to be faithful to your honor and your king, come out from your ranks and say so." Not a man moved. A few officers, however, raised their swords, as if offering them in her defense. The duchess counted them, and said, sadly and in despair, "You are very few." She then exclaimed, indignantly, "O God! after twenty years of calamity, how hard it is to be again expatriated! I have never ceased to offer up prayers for the welfare of my country, for I am a Frenchwoman. But ye are no longer Frenchmen. Go: retire from my sight." One single voice replied, "We answer nothing. We know how to respect misfortune."

The duchess immediately gave orders for her departure. Accompanied by the roll of drums, she repassed the frowning batteries of the fort, and, with a heart torn by the keenest emotions, embarked on board an English sloop of war, and was conveyed to London. From thence she was sent in another ship to join her friends at Ghent. Immediately upon her departure

the tri-colored banner was run up upon battlement, spire, and turret, and shouts of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" resounded through the emancipated streets. When Napoleon heard of the heroic conduct of this princess, whose whole life, from the cradle to the grave, was an unceasing conflict with misfortune and woe, he exclaimed, "*She is the only man of her race.*"

Her husband, the Duke d'Angoulême, son of Charles X., on the 10th of March had left Bordeaux with thirteen thousand troops, hoping to reconquer Lyons and Grenoble. But the people rang the tocsin, and rallied as volunteers from hill and valley, from peasant's hut and workman's shop. The soldiers under the duke went over to their brethren, shouting "*Vive l'Empereur!*" The Duke d'Angoulême was taken captive.

The Bourbons, on the 6th of March, had published an ordinance, which was reiterated by the Congress of the Allies at Vienna on the 13th, declaring Napoleon and his friends outlaws whom any one might shoot. Napoleon, declining to dishonor himself by engaging in this infamous war of assassination, wrote the following letter to General Grouchy, who held the duke a prisoner:

"The ordinance of the king of the 6th of March, and the convention signed at Vienna, would warrant me to treat the Duke d'Angoulême as this ordinance and this declaration would willingly treat me and my family; but, persevering in the resolution which had induced me to order that the members of the Bourbon family might freely depart from France, my wish is, that the Duke d'Angoulême be conducted to Cette, where he shall be embarked, and that you watch over his safety, and protect him from ill treatment. You will only be careful to keep the funds which have been taken from the public treasury, and to demand of the Duke d'Angoulême his promise to restore the crown diamonds, which are the property of the nation."

Queen Hortense and her two children, one of them the present Emperor of France, were at the Tuileries to welcome Napoleon. Hortense and her noble brother Eugene were cherished with tender affection by their illustrious father. Napoleon devoted a few moments to the full flow of joy and affection. He then, with his accustomed energy—an energy which ever amazed those around him—devoted the rest of the night to expediting orders, rearranging the government, and composing his cabinet. "When engaged in mental occupation," says Caulaincourt, "he neither felt fatigue nor the want of sleep. He used to say that twenty-two hours out of twenty-four ought to be usefully employed."

At nine o'clock the next morning, the garden of the court-yard, the staircases, the saloons, were thronged by multitudes, in the delirium of excitement and joy. The Emperor was frequently called for, and occasionally made his appearance at the window, when he was received with frantic acclamations and clapping of hands. The grenadiers of Elba, who in twenty days had marched seven hundred miles, arrived during the night, and bivouacked in the court of the Tuileries, where but a few months before hostile battalions had shouted their insulting triumphs, and had encircled with their bayonets the usurping Bourbons. Every moment regiments from a distance were marching into Paris with unfurled banners and exultant music, till the whole neighborhood of the palace was covered with troops. As these de-

voted bands successively arrived, they were received by citizens and soldiers with shouts of welcome, which reverberated long and loud through the streets of the metropolis.

At twelve o'clock, the Emperor, attended by an immense retinue of staff-officers, descended the great stairs of the Tuileries to review the troops. As he rode along the lines, a burst of enthusiasm greeted him which it is impossible to describe. He answered with smiles, with an affectionate nod of the head, and occasionally with those ready words ever at his command, and which never failed to rouse the enthusiasm of those to whom they were addressed.

The Old Guard of Napoleon, now bivouacking in the metropolis, occasionally threw out bitter taunts against the National Guard of Paris for surrendering so promptly to the Allies. Napoleon enjoined upon his grenadiers to keep silence upon that point. To obliterate all traces of unkindness, and to cement their friendship, he requested the Imperial Guard to invite the national troops to a dinner. This festive occasion assembled fifteen thousand soldiers in the *Field of Mars*. At the close of the joyous repast, the whole multitude of soldiers, accompanied by a vast concourse of the citizens of Paris, proceeded to the Tuileries, bearing the bust of Napoleon, crowned with laurel. After saluting the Emperor with reiterated acclamations, they repaired to the Place Vendôme, intending to replace the statue upon that proud monument from which the Allies had torn it down. Napoleon interrupted the work, saying nobly, "It is not at the close of a banquet that my image is again to ascend the column; that is a question for the *nation* to decide."

The nation has decided the question. The statue of the Emperor, at the bidding of united France, again crowns that majestic shaft. Every evening, martial bands, at the foot of the monument, in those strains which were wont to thrill the soul of Napoleon, salute the image of the most beloved monarch earth has ever known. And now, after the lapse of forty years, upon his birth-day, loving hearts still encircle his statue with their annual tribute of garlands of flowers.

There are, however, some who can speak contemptuously of Napoleon Bonaparte. They are to be pitied rather than blamed. Some persons can not discern difference of colors; others can not perceive discord or harmony, and there are those who are incapable of appreciating *grandeur of character*. They are not to be judged harshly. It is their *misfortune*.

It will be remembered that Murat, in order to save his crown, had joined the Allies, and turned his arms against Napoleon. He had not supposed it possible that the Allies, whom Napoleon had so often treated magnanimously in the hour of victory, would proceed to such lengths as to depose the Emperor. The impulsive King of Naples found his alliance with the feudal despots utterly uncongenial. His energies were paralyzed as he drew his sword against his old companions in arms. As blow after blow, from the multitudinous and unrelenting enemy, fell upon the doomed Emperor, remorse began to agitate the bosom of Murat. When Napoleon was struggling, in the terrific campaign of Paris, against a million of invaders, the King of Naples was hesitating between his apparent interest and a desire to

return to heroic duty. On the evening of the 13th of April, two days after Napoleon's abdication at Fontaínebleau, Murat was walking thoughtfully and sadly in the garden of his country seat. He was freely unbosoming his perplexities and his anguish to General Coletta. A courier arrived and placed a note in his hands. He read it in silence, turned pale, and seemed struck as by a thunderbolt. Then pacing rapidly backward and forward for a moment, he again stopped, gazed intensely upon the ground, turned, seemed utterly bewildered. General Coletta and several officers of his suite, astonished at the strange appearance of the king, gathered around him. With an expression of indescribable wildness and anguish, he fixed his eyes upon them, and said,

"*Gentlemen, Paris has capitulated. The Emperor is dethroned and a captive.*"

The fearless warrior could say no more. Burying his face in his hands, he burst into a flood of tears. All the memory of the past came rushing upon him, and he sobbed like a child. His irrepressible emotion overcame the whole group, and every eye was dimmed.

The Allies, with characteristic perfidy, defrauded poor Murat of the wages of his treachery. The Bourbons of France immediately determined, at every sacrifice, in order to strengthen the principle of legitimacy, to dethrone Murat, and to effect the restoration of the Bourbons of Naples. The Allies never allowed any treaties which they had signed with the popular party to stand in the way of their enterprises. Upon the pretext that Murat had joined them merely to subserve his own interests, and that he had rendered them but little assistance, England, France, and Austria, at the Congress of Vienna, entered into a secret convention for his expulsion from Naples, and for the restoration of the imbecile Ferdinand and his infamous queen. Thus they refused to pay their dupe even his poor thirty pieces of silver.

Murat, trembling in anticipation of the approaching storm, was, on the evening of the 4th of March, surrounded by his generals and friends in the queen's drawing-room, when a messenger brought him the intelligence of the Emperor's landing at Cannes, and of his march upon Paris. The countenance of the king became radiant with joy. New hope dawned upon him. With characteristic imprudence, he resolved immediately, without waiting for any advices from the Emperor, to make an attack upon the Allies. He hoped that the promptness of his zeal would be some atonement for past defection. Deaf to all remonstrances, and as impetuous as when making a cavalry charge, he said to his ministers,

"Italy waits only for a signal and a man. I have eighty thousand soldiers inured to war, and a powerful provincial militia. All the countries washed by the Po invite a liberator. The generals of the old army of Eugene at Milan, and those of Piedmont, write me word that they are ready to revolt, and, beneath the tri-colored banner, to form the league of Italian independence. The Congress at Vienna has dissatisfied all people, on both sides the Apennines. Genoa is indignant. Venice is humbled. Piedmont, thrown back into the slavery of the priests and nobles, struggles beneath the double yoke imposed upon it. The Milanese murmur deep and loud at their subjection to the old slavery of Austria and Rome. Its provinces are falling

again under that sacerdotal tyranny which besots while it enchains a people who had been for a moment free."

In vain it was represented to him that he could make no effectual headway against the million of soldiers whom the Allies had under arms. Had he waited until the proper moment, he might, aided by the judicious counsel and co-operation of the Emperor, have accomplished great results. But, with characteristic daring, he made a premature and a headlong charge, and was overwhelmed with numbers. His army was cut to pieces. Murat, in his despair, sought death in the midst of the bullets, but could not find it. "Death," he exclaimed, indignantly, "will not touch me." He returned, a fugitive, to his palace, threw his arms around the neck of his wife, and, yielding himself to uncontrollable emotion, exclaimed, "All is lost, Caroline!" "No," replied the queen, in the lofty spirit of her imperial brother, "all is not lost. We still preserve our honor, and constancy remains to us in adversity."

On the 20th of May, as Napoleon, in triumph, was entering Paris, Murat, in disguise, and in a fisherman's boat, was escaping from Naples. He reached France. The speedy overthrow of Napoleon left him a fugitive, pursued by all the vigilance of despotism. After wandering about for many weeks in disguise, enduring every privation and peril, he, while Napoleon was being conveyed a captive to St. Helena, made a desperate endeavor, characteristically bold and injudicious, to regain his throne. He was arrested, summarily tried by a court-martial, and condemned to immediate death. With composure he listened to the sentence, and then sat down and wrote the following letter to his wife:

"My dear Caroline,—My last hour has sounded. In a few moments I shall have ceased to live, and you will no longer have a husband. Do not forget me. My life has been stained by no injustice. Farewell, my Achille! farewell, my Letitia! farewell, my Lucien! farewell, my Louisa! Show yourselves to the world worthy of me. I leave you without kingdom or fortune, in the midst of enemies. Be united. Prove yourselves superior to misfortune. Remember what you are, and what you have been, and God will bless you. Do not reproach my memory. Believe that my greatest suffering, in my last moments, is dying far from my children. Receive your father's blessing. Receive my embraces and my tears. Preserve always in your memory the recollection of your unhappy father.

"JOACHIM.

"Pizzo, 13th October, 1815."

In this dread hour, when Murat was about to enter the world of spirits, he felt, as every soul not bestial must feel, the need of religious support. All pride of stoicism, and all the glory of past achievements, dwindled into nothingness as the tribunal of final judgment and the retributions of eternity opened before him. He called for a clergyman, received the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, and wrote, with his own hand, "I declare that I die a true Christian."

With a firm step he then walked to the place of execution. A company

of soldiers was drawn up in two lines before him, with loaded muskets. He refused to have his eyes bandaged. For a moment he serenely, and with a smile, contemplated the instruments of his execution; then pressing to his lips a picture of his wife and children, which he always wore in his bosom, he said to the soldiers, "Save my face. Aim at my heart." A volley of musketry answered his words, and, pierced by bullets, Joachim Murat fell dead. He was in the forty-ninth year of his age.



THE DEATH OF MURAT.

Murat, notwithstanding his impetuous bravery, had much sensibility and gentleness of heart. He made the extraordinary declaration to Count Marbourg, his friend and very able minister:

"My sweetest consolation, when I look back on my career as a soldier, a general, and a king, is, that I never saw a man fall dead by my hand. It is not, of course, impossible that, in so many charges, when I dashed my horse forward at the head of the squadrons, some pistol-shots fired at random may have wounded or killed an enemy; but I have known nothing of the matter. If a man fell dead before me, and by my hand, his image would be always present to my view, and would pursue me to the tomb."

The name of Murat will never die. His faults were many, and yet there was much in his character to win affection. With but ordinary intellectual capacities, tender affections, and the utmost impetuosity of spirit, and exposed to every temptation which could crowd upon a mortal soul, it is not strange that his career should have been sullied. Much that passes for virtue is but the absence of temptation. God alone can adjust the measure-

ment of human guilt. At his tribunal all these warriors who deluged Europe in blood have appeared. From his lips they have received that righteous judgment from which there can be no appeal.



MURAT.

CHAPTER XXVI.

UNRELENTING HOSTILITY OF THE ALLIES.

The Cabinet of Louis—Organization of the Government—Benjamin Constant—Address of the Council of State—The School at Ecouen—Quarrel among the Allies—Their Consternation—Talleyrand—Eloquent Speech of Talleyrand—Decision of the Allies—Infamous Outlawry of the Emperor—Duplicity of Wellington and Castlereagh—Opposition in the British House of Commons—Sympathy of the British People with Napoleon—Napoleon's Letter to the Allied Sovereigns—His Appeal to Europe.

The soldiers of the Duke of Berri, having trampled beneath their feet the flag of the Bourbons, and elevated with exultant shouts the Eagles of the empire, marched into Paris, and, with irrepressible enthusiasm, demanded permission to salute their Emperor. Napoleon mounted his horse and rode along the lines, while resounding acclamations burst from the enthusiastic battalions and squadrons before him. He gathered the soldiers around him, waved his hand for silence, and thus addressed them:

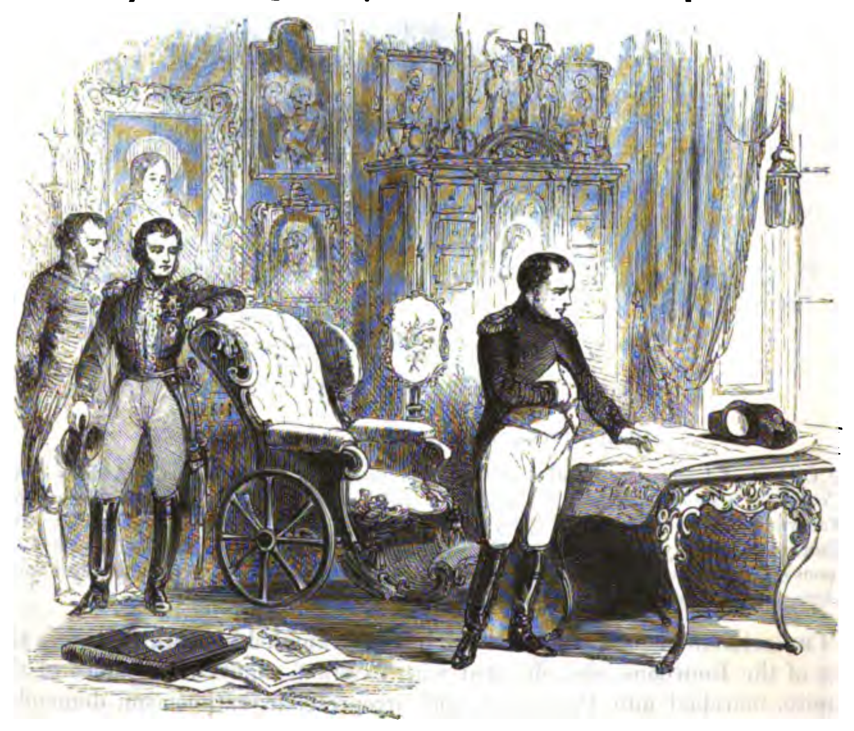
"Soldiers! I came into France with six hundred men, because I relied on the love of the people, and on the memory of the old soldiers. I have not been deceived in my expectations. Soldiers! I thank you. The glory

of what we have done is due to the people and to you. My glory is limited to having known and appreciated your affection.

"The throne of the Bourbons was illegitimate, because it had been proscribed by the will of the nation, expressed in all our national assemblies, and because it promoted the interests of but a small number of arrogant men, whose pretensions were opposed to our rights.

"Soldiers! the imperial throne alone can guarantee *the rights of the people.* We are about to march to drive from our territory those princes who are the auxiliaries of foreigners. The nation will second us with its wishes, and follow our impulse. The French people and I rely upon you. We do not wish to meddle with the affairs of foreign countries; but woe to those who would meddle with ours."

In the midst of peals of applause, resounding through the most distant streets of Paris, Napoleon reascended the stairs of the Tuileries, and entered his former cabinet. Louis Stanislas Xavier had left in such haste, that many memorials of his presence remained behind. The luxurious easy chair, to which his enormous obesity and his many infirmities confined him, was in the corner. A portfolio, forgotten upon the table, contained the private and con-



NAPOLEON IN THE CABINET OF LOUIS XVIII.

fidential papers of the king. They were safe in the keeping of Napoleon; his pride of character, and delicate sense of honor, would not allow him to pry into these disclosures of the private life of his enemies. He ordered them all to be sealed, and to be sent by a dispatch to their owner. Some officious person, thinking to gratify the Emperor, had placed upon the table sundry

caricatures, holding up the Bourbons to derision. The Emperor indignantly ordered them to be removed. He had too much majesty of soul to indulge in triumph so ignoble. Crucifixes, images, and beads, indices of the devotion or the superstition of Louis, were strewed about the room. "Take them away," said the Emperor, mildly. "The cabinet of a French monarch should not resemble the cell of a monk."

He ordered the map of France to be spread upon the table. As he contemplated its diminished borders, he exclaimed with sadness, "Poor France!" Then turning to Caulaincourt, he said, "I have proclaimed peace throughout my march. As far as depends on me, my promise shall be fulfilled. Circumstances are imperative. I will recognize the treaty of Paris. I can now accept what I could not accept at Chatillon without tarnishing my glory. France was obliged to make sacrifices. The act is done. But it did not become *me* to strip France to preserve the crown. I take the affairs of the country as I find them. I wish the continuation of peace. It is the sound policy of the Powers not to rekindle the torch of war. I have written to the Empress. She will prevail upon her father to permit her to rejoin me."

Napoleon earnestly desired peace. He even thought it *possible*, though not at all probable, that the Allies might now consent to the independence of France. It consequently became fatally necessary for him to make no preparation for war. The Allies had still enormous armies in the field, ready at any moment, in locust legions, to pour into France. The armies of France were disbanded, and there were no military supplies. Any movement of Napoleon toward reorganizing his forces would have been seized hold of by the Allies, and proclaimed to the world as new proof of "the insatiable ambition and bloodthirsty appetite" of the Emperor. Consequently, the Emperor was compelled, in the protection of his own reputation, in which alone his strength consisted, to await the results of his proposals for peace, without making any preparation for war. This was a fatality from which there was no escape. Under embarrassments so dreadful, Napoleon was doomed to abide the decision of the Allies.

With incredible rapidity, the new government was organized. It met the wishes of the nation. The councilors of state were all men of marked ability, of extended reputation, of special administrative skill, and of well-known devotion to the popular cause. The councilors drew up an address to the Emperor, which was intended for the nation. "Sire!" said they, "the Emperor, in reascending the throne, to which he had been raised by the people, re-establishes thereby the people in their most sacred rights. He returns to reign by the only principle of legitimacy which France has recognized and consecrated for twenty-five years past."

"Princes," Napoleon replied, "are but the first citizens of the state. Their authority is more or less extended, according to the interests of the nations they govern. Sovereignty itself is hereditary only because the interests of nations require it. Beyond this principle I know of no legitimacy."

Benjamin Constant was one of the most distinguished of the sons of France. As a writer and an orator, he stood at the head of the Republican party. When Napoleon, in accordance with the wishes of the nation, assumed that dictatorial power, without which France could by no possibility

have sustained her independence against the combined despots of Europe, Benjamin Constant resolutely turned against the Emperor. But experience had now enlightened him. He had seen despotism triumphant, the Bourbons forced upon France by foreigners, and again driven from the kingdom by an indignant people. He hastened now to give in his adhesion to the Emperor. Napoleon received him as if he had been an old friend. Frankly and truly Napoleon declared that devotion to the popular cause had rendered it essential for him to assume dictatorial power. It was a demonstrable fact.

"The nation," said he, "threw itself at my feet when I assumed the government. You ought to recollect it—you who attempted an opposition. Where was your support—your strength? Nowhere. I assumed less authority than I was invited to take. The people, on my return from Elba, crowding on my footsteps, hurrying from the summits of the mountains, called upon me, sought me out, saluted me. From Cannes to Paris I have not conquered, I have administered the government. I am not, as it is said, the Emperor of the soldiers only; I am the Emperor of the peasants, of the plebeians of France. There is sympathy between us. It is not so with the privileged classes. The nobility have served me. They rushed in crowds into my ante-chambers. There is not a post they have not accepted, asked for, solicited. I have had the Montmorencies, the Noailles, the Rohans, the Beauveaus, the Montemartes; but there never has been any sympathy. The horse curveted, he was well trained; but I felt him quiver. The popular fibre responds to my own. I am sprung from the ranks of the people. My voice acts upon them. There is the same nature between us. They look upon me as their support, as their savior against the nobles. I have only to make a sign, or simply to avert my eyes, and the nobles would be massacred in all the provinces. But I do not wish to be the king of the mob. Public discussions, free elections, responsible ministers, the liberty of the press, I wish for all that—the liberty of the press above all. It is absurd to stifle it. I am the man of the people. I have never wished to deprive them of liberty for my own pleasure. I have now but one mission—to raise up France again, and to give it the most suitable form of government. I wish for peace. But I shall not obtain it but by dint of victories. I foresee a difficult struggle—a long war. To maintain it, the nation must support me."*

* An admirable article upon Napoleon, in the *Encyclopædia Americana*, contains the following judicious remarks, which will commend themselves to every impartial mind:

"The opinions now entertained respecting him may be classed, we think, under the following heads. I. That he was a usurper. This charge is preferred by two very different parties: 1. By the adherents of legitimacy, who think his noblest course would have been to play the part of General Monk. We need not discuss this point in this country, and in the year 1832. 2. The charge of usurpation is also made by some Republicans. We have already observed that, up to the time when Napoleon took the reins of government, no republic can be said to have existed in France. We need, then, only ask whether the tendency of France was toward a republic, and whether Napoleon ought to have lent his power to establish it, provided he could have seen the possibility of its permanence. The forms of government, important as they are, are but secondary, compared to the primary elements of national character and political condition, and are always dependent on the latter. The preservation of the new politico-social relations was also to be attended to. If a republic was incompatible with justice, safety of person and property, internal peace, or national independence, the former ought to have given way to the latter. We believe that there are few persons of judgment who, at present, maintain that at that period a republic could have comported with the internal and external relations of France. Firmly attached as we are to republican insti-

The Emperor's first administrative act was characteristic of his whole career. He convened the electoral colleges in each department, that his resumption of power might be submitted to the suffrages of the whole people. He persisted in this, notwithstanding the Council of State had issued the following decree, whose statements no one would venture to deny:

"*March* 25, 1815. The Council of State, in resuming its functions, feels bound to make known the principles which form the rule of its opinions and its conduct.

"The sovereignty resides in the people. They are the only source of legitimate power. In 1789, the nation reconquered its rights, which had for a long time been usurped or disregarded. The National Assembly abolished the feudal monarchy, and established a constitutional monarchy and representative government. The resistance of the Bourbons to the wishes of the French people terminated in their downfall and their banishment from the French territory. The people twice sanctioned by their votes the new form of government established by their representatives.

"1. In the year 1799, Bonaparte, already crowned by victory, was raised to the government by national assent. A Constitution created the consular magistracy.

"2. A decree of the Senate, on the 2d of August, 1802, appointed Napoleon Bonaparte consul for life.

"3. A decree of the Senate, on the 18th of March, 1804, conferred upon Napoleon the imperial dignity, and made it hereditary in his family.

"These three solemn acts were submitted to the approval of the nation. It sanctioned them by nearly four millions of votes. Thus had the Bourbons, during twenty-two years, ceased to reign in France. They were forgotten by their contemporaries. Strangers to our laws, to our institutions, to our manners, to our glory, the present generation knew them not but by the remembrance of the foreign wars which they had excited against the country, and the intestine divisions which they had stirred up. The foreigners set up a pretended provisional government. They assembled a minority of the senators, and compelled them, in opposition to their trust and their wish, to set aside the existing Constitutions, to subvert the imperial throne, and to recall the Bourbon family. The abdication of the Emperor Napoleon was merely the consequence of the unfortunate situation to which France and the Emperor were reduced by the events of the war, by treason, and by the occupation of the capital. The abdication had for its object only the prevention of civil war and the effusion of blood. This act, which was not confirmed by the will of the people, could not destroy the solemn contract which had been formed between the nation and the Emperor. And even if Napoleon might personally abdicate the crown, he could not sacrifiee the rights of his son, appointed to reign after him.

"Louis Stanislas Xavier arrived in France. He took possession of the throne. The people, overawed by the presence of foreigners, could not,

tutions, we yet must admit that, as there must be a difference in the habitations of men, according to the materials which they possess for their construction, so governments must differ with the character and condition of the governed." How many there are who are blind to these obvious truths!

freely and validly, declare the national wish. Under the protection of the allied army, having thanked a foreign prince for having enabled him to ascend the throne, Louis Stanislas Xavier dated the first act of his authority in the nineteenth year of his reign, thereby declaring that the measures which had emanated from the will of the people were merely the offspring of a long rebellion. All these acts are therefore illegal; done in the presence of hostile armies, and under foreign control, they are merely the work of violence. They are essentially null, and are outrages on the honor, the liberty, and the rights of the people.

"On reascending the throne to which the people had raised him, the Emperor therefore only re-established the most sacred rights of the nation. He returned to reign by the only principle of legitimacy which France had recognized and sanctioned during the past twenty-five years, and to which all the authorities had bound themselves by oaths, from which the will of the people could alone release them."

Notwithstanding these decisive decrees, the Emperor was so scrupulous respecting any appearance even of usurpation, that he insisted that the question of his re-election should be submitted to the suffrages of the people. There were now four parties in France—the Bourbonists, the Orleanists, the Republicans, and the friends of the Emperor. The votes were taken, and Napoleon was again chosen to the chief magistracy of France by a majority of more than a million of votes over all the other parties. And still the Allies called this a *usurpation*.

The saloons of the Tuileries were constantly thronged. Napoleon received all kindly. Members of that Senate which had pronounced Napoleon's forfeiture of the throne, called, tremblingly, with their congratulations. The Emperor received them with courtesy, and gave no indication of the slightest resentment. "I leave that act," said he, "for history to relate. For my part, I forget all past occurrences."

The Emperor embraced an early opportunity of visiting the institution he had established at Ecouen for the orphan daughters of the members of the Legion of Honor. These young girls, who had been provided for by the affectionate liberality of Napoleon, gathered around their benefactor with inexpressible enthusiasm. They threw themselves at his feet, and with tears embraced his knees. He took up a spoon to taste their food. The spoon immediately became sacred in their eyes. When he left, they had it cut in pieces, and moulded into little amulets, which they wore in their bosoms. Nearly all the pupils wore upon their fingers rings of braided hair. One of the young ladies ventured to slip a ring upon Napoleon's finger. Encouraged by the smile of the Emperor, the rest, rushing upon him, seized his hands, and covered them with these pledges of love and gratitude. "Young ladies," said the Emperor, "they shall be as precious to me as the jewels of my crown." On retiring to his carriage, he exclaimed, with moistened eyes, "*Voici le comble de bonheur; ceux-ci sont les plus beaux momens de ma vie.*" "This is the height of happiness; these are the most delightful moments of my life."*

The allied sovereigns in the Congress of Vienna had been for months

* Hist. de Napoleon, par Emile Marco de Saint Hilaire.



NAPOLEON AT THE SCHOOL OF ECOUEN.

quarreling respecting the division of the spoils of reconquered Europe. One hundred thousand distinguished strangers were attracted, by the splendors of the occasion, within the walls of that voluptuous capital. Eighty thousand of the most brilliantly dressed soldiers of the allied armies formed the magnificent cortège for this crowd of princes and kings. Seven hundred embassadors or envoys participated in the deliberations of those haughty conquerors, who had now again placed their feet upon the necks of the people. The regal revelers relieved the toils of diplomacy with feasting and dances, and all luxurious indulgence. The Emperor of Austria defrayed the expenses of this enormous hospitality. The imperial table alone was maintained at an expense of twenty-five thousand dollars a day.

The Allies were involved in a desperate quarrel respecting the division of the spoils of Poland, Saxony, and Italy, and were just on the point of breaking up and turning their arms against each other, when a courier brought to Lord Castlereagh the tidings that Napoleon had left Elba. Talleyrand was at that time making his toilet for a ball, in accordance with the etiquette of the voluptuaries around him. His hands were wet with the perfumes which his *valets de chambre* had poured upon them ; and two barbers were curling and powdering his hair. His niece, the young and beautiful Princess of Courlande, ran into the room with a note from Metternich, marked *secret and in haste*. Talleyrand, looking up from the midst of the curling-irons, powders, and perfumes, requested his niece to open and read the note.

She did so, and, turning pale, exclaimed, "Heavens ! Bonaparte has left Elba ! What is to become of my ball this evening ?"

The imperturbable minister, whose external equanimity no possible surprise could derange, after a moment's pause, said, in those low tones of gravity which he had carefully cultivated, "Do not be uneasy, niece, your ball shall take place notwithstanding." Though the well-trained diploma-



THE ANNOUNCEMENT TO TALLEYRAND.

tist could thus conceal his alarm, it was not so with the other guilty revelers at this Belshazzar's feast. "If a thunderbolt," says Alison, "had fallen in the midst of the brilliance assembled in the imperial ball-room at Vienna, it could not have excited greater consternation than this simple announcement. It was deemed, nevertheless, expedient to conceal the alarm which all really felt." Talleyrand quietly continued his toilet, and, after shutting himself up for several hours with M. Metternich and Lord Castlereagh, wrote to Louis XVIII., advising him to place no reliance upon the people of France, but assuring him of the continued support of the Allies.

No one knew toward what point the Emperor intended to direct his steps. Five days of doubt, conjecture, and intense anxiety passed before any further intelligence was received. The festivities were all suspended, and Europe thought of but one idea and of one man. A proscribed exile, without money and without arms, floating upon the waves of the Mediterranean, simply by the magic of his name plunged all the courts and all the armies

of Europe into commotion. Two powers at that moment equally divided Europe. One power was Napoleon Bonaparte, solitary and alone; the other power was all the combined monarchs, and armies, and navies of Christendom.

On the 5th of March, the Congress received the intelligence that Napoleon had landed in France, and was borne along on resistless waves of popular enthusiasm toward Paris. Amazement and consternation were depicted upon every countenance. The Allies immediately held a council, and, after a few reproaches, all their differences were laid aside in dread of their common foe. The anger of the Allies was vehemently aroused against *the people of France* for their invincible attachment to Napoleon. The coalesced despots had heretofore, in defiance of human intelligence, declared Napoleon to be a usurper and a tyrant, crushing the liberties of the people beneath iron hoofs and sabre strokes. But this unexampled exhibition of a nation's love and homage for a moment struck dumb these lips of falsehood. "The anger of the sovereigns and their ministers against Napoleon," says Lamartine, "turned into resentment against *France herself*, the accomplice, either through connivance or servility, of Bonaparte. So long as this focus of war and revolution should exist, there could be no durable peace for the nations—no security for crowns. A European war of extermination against France, which had executed Louis XVI., and twice crowned Napoleon, was the first cry of the sovereigns and their councils. Its immediate conquest, before the nation should have time to furnish armies to Bonaparte, its partition afterward, that the members of this great body should never be able to join to upheave the weight of the whole world—these were the resolutions uttered in an under tone."

It seemed in vain to attempt to force upon France the Bourbons. All the Powers were alike disposed to abandon their cause, and to partition France as Poland had been partitioned, or to place upon the throne an energetic man of their own choice. "I am weary of war," said Alexander. "I can not employ the whole period of my reign, and the whole forces of my empire, in raising up in France a family which knows neither how to fight nor how to reign. I shall never draw the sword for them again."

Talleyrand stood alone in the Congress to advocate the cause of the Bourbons, to whom only he could look for a reward. The sagacious minister was adequate to his task. For eight days he struggled, single-handed, against the resolve of the combined cabinets of Europe. With diplomatic wisdom, address, and genius, which have perhaps never been surpassed, he faltered not until he had obtained his end. Each day panting couriers brought the tidings of Napoleon's advance, and of the enthusiasm which every where greeted him. The allied generals indignantly grasped their swords and demanded a prompt invasion, and the entire subjugation of a people who so pertinaciously claimed the right of choosing their own form of government. The sovereigns, exasperated by this marvelous power of the Emperor over the hearts of the French people, breathed only vengeance. And yet the imperturbable and wily diplomatist of the Bourbons day after day allayed these excitements, and drew his antagonists nearer and nearer to his own counsels.

The morning of the 13th of March dawned. The Allies had determined to come on this day to a final decision. The question was simply this: "Shall France be partitioned off, as was Poland, among the other powers of Europe; or shall we place upon the throne a monarch who will advocate our cause, like Bernadotte, but more energetic and less unpopular than the Bourbons; or shall we replace the Bourbons again upon the throne?" The question of the independence of France and the right of the French people to elect their own sovereign was not even suggested. Talleyrand employed the whole night of the 12th in preparation for the momentous decision. As he left his mansion to go to the place of the Congress, he said to his niece and his secretary,



TALLEYRAND.

"I leave you in despair. I am going to make the last efforts. If I fail, France is lost, and the Bourbons and I shall not have even the remnant of a country for exile. I know your impatience to ascertain our fate. I can not send you a messenger during the day, since nothing is allowed to be communicated out of the hall of conference. But be at the window at the hour when my carriage returns, bringing me back a conqueror or conquered. If I have failed, I shall keep myself shut up and motionless. If success has crowned my efforts, I will wave from the carriage window a paper, the signal of our triumph."

The sitting was commenced in the morning, and prolonged late into the

day. The speech of Talleyrand—uttered in low, calm, conversational, yet earnest tones—is one of the most persuasive upon record. A theatric display of gesture and of impassioned intonations would have been grossly out of place in the presence of such an audience, and in a crisis so momentous.

"If you punish France," said Talleyrand, "by dividing it after its conquest, how will you agree together in the distribution of the spoils? And what power can restrain under its hand the members, still living, still convulsive, ever on the stretch to rejoin one another? You have had nothing to dread in France but the revolutionary spirit; but you will then have to restrain and combat, at the same time, the two least compressible forces in the political world—the *revolutionary spirit*, and the *spirit of independence*. This double volcano will open its craters even under your own hereditary possessions. Look at Poland! Is it not the spirit of independence which perpetually nourishes there the spirit of revolution? The partition of France would be the ruin of the Continent.

"But it is said that the question is, not to ruin France, but to weaken it, so that it shall not be hurtful to other nations; to exhaust its strength, to occupy it for a time, and then to give it, for its masters, sovereigns with a firmer hand, and a name less unpopular than that of Bourbon! But if you cease to recognize the right of the *legitimacy of kings* in France, what becomes of your own right in Europe? What becomes of this principle, or rather this *religion of legitimacy*, which we have found again under the ruins of the revolutions, subversions, and conquests of twenty years? Did the house of Bourbon offer at this moment only enervated sovereigns to fill the throne, Europe would still be condemned to crown them or to perish. The cause of Europe is the cause of *legitimacy;* and legitimacy is synonymous with the house of Bourbon. The *partition of France* would be a crime against nations; the *dethronement of the Bourbons* would be a crime against thrones.

"There is but one course which is wise and just. It is to separate the cause of the French nation from that of Bonaparte; to declare personal and exclusive war against him, and peace to France. You thus weaken Bonaparte by showing him alone to be the only obstacle to the reconciliation of nations, and you disarm France by separating her cause from the cause of Bonaparte. And then it must be declared that Europe will never recognize, under any circumstances whatever, the sovereignty of France but in the house of Bourbon."

The Allies were convinced. They then issued to the world the following infamous decree: "The allied sovereigns, being informed of the escape of Napoleon Bonaparte, and of his having entered France by force of arms, owe to their own dignity and the interests of society a solemn declaration of the sentiments with which that event has inspired them. By thus infringing the convention which settled Napoleon in the island of Elba, he has destroyed the only legal title to which his existence was attached (*auquel son existence se trouvait attachée*). By reappearing in France with the design of disturbing and subverting it, *he has deprived himself of the protection of the laws*, and made manifest to the universe that there can be neither peace nor truce with him. The Powers therefore declare that *Napoleon Bonaparte has*

thrown himself out of all the relations of civilized society; and that, as an enemy and a disturber of the world, he has rendered himself an object of public vengeance."

They then bound themselves by a solemn pledge to pursue to the last extremity, with all the energies of their combined states and kingdoms, the sovereign of the people's choice. This despotic decree was signed by Austria, Spain, France, Great Britain, Portugal, Russia, Prussia, and Sweden. By a secret treaty, concluded on the same day, it was solemnly stipulated that the contracting parties should not lay down their arms till they had effected the complete destruction of Napoleon.

The unprecedented spectacle was now presented of all the monarchies and armies of Europe combined against one single man. Napoleon's only strength consisted in the love of the people, whose cause he had so nobly espoused and so heroically maintained. The strength of the Allies was deposited in their bayonets and their gunpowder. They immediately marshaled their countless armies to crush at once and forever the child and the champion of popular equality. Austria contributed 350,000 troops under Schwartzenberg; England and Prussia furnished an army of 250,000 men to act in concert under Wellington and Blucher; Alexander himself headed his semi-barbarian legions, 200,000 strong. The auxiliaries from other nations raised this formidable armament to one million of men. The fleets of England also girdled France and swept the seas, that there might be no escape for the doomed victim. Such were the forces which were arrayed, with all the enginery of war, to wrest *one man* from the love of the people. Never was a mortal placed in such a position of sublimity before. Chateaubriand had pithily said, "If the cocked hat and surtout of Napoleon were placed on a stick on the shores of Brest, it would cause Europe to run to arms from one end to the other."

The public announcement of this high-handed outrage against the independence of France caused not a little embarrassment to the two English embassadors. The Duke of Wellington and Lord Castlereagh were perhaps as bitterly opposed to any thing like popular reform, and as imperiously devoted to the interests of aristocratic privileges as any two men to be found on the Continent of Europe. Russia, Prussia, and Austria, powerful in despotism, could exclude all knowledge from their subjects, or could silence with the bayonet any feeble murmurs which should arise from their enslaved peoples. They could boldly avow, in the language of an Austrian princess, that "sovereigns should be as regardless of the complaints of their subjects as the moon is of the barking of dogs."

But in England it was not precisely so. There was in England a liberal Constitution, a House of Commons, a free press, and an inquisitive people. Consequently, these English nobles did not dare to move so defiantly as did their confederated despots. While therefore combining, with intense cordiality, in this attempt to wrest from France the sovereign of its choice, and to force upon the nation a twice rejected dynasty, they ventured the declaration to the British people, that they only joined the coalition against a common enemy, but *that they had no disposition to interfere with the rights of the French nation in the choice of their own rulers;* "a reservation," says

Lamartine, "which was necessary for their justification to the British Parliament."

With this astonishing declaration upon their lips, the British government appropriated, in prosecution of the war for that year, $90,000,000 to the navy, $139,000,000 to the army, and the subsidies paid to foreign powers amounted $55,000,000 more. They maintained six hundred and fifty thousand men in arms, and placed fifty-eight ships of the line in commission. The whole war expenses of the year amounted to the unparalleled sum of $550,000,000. Such were the herculean energies requisite to crush the illustrious chieftain of popular rights. Such were the enormous sums wrested from the people of England to maintain despotic authority on the Continent of Europe.

There was in the British House of Commons a band of noble men who breasted all the tremendous power of the British government, in bold denunciation of this great iniquity; and even then there were so many of the *English people* whose sympathies were with Napoleon, that those who were in the opposition were accused of *seeking popularity* by their opposition to the measures of the government.

While the Allies were thus unrelentingly preparing for war, Napoleon was making every possible effort for the promotion of peace. Even when the combined army was advancing through Germany toward the frontiers of France, and when the English vessels were capturing the French ships on all seas, he still disregarded these hostile acts, hoping, by assurances of his readiness to accede to any reasonable propositions, to save his country and Europe from another appeal to the horrors of war. The Austrian embassador left Paris soon after Napoleon's arrival, refusing to have any official intercourse with the government of the Emperor. Napoleon had not been able to have any communication with Maria Louisa. The Austrian embassador consented to take a letter to her. He, however, gave it to the Emperor Francis, and it was never placed in her hands. The Emperor Francis being apprehensive that Napoleon might, by some means, succeed in regaining his wife and son, transported them both to his palace, and guarded them vigilantly. To alienate the Empress from her noble husband, she was infamously told, according to the testimony of the Duke of Rovigo, that Napoleon had assembled a harem of beautiful ladies around him, and was happy in their smiles. How far Maria Louisa credited the cruel slander is not known.

In all his pacific overtures Napoleon was sternly repulsed. The Allies would allow no messenger from him to approach them. Alexander greatly admired the grace, intelligence, and amiable virtues of Queen Hortense. Through her mediation Napoleon endeavored to get access to the heart of the Czar. But the Russian monarch was bound too firmly in the chains of the coalition to escape. He frankly replied to the sorrow-stricken daughter of Josephine, "There can be no peace, not even a truce with Napoleon." The Emperor then sent his brother Joseph, whose character commanded the respect of every monarch in Europe, on a secret mission to Vienna, to endeavor, by every honorable artifice, to gain the ear of the allied sovereigns. But he found all alike unrelenting. Napoleon then, as his last resort, wrote

the following dignified yet earnest appeal for peace to each of the allied sovereigns, and dispatched couriers with a copy to each of their respective courts:

"Paris, April 4, 1814.

"Sire, my Brother,—You have learned, in the course of the last month, of my return to the shores of France, my entrance into Paris, and the retirement of the Bourbons. The true nature of these events must now be known to your majesty. They are the work of an irresistible power, the result of the unanimous will of a great nation, which knows its duties and its rights. The dynasty which force had imposed upon a great people was no longer calculated for them. The Bourbons had no community with them either of feeling or manners. France was therefore compelled to withdraw from them. The experiment which had induced me to make so great a sacrifice had failed. France called for a liberator; I therefore returned. From the spot where I first touched the soil of France, the love of my people bore me to the bosom of my capital.

"The first wish of my heart is to repay so much affection with an honorble tranquillity. The re-establishment of the imperial throne was necessary for the happiness of the French. It is my most ardent hope to render it at the same time the means of confirming the peace of Europe. Enough of glory has added lustre, by turns, to the flags of the different nations. The vicissitudes of fate have sufficiently caused a succession of great reverses and signal triumphs. A more noble arena is now open to the sovereigns, and I shall be the first to enter it. After having presented the world with the spectacle of great battles, it will be more grateful to recognize hereafter no other rivalship than that of prolonging the blessings of peace—no other struggle than the sacred one of perpetuating the happiness of nations.

"France takes a pride in proclaiming frankly this noble end of all her wishes. Jealous of her own independence, the invariable principle of her policy will be, the most absolute respect for the independence of other nations. If such are, as I cherish the hope, the personal sentiments of your majesty, the general tranquillity is assured for a long period, and Justice, seated at the confines of states, will alone suffice to guard their frontiers.

"NAPOLEON."

The frontiers, however, were so vigilantly guarded against every messenger from Napoleon, and the Allies were so determined to withdraw themselves from any kind of communication with him, that the Minister for Foreign Affairs could not succeed in forwarding one of these letters to any of the European courts. Under these circumstances, Caulaincourt sorrowfully made the following report to the Emperor and to the nation:

"Sire,—Alarming symptoms are all at once manifested on every side. An unaccountable system threatens to prevail among the allied powers—that of preparing for action without admitting a preliminary explanation with the nation they seem determined to assail. It was reserved for the present epoch to see an assemblage simultaneously interdict all communication with one great state, and close all access to its amicable assurances. The couriers sent from Paris to the different courts have not been able to reach

their destination. One could not pass beyond Strasburg. Another, sent to Italy, was stopped at Turin. A third, destined for Berlin and the north, has been arrested at Mayence, ill treated by the Prussian commandant, and his dispatches have been seized. When a barrier thus impenetrable rises between the French ministry and its agents abroad, between your majesty's cabinet and those of other sovereigns, there is no other method open to your ministry than by the public acts of foreign governments to judge of their intentions.

"In England, orders have been given to augment the British forces as well by land as by sea. Thus the French nation ought, on all sides, to be on its guard. It may apprehend a continental aggression, and, at the same time, it must watch the whole extent of its coasts against the possibility of descent. In Austria, in Russia, in Prussia, in all parts of Germany, and in Italy—every where, in short, is seen a general armament. On every point of Europe, and at the same moment, troops are preparing, arming, marching."

These were appalling tidings to France. The empire was already exhausted by the interminable wars into which the Allies had dragged it. It was quite unprepared for a renewal of the dreadful conflict. A million of armed men were crowding mercilessly on to desolate the hills and valleys of France with flames and blood. The boldest hearts in France trembled. The odds were so fearfully unequal, that many were in despair. The Allies, by adroitly separating Napoleon from France, and declaring that they waged war against him alone, led thousands to feel that they must be again compelled to give up their beloved Emperor. Apparently they could retain Napoleon only by passing through the most awful scenes of conflict, carnage, and woe to which a nation was ever exposed. As fathers and mothers looked upon their little households, upon precious sons and lovely daughters, and in imagination heard the tramp of approaching armies, the reverberation of invading guns, the sweep of brutal squadrons, the shout of onset, and the shriek of despair, they turned pale, pressed their children to their throbbing hearts, and still clung to their beloved Emperor. Mothers, with streaming eyes, prepared their sons for the battle. Gray-headed fathers, with tottering steps, crowded the churches to implore God's blessing upon their righteous cause.

And still, incredible as it may seem, the Allies, who had the control of all the presses of Europe, unblushingly reiterated the cry, that *the insatiably ambitious and bloodthirsty Bonaparte would not be at peace with the nations;* and that the repose of the world demanded that he should be hunted down as a beast of prey. The Tory government of England, with its boundless wealth and resources, re-echoed the cry in books, pamphlets, and journals, with which they flooded all lands. It is impossible to paint a demon in blacker colors than Napoleon was painted in hundreds of thousands of placards and pamphlets, which were scattered like autumnal leaves. The pen in this warfare was, in England especially, as necessary as the sword. Deep as were the wounds which the pen of calumny inflicted upon the memory of the Emperor, he never for one moment doubted that his reputation would eventually emerge triumphant from the conflict.

Napoleon, having utterly exhausted all efforts for peace, roused his ener-

gies anew to meet the unequal conflict. Jealous of his posthumous fame, and ever keeping an eye upon the final verdict of history, he issued a truthful and an unanswerable statement of the violation of the treaty of Fontainebleau by the Allies, and of the reasons which consequently induced him to leave Elba, and to accept again from the suffrages of the nation the crown of France. This appeal of the Emperor could only be answered by brute force; and that answer, and that alone, the Allies returned. Napoleon's spirit was saddened as he reflected upon the blood which must again flow in torrents, and upon the woes with which Europe was again to be deluged. But the coalesced despots were reckless of blood, and flame, and woe, in the determination, at whatever cost, to give the death-blow to popular liberty.

"If Austria," said Napoleon, "had the courage to make an alliance with me, we could together save the world from Russia. But Austria is already ruled by Alexander, who reigns in Europe. I alone could counterbalance him. My value will not be known till they have destroyed me. But I shall sell my life dearly. They would gladly have me in an iron cage, to show me in chains to the world as a beast of prey. They have not got me yet. I will show them the rousing of the lion. They do not suspect my strength. Were I to put on to-morrow the *red bonnet* of 1793, it would seal the destruction of them all."

This was true. Had Napoleon yielded to the temptation, and called to his aid that revolutionary fury which, during the Reign of Terror, had deluged France in blood, the head of every aristocrat in France would have fallen, and the surging billows of popular phrensy would have rolled unarrested over the Continent. But this great man stood firm as the advocate of *popular rights* and of *law*. He was the barrier against *aristocratic usurpation* on the one hand, and the *maddened violence of phrensied masses* on the other. He opposed alike the reign of crowned despots and the reign of terror; the arrogance of the nobles and the violence of the mob; the dominion of the Bourbons and the still more hateful dominion of Danton and Marat. He ever deemed it his holy mission to cause order, and law, and popular rights to emerge from the chaos of the Revolution. No temptation could induce him to swerve from this aim. The gales which came from one direction and another occasionally compelled him to veer from his course, but he was ever struggling to attain that end.

Napoleon wished to resume the throne by the solemnity of an imposing ceremony. The 1st of June and the Field of Mars were appointed as the time and place for this festival. A concourse of citizens and soldiers which could not be counted thronged this most magnificent parade-ground in the world. The minutes of the votes for the re-election of the Emperor were read by the arch-chancellor, and it was declared that the number of votes in the affirmative exceeded by a million those in the negative.

The Emperor, dressed in imperial robes, ascended the elevated platform, where every eye could rest upon him. An altar was erected upon the platform, at which the Archbishop of Rouen, in the performance of religious rites, consecrated the Eagles, and implored upon their just cause the blessing of the God of armies. An address from the electors of Paris was then read to the Emperor. It contained the following sentiments:

"Sire, the French people had conferred upon you the crown, and you have laid it down without their consent. Their suffrages now impose upon you the duty of resuming it. What does the league of allied kings require? How have we given cause for their aggression? We do not wish for the chief they would impose upon us; and we wish for the one they do not like. We are threatened by invasion. Sire, nothing shall be spared to maintain our honor and independence. Every thing shall be done to repel an ignominious yoke. Sire, a throne built up by foreign armies has crumbled in an instant before you, because you have brought to us, from retirement, all the pathways of our true glory, all the hopes of our real prosperity."

Napoleon rose. A shout like the crash of thunder burst from the multitudinous throng. The roar of applause from so many voices is represented by those who heard it as truly appalling. As soon as silence was a little restored, Napoleon made an appropriate reply, commencing with the following words: "Emperor, consul, soldier, I owe every thing to the people. In prosperity, in adversity, in the field of battle, in council, on the throne, in exile, France has been the sole and constant object of my thoughts and actions."

Then laying aside the imperial mantle, he appeared before the multitude in that simple costume which was the dress of every-day life, and with which they were all familiar. He was again greeted by a burst of enthusiasm such as has seldom been heard by mortal ears. Turning to the soldiers, he said, "Soldiers of the land and sea forces, I confide to you the imperial Eagle, with the national colors! You swear to defend it, at the price of your blood, against the enemies of your country."

A deep, intense, prolonged roar rolled along the squadrons and battalions as they repeated the words, "We swear it, we swear it!" Upon the summit of the platform there was reared a lofty pyramidal throne. Napoleon ascended it, and, with every eye riveted upon him, looked around upon the imposing spectacle spread out before him. The bands of all the regiments, in one majestic orchestra, encompassed the throne, and filled the air with an almost superhuman tumult of melody. The Emperor then descended, and with his own hand delivered the Eagles to the several regiments as they marched by. To each he addressed those eloquent words, so eminently at his command, which awakened vibrations in every fibre of the soldier's heart.

Cries of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" filled the air. The scene of enthusiasm which the occasion presented left an impression upon those who witnessed it which could never be effaced. "No one," says Savary, "could fail to remark that never did the French people, at any period of the Revolution, seem more disposed to defend their liberty and their independence. The Emperor left the Field of Mars confident that he might rely upon the sentiments there manifested toward him. From that moment his only care was to prepare to meet the storm which was gathering in Belgium.*

* "The retinue by which the Emperor was accompanied was as splendid as it used formerly to be on the celebration of important ceremonies. The immense multitude through which he passed welcomed him with cheers; and assuredly, had not the prospect of war checked the hopes in which the public wished to indulge, nothing would have been wanting to complete that happiness which all appeared to derive from this extraordinary event."—*Memoirs of the Duke of Rovigo*, vol. iv., p. 34.



THE FIELD OF MARS.

Time pressed. Every thing was to be done. An awful tempest of war was about to burst upon France. There had been no leisure to revise the Constitution to meet the peculiar emergence in which the empire was now placed. As a temporary provision, Napoleon, with his council, had prepared "*An Additional Act to the Constitutions of the State.*" These articles, extremely liberal in their spirit, though, of course, encountering individual opposition, the nation adopted by acclamation. One million five hundred thousand votes were thrown in favor of the "Additional Act," while less than five thousand votes were thrown against it. Even Madame de Staël applauded these provisions, and wrote to a friend, "The Additional Articles are all that is wanted for France; nothing less and nothing more than what she wants. The return of the Emperor is prodigious, and surpasses all imagination."

M. Sismondi, the illustrious historian, a warm advocate of Republican principles, published an eloquent eulogium upon this act, and called upon all Frenchmen to rally around the Emperor in defense of national independence. Benjamin Constant, the renowned champion of constitutional freedom, and one of the most forcible orators of his day, assisted in the formation of this Constitution, and earnestly advocated it with his voice and his pen. To account for these facts, Mr. Alison says:

"One of the most extraordinary of the many extraordinary gifts with which this wonderful man was endowed, was the power he possessed of subduing the minds of men, and the faculty he had acquired of dazzling penetration

the most acute, and winning over hostile prepossessions the most confirmed, by the mere magic of his fascinating conversation."

In reply to the atrocious declaration of outlawry issued by the Allies, the Emperor, in a dignified and unanswerable document, drawn up by the presidents of the several sections of the Council of State, announced his position to Europe. The following abstract of this important document will show its spirit:

"The treaty of Fontainebleau has been violated by the allied powers. 1. The Empress and her son were to receive passports and an escort. Far from performing such promise, the wife was separated by force from her husband, the son from his father, and this under painful circumstances, when the strongest minds find it necessary to seek consolation and support in the bosom of the family affections.* 2. The safety of Napoleon, of the imperial family and their suites, was guaranteed, yet bands of assassins were organized under the eyes of the French government to attack the Emperor, his brothers, and their wives. 3. The duchies of Parma and Placentia were pledged to Maria Louisa, her son, and his descendants, yet, after a long refusal, the injustice was consummated by an absolute spoliation. 4. A suitable establishment out of France was promised to Prince Eugene, yet he obtained nothing. 5. The Emperor had stipulated for his brave soldiers for the preservation of their salaries; nevertheless, notwithstanding remonstrances, the whole was kept back. 6. The preservation of the property of the Emperor's family, movable and immovable, is stipulated in the treaty, yet it has been despoiled of both. 7. The Emperor was to receive four hundred thousand dollars a year, and the members of his family five hundred thousand. The French government has refused to fulfill these engagements. The Emperor must have been reduced to the necessity of dismissing his faithful guard for want of means of insuring its pay, had he not found, in the grateful remembrances of the bankers of Genoa and Italy, the honorable resource of a loan of twelve millions, which was offered him. 8. The island of Elba was secured to Napoleon in full property, yet the resolution to deprive him of the same had been agreed to at the Congress. If Providence had not interposed, Europe would have seen attempts made against the person and the liberty of Napoleon. He was to have been torn from his family and his friends, and, at the mercy of his enemies, consigned to imprisonment at St. Helena.

"When the Allies thus stooped to violate a solemn contract; when Napoleon and all the members of his family saw that they were menaced in their persons, property, affections; when they were deprived of all the rights stipulated in their favor as princes, as well as of those secured by the laws to simple citizens, how was Napoleon to act? Ought he, after having endured so many insults and suffered so many acts of injustice, to tolerate the complete violation of those engagements entered into with him, and, resign-

* In the fourteenth article of the treaty it was stipulated that "all such safe-conducts shall be furnished as are necessary for the free journey of his majesty the Emperor Napoleon, of the Empress, of the princes and princesses, and of all the persons of their suite who shall wish to accompany them, or to establish themselves out of France, as well as for the passage of all the equipages, horses, and effects which belong to them. The allied powers shall furnish, in consequence, officers and men as an escort."

ing himself to the fate prepared for him, abandon also to their fearful destiny his wife, his son, his relations, and his faithful servants?

"Such a resolution seems to require more than human strength of mind; yet Napoleon was capable of adopting such conduct, if the peace and happiness of France could have been purchased by that new sacrifice. He would again have devoted himself for the French people, from whom, as he wishes to declare in the face of all Europe, he makes it his glory to possess every thing, to whom he refers every thing, and to whom also he alone holds himself responsible for his actions, and devotes his existence. It was for France alone, and to save her from intestine war, that the Emperor abdicated the crown. He restored to the French people the rights that he held from them. He left them free to choose a new master, and to found their liberty and happiness on institutions calculated to protect both. He hoped that the nation would preserve all it had acquired by five-and-twenty years of glorious warfare, and that it would maintain its sovereignty in the choice of a ruler, and in stipulating the conditions on which he should be called to the throne. He expected from the new government respect for the glory of the armies and for the rights of the brave, and a guarantee for all the new interests generated and maintained during a quarter of a century, and which had become identified with the manners, habits, and wants of the nation.

"Far from this, every idea of the sovereignty of the people has been discarded. The principle on which public and civil legislation has been founded since the Revolution has been equally annulled. France has been treated as a revolted country reconquered by the armies of its ancient masters, and subjugated anew to feudal domination. A constitutional law has been imposed upon her without consulting the nation or even listening to its voice, while nothing remained but the phantom of national representation. The disuniting of the army, dispersion and exile of its officers, debasement of the soldiery, suppression of their endowments, privation of their pay or pensions, pre-eminence accorded to the decorations of feudal monarchy, contempt of the citizens in designating them anew under the designation "*the third estate*," spoliation of the purchasers of national property, the return of the feudal system in its titles, privileges, and rights, re-establishment of monarchical principles, abolition of the liberties of the Gallican Church, annihilation of the Concordat, re-establishment of tithes, revival of intolerance in an exclusive form of worship, and the domination of a handful of nobles over a nation accustomed to equality, are what the ministers of the Bourbons have done, or wished to do for the people of France.

"It was under these circumstances that the Emperor Napoleon left the island of Elba. Such were the motives for the resolution he adopted, and not any considerations of his own personal interests, so trivial, in his opinion, compared to the interests of the nation to which he has devoted his existence. He has not introduced war into the bosom of France. On the contrary, he has extinguished that war which the possessors of national property, constituting four fifths of the landholders throughout France, would have been compelled to wage upon their despoilers; the war which the citizens, oppressed, degraded, and humiliated by the nobles, would have been compelled to declare against their oppressors; that war, in short, which Protestants and

Jews, and the people of different sects, would have been obliged to maintain against their intolerant persecutors.

"The Emperor came to deliver France. As her deliverer has he been received. He arrived almost alone. He traveled seven hundred miles unopposed, and without offering battle. He has resumed without resistance, in the midst of his capital and of the acclamations of an immense majority of the citizens, the throne relinquished by the Bourbons, who, from among the army, their own household, the National Guards, or the people, could not raise a single person in arms to endeavor to maintain them in their seat. Yes! The Emperor finds himself replaced at the head of a people which had already chosen him thrice, and has just re-elected him a fourth time by its reception of him during his march and his triumphant arrival. Thus is he replaced at the head of that nation by which, and for the interests of which, he alone wishes to reign.

"What, then, is the wish of Napoleon and of France? They desire only the independence of France, peace at home, peace with all nations, and the sacred observance of the treaty of Paris of the 30th of May, 1814. What, then, is changed in the prospects of Europe and the hope of repose? There is nothing changed if the Allies, respecting the independence of France, acknowledges its existence, unconquering and unconquered, as far from domineering as being held in subjection, to be necessary to the balance of greater realms, as well as the guarantee of smaller states. There is nothing changed, provided no attempt be made to compel France to resume, with a dynasty she can no longer desire, the feudal chains she has broken, or to submit to the lordly or ecclesiastical pretensions from which she has emancipated herself. There is nothing changed if those powers do not seek to impose on her laws, interfere in her internal concerns, assign her a particular form of government, and force upon her masters suited only to the interests and passions of her neighbors. There is nothing changed if, while France is occupied in preparing the new social compact intended to guarantee the liberty of her citizens and the triumph of those generous ideas prevalent in Europe, which can no longer be stifled, she be not compelled to abandon, in order to prepare for battle, those pacific ideas and that store of domestic prosperity to which the people and their sovereign wish to devote all their energies. Finally, there is nothing changed if an unjust coalition does not oblige the French nation, which wishes only to remain at peace with Europe, to defend, as in 1792, her will, her rights, her independence, and the sovereign of her choice."

CHAPTER XXVII.

WATERLOO.

Preparations for War—The Emperor's Departure from the Tuileries—Position of Wellington and Blucher—Plan of the Emperor—Desertion of Bourmont—Charleroi—Disaster of Quatre-Bras—Wellington at Brussels—Waterloo—Night Reconnoissance—The Storm—The Battle—Hopeless Condition of Wellington—The Arrival of Blucher—The French Overwhelmed—Return of Napoleon to Paris.

In preparation for war not a moment was to be lost. Napoleon had succeeded, by incredible exertions, in raising an army of two hundred and eighty thousand men; but of these he could take but one hundred and twenty thousand to drive back the inundation of nearly a million of bayonets now advancing toward the frontiers of France. The enormous masses of the allied troops were marching in massive columns from various points of the compass to concentrate at Paris. Schwartzenberg, on the upper Rhine, commanded two hundred and sixty thousand men. Wellington and Blucher, in the vicinity of Brussels, had over one hundred thousand each. The Russian army, hastening by forced marches through Germany, consisted of nearly two hundred thousand semi-barbarians. At the foot of the Alps, to invade France from that quarter, an army of sixty thousand men were on the march under Austrian guidance. Even from reluctant Switzerland the domineering Allies had extorted a force of thirty thousand troops. The navy of England, then the most majestic arm of military strength on the globe, was plying all its energies of transport, of plunder, and of bombardment, in aid of the arduous enterprise. All these mighty monarchies, with these gigantic armies, were combined and on the move avowedly against one single man.

It was a fearful crisis. With fortitude and heroism which commands the admiration of the world did Napoleon meet it. He was, as it were, alone. Josephine was dead. Maria Louisa and his idolized son were prisoners in the saloons of the Allies. Eugene was dethroned and entangled in the court of the King of Bavaria, his father-in-law. Murat was wandering a fugitive, in hourly peril of being shot. Lannes, Bessières, Duroc, were dead. Berthier, ashamed to meet his old master, had followed the fortunes of the Bourbons. Marmont was a traitor at Ghent. Oudinot and Macdonald, honorable men, still regarded as sacred their oath of fidelity to the Bourbons. Ney, having, through the dictates of his heart, violated his oath, disheartened by the sense of dishonor, had lost his power.

There were but two plans between which Napoleon could choose. One was, to concentrate his little army around Paris, permit the Allies unobstructed to conduct their ravaging march through France, and settle the conflict in one dreadful battle beneath the walls of the metropolis. The other was, to cross the frontier, to take the enemy by surprise in his unsuspicious march; to fall upon one body, and then upon another, and then upon another, and thus arrest and drive back the invaders, until they should be compelled to



EUGENE BEAUHARNAIS.

negotiate. Each of these plans seemed almost desperate, but the last was the least so. Napoleon decided to march promptly and unexpectedly into Belgium, to attack the armies of Wellington and Blucher before they had time to concentrate their forces, and by the annihilation of this division of the mighty host of the Allies to strike a blow upon the coalition which should cause it to recoil.

The whole night of the 11th of June the Emperor passed in his cabinet, dispatching innumerable orders and giving private instructions to his ministers. As he took leave of his ministers, he said to them, "I depart to-night. Do your duty. The army and I will perform ours. I recommend you to act with union, zeal, and energy. Be careful, gentlemen, not to suffer liberty to degenerate into license, or anarchy to take the place of order. Bear in mind that on unity the success of our exertions must depend."

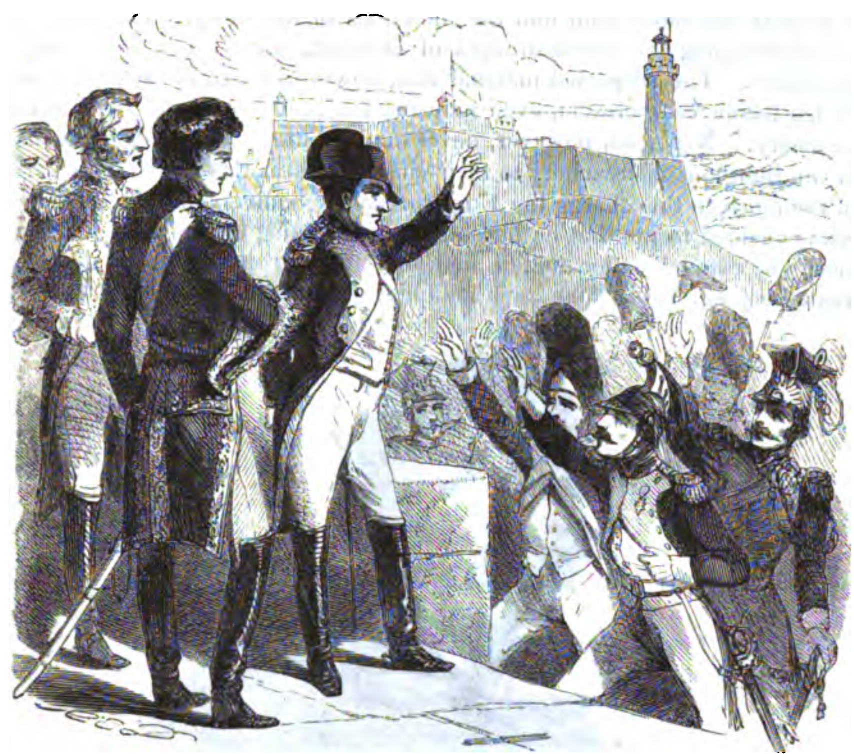
At three o'clock in the morning of the 12th of June, just as the day was beginning to dawn, Napoleon descended the stairs of the Tuileries to join his army in this his last campaign. Holding out his hand to Caulaincourt, he said, sadly yet firmly, "Farewell, Caulaincourt! farewell! We must conquer or die!" On reaching the foot of the staircase, he stopped for a moment, cast a lingering look around him upon that palace which he was never again to enter, and then threw himself into his carriage. Driving rapidly all that day and the next night, he arrived, on the morning of the 13th, at Avesnes, about one hundred and fifty miles from Paris. In the vicinity of this city, which is on the extreme frontier of France, Napoleon had, by rapid marches, accumulated all his available troops. The success of the cam-



NAPOLEON LEAVING THE TUILERIES.

paign depended upon promptness of action. A few hours even of delay might enable his enemies to crush him with overwhelming forces. From the lips of the whole army acclamations greeted him such as no other man has ever heard.

The intrepid and intelligent soldiers, fully conscious of the fearful odds against which they were to contend, with proud acclamations bade defiance to the whole coalition, and nerved themselves with the courage of despair. Not fifty miles north of Napoleon there were two armies ready to combine. Wellington, at Brussels, had over one hundred thousand men. Blucher, but a few leagues from him, headed an army of one hundred and thirty thousand Prussians. These two forces, not dreaming of attack, even unconscious that Napoleon had left Paris, were negligently awaiting the arrival of the Russian troops, rapidly approaching, two hundred thousand in number. Napoleon was about to plunge into these masses with but one hundred and twenty thousand men. Immediately upon his arrival, the troops enthusiastically thronged around him. With a few glowing words, he almost supernaturally roused their ardor. They rushed toward him, raised their caps upon their bayonets, and filled the air with their shouts. They were all



NAPOLEON ADDRESSING HIS TROOPS.

eager to be led by their beloved chieftain upon any adventure, however desperate.

In one hour after Napoleon's arrival at Avesnes his whole army was on the march. The Emperor gave minute directions to every corps, traversing different roads, and starting from different points, so to order their march as to meet, at an appointed hour, at Charleroi, about thirty-five miles from Avesnes. General Bourmont had command of one of the divisions of the army. He had been, in early life, a stanch Royalist, and upon Napoleon's return from Elba, was an officer in the army of the Bourbons. He had, however, fallen in with the views of the nation in welcoming the return of the Emperor, and had solicited a command in the imperial army. Napoleon distrusted him, but yielded to the importunities of Ney. This man, considering the cause of Napoleon now desperate, in the basest manner deserted, and carried to the Allies, as his peace-offering, the knowledge of the Emperor's order of march. Napoleon, a perfect master of himself, received the tidings of this untoward defection with his accustomed tranquillity. Blucher welcomed the traitor Bourmont cordially, and the Bourbons loaded him with honors. This event rendered it necessary for Napoleon to countermand some of his orders, that he might deceive the enemy.

Marshal Soult, upon the abdication of Napoleon, had, with unseemly cordiality, entered into the service of the Bourbons. Upon the return of the Emperor, with equal alacrity, he hastened back to his side. This apparent

fickleness alienated from him the affections of the army. The Emperor, notwithstanding the remonstrances of Davoust, made Soult the second in command. The suspected marshal was, however, shorn of his power, and, by his feeble co-operation, even incurred the probably unjust suspicion of treachery. Napoleon, however, never doubted him. He was also accused by the Bourbons of treachery to *their* cause, and was threatened with a trial. In reference to this charge the Emperor said, "Soult is innocent. He even acknowledged to me that he had taken a real liking to the king. The authority he enjoyed under him, he said, so different from that of my ministers, was a very agreeable thing, and had quite gained him over."



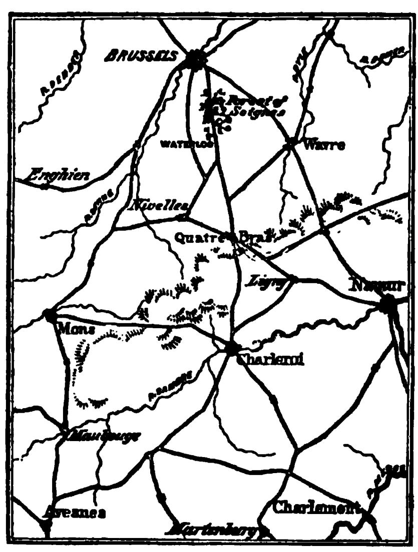
MARSHAL SOULT.

On the evening of the 14th the Emperor arrived in the vicinity of Charleroi. The Prussians had posted there, behind their intrenchments, an advance guard of ten thousand men. In the earliest dawn of the morning of the 15th, the imperial troops fell upon the enemy, and drove them, with great slaughter, from the city. At six o'clock the French passed triumphantly across the bridges of the Sambre, and took possession of Charleroi. The Prussians, having lost two thousand men, retreated to join the main body of their army. It is about thirty miles from Charleroi to Brussels. Ten miles from Charleroi, on the road to Brussels, is situated the little hamlet of Quatre-Bras, so called from the intersection of two roads, forming *four arms*. Ney was ordered to advance immediately with 40,000 men and take possession of this important post.

"Concentrate there your men," said Napoleon. "Fortify your army by

defensive field-works. Hasten, so that by midnight this position, occupied and impregnable, shall bid defiance to any attack."

Blucher, with the mass of his army, was at the fortified city of Namur, at the confluence of the Sambre and the Meuse. By the occupation of Quatre-Bras, the 100,000 men of Wellington's army would be cut off from the 130,000 of Blucher's. It was then Napoleon's intention to leave a small force behind the intrenchments to beat back the Prussians, while, with the rest of his army, he would cut in pieces Wellington's forces at Brussels. He would then turn back and make short work with Blucher. The Belgians, who were devoted to Napoleon, thus rescued from the Allies, would join his cause. This would revive the hopes of the Liberal party throughout the Continent. Saxony, Italy, Hungary, Poland, would rally, and the despots of Europe would again quail before the indignant uprising of enslaved nations. On the evening of the 15th of June, all Napoleon's plans had prospered, according to his most sanguine hopes. His star was again luminous, and the meteor glare of despotism began to wane.



VICINITY OF WATERLOO.

Napoleon, having received intelligence from Ney that he had taken possession of Quatre-Bras, advanced on the morning of the 16th by another road, in the direction of Ligny, which was about half way between Quatre-Bras and Namur. Here he quite unexpectedly met Blucher, who, with eighty thousand troops, had left Namur to form a junction with Wellington. Blucher was rescued from surprise by the intelligence communicated by the deserter Bourmont. Napoleon had with him sixty thousand veterans. One of the most desperate conflicts recorded in history then ensued. All the day long the bloody surges of battle rolled to and fro over the plain. As the evening sun went down, Napoleon was every where a victor on this widely-extended field, and the Prussians, leaving ten thousand prisoners in his hands, and twenty thousand weltering in blood, fled, as they had ever been accustomed to do, before the genius of Napoleon. Had Ney brought up his force to cut off the retreat of the Prussians, as Napoleon had ordered and expected, not one of the enemy would have escaped, and "Waterloo" would not have been.

Leaving Napoleon a victor upon the plains of Ligny, we must turn again to Ney. On the evening of the 15th, as Ney was approaching Quatre-Bras, night came on, dark, tempestuous, and with floods of rain, before the marshal had reached the cross of the roads. The soldiers were exceedingly exhausted by two days' march, in dreadful weather. Ney, having arrived within a few miles of the place, and encountering no foe, and ascertaining by couriers that there was no enemy at Quatre-Bras, felt sure that he could take the

position without any obstacle in the morning. He accordingly considered the enterprise accomplished, and sent a messenger to the Emperor, informing him that he *was actually in possession.* The soldiers, half dead with fatigue, threw themselves upon the flooded sods, and, with the careering tempest for their lullaby, forgot their perils and their toils. Little did they dream that by those few hours of repose they were overthrowing the throne of Napoleon, the empire of France, and popular liberty throughout Europe.

While these heroic defenders of the independence of France were sleeping upon the storm-drenched ground, the Duke of Wellington was attending a very brilliant ball, given by the Duchess of Richmond, at Brussels. In the midst of the gayety, as Wellington was conversing with the Duke of Brunswick in the embrasure of a window, a courier approached, and informed him, in a low tone of voice, that Napoleon had crossed the frontier, and was, with his army, within ten miles of Brussels. Wellington, astounded by the intelligence, turned pale. The Duke of Brunswick started from his chair so suddenly, that he quite forgot a child slumbering in his lap, and rolled the helpless little one violently upon the floor. The news instantly spread through the ball-room. Wellington and all the officers hastily retired. The energies of the Iron Duke were immediately aroused to their utmost tension. Bugles sounded, drums beat, soldiers rallied, and the whole mighty host, cavalry, artillery, infantry, and field trains, were in an hour careering through the dark and flooded streets of Brussels.

The night was black and stormy. For three days and three nights the rain had fallen almost without intermission. The roads were miry and flooded. It was but fifteen miles from Brussels to Quatre-Bras. Wellington was as fully aware as was Napoleon of the imminent importance of that post. Through the whole night the inundation of war rolled along the road, mingling its tumult with the uproar of the tempest. In the morning Ney was appalled in discerning through the driving rain that Wellington had possession of Quatre-Bras, and that its recovery, even by the fiercest assault, was doubtful.

At the same time, his perplexity was augmented to anguish by receiving an order from the Emperor, who, relying upon his statement that Quatre-Bras was in his possession, requested him to leave a suitable force behind the intrenchments to prevent Wellington from coming to the aid of the Prussians, while Ney, with all his available squadrons, hastened to cut off the retreat of Blucher. "The destiny of France," said the Emperor, in his earnest dispatch to Ney, "*is in your hands.*"

But for this unfortunate failure of Ney, Blucher's army would have been entirely annihilated. The next day, Napoleon, with his united force flushed with victory, would have fallen upon Wellington, and the result of the conflict could not have been doubtful. The Hanoverian and Belgian troops were strongly in favor of Napoleon, and were fighting against him by compulsion. They would eagerly have rallied beneath his standard, and the history of the world would have been changed. Upon casualties apparently so slight are the destinies of mankind suspended.

But Ney, instead of being able to cut off the retreat of Blucher, was compelled to employ the whole day in desperate, sanguinary, though unavailing

attempts to get possession of Quatre-Bras. Wellington, fully conscious of his peril, urged the march of his troops to the utmost. "They must not wait for one another," said he, "but march by regiments, by divisions, by companies even; battalion by battalion, company by company; the first ready, the nearest and the bravest. They must not walk, but run, as to a fire. Here we must stand or fall to the last man." Thus every hour re-enforcements were arriving, and crowding the post with invincible strength.

The anguish of Ney, as he perceived his irreparable fault, was awful. "You see those balls," said he to Labédoyère, as the shot from the English batteries tore his ranks; "would to Heaven they had all passed through my body!" Galloping up to Kellerman, he exclaimed, in tones of despairing anguish, "One more charge, my dear general! Dash forward at the heart of the English army, and break it at any cost. I will support you. The country requires it of you." Kellerman, at the head of his cuirassiers, plunged into the dense masses of the foe. A storm of balls, shells, grape-shot, and bullets rolled horses and riders in blood. The feeble and mangled remnants of the squadrons were driven back as by a hurricane.

A series of unparalleled fatalities appear to have thwarted Napoleon's profoundly laid plans throughout the whole of this momentous campaign. The treachery of Bourmont rescued the enemy from that surprise which would unquestionably have secured his destruction. The neglect of Ney to take possession of Quatre-Bras, and the false intelligence sent to Napoleon that it was occupied, again snatched a decisive victory from the Emperor. And yet this great man, never disposed to quarrel with his destiny, uttered no angry complaints. He knew that Ney had intended no wrong, and he lost not a moment in useless repining. He immediately sent a friendly message to Ney, and calmly gathered up his resources to do what he could under the change of circumstances.

Night again came with its unintermitted storm. It was the night of the 16th of June. The soldiers, drenched, hungry, weary, bleeding, dying, in vain sought repose beneath that inclement sky and in those miry fields. Napoleon, at Ligny, not ten miles from Quatre-Bras, was a victor. Ney, repulsed at every point, slept upon his arms before his indomitable foe at Quatre-Bras. Blucher, with his broken battalions, retreated, unopposed, during the night, toward Wavre. Wellington, informed of this retreat, fell back to form a junction with the Prussian army at Waterloo. Napoleon dispatched Marshal Grouchy, with thirty thousand men, to pursue the retreating Prussians, to keep them continually in sight, to harass them in every way, and to press them so hotly that they should not be able to march to the aid of Wellington.

The morning of the 17th of June dawned dismally upon these exhausted and wretched victims of war, through the clouds and the rain, and the still continued wailings of the storm. The soldiers of Grouchy were so worn down by the superhuman exertions and sufferings of the last few days, that they were unable to overtake the rapidly retreating Prussians. They, however, toiled along through the miry roads with indomitable energies. Napoleon, leaving Grouchy to pursue the Prussians, immediately passed over to Quatre-Bras, to unite his forces with those of Ney, and to follow the retreat

of Wellington. Their combined army amounted to about seventy thousand men. With these the Emperor followed vigorously in the track of Wellington.

The Duke had retreated during the day toward Brussels, and halted on the spacious field of Waterloo, about nine miles from the metropolis. Here, having skillfully selected his ground and posted his troops, he anxiously awaited the arrival of Blucher, to whom he had sent urgent dispatches to hasten to his aid. Blucher was at Wavre, but a few hours' march from Waterloo, with seventy-two thousand men. The junction of these forces would give Wellington an overwhelming superiority of numbers. He would then have at least one hundred and fifty thousand troops with whom to assail less than seventy thousand.

As night approached, the troops of Napoleon, toiling painfully through the storm, the darkness, and the mire, arrived also on the fatal plain. The late hour at which the several divisions of the French army reached the unexplored field of battle, involved in the obscurity of darkness and the storm, embarrassed the Emperor exceedingly. As the light was fading away, he pointed toward the invisible sun, and said, "What would I not give to be this day possessed of the power of Joshua, and enabled to retard thy march for two hours!"

Napoleon, judging from the bivouac fires of the enemy that they were strongly posted and intended to give battle, reconnoitered the ground by groping over it on foot, and posted his battalions as they successively arrived. He immediately sent a dispatch to Marshal Grouchy, ordering him to press



RECONNOITERING THE FIELD

the Prussians vigorously, and to keep himself in a position to combine with the Emperor's operations. For eighteen hours the Emperor had tasted neither of sleep, repose, nor nourishment. His clothes were covered with mud and soaked with rain. But, regardless of exposure and fatigue, he did not seek even to warm himself by the fires around which his drenched troops were shivering. All the night long the rain fell in torrents, and all the night long the Emperor toiled, unprotected, in the storm, as he prepared for the conflict of the morrow.

Wellington's army, variously estimated at from 72,000 to 90,000 in number, was admirably posted along the brow of a gentle eminence, a mile and a half in length. A dense forest in the rear, where the ground gradually fell away, concealed from the view and the shot of the enemy all but those who stood upon the brow of the eminence. Napoleon established his troops, estimated at from 65,000 to 75,000, within cannon-shot of the foe, and on the gentle declivity of a corresponding rise of land, which extended parallel to that occupied by the English.

This dreadful night at length passed away, and the morning of the 18th of June dawned, lurid and cheerless, through the thick clouds. It was the morning of the Sabbath day. The vast field of Waterloo, plowed and sown with grain, soaked by the rains of the past week, and cut up by the wheels and the tramp of these enormous armies, was converted into a quagmire. The horses sank to their knees in the humid soil. The wheels of the guns, encumbered with adhesive clay, rolled heavily, axle deep, in the mire. Under circumstances of such difficulty, the French were compelled to attack down one ridge of slopes, across a valley, and up another ridge, toiling through the mud, exposed all the way to point-blank discharges from the batteries and lines of the English. Wellington was to act simply on the defensive, endeavoring to maintain his position until the arrival of Blucher.

About eight o'clock the clouds of the long storm broke and dispersed, the sun came out in all its glory, and one of the most bright and lovely of summer Sabbaths smiled upon Waterloo. The skies ceased to weep, and the vail of clouds was withdrawn, as if God would allow the angels to look down and witness this awful spectacle of man's inhumanity to man.

Napoleon assembled most of his general officers around him to give them his final orders. "The enemy's army," said he, "is superior to ours by nearly a fourth. There are, however, ninety chances in our favor to ten against us."

"Without doubt," exclaimed Marshal Ney, who had at that moment entered, "if the Duke of Wellington were simple enough to wait for your majesty's attack. But I am come to announce that his columns are already in full retreat, and are fast disappearing in the forest of Soignes."

"You have seen badly," the Emperor replied, with calm confidence. "It is too late. By such a step he would expose himself to certain ruin. He has thrown the dice; they are now for us."

At half past ten o'clock all the movements were made, and the troops were in their stations for the battle. Thus far profound silence had reigned on the field, as the squadrons moved with noiseless steps to their appointed stations. The hospitals were established in the rear. The corps of sur-

geons had spread out their bandages and splinters, knives and saws, and, with their sleeves rolled up, were ready for their melancholy deeds of mercy. The Emperor rode along his devoted lines. Every eye was riveted upon him. Every heart said, "God bless him!"

"One heart," says Lamartine, "beat between these men and the Emperor. In such a moment, they shared the same soul and the same cause. The army was Napoleon. Never before was it so entirely Napoleon as now. At such a moment, he must have felt himself more than a man—more than a sovereign. His army bent in homage to the past, the present, and the future, and welcomed victory or defeat, the throne or death with its chief. It was determined on every thing, even on the sacrifice of itself, to restore him his empire, or to render his last fall illustrious. To have inspired such devotion was the greatness of Napoleon; to evince it even to madness was the greatness of his army." Such is the reluctant concession, blended with ungenerous slurs, of Napoleon's most uncandid and most envenomed foe.

The acclamations which burst from the lips of nearly seventy thousand men, thus inspired with one affection, one hope, one soul, resounded in prolonged echoes over the field, and fell portentously on the ears of the waiting enemy.

Indeed, there was so strong a sympathy with the Emperor among the Belgian and Hanoverian troops, who were *compelled* to march under the banner of the Allies, that the Duke of Wellington had great fears that they would abandon him in the heat of battle, and pass over to the generous, sympathizing, warm-hearted chieftain of the people. In reference to these German contingents, Sir Walter Scott says—in truthful utterance, though with inelegant phrase—"They were in some instances suspected to be lukewarm to the cause in which they were engaged, so that it would be imprudent to trust more to their assistance and co-operation than could not possibly be avoided."

At eleven o'clock the horrid carnage commenced. On either side every thing was done which mortal courage or energy could accomplish. Hour after hour, the French soldiers, shouting "*Vive l'Empereur!*" made onset after onset, up to the very muzzles of the British guns, and were cut down by those terrific discharges like grass before the scythe. The demon of destruction and woe held its high carnival in the midst of the demoniac revelry of those bloody hours. Every discharge which blended its thunder with the roar of that awful battle was sending widowhood and orphanage to distant homes, blinding the eyes of mothers and daughters with tears of agony, and darkening once happy dwellings with life-long wretchedness.

For many hours the whole field was swept with an unintermitted storm of balls, shells, bullets, and grape-shot, while enormous masses of cavalry, in fluent and refluent surges, trampled into the bloody mire the dying and the dead. There were now forty thousand of the combatants weltering in gore. The wide-extended field was every where covered with bodies in every conceivable form of hideous mutilation. The flash of the guns, the deafening thunder of artillery and musketry, the groans and the piercing shrieks of the wounded, the dense volumes of smoke, which enveloped the

plain in almost midnight gloom, the delirious shouts of the assailants as they rushed upon death, the shrill whistling of the missiles of destruction, and the wild flight of the fugitives, as, in broken bands, they were pursued and sabred by the cavalry, presented the most revolting spectacle of war, in all the enormity of its guilt and of its fiendish brutality.. Who, before the tribunal of God, is to be held responsible for that day of blood?

In the midst of these awful scenes, early in the afternoon, as portions of Wellington's line were giving way, and flying in dismay toward Brussels, carrying the tidings of defeat, and when Napoleon felt sure of the victory, the Emperor's quick eye discerned, far off upon his right, an immense mass of men, more than thirty thousand strong, emerging from the forest, and with rapid step deploying upon the plain. At first Napoleon was sanguine that it was Marshal Grouchy, and that the battle was decided; but in another moment their artillery balls began to plow his ranks, and the Emperor learned that it was Bulow, with the advance guard of Blucher's army, hastening to the rescue of Wellington.

This was giving the foe a fearful preponderance of power. Napoleon had now less than sixty thousand men, while Wellington, with this re-enforcement, could oppose to him a hundred thousand. But the Emperor, undismayed, turned calmly to Marshal Soult, and said, "We had ninety chances out of a hundred in our favor this morning. The arrival of Bulow makes us lose thirty. But we have still sixty against forty; and if Grouchy sends on his detachment with rapidity, the victory will be thereby only the more decisive, for the corps of Bulow must, in that case, be entirely lost."

Napoleon was compelled to weaken his columns, which were charging upon the wavering lines of Wellington, by dispatching ten thousand men to beat back these fresh battalions, thirty thousand strong. The enthusiastic French, armed in the panoply of a just cause, plunged recklessly into the ranks of this new foe, and drove him back into the woods. The Emperor, with his diminished columns, continued his terrible charges. He kept his eye anxiously fixed upon the distant horizon, expecting every moment to see the gleaming banners of Grouchy. The marshal heard the tremendous cannonade booming from the field of Waterloo, and yet refused, notwithstanding the entreaties of his officers, to approach the scene of the terrific strife. He has been accused of treason. Napoleon charitably ascribes his fatal inactivity to want of judgment. The couriers sent to him in the morning were either intercepted by the enemy or turned traitors. Grouchy did not receive the order. In the circumstances of the case, however, to every one but himself the path of duty seemed plain.

General Excelsman rode up to Marshal Grouchy, and said, "The Emperor is in action with the English army. There can be no doubt of it. A fire so terrible can not be a skirmish. We ought to march to the scene of action. I am an old soldier of the army of Italy, and have heard General Bonaparte promulgate this principle a hundred times. If we turn to the left, we shall be on the field of battle in two hours." Count Gerard joined them and urged the same advice. Had Grouchy followed these counsels, and appeared upon the field with his division of thirty thousand men, probably not a man of the English or Prussian army could have escaped the Emperor.

But Grouchy, though he had lost sight of Blucher, pleaded his orders to follow him, and refused to move.

As the French soldiers witnessed the prompt retreat of Bulow's re-enforcement, and the Emperor was about to make a charge with the Old Guard, which never yet had charged in vain, they deemed the victory sure. Loud shouts of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" rang along their lines, which rose above the roar of the battle, and fell ominously, in prolonged echoes, upon the ears of the allied troops. A panic spread through the ranks of Wellington's army. Many of the regiments were reduced to skeletons, and some, thrown into disorder, were rushing from the field in fugitive bands. The whole rear of the English army now presented a tumultuary scene of confusion, the entire space between Waterloo and Brussels being filled with stragglers and all the *débris* of a routed army.

Wellington stood upon a gentle eminence, watching with intense anxiety for the coming of Blucher. He knew that he could hold out but a short time longer. As he saw his lines melting away, he repeatedly looked at his watch, and then fixed his gaze upon the distant hills, and as he wiped the perspiration which mental anguish extorted from his brow, he exclaimed, "Would to Heaven that Blucher or night would come!"

Just at this critical moment, when the Emperor was giving an order for a simultaneous attack by his whole force, two long, dark columns, of thirty thousand each, the united force of Blucher and Bulow, came pouring over the hills, down upon the torn and bleeding flank of Napoleon's exhausted troops. Thus an army of sixty thousand fresh soldiers, nearly equal to Napoleon's whole force at the commencement of the conflict, with exultant hurrahs and bugle-peals, and thundering artillery, came rushing upon the plain. It was an awful moment. It was a thunderbolt of Fate.

"It is almost certain," says General Jomini, who had deserted to the Allies, and was at this time aid-de-camp to the Emperor Alexander, "that Napoleon would have remained master of the field of battle but for the arrival of 65,000 Prussians on his rear."

The Emperor's wasted bands were now in the extreme of exhaustion. For eight hours every physical energy had been tasked to its utmost endurance by such a conflict as the world had seldom seen before. Twenty thousand of his soldiers were either bleeding upon the ground or motionless in death. He had now less than fifty thousand men to oppose to one hundred and fifty thousand. Wellington, during the day, had brought up some additional forces from his rear, and could now oppose the Emperor with numbers three to one.

The intelligent French soldiers instantly perceived the desperate state of their affairs. But, undismayed, they stood firm, waiting only for the command of their Emperor. The allied army saw at a glance its advantage, and a shout of exultation burst simultaneously from their lips. The Emperor, with that wonderful coolness which never forsook him, promptly recalled the order for a general charge, and by a very rapid and skillful series of maneuvers, as by magic, so changed the front of his army as to face the Prussians advancing upon his right, and the lines of Wellington before him.

Every thing depended now upon one desperate charge by the Imperial

Guard, before the Prussians, trampling down their feeble and exhausted opponents, could blend their squadrons with the battalions of Wellington. The Emperor placed himself at the head of this devoted and invincible band, and advanced in front of the British lines, apparently intending himself to lead the charge. But the officers of his staff entreated him to remember that the safety of France depended solely upon him. Yielding to their solicitations, he resigned the command to Ney.

The scene now presented was one of the most sublime which war has ever furnished. The Imperial Guard had never yet moved but in the path of victory. As these renowned battalions, in two immense columns, descended the one eminence and ascended the other to oppose their bosoms to point-blank discharges from batteries double-shotted or loaded to the muzzle with grape, there was a moment's lull in the storm of battle. Both armies gazed with awe upon the scene. The destinies of Napoleon, of France, of Europe, were suspended upon the issues of a moment. The fate of the world trembled in the balance. Not a drum beat the charge. Not a bugle uttered its inspiriting tones. Not a cheer escaped the lips of those proud, indomitable men. Silently, sternly, unflinchingly, they strode on till they arrived within a few yards of the batteries and bayonets which the genius of Wellington had arrayed to meet them. There was a flash as of intensest lightning gleaming along the British lines. A peal as of crashing thunder burst upon the plain. A tempest of bullets, shot, shells, and all the horrible missiles of war, fell like hailstones upon the living mass, and whole battalions melted away and were trampled in the bloody mire by the still advancing host. Defiant of death, the intrepid Guard, closing up its decimated ranks, pressed on, and pierced the British line. Every cannon, every musket which could be brought to bear, was directed to this unfaltering and terrible foe. Ney, in the course of a few moments, had five horses shot beneath him. Then, with a drawn sabre, he marched on foot at the head of his men. Napoleon gazed with intense anxiety upon the progress of this heroic band, till, enveloped in clouds of smoke, it was lost to sight.

At the same moment the Prussians came rushing upon the field, with infantry, cavalry, and artillery, entirely overpowering the feeble and exhausted squadrons left to oppose them. A gust of wind swept away the smoke, and as the anxious eye of Napoleon pierced the tumult of the battle to find his Guard, it had disappeared. Almost to a man they were weltering in blood. A mortal paleness overspread the cheek of the Emperor. The French army also saw that the Guard was annihilated. An instantaneous panic struck every heart. With exultant shouts the army of Blucher and of Wellington rushed upon the plain, and a scene of horror ensued at which humanity shudders. The banners of despotic Prussia and of constitutional England blended in triumph, and intertwined their folds over that gory field, where the liberties of Europe were stricken to the dust. Blucher and Wellington, with their dripping swords, met, with congratulations, in the bloody arena. Each claimed the honor of the victory. Together they had achieved it. Wellington's troops were so exhausted as to be unable to follow the discomfited army. "Leave the pursuit to me," said Blucher. "I will send every man and every horse after the enemy." He fulfilled his promise with

a merciless energy characteristic of this debauched and fierce dragoon. No quarter was shown. The unarmed were cut down, and even the prisoners were sabred.

The English soldiers, as usual, were generous and merciful in the hour of victory. They dispersed over the field, and carried refreshments and assistance not only to their own wounded countrymen, but also to their bleeding and dying foes.

Napoleon threw himself into a small square, which he had kept as a reserve, and urged it forward into the densest throngs of the enemy. He was resolved to perish with his Guard. Cambronne, its brave commander, seized the reins of the Emperor's horse, and said to him, in beseeching tones,



NAPOLEON AT WATERLOO.

"Sire, death shuns you. You will but be made a prisoner." Napoleon shook his head and for a moment resisted. But then his better judgment told him that thus to throw away his life would be but an act of suicide. With tears filling his eyes, and grief overspreading his features, he bowed to these heroes, ready to offer themselves up in a bloody sacrifice. Faithful even to death, with a melancholy cry they shouted "*Vive l'Empereur!*" These were their last words, their dying farewell. Silent and sorrowful, the Emperor put spurs to his horse, and disappeared from the fatal field. It was the commencement of his journey to *St. Helena.**

This one square, of two battalions, alone covered the flight of the army as a gallant rear guard. The Prussians and the English pressed it on three sides, pouring into its bosom the most destructive discharges. Squadrons of cavalry plunged upon them, and still they remained unbroken. The flying artillery was brought up, and pitilessly pierced the heroic band with a storm of cannon balls. This invincible square, the last fragment of the Old Guard, nerved by that soul which its imperial creator had breathed into it, calmly closing up as death thinned its ranks, slowly and defiantly retired, arresting the flood of pursuit. General Cambronne was now bleeding from six wounds. But a few scores of men, torn and bleeding, remained around him. The English and Prussians, admiring such heroism, and weary of the butchery, suspended for a moment their fire, and sent a flag of truce demanding a capitulation. General Cambronne returned the immortal reply, "*The Guard dies; it never surrenders!*" A few more volleys of bullets from the infantry, a few more discharges of grape-shot from the artillery, mowed them all down. Thus perished, on the fatal field of Waterloo, the Old Guard of Napoleon. It was the creation of the genius of the Emperor; he had inspired it with his own lofty spirit; and the fall of the Emperor it devotedly refused to survive.

It was now night. The awful clamor of battle, the rattle of musketry, and the thunder of artillery, the infuriated shouts of the pursuing Prussians, and the shrieks of their victims as they were pierced by bayonets or cut down by sabres, presented a scene of brutal, demoniac war which the imagination even shrinks from contemplating. The bloody field of Waterloo was covered with forty thousand gory bodies. The Duke of Wellington, well satisfied with his day's work, granted his soldiers repose, and left the pursuit to the Prussians. The savage Blucher, with his savage band, all the night long continued the work of death. The French army was dispersed in every direction, and nothing remained for Napoleon but to return as rapidly as possible to Paris, and endeavor to raise new forces to attempt to repel the in-

* "The ranks of the English," according to the statement of Blucher, as quoted by W. H. Ireland, Esq., "were thrown into disorder; the loss had been considerable, so that the reserves had advanced into the line, and the situation of the Duke of Wellington was exceedingly critical. Still greater disorder prevailed in the rear of the English army. The roads of the forest of Soignes were encumbered by wagons, artillery, and baggage, deserted by their drivers, while numerous bands of fugitives had spread confusion and affright throughout Brussels and the neighboring roads. Had not the French successes been interrupted by the march of Bulow, or if Marshal Grouchy, as the Emperor had every reason to hope, had followed at the heels of the Prussians, a more glorious victory could not have been obtained by the French, as it has been affirmed, on all hands, that not a single man of the Duke of Wellington's army could have escaped."

vasion of the enemy. Such was the bloody deed by which the Allies succeeded in quenching the flame of Continental liberty, and in establishing over Europe Russian, and Prussian, and Austrian despotism. That England should have aided in this work is the darkest blot upon England's escutcheon.

Napoleon immediately turned his steps toward Paris. At one o'clock in the morning he arrived at Quatre-Bras. He stopped here for an hour to give some directions respecting the retreat, and to designate a rallying-point for his fugitive bands, to which he could press forward re-enforcements from Paris, and then hastened on to Charleroi. It was a lovely summer's night. The moon shone brilliantly in the unclouded and tranquil sky. All the night long the exhausted Emperor, accompanied by a few of his suite, in silence and anguish urged on his horse, while the thunder and the tumult of the awful pursuit resounded through the clear midnight air appallingly behind him.*



RETREAT FROM WATERLOO.

He arrived at this place in the early dawn of the morning. Utterly worn down in body and mind, he threw himself upon a couch for a few moments of repose. But the calamity in which he was overwhelmed was too awful

* "He had proved," says Baron Jomini, "at Arcola, Eylau, Ratisbon, Arcis, and also at Waterloo, that he was not afraid of bullets; and had he not believed in the resources of France, he would have died at the head of the remains of his army; he quitted them because he had not a general of his rear guard who could not lead them to Laon as well as himself, while no one could replace him at the helm of the vessel of state, which, for the instant, was not at his head-quarters, but at the Tuileries."

to admit of a moment's slumber. Several of his followers came in with swollen eyes, and haggard countenances, and clothes covered with blood and dirt. As Napoleon contemplated the melancholy spectacle, and appreciated the enormity of the woe which threatened France, he was for a moment quite unmanned. Silently pressing the hand of his friend, Baron Fleury, tears gushed from his eyes, betraying the cruel anguish with which his heart was lacerated.

Again mounting his horse, he pressed rapidly on to Laon, where he arrived at four o'clock in the afternoon. Here he dispatched various orders, and sent a frank and honest bulletin to Paris, concealing nothing of the measurelessness of the calamity. "Here," said he to General Drouot, "is the bulletin of Waterloo. I wish you to hear it read. If I have omitted any essential circumstances, you will remind me of them. It is not my intention to conceal any thing. Now, as after the affair of Moscow, the whole truth must be disclosed to France. I might have thrown on Marshal Ney the blame of part of the misfortune at Waterloo. But the mischief is done. No more must be said."

After a few hours of unrefreshing and troubled slumber, the Emperor entered a carriage, and, accompanied by a few friends and a feeble escort, drove



THE RETURN TO PARIS.

all the day, and, just after midnight on the morning of the 21st, arrived in Paris. It was a dark and gloomy hour. The street lamps were flickering and expiring. With characteristic propriety, instead of directing his steps to the Tuileries, he modestly turned aside to the less ambitious palace of the Elysée. A few servants were at the gate of the palace with glimmering torches. He was received upon the steps by his faithful friend, Caulaincourt. Fatigue and grief had prostrated him into the last stage of exhaustion. His cheek was emaciate and pallid, and his dress disordered by travel. His tottering limbs could hardly support his steps, and his head drooped upon his shoulder. Throwing himself upon a sofa, he exclaimed, pressing his hand upon his heart,

"I am suffering here. The army has performed prodigies of valor. It is grievous to think that we should have been overcome after so many heroic efforts. My most brilliant victories do not shed more glory on the French army than the defeat at Waterloo. Our troops have not been beaten; they have been sacrificed, massacred by overwhelming numbers. My Guard suffered themselves to be cut to pieces without asking for quarter; but they exclaimed to me, 'Withdraw! withdraw! You see that death is resolved to spare your majesty.' And opening their ranks, my old grenadiers screened me from the carnage by forming around me a rampart of their own bodies. My brave, my admirable Guard has been destroyed, and I have not perished with them."

He paused, overcome by anguish, and heaving a deep sigh, and saying, "I desire to be alone," retired to the silence and the solitude of his cabinet.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE SECOND ABDICATION.

Anguish of the Emperor—Peril of France—Council Convened—Stormy Session of the Chambers—Treachery of Fouché—Tumult at the Elysée—The Abdication—Napoleon retires to Malmaison—Enthusiasm of the Army—Magnanimous Offer of the Emperor—His Embarrassments—Brutality of Blucher.

THE Emperor, after communing a short time with his own thoughts in the solitude of his cabinet, took a bath, and then threw himself upon his bed for a few moments of repose. But the interests at stake were too momentous, and the perils of the hour too terrible to allow of any slumber. He soon rose, called for Caulaincourt, and, in tones of indescribable calmness and sadness, spoke of the calamity with which France was overwhelmed. His pallid cheek and sunken eye proclaimed the anguish of his mind.

"I feel," said the Emperor, in low tones of utter exhaustion, "that I have received my death-wound. The blow that has fallen upon me at Waterloo is mortal. The enemies' force quadrupled ours. But I had combined a bold maneuver, with the view of preventing the junction of the two hostile armies. The infamous desertion of Bourmont forced me to change all my arrangements. To pass over to the enemy on the eve of a battle! Atrocious! The blood of his countrymen be on his head! The maledictions of France will pursue him."

"Sire," said Caulaincourt, "you at first rejected that man. How unfortunate that you did not follow your own impulse!"

"Oh, this baseness is incredible!" exclaimed the Emperor, bitterly. "The annals of the French army offer no precedent for such a crime. Jomini was not a Frenchman. The consequences of this defection have been most disastrous. It created despondency. Grouchy was too late. Ney was carried away by enthusiasm. Our army performed prodigies of valor, and yet we lost the battle. Generals, marshals, all fought gloriously."

After a moment's pause, he added, "I must unite the two Chambers in an imperial sitting. I will faithfully describe to them the misfortunes of the army, and appeal to them for the means of saving the country. After that, I will again return to the seat of war."

But Paris was now in a state of terrific excitement. An army of a million of men, from various quarters, were marching upon the doomed and unarmed empire. In eight days the conjoined forces of Blucher and Wellington could be in Paris. The political adversaries of Napoleon took advantage of this panic. "France must pass through seas of blood," they exclaimed, "to repel these locust legions. The Allies make war upon Napoleon alone. If we give him up we shall appease them, save France from the horrors of an invasion, and then we can establish a republic, or choose another emperor, as we please."

This language was plausible. The Bourbon party expected, in the overthrow of Napoleon, to replace, by the aid of the Allies, Louis Stanislas Xavier. The Republicans of all shades hoped for the establishment of republican institutions. The more moderate and judicious of this party, like La Fayette, thought that France could sustain a healthy and law-abiding republic. The Jacobin party was ripe for any changes which might bring the lowest democracy into power. These factions in the Chambers all combined against the Emperor. The peril was so imminent, while hostile squadrons were every hour rushing nearer to Paris, that there was no time for cool deliberation. All was tumult, excitement, feverish haste. The treacherous Fouché was already in communication with the enemy, and plotting, with the most detestable hypocrisy and perfidy, for the restoration of the Bourbons. He knew that successful intrigue in their behalf would bring him a rich reward.

The Chamber of Peers and the Chamber of Deputies, somewhat corresponding to the Senate and the House of Representatives in the United States, were now in session. The Deputies consisted of five hundred members. Many of them were ardent and ultra Democrats, young and inexperienced men from the provinces, who had never before sat in a legislative assembly. They were easily duped by those wily leaders who were familiar with all the forms of legislative halls, courts, and cabinets, and with all the arts of intrigue. In the confusion and anarchy which ensued, the Peers were almost lost sight of, while the more numerous body of Deputies grasped the reins of power.

Lucien and Joseph, informed of the return of their brother, hastened to the Elysée. Soon the apartments were filled with all the great functionaries of the empire. Some advised one thing and some another. At seven

o'clock in the morning the Emperor assembled the Council of State. He saw clearly that in that awful crisis it was in vain to rely upon the antagonistic councils and tardy measures of deliberative assemblies. He knew that the salvation of France depended upon the investment of the Emperor with dictatorial power. Prompt and decisive measures alone could save the nation. But he was resolved not to assume that power unless it was conferred upon him by the two Chambers.

The dreadful bulletin of Waterloo was read to the Council, and then Napoleon, with calmness and dignity, thus addressed them:

"The army is covered with glory. Desertions, misunderstandings, and an inexplicable fatality have rendered unavailing the heroic exertions of our troops. Our disasters are great, but they are still reparable if my efforts are seconded. I returned to Paris to stimulate a noble impulse. If the French people rise, the enemy will be subdued. If, instead of resorting to prompt measures, and making extraordinary sacrifices, time is wasted in disputes and discussions, all is lost. The enemy is in France. In eight days he will be at the gates of the capital. To save the country, it is necessary that I should be invested with vast power—with a temporary dictatorship. For the interests of all, I ought to possess this power; but it will be more proper, more national, that it should be conferred upon me by the Chambers."

Carnot rose and said, with deep emotion, "I declare that I consider it indispensable that, during the present crisis, the sovereign should be invested with absolute power."

Many others warmly advocated this view, while even the traitor Fouché, who was now the agent of the Duke of Wellington, and in correspondence with him, did not venture openly to oppose it. It was, however, cautiously suggested that a strong opposition to the Emperor had arisen in the Chambers, and that it would be probably impossible to get a vote in favor of the dictatorship.

"What is it they wish?" exclaimed Napoleon. "Speak candidly. Is it my abdication they desire?"

"I fear that it is, sire!" Regnault answered, sadly. "And though it is deeply repugnant to my feelings to tell your majesty a painful truth, yet it is my belief that, were you not to abdicate voluntarily, the Chamber of Deputies would require your abdication."

To this declaration, the truth of which all seemed to apprehend, there was the response on the part of others, "If the Deputies will not unite with the Emperor to save France, he must save the empire by his single efforts. He must declare himself a dictator. He must pronounce the whole of France in a state of siege, and he must summon all true Frenchmen to arms."

"The nation," exclaimed the Emperor, in tones which thrilled in every heart, "did not elect the Deputies to overthrow me, but to support me. Woe to them if the presence of the enemy on the French soil do not arouse their energy and their patriotism! Whatever course they may adopt, I shall be supported by the people and the army. The fate of the Chamber, its very existence, depends on my will. Were I to pronounce their doom, they would all be sacrificed. They are playing an artful game. No mat-

ter; I have no need to resort to stratagem. I have right on my side. The patriotism of the people, their antipathy to the Bourbons, their attachment to my person, all these circumstances still afford immense resources, if we know how to profit by them."

The Emperor then, with his extraordinary power of lucid argument, developed an admirable plan for repairing the disasters of Waterloo. The whole measure, in its minutest details, was all distinctly mapped out in his mind. His cheek glowed with animation. His voice was strong with hope. Every eye was riveted upon him. The attention of every mind was absorbed in contemplating the workings of that stupendous intellect, which, with renewed vigor, was rising from the most awful reverses and disasters. The measures proposed by the Emperor were so perfected, so maturely considered in all their details, so manifestly and so eminently the wisest which could be adopted, that "the various shades of opinion," says Caulaincourt, who was present, "which had prevailed among the members of the Council, at length blended into one. All united in approving the plans of the Emperor."

In the midst of these scenes the Council was interrupted by the entrance of a messenger from the Chamber of Deputies, presenting some resolutions which had passed that body, and which, in their spirit, were very decidedly unfriendly to the Emperor. La Fayette, whom Napoleon had released from the dungeons of Olmutz, and restored to liberty and his family, introduced, and, by his strong personal influence, carried these resolutions. His intentions were unquestionably good, but he erred sadly in judgment. He lived to be convinced of his error, and bitterly to deplore it.

La Fayette, a man of sincere patriotism and of warm and generous impulses, thought that since the nation had so decisively rejected the Bourbons, if Napoleon would abdicate, the Allies would sheathe the sword, and allow France to establish a republic. He led the Republican party. These were weak dreams for a sensible man to indulge in. All the rival parties united to overthrow Napoleon, each hoping, by that event, to attain its own end. The friends of the Emperor, discouraged by this combined opposition, and trembling before the rapid approach of a *million of hostile bayonets*, lost heart, and bowed to the storm.

On the 23d of September, 1824, La Fayette, then on his triumphal tour through the United States, visited Joseph Bonaparte at his mansion at Point Breeze, in New Jersey. The remains of the Emperor were then mouldering in the tomb at St. Helena. All popular rights had been struck down in France by the despotic sceptre of the Bourbons. In a secret conversation with Joseph Bonaparte, La Fayette magnanimously acknowledged his regret at the course he had pursued in the overthrow of the Emperor. "The Bourbon dynasty," he then said, "can not last. It clashes too much with the French national sentiment. We are all now persuaded in France that the Emperor's son will be the best representative of the reforms of the Revolution." He also, at the same interview, suggested that in two years, by suitable efforts, Napoleon II. might be placed on the French throne.

When Joseph Bonaparte, with Quinette, visited the veteran John Adams, the patriotic patriarch of Quincy, "La Fayette was wrong," said the clear-

sighted American Republican. "The Emperor was the true rallying point. The Deputies and the country should have stuck to him after the defeat of Waterloo."*

It is not strange, however, that any mind should have been bewildered in the midst of events so perilous, so tremendous, so unparalleled. As Napoleon read these unfriendly resolutions, he turned pale, and said, "I ought to have dismissed these men before I left Paris. I foresaw this. These factious firebrands will ruin France. I can measure the full extent of the evil. I must reflect upon what is now to be done. If necessary, I will abdicate." He then dissolved the sitting of the Council.

That he might not act hastily, and without a knowledge of all the circumstances, he decided to send a brief communication to each of the Chambers. Regnault was the messenger to the Deputies, and Carnot to the Peers. "Tell them," said the Emperor, "that I am here, in deliberation with my marshals; that my army is rallying; that I have given orders to stop the retreat, and that I have come to Paris to concert measures with my government and with the Chambers; and that I am at this moment occupied with those measures of public safety which circumstances demand."

The Chamber of Deputies was in such a tumult that Regnault could not even obtain a hearing. The Peers, though in a state of similar commotion, listened respectfully to the message from the Emperor. In stormy debate the hours of the day passed, and night again spread its gloom over the streets of agitated Paris.

The great mass of the population of Paris, and the people of the faubourgs, in numbers which could not be counted, crowded around the Elysée, and filled the air with shouts of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" The trees, the walls, the railings of the palace, and the roofs of the surrounding houses were covered with the living mass, all eager to catch a glimpse of their beloved Emperor. In the darkness, and as these enthusiastic acclamations were rising in wild tumult around, Lucien, that stern Republican who had refused thrones, walked with the Emperor beneath the trees of the garden, and endeavored to rouse him to bid defiance to the Chambers, and to grasp that dictatorial power by which alone France could now be saved. "Look at these people," said he, "hurrying to you under the impulse of a disinterested instinct. They see in you alone, at this moment, their country and their independence. Listen to those cries. They call upon you for arms. They supplicate you to give a chief to this multitude. It is the same throughout the empire. Will you then abandon France to the foreigner, and the throne to the factions?"

But nothing could induce Napoleon to raise the banner of civil war. He was struggling, not for himself, but for France. "Am I, then, more than a man," said he, "to bring into union and agreement with me five hundred deluded deputies? And am I a miserable factionist to kindle a fruitless civil war? No, never! Persuade the Chambers to adopt a wise course. I ask for nothing better. I can do every thing with them. I could do much without them *for my own interest*, but without them I can not *save the country*. Go and try to induce them to co-operate with me. I consent to that. But

* History of the Second War, by Charles J. Ingersoll, vol. ii., p. 346.



THE EMPEROR AND LUCIEN IN THE GARDEN OF THE ELYSÉE.

I forbid you to harangue these people who are asking me for arms. I am ready to try every thing for France, but nothing for myself."

"His position at the Elysée," says Caulaincourt, "is unexampled in history. He might, had he been so inclined, have annihilated the traitors by a single word. The crowds who surrounded him would, at the slightest signal, have overthrown any obstacle which stood between Napoleon and the nation. But the Emperor would not consent to excite scenes of carnage. He well knew the terrific nature of popular justice."

The emissaries of Fouché were audacious, violent, and sanguine, in the Chamber of Deputies. They endeavored to overwhelm Lucien with clamor and insult as he conveyed to them the proposition of the Emperor. Caulaincourt, who had followed Lucien, hastened from the Chamber to inform the Emperor of what was passing. The crowd was so dense which surrounded the Elysée that it was with great difficulty the carriage of the minister could pass along. As he entered the palace, and was conversing with the Emperor, the shouts of the populace rose awfully on the midnight air, penetrating, as with appalling thunder, the cabinet of the Elysée.

"This is dreadful," said Napoleon. "The mob may be led to the commission of some excess, and I shall be accused of being the cause. These mistaken people wish to serve me, and yet they are doing all they can to injure me."

The judicious and lofty spirit of the Emperor revolted at the idea of arming the lower classes against the magistracy of the empire. He had been the revered Emperor of the French nation, and he would not stoop, even for an hour, to be the leader of a faction. Moreover, his eagle glance penetra-

ted futurity with far more unerring vision than any one around him enjoyed. He distinctly saw all the tremendous peril of the crisis, and that France could only be saved by the cordial co-operation of the whole nation. Napoleon alone, with the opposition of the powerful Chambers, could only extort better terms *for himself* from the Allies. He could not save France. He might protract a civil war for months, and cause a great amount of blood to be shed; but with a million of exultant enemies crossing the frontiers, France unarmed and exhausted, Royalists and Jacobins combining against him, the legislative bodies pronouncing him a usurper, and the Allies offering liberty and peace to France if the nation would abandon Napoleon, it was in vain to hope to save the country.

Many of those who were ready to abandon the Emperor had the folly to imagine that the conquering Allies would respect the independence of France, and allow them to establish the forms as well as the spirit of a republic. In their simplicity they believed the declaration of the Allies, that they were fighting, not against France, but against Napoleon alone. When Caulaincourt informed the Emperor of the tumultuary scene in the Chambers, and of the demand that he should abdicate, Napoleon exclaimed,

"All is lost! They seem not to be aware that, by declaring the throne to be vacant, they surrender it to the first claimant. The Allies now will not treat. They will dictate their terms, and they must be accepted. The majority of the Chambers is hostile to the Bourbons; and yet there is no doubt that the Bourbons will be again forced upon France. The nation is at the mercy of her foreign enemies. She will pay dearly for the incapacity of her representatives."

This conversation was interrupted by the entrance of Benjamin Constant, who had urged the Emperor to arm the masses, and thus put down domestic clamor and repel the foreign foe. He now came in to inform the Emperor, with sadness, that the Chamber of Deputies was about to demand his abdication. Napoleon had not been elected Emperor by the Chambers, but by the people.

"By what right," said Napoleon, mildly, "does the Chamber demand of me my abdication? Where is its authority?" Then, directing attention to the tumultuous acclamations which were continually bursting in thunder peals from the multitude who crowded around the Elysée, he added,

"These poor people, who now come to condole with me in my reverses, I have not loaded with honors and riches. I leave them poor as I found them. But the instinct of country enlightens them. The voice of the nation speaks through their mouths. I have but to say one word, and in an hour the Chamber of Deputies would no longer exist. But no! not a single life shall be sacrificed for me. I have not returned from Elba to inundate Paris with blood."

Even the most hostile pens have been compelled to record the singular humanity and magnanimity which the Emperor manifested through the whole of this fearful trial. Never was there exhibited more perfect oblivion of self, never more entire devotion to the interests of one's country. Even Lamartine could not refuse his tribute of respect.

"History," he says, "owes this justice to Napoleon, that, whether from a

natural horror of popular excesses, the sanguinary spectacle of which had left a sinister expression in his soul since the 10th of August, the massacres of September, and the reeking guillotine; whether, from a soldier-like repugnance to all undisciplined forces, or respect for his future fame, he constantly, both on his return and on his fall, since the 20th of March, refused to form an army of the populace against the nation. He preferred falling with dignity rather than to raise himself by such auxiliaries. On quitting his isle, and braving the Bourbons and Europe, he recoiled from the blood of seditions, and from crimes against civilization. Cæsar always, but never Gracchus; born for empire, not for the turbulence of factions."

Thus passed the 21st of June. The Chamber of Deputies continued its agitated and stormy session through the night. Napoleon, at a late hour, sick, exhausted, and woe-stricken, in view of the calamities which were overwhelming his country, retired to his pillow. There was but little sleep in Paris that awful night. Vast masses of men were surging through the streets, clamoring for weapons to protect their Emperor and France. The myriad armies of the Allies had encamped one day nearer the doomed metropolis. There was distraction in council, antagonism in action, and all was confusion and dismay. Had the Chamber of Deputies but said the word, the mighty genius of Napoleon would instantly have evolved order from this chaos; the people would have risen all over the empire against their invaders as one man, and France might, perhaps, have been saved. Instead of this, the deputies, during the night, insanely discarding the energies of the most gigantic mind upon earth, passed a resolve virtually requesting the Emperor to abdicate. Thus was France delivered over in utter helplessness to the derision and the insults of its foes.

The morning of the 22d dawned. Stormy as had been the events of the night, still more tempestuous were the scenes which the new day introduced. The Emperor sat in his cabinet, absorbed in painful thought, with his hand spread over his eyes, when a child entered the room, presenting before him, on a tray, coffee and refreshments. For a moment Napoleon did not perceive the entrance of the infantile page, who had occasionally before attracted his notice.

"Eat, sire," the child at length ventured to say. "It will do you good."

The Emperor raised his eyes, looked kindly upon his youthful attendant, and said, "You come from the village Gonesse, do you not?"

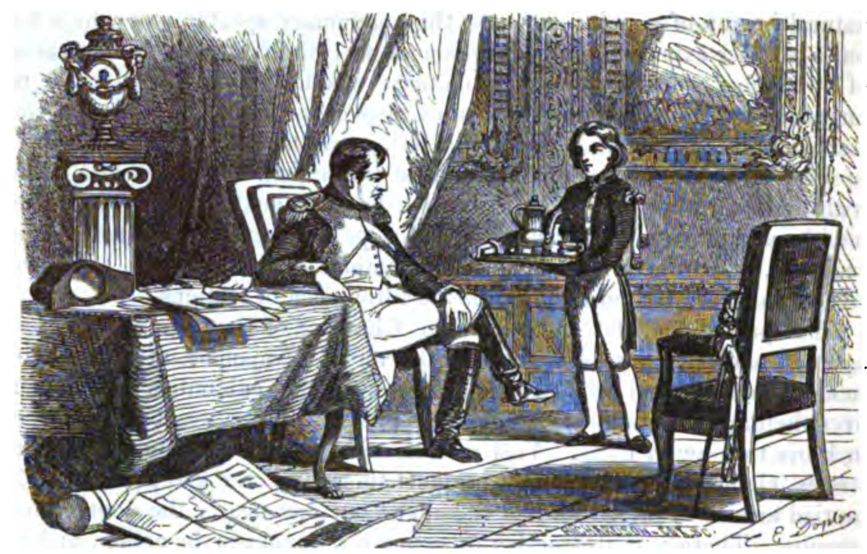
"No, sire," the child replied, "I come from Pierrefite."

"Where your parents," Napoleon added, "have a cottage and some acres of land?"

"Yes, sire," the child replied.

"There," exclaimed the world-weary Emperor, "is true happiness."

At eight o'clock the two Chambers, in intense excitement, were reassembled, and the enemies of Napoleon, all combining in a majority, were clamorous for his abdication. At an early hour the Emperor convoked the Council of Ministers at the Elysée. News had arrived during the night which added greatly to his embarrassment. Marshal Grouchy had escaped from both Wellington and Blucher, and, with forty thousand troops, had returned to France. Ney and Jerome Bonaparte had rallied, near the frontier,



THE EMPEROR AND THE PAGE.

from the rout of Waterloo, nearly forty thousand more. Ten thousand well-trained soldiers, from the environs, had marched during the night into the city, burning with enthusiasm, and ready to die in defense of the empire and of the Emperor. From the countless throng surrounding the Elysée, an army of fifty thousand men could, in a few hours, be arrayed in martial bands, prepared, with desperation, to beat back the invading foe. Napoleon was entreated by many of his friends to grasp these powerful resources for the preservation of France. Never was a mortal placed before in so torturing a dilemma. A refusal to seize the dictatorship handed France over, in helplessness and humiliation, to the Allies. On the other hand, the bold assumption of power involved the necessity of immediately dissolving the two Chambers by violence, of imprisoning those whose opposition was to be dreaded, and of exposing France to all the horrible calamities of war, in which cities must be bombarded, vast regions of country ravaged by hostile armies, and the lives of tens of thousands of Frenchmen sacrificed.

The Emperor, though perfectly calm, was serious and sad. He weighed every thing in the balance of judgment and humanity. He decided that, with the co-operation of the Chambers, the chances were still strongly in favor of France. Without that co-operation, he deemed it unjustifiable to appeal to the awful decisions of the sword. With this object in view, he sent to the Chambers a statement of the resources at hand, and of his willingness to wield them, to the utmost of his power, for the preservation of the independence of France.

The Chamber of Deputies, bewildered, excited, and irrational, conscious of the power which the Emperor still held, after a stormy debate, sent back a reply, couched in what was intended as respectful terms.

"The war," said the deputation, "in which France is again involved, affects the nation much less than the Emperor. The Allies have proclaimed peace to France, and war against Napoleon alone. Peace can consequently

be immediately secured for France if the Emperor will once more sacrifice himself to save his country."

This appeal to the Emperor's devotion to France was deciding the question. The Emperor received the deputation graciously, and promised an immediate reply. As they withdrew, he said to his friends,

"I can do nothing alone. I had called the Assembly together, hoping that it would impart strength to my measures, but its disunion deprived me of the scanty resources at my command. The nation is informed that I am the only obstacle to peace. The time is too short to enable me to enlighten its judgment. I am required to sacrifice myself. I am willing to do so. I did not come to France for the purpose of kindling domestic feuds."

Then, requesting Lucien to take the pen, he paced the floor, and slowly dictated the following act of abdication:

"Frenchmen! In commencing the war for the upholding of national independence, I relied on the union of all efforts and all wills, and upon the concurrence of all the national authorities. I had every reason to expect success, and I braved the declaration of the Allies against me. Circumstances appear to me changed. I offer myself in sacrifice to the hatred of the enemies of France. May they prove sincere in their declarations, and hate only my person!

"My political life is ended, and I proclaim my son, under the title of Napoleon II., Emperor of the French. The present ministers will provisionally form the council of government. The interest I feel in my son prompts me to request the Chambers to organize, without delay, the regency by a law. Let all unite for the public safety, and to remain an independent nation.

"At the palace of the Elysée, June 22, 1815. NAPOLEON."

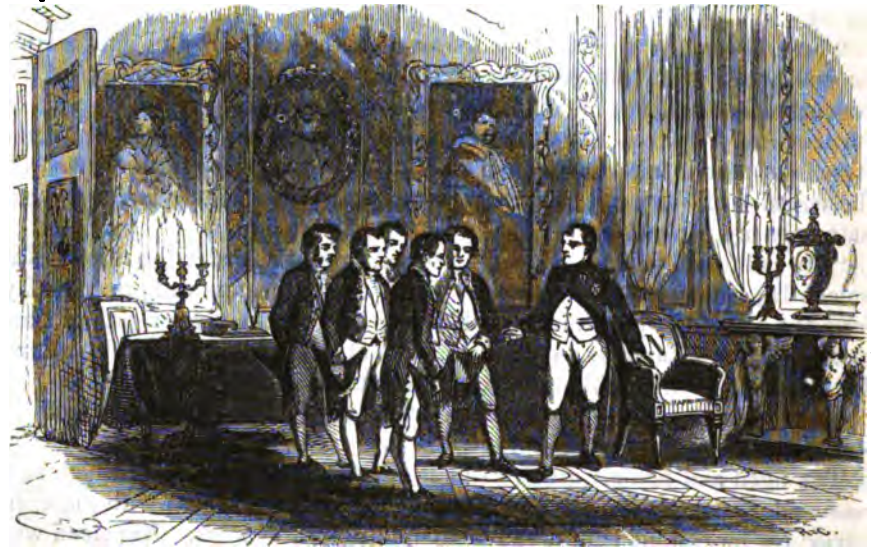
The aged and noble Carnot, as he heard this abdication read, which surrendered France to the mercy of her enemies, overwhelmed with anguish, buried his face in his hands, and burst into a flood of tears. Napoleon was deeply affected. He immediately went to the grief-stricken statesman, soothingly placed his hand upon his shoulder, and said, "My friend, I have not known you till too late."*

The reading of this dignified act created a profound sensation in the Chamber of Deputies. Regnault, inspired by the grandeur of the occasion and the theme, ascended the tribune, and drew a picture so affecting and pathetic of the benefits Napoleon had already conferred upon France, and of the moral sublimity of the act which he had now performed, in sacrificing himself, without condition and without reserve, to the happiness of his country, to wander an exile he knew not where, and to suffer he knew not what, that the whole

* "I had the grief," said the Duke of Gaëta, "of being present at the second abdication of Napoleon. He dictated it in the midst of his council, with the same composure with which we had heard him a hundred times dictate his orders when he was in the plenitude of power, only he was more careful in the choice of his phrases and in the construction of his sentences. He read the document over several times, each time making some slight corrections. When he was satisfied with it, he sent it to the Chamber of Deputies. He then retired to his cabinet. Count Mollien and I saw him again in the evening. We found him as calm as we had seen him in the morning. His last adieus were affectionate and touching."

assembly was plunged into tears, and even his most obdurate enemies were melted. There was, after this glowing speech, a moment of profound silence, interrupted only by the inarticulate murmurs of emotion. The Chamber then, with entire unanimity, decreed a solemn deputation to wait upon Napoleon, and express, in the name of the nation, "the respect and gratitude with which it accepted the noble sacrifice he had made to the independence and happiness of the French people." In this act the Chamber of Peers also united.

It was now night. The unthroned Emperor had retired alone to the solitude of his cabinet. It was dimly lighted by a few wax candles. Napoleon received the delegation with great courtesy, and listened, with melancholy resignation, to their congratulations. With slow and serious accent he thus responded:



NAPOLEON RECEIVING THE THANKS OF THE CHAMBERS.

"I thank you for the sentiments you express toward me. I hope that my abdication may prove fór the happiness of France, *but I do not expect it.* It leaves the state without a head, and without political existence. The time wasted in overturning the monarchy might have been employed in placing France in a condition to crush the enemy. I recommend to the Chambers speedily to re-enforce the armies. Whoever wishes for peace should make preparations for war. Do not leave this great nation at the mercy of foreigners. Beware of being deceived in your hopes. There lies the danger. In whatever situation I may be placed, I shall always be satisfied if France is happy. I recommend my son to France. I hope that it will not forget that I have abdicated for him. I have also made this great sacrifice for the good of the nation. It is only with my dynasty that France can hope to be free, happy, and independent."

The morning of the 23d dawned upon Paris. The allied armies were on the march. France was without a chief, without a government. The Chamber of Deputies was filled with a throng of inexperienced and garrulous men,

and a scene of confusion ensued which can not be described. Every thing was proposed, and nothing done. Napoleon was a peaceful citizen at the Elysée. He felt that he was swept along on billows of destiny which he could neither guide nor control. The Bourbonists, the Orleanists, the Republicans, and the advocates of Napoleon II. were plunged into inextricable turmoil and confusion. This was just what the Bourbonists, headed by Fouché, desired. Could this confusion but be perpetuated for a few days, the Allies would settle the question with their bayonets. "By such proceedings," said the Emperor, sadly, "the Deputies will soon bring back the Bourbons. These men will yet shed tears of blood. They flatter themselves that they can place the Duke of Orleans on the throne, but the English will not permit it."

To meet immediate emergencies, a provisional government was established, with Fouché at its head. This wily traitor, already in correspondence with the Duke of Wellington, was maneuvering, with consummate skill, for the restoration of the Bourbons. At the same time, commissioners were dispatched to the head-quarters of the Allies, to propitiate their vengeance by the assurance that Napoleon had abdicated. Fouché had now obtained, through his bribed accomplices, a complete ascendency over the inexperienced and perplexed members of the Chamber of Deputies. He encountered, however, one great embarrassment. The Emperor was at the Elysée. He was the idol of the people. The streets of the metropolis continued to resound with the cry "*Vive l'Empereur!*" Immense crowds still thronged the environs of the palace, demanding the Emperor to recall his abdication, and to place himself at the head of the people to repel the Allies.

Two regiments of volunteers from the faubourg St. Antoine, accompanied by a countless multitude, marched to the gates of the Elysée. A deputation waited upon the Emperor, stating that the traitorous Chamber of Deputies was about to sell France again to the Bourbons, and entreating him to take the reins of government into his own hands, as on the 18th Brumaire.

The Emperor replied, "You recall to my remembrance the 18th Brumaire, but you forget that the circumstances are not the same. On the 18th Brumaire the nation was unanimous in desiring a change. A feeble effort only was necessary to effect what they so much desired. Now it would require floods of French blood, and never shall a single drop be shed by me in the defense of a cause purely personal."

Count Montholon, who was at this time with the Emperor, could not refrain from expressing his regret that Napoleon should thus refuse to avail himself of the proffered arms of the people to save France from the enemy. The Emperor listened attentively to his representations, and then firmly replied:

"Putting the brute force of the mass of the people into action would doubtless save Paris and insure me the crown without incurring the horrors of civil war, but it would likewise be risking thousands of French lives; for what power could control so many various passions, so much hatred, and such vengeance? No! there is one thing that I can not forget. I have been escorted from Cannes to Paris in the midst of the bloody cries, 'Down with the priests! Down with the nobles!' *No! I like the regrets of France better than her crown.*"

Fouché and his accomplices in the Chamber of Deputies trembled in view of the Emperor's vast popularity, and were very apprehensive that he might accede to the wishes of the people, and frustrate all their plans. Rumors of assassination alarmed his friends. The crowd grew more and more dense, enthusiastic, and clamorous around the Elysée. On the evening of the 25th, Napoleon, putting on a disguise of a round hat and an ordinary traveling dress—not to escape the enmity, but the love of the people—left the Elysée, and, entering the carriage of Las Casas, retired to Malmaison.



NAPOLEON LEAVING THE ELYSEE.

As the Emperor took his departure, he said to Caulaincourt, "Remain where you are. Do whatever you can to prevent mischief. Carnot will second you. He is an honest man. For me, all is at an end. Strive to serve France, and you will still be serving me. Courage, Caulaincourt! If you and other honorable men decline to take an active part in affairs, that traitor Fouché will sell France to foreigners."

His devoted step-daughter, Queen Hortense, had gone before to Malmaison, and awaited his arrival. "She restrained her own tears," says Baron Fleury, "reminding us, with the wisdom of a philosopher and the sweetness of an angel, that we ought to surmount our sorrows and regrets, and submit with docility to the decrees of Providence." The Emperor wandered sadly through the rooms, and traversed the beautiful walks endeared to him by the love of Josephine. His demeanor was calm, and to all peculiarly gentle and affectionate.

"Every object here," said he, "revives some touching memory. Malmaison was my first possession. It was purchased with money of my own earning. It was long the abode of happiness; but she who was its chief ornament is now no more. My misfortunes caused her death. Ten years ago I little foresaw that I should one day take refuge here to avoid my persecutors."

The Emperor was now making preparations to leave France and embark for America. The provisional government had assembled at Paris about eighty thousand men. With this force behind the intrenchments of the metropolis, they hoped to compel the Allies to pay some little respect to the

wishes of France. Napoleon, as usual, entirely devoted to his country and forgetful of himself, issued a farewell proclamation to the soldiers, urging them to be faithful to the new government, and to maintain the honor of the nation. No one will withhold his tribute of respect from the following noble words:

"Soldiers! While obeying the necessity which removes me from the brave French army, I carry with me the happy conviction that it will justify, by the eminent services which the country expects from it, the praises which our enemies themselves can not withhold.

"Soldiers! Though absent, I shall follow your steps. I know all the corps, and not one of them will ever gain a signal advantage over the enemy without receiving ample credit from me for the courage it may have displayed. You and I have been calumniated. Men unfit to appreciate your labors have seen, in the marks of attachment which you have given me, a zeal of which I was the sole object. Let your future successes convince them that, in obeying me, it was the country above all things which you served, and that, if I had any share in your affection, I owe it to my ardent love of France, our common mother.

"Soldiers! A few more efforts, and the coalition will be dissolved. Napoleon will recognize you by the blows which you are about to strike. Save the honor, the independence of France. Be, even to the last, the same men I have known you for twenty years, and you will be invincible.

"NAPOLEON."

The provisional government immediately appointed plenipotentiaries to hasten to the head-quarters of Wellington and Blucher, and sue for peace. The envoys were instructed that the basis of their negotiations should be, the integrity of the French territory, the exclusion of the Bourbons, and the recognition of Napoleon II. These instructions, however, were intended merely to deceive the French people. As the plenipotentiaries departed, the government, as a mark of respect, sent a committee to inform the Emperor of the instructions given to the envoys. Napoleon replied, "The Allies are too deeply interested in imposing the Bourbons upon you to nominate my son. *He will yet reign over France, but his time has not arrived.*" This prediction, in its spirit, has been fulfilled. The heir of Napoleon now reigns over France.

Fouché was at that time the agent of Louis XVIII. and of the Duke of Wellington for the restoration of the house of Bourbon. The very day on which these negotiators were appointed, Fouché commissioned M. de Vitrolles to invite Louis to hasten his return to France. Our readers will remember the treasonable efforts of this Royalist when Napoleon was struggling with the Allies on the banks of the Seine.

"You see," said Fouché to Vitrolles, "the extreme embarrassment of my position. For the last three months I have risked my head every day for the cause of peace, of France, and of Louis. The Chamber has proclaimed Napoleon II. This is a necessary preliminary step toward the restoration of the Bourbons. This name quiets simple men, who imagine, like my col-

league Carnot, that the safety of France and of liberty exists in this chimera of a republican empire under a child who is the prisoner of Europe. They must be allowed to indulge in this delusion for a few days. It will last long enough to enable us to get rid of the Emperor. We can then easily lay aside Napoleon II. and the Duke of Orleans."

Benjamin Constant was one of the envoys who had allowed himself to be thus deluded by Fouché. Before he departed for the head-quarters of the Allies, he went to Malmaison to take a sorrowful leave of the Emperor. In the course of the conversation, Constant inquired, "Where does your majesty intend to seek an asylum?"

"I have not yet decided," the Emperor replied, in a tone of great indifference. "Flight I disdain. Why should I not remain here? What can the Allies do to a disarmed man? I may continue to live in this retreat with a few friends, who will remain attached, not to my power, but to my person. If they do not choose to leave me here, where would they wish me to go? To England? But there my residence would be disquieting. No one would believe that I could be tranquil there. I should compromise all my friends. Every mist would be suspected of bringing me to the coast of France. By dint of saying, 'There, he is come at last!' I should at length be tempted to come in earnest. America would be a more suitable retreat. I could live there with dignity.

"But, after all, what have I to apprehend in staying where I am? What sovereign could persecute me without dishonoring himself? To one, I have returned the half of his conquered states. How many times has the other pressed my hand, felicitating himself on being the friend of a great man! I shall see, however. I do not wish to struggle against open force. I arrived at Paris to combine our last resources. I have been abandoned with the same facility with which I was received. Well, let them efface, if possible, the double stain of weakness and frivolity. They should at least cover it with some struggle, some glory. Let them do for their country what they will do no longer for me. But I do not hope it. To-day, they give me up to save France; to-morrow, they will give France up to save themselves."

In conversation with Hortense, he said, "Give myself up to Austria? Never! She has seized upon my wife and my son. Give myself up to Russia? That would be to a single man. But to give myself up to England, that would be to throw myself upon *a people*."

One of his visitors congratulated the Emperor that the plenipotentiaries were instructed to urge upon the Allies the claims of his son; but Napoleon was not thus deceived. "The Allies," he replied, "are too much interested in imposing the Bourbons upon you to give my son the crown. Most of the plenipotentiaries are my enemies. The foes of the father can not be the friends of the son. Moreover, the Chambers obey the wishes of Fouché. If they had given to me what they have lavished upon him, I should have saved France. My presence alone, at the head of the army, would have done more than all your negotiations."

In confidential intercourse with his friends, he discussed the question of his retreat. He spoke of England, having great confidence in receiving respectful treatment from the British *people*. His friends, however, assured him

that he could not safely trust himself in the power of the British *government*. He then seemed inclined to go to the United States. Several American gentlemen in Paris sent him the assurance that he would be cordially received by the government in Washington, and by the whole American people. At the same time, the Chamber of Deputies pressed his departure from France as essential to successful negotiations with the Allies. The Emperor to these applications replied,

"That he was ready to embark, with his household, for the United States, if furnished with two frigates." The Minister for Foreign Affairs instantly ordered the frigates to be equipped; and as the coasts of France were thronged with hostile British cruisers, he applied to the Duke of Wellington for a "safe-conduct." In the mean time, the provisional government, trembling lest the people should yet reclaim their beloved Emperor, sent General Becker to Malmaison with a strong military force, professedly as a guard of honor, but in reality to hold Napoleon as a prisoner.

Napoleon fully understood the meaning of this, but, pretending to be blind to the truth, received his guard as friends. This movement caused great consternation at Malmaison. All were apprehensive that Napoleon might be arrested, exposed to captivity, insult, and death. Hortense wept bitterly. General Gourgaud, with enthusiasm roused to the highest pitch, vowed "to immolate the first man who should dare to lay a hand upon his master."

General Becker was the brother-in-law of General Desaix, who fell at Marengo. He revered and loved the Emperor. With tears in his eyes he presented himself, and bowed in homage before the majesty of that moral power which was still undimmed. He assured the Emperor "that he held himself and his troops in entire subjection to the commands of their former master." The Emperor kindly took his arm, and walked, in long conversation, in the embowered paths of the chateau.

He had now become impatient for his departure. He sent to the government to hasten the preparation of the two frigates. Fouché replied "that they were ready, but that the safe-conducts had not arrived." "I can not," said he, "dishonor my memory by an act of imprudence which would be called treachery should the frigates be taken with Napoleon on board when leaving port." But the Duke of Wellington refused to grant any safe-conduct; and the English government multiplied their cruisers along the coast to prevent the escape of their victim. On the evening of the 27th, Fouché and his colleagues, trembling lest Napoleon should be driven by desperation to place himself again at the head of the people, sent him word that the frigates were ready, and begged him to embark without waiting for a safe-conduct.. An hour later, finding that the Allies were near Malmaison, and that the coast was effectually guarded, they revoked this order, and sending additional troops and gendarmes, ordered General Becker to escort Napoleon to Rochefort, where he was to remain until a safe-conduct could be obtained.

The region through which the Emperor was to pass was thronged with his most devoted friends. He had, however, no wish to rouse them to an unavailing struggle. The provisional government were apprehensive that his presence might excite enthusiasm which it would be impossible to allay.

It was, therefore, mutually decided that Napoleon should travel in disguise. General Becker received a passport in which the Emperor was designated as his secretary. As the general presented the passport to the Emperor, Napoleon pleasantly said, "Behold me, then, your secretary." "Yes, sire," the noble Becker replied, in tones tremulous with grief and affection, "but to me you are ever my sovereign."

The French army, composed of the remnant of Waterloo and the corps of Grouchy, sullenly retreating before Wellington and Blucher, were hardly a day's march from Malmaison. Several of the officers were very anxious that Napoleon should place himself at the head of these squadrons and beat back the foe. General Excelmans sent Colonel Sencier to Malmaison to urge the Emperor to this desperate enterprise. The colonel was commissioned to say, in behalf of those who sent him,

"The army of the North is unbroken, and full of enthusiasm for its Emperor. It is easy to rally around this nucleus every thing that remains of patriotism and of military spirit in France. Nothing is to be despaired of with such troops and with such a chief."

Napoleon for a moment paced the floor of his library, absorbed in silent and profound thought. He then said, calmly but firmly,

"Thank your general for me, but tell him that I can not accept his proposition. To give hope of success, I should require the united support of France. But every thing is unsettled, and nobody cares any thing about the matter. What could I do alone, with a handful of soldiers, against all Europe?"

The Allies were now at Compiegne, within two days' march of Paris. Portions of the hostile troops had advanced even to Cenlis. Napoleon, in the garden of Malmaison, heard rumbling in the distance the deep thunder of their cannonade. The sound of hostile cannon enkindled in his soul a fever of excitement. His whole being was intensely roused. He summoned General Becker into his cabinet, and exclaimed, in accents of deepest emotion,

"The enemy is at Compiegne—at Cenlis! To-morrow he will be at the gates of Paris! I can not understand the blindness of the government. He must be either an imbecile or a traitor who doubts for a moment the false faith of the Allies. Those persons know nothing of their business. Every thing is lost! I will apply for the command of the army under the provisional government. Let them appoint me general in their employ, and I will take the command. Communicate my offer to the government. Explain to them that I have no intention to repossess myself of power; I only wish to fight the enemy, and to force him, by a victory, to grant better conditions. When this result is obtained, I pledge my word of honor that I will quietly retire from France."

General Becker presented the message of the Emperor at the Tuileries. Carnot, a sincere patriot, welcomed the generous proposal. The wily Fouché, whose treachery was now nearly consummated, argued that Napoleon was the sole cause of the war; that his presence at the head of the army would be a defiance to the Allies, and would provoke them to more severe measures; and that if Napoleon were successful, that success would place him again on the throne.

Napoleon's energy, however, was thoroughly aroused. He hoped that the government, in this hour of national humiliation, would accept his services, and allow him to drive the invaders from France. Blucher and Wellington, fearing no enemy, were marching carelessly, with their forces scattered. Napoleon felt sure that, with the enthusiasm his presence would inspire, he could crush both armies, and thus efface the stain of Waterloo. He had dressed himself for the campaign. His chargers, saddled and bridled, were champing the bit at the gates. His aids were assembled. He had imprinted his parting paternal kiss upon the tearful cheek of Hortense. General Becker, on returning, presented the reply of the government, courteously but decidedly declining to accept the Emperor's offer. Napoleon received the answer without betraying the slightest emotion, and then said calmly,

"Very well. They will repent it. Give the necessary orders for my departure for the coast. When all is ready, let me know."

In confiding friendship, he said to M. Bassano, "These people are blinded by their avidity for power. They feel that, were I replaced, they would no longer be any thing more than my shadow. They thus sacrifice me and the country to their own vanity. My presence would electrify the troops, and astound the foreign powers like a clap of thunder. They will be aware that I return to the field to conquer or to die. To get rid of me, they will grant all you may require. If, on the contrary, I am left to gnaw my sword here, the Allies will deride you, and you will be forced to receive Louis XVIII. cap in hand."

Then, as if convinced and roused to action by this train of thought, he exclaimed, "I can do nothing better for all of you—for my son and for myself—than to fly to the arms of my soldiers. If your five emperors"—alluding to the committee of government—"will not have me save France, I must dispense with their consent. I have but to show myself, and Paris and the army will receive me a second time as their deliverer."

"I do not doubt it, sire," M. Bassano replied; "but the Chamber will declare against you—perhaps it will even venture to pronounce you outlawed. And should fortune prove unfavorable—should the army, after performing prodigies of valor, be overpowered by numbers—what will become of France and of your majesty? The enemy will abuse his victory, and your majesty may have occasion to reproach yourself with being the cause of your country's eternal ruin."

The Emperor remained thoughtful a few moments without uttering a word. His whole soul was absorbed in contemplating the immense interests to be periled. He then said, "You are right. I must not take upon myself the responsibility of issues so momentous. I ought to wait till recalled by the voice of the people, the soldiery, and the Chambers."

This conversation was interrupted by the entrance of Baron Fleury with the information that the allied troops were rapidly approaching Paris, and that the Emperor was in great personal danger.

"I shall have no fear of them to-morrow," the Emperor replied. "I shall depart to-night. I am weary of myself, of Paris, and of France. Make your preparations to leave immediately."

"Sire," Baron Fleury with hesitancy replied, "when I promised yesterday to attend your majesty, I only consulted my personal attachment. When I mentioned my resolution to my mother, she implored me, by her gray hairs, not to desert her. She is seventy-four years old, and blind. My brothers are all dead. I alone remain to protect her. I had not the heart to refuse."

"You have done well," said Napoleon, promptly. "You owe yourself to your mother. Remain with her. Should you, at some future period, be master of your own actions, rejoin me. You will be well received."

"But whither," said the baron, despondingly, "will your majesty go?"

"The path, in truth," the Emperor replied, "is difficult, but fortune and a fair wind may favor me. I will repair to the United States. They will give me land, or I will purchase some, and we will cultivate it."

"But will the English," said Fleury, "allow you to cultivate your fields in peace? You have made England tremble. As long as you are alive, or, at least, at liberty, she will dread your genius. The Americans love and admire you. You have great influence over them. You might, perhaps, excite them to enterprises fatal to England."

"What enterprises?" the Emperor rejoined. "The English well know that the Americans would lose their lives, to a man, in defense of their native soil, but they are not fond of carrying on foreign warfare. They are not yet arrived at a pitch to give the English any serious uneasiness. At some future day, perhaps, they will be the avengers of the seas. But that period, which I might have had it in my power to accelerate, is now at a distance. The Americans advance to greatness slowly."

"Admitting," Fleury continued, "that they can give England no serious uneasiness at this moment, your presence in the United States will at least furnish England with an occasion to stir up Europe against them. The combined powers will consider their work imperfect till you are in their possession. They will compel the Americans either to deliver you up, or to expel you from their territory."

"Well, then," Napoleon continued, "I will go to Mexico, to Caraccas, to Buenos Ayres, to California. I shall go, in short, from shore to shore, and from sea to sea, until I find an asylum against the resentment and the persecution of men."

"But can you reasonably hope," the baron replied, "continually to escape the snares and fleets of the English?"

"If I can not escape," the Emperor rejoined, "they will take me. The English *government* has no magnanimity; the *nation*, however, is great, noble, generous. It will treat me as I ought to be treated. But, after all, what can I do? Would you have me allow myself to be taken, like a child, by Wellington, to adorn his triumph in London? I have only one course to adopt, that of retiring from the scene. Destiny will do the rest. Certainly I could die. I could say, like Hannibal, 'Let me deliver them from the terror with which I inspire them.' But suicide must be left to weak heads, and souls badly tempered. *As for me, whatever may be my destiny, I shall never hasten my natural end by a single moment.*"

The savage Blucher, plundering and destroying wherever he appeared,

declared, with manifold oaths, that, could he capture Napoleon, he would hang him on a gallows in the presence of both armies. Wellington was ashamed of the conduct and the threats of his barbarian ally. General Becker made defensive arrangements upon the roads leading to Malmaison to secure the Emperor from surprise. A little after midnight, some friends came from Paris with information that the Allies had refused the safe-conduct which had been solicited, and that the Emperor had scarcely time to escape captivity by flight.

But where could he find an asylum? Europe, in arms against a single man, could afford him no retreat. England had entire command of the sea, and consequently escape to lands beyond the ocean seemed impossible. It is generally supposed that Fouché contrived all these embarrassments, that he might deliver Napoleon up a captive and a sacrifice to the vengeance of the Allies. Whatever the *motive* might have been, the *facts* remain undisputed. Napoleon could not escape the vigilance of the British cruisers by sea. He could not elude the eagle eye of the exasperated Allies on the land. He was helpless. All this he understood perfectly. A kind Providence might open some unexpected door for his escape, but there was no visible refuge.

In answer to the application of the provisional government for passports for the Emperor, the Duke of Wellington, with his accustomed curtness, responded, "that he had no authority from his government to give any reply whatsoever to the demand for a passport and safe-conduct for Napoleon Bonaparte."

The Emperor received the message without any apparent emotion, and without any remark.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE EMPEROR A CAPTIVE.

Departure from Malmaison—Journey to Rochefort—Embarkation—The Blockade—The Emperor seeks Refuge in the Bellerophon—Voyage to England—Enthusiasm of the English people—Implacability of the Government—The British Ministry trampling upon British Law—The Doom of St. Helena—Departure of the Squadron—Perfidy of the Allies—The Death of Ney.

The morning of the 29th of June dawned, cloudless, and radiant with all the loveliness of the early summer. The gardens, the park, the embowered walks of the enchanting chateau of Malmaison were bathed in a flood of surpassing beauty. The Emperor sat in his library, quite exhausted with care and grief. Hortense, emulating the affection and devotion of her noble mother, with pallid cheeks and eyes swollen with weeping, did every thing which a daughter's love could do to minister to the solace of her afflicted father. A few faithful followers, with grief-stricken countenances, were also at Malmaison, determined to share all the perils and sufferings of that friend whom they loved with deathless fervor. The Emperor, whose countenance now betrayed the anguish of his wounded spirit, was writing at a table with great earnestness and rapidity. Caulaincourt was announced. As this faithful friend, endeared to the Emperor by a thousand grateful reminiscences,

entered the room, Napoleon raised his head, laid aside his pen, and said, with a faint smile,

"Well, Caulaincourt, this is truly draining the cup of misfortune to the dregs. I wished to defer my departure only for the sake of fighting at the head of the army. I desired only to contribute my aid in repelling the enemy. I have had enough of sovereignty. I want no more of it—*no more of it.* I am no longer a sovereign, but I am still a soldier. When I heard the cannon roar, when I reflected that my troops were without a leader, that they were to endure the humiliation of defeat without having fought, my blood boiled with indignation. All I wished for myself was a glorious death amid my brave troops. But my co-operation would have defeated the schemes of traitors. France has been sold. She has been surrendered up without a blow being struck in her defense. Thirty-two millions of men have been made to bow their heads to an arrogant conqueror without disputing the victory. Such a spectacle as France now presents has not been found in the history of any other nation."



THE EMPEROR IN THE LIBRARY AT MALMAISON.

As the Emperor uttered these words, he rose, and, in his excitement, walked up and down the room. The deep emotion which agitated him was betrayed by his rapid utterance and animated gestures. After a moment's pause, he continued:

"Honor, national dignity, all, all now is lost. That miserable Fouché imagines that I would assume the sovereignty in the degradation to which it is now reduced. Never, never! The place assigned to the sovereign is no longer tenable. I am disgusted alike with men and things. I am utterly indifferent about my future fate, and I endure life without attaching myself to it by any alluring chimeras. I carry with me from France recollections which will constitute at once the charm and the torment of the remainder of

my days. A bitter and incurable regret must ever be connected with this last phasis of my singular career. Alas! what will become of the army—my brave, my unparalleled army? The reaction will be terrible. The army will be doomed to expiate its fidelity to my cause, its heroic resistance at Waterloo. Waterloo! what horrible recollections are connected with that name! Oh, if you had seen that handful of heroes, closely pressed one upon another, resisting immense masses of the enemy, not to defend their lives, but to meet death on the field of battle where they could not conquer! The English stood amazed at the sight of this desperate heroism. Weary of the carnage, they implored the martyrs to surrender. This merciful summons was answered by the sublime cry, '*The Guard dies; it never surrenders!*' The Imperial Guard has immortalized the French people and the empire."

He paused, overcome by emotion, as his mind retraced these memorable scenes. Soon raising his eyes, and fixing them sadly, yet affectionately upon Caulaincourt, he added, in tones of peculiar tenderness,

"And you, all of you who are here, will be pursued and persecuted. Compromised as you are for your fidelity to my cause, what will become of you? All is over, Caulaincourt. We are now about to part. In a few days I must quit France forever. I will fix my abode in the United States. In the course of some little time, the spot which I shall inhabit will be in a condition to receive the glorious wrecks of the army. All my old companions in arms will find an asylum with me. Who knows but that I may one day or other have a *Hospital of Invalids* in the United States for my veteran Guards?"

Suddenly the galloping of horses was heard in the court-yard. The Emperor advanced to the window. The carriages had arrived for his departure. He heaved a deep sigh, and seemed for a moment much agitated. He advanced toward Caulaincourt, took his hand, gazed for a moment silently and with a look of inexpressible tenderness in his face, when suddenly the warm and glowing heart of this imperial man was overwhelmed with affection and grief, and his eyes were flooded with tears, which he vainly struggled to repress. Unable to articulate a word, he pressed the hand of his devoted friend, and, in the silent adieu of uncontrollable emotion, departed.

"I will not attempt," says Caulaincourt, "to describe my feelings on taking my last farewell of the Emperor. I felt that he was about to enter upon an endless exile. I rushed from the cabinet almost in a delirium of despair. Since then, my prosaic life has been utterly devoid of interest. I have been insensible to persecution, and have resented injuries only by cold contempt. There is one regret which presses heavily upon my heart. It is that I can not live long enough to complete the work of conscience and justice which I am anxious to bequeath to France. By employing the few hours which I can snatch from death in portraying the hero whom faction hurled from the throne, I feel that I am discharging a sacred duty to my country.

"The wonderful character of Napoleon can only be accurately portrayed by those who had the opportunity of observing him in the relations of private life. They only can paint the thousand traits which characterized his extraordinary mind. Napoleon was more than a hero, more than an emper-

or. A comparison between him and any other sovereign, or any other man, is impossible. His death has left a void in human nature which probably never will be filled up. Future generations will bow with respect to the age on which the glory of Napoleon Bonaparte shed its lustre. For centuries to come, French hearts will glow with pride at the mention of his exploits. To his name alone is attached inexhaustible admiration, imperishable remembrance."

The Emperor embraced Queen Hortense, who was overwhelmed with grief, and then took a melancholy farewell of the other friends whom he was never to meet again. Every heart seemed lacerated with almost unearthly anguish. As he passed along through the serpentine walk of the enchanting park, embellished with all the verdure, the flowers, and the bird-songs of June, and where he had enjoyed so many hours of happiness with his much-loved Josephine, he stopped several times, and turned round to fix his last lingering looks upon the familiar and attractive scene. Little did he then imagine that a dilapidated hut, upon the bleak, storm-swept rock of St. Helena, was to be his prison and his tomb.

At the gate of the park he entered a plain calèche. General Becker, Count Bertrand, and Savary took the three other seats. Several other carriages followed, occupied by Madame Bertrand and her children, Count Montholon, wife, and child, Las Casas and his son, and several devoted officers who were anxious to share the fortunes of the dethroned Emperor. These carriages were to proceed to Rochefort by another road. The Emperor and his companions were habited in the simple traveling dress of private gentlemen. The distance from Paris to Rochefort, near the mouth of the Charente, is about three hundred miles. The friends of Napoleon were well aware that attempts would be made to secure his assassination on the way. They were secretly well provided with arms for a desperate defense. The emotions excited in every bosom were too strong for utterance. The attitude of the Emperor was calm and dignified. For several hours there was unbroken silence in the carriage. At ten o'clock at night they arrived at Rambouillet, about thirty miles from Malmaison. In this antique castle the Emperor passed the night.

At an early hour the next morning, June 30th, the rapid journey was resumed. After a melancholy drive of two or three hours, they arrived at Chateaudun. The mistress of the post-house hastened to the carriage-door, and anxiously inquired if there was any truth in the report that the Emperor had been assassinated. She had hardly asked the question ere she recognized the countenance of Napoleon. For a moment she seemed stunned. Then, raising her eyes to heaven and clasping her hands, she burst into a flood of tears, and retired weeping bitterly. All were much moved at this touching proof of affection. Driving rapidly all day and night, and meeting with no occurrence to disturb the profound sadness of the route, they arrived, before the break of day, on the morning of the 1st of July, at Tours.

Pressing on some fifty miles farther, they reached Poitiers at midday. The roads were dusty, and the heat, from a blazing July sun, sultry and oppressive. At a little post-house outside the town the Emperor remained a couple of hours for repose. At two o'clock he again entered his carriage,



THE DEPARTURE FROM MALMAISON

and proceeded onward to Niort, where he arrived just as the glooms of night were settling down over the city. Here the Emperor remained for a day. He was recognized by some persons, and the rumor of his arrival spread rapidly through the city. Cries of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" began to resound through the streets. An immense concourse immediately surrounded the hotel, with enthusiastic acclamations, and with every expression of respect and love. During the whole day his rooms were thronged with officers of the garrison, public functionaries, and influential citizens. Here the Emperor was also informed that all egress from the roadstead of Rochefort by the two frigates prepared for him was effectually prevented by English ships of war. His position was now in the highest possible degree embarrassing. The officers of the army entreated him to place himself at their head, assur-

ing him that every soldier, and the masses of the people, would rally around him with deathless fervor.

Napoleon might thus have saved himself. He could easily have aroused such enthusiasm throughout France, and have presented himself with such imposing power before the Allies, that it would have required a long and sanguinary civil war before the hostile invaders could have subdued him. In this conflict the Allies would have been compelled to sacrifice tens of thousands of lives, and millions of money. Trembling before the genius of the Emperor, they would have been glad to purchase peace with him upon terms which would secure his personal safety and dignified retirement. But in this conflict France would have been deluged in blood, and Napoleon repeatedly declared, and persevered in the lofty resolve, that not one single life should be sacrificed merely to secure benefits or safety to himself. History presents few parallels to such magnanimity.

He was, however, still sanguine in the belief that if the Chambers would unite with him and with France so as to present a united front to the coalition, the invaders, notwithstanding their locust legions, might still be driven from the empire. General Becker immediately informed the government that the roadstead at Rochefort was reported as effectually blockaded, and reported to them the enthusiastic desires of the troops that Napoleon would head them to drive out the invaders. At Napoleon's suggestion, in this desperate emergence, General Becker added to this communication, "*If, in this situation, the English cruisers prevent the frigates from putting to sea, you can dispose of the Emperor as a general eagerly desirous only of being useful to his country.*"

To this Fouché replied, "Napoleon must embark without delay. You must employ every measure of coercion you may deem necessary, without failing in the respect due to him. As to the services which are offered, our duties toward France, and our engagements to foreign powers, do not permit us to accept of them."

The evidence is now conclusive to almost every mind that Fouché had all this time been plotting to betray Napoleon to the Allies. He knew that Europe combined could not maintain the Bourbons upon the throne, so long as the people of France saw any possibility of recalling Napoleon. It was therefore his design to deliver Napoleon up to his enemies. He was afraid to order his arrest until Paris should be engirdled by the bayonets of the Allies. The exasperated people would instantly have risen to the rescue. Under pretense of waiting for a safe-conduct, and affirming that France would be dishonored by the Emperor's capture, he would not allow the frigates to sail when there was the slightest chance of their escaping the British cruisers. He wished to drive the Emperor on board one of the frigates, so that he could no longer be surrounded by the enthusiasm of the French people, and then to detain the frigates until the English cruisers, by his treachery, should be accumulated in such numbers as to render escape impossible. While, therefore, he was thus urging General Becker to "employ every measure of coercion" to induce the Emperor to embark, secret orders were sent to the maritime prefect at Rochefort not to allow the frigates to sail. "It is utterly impossible," said the order, "for our two frigates to attempt

sailing while the enemy retains his present position. It would be proper to wait for a favorable opportunity, which can not offer for a long time to come."

"The provisional government," says the Duke of Rovigo, "had dispatched agents to the coast, and prepared the means of carrying off the Emperor, or, at least, of preventing his eluding the vigilance of the English cruisers. By this means they had it in their power to seize him as soon as the presence of the foreign troops in Paris should have rendered unavailing any opposition that might have sprung from the enthusiasm still created by the Emperor's painful situation."

Early in the morning of the 3d of July, the Emperor arrived in Rochefort. During his short reign, with all the despots of Europe striving to crush him, he had done more to promote the health and the opulence of this city than all the monarchs of France combined who had preceded him. By his orders the extensive marshes surrounding the city had been drained and fertilized, and important works had been erected for defense, and for the promotion of internal improvements. As they rode along, the Emperor pointed out to his companions the once infectious marshes, now filled with ricks of new-mown hay.

"You see," said he, "that the population cheerfully recognize the prosperity which I have created in their country. Wherever I pass, I receive the blessings of a grateful people."

The Emperor's arrival at Rochefort produced a profound sensation. The gardens of the prefecture, where he took his lodgings, were filled with an enthusiastic crowd. Whenever he appeared he was greeted with the most ardent acclamations. "I believe," says the Duke of Rovigo, who was with the Emperor at that time, "that every inhabitant, without a single exception, participated in our feelings." There were several thousand troops in the vicinity. They all transmitted to the Emperor expressions of devoted attachment, and tendered to him their services. There was not a military officer within thirty miles who did not hasten to offer his homage to the Emperor.

Napoleon was desirous of embarking immediately, and of trusting to his good fortune, and to the guns of the frigate, for escape from the enemy. But many obstacles were thrown in the way, and it was not until after the lapse of five days, on the evening of the 8th, that it was announced that the frigates were ready for his embarkation.

The two frigates, the *Saale* and the *Medusa*, which had been assigned for the transportation of Napoleon and his suite, were at anchor in the bay. In the mean time, the English cruisers, guided by information from Fouché, had been doubled all along the coast. At four o'clock in the afternoon, the Emperor took an affecting leave of his faithful companions in arms, and amid the tears of an innumerable throng of people, and their cries of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" stepped into one of the boats of the *Saale*. The vessels were at a long distance from the quay. The wind was boisterous and the sea rough as the Emperor, in silence and sadness, thus bade adieu to the shores of his beloved France. It was eight o'clock in the evening before the boats reached the *Saale*. The Emperor slept on board. He found, however, that the



EMBARKING IN THE BOATS.

frigates were not yet permitted to leave the harbor. Fouché had sent word that the English government would soon transmit the passports by an English ship of war which was cruising off Rochefort. The Emperor had hoped that his peaceful retirement would not be opposed. He had supposed that his enemies would be satisfied by his self-sacrifice, and his retirement to the wilds of the New World.

At daybreak on the morning of the 9th the Emperor landed on the Isle of Aix, off which the frigates were anchored. The whole population of the island, and the regiment of marines in the garrison, crowded to the shore to greet him, and the air was rent with their acclamations. His exile resembled a triumph. In this his last hour upon the soil of France, he was greeted with the warmest testimonials of love and homage. As he returned to the frigate, he was waited upon by the maritime prefect. The Allies were now in possession of Paris. The treacherous Fouché was prepared to resign his power into the hands of the Bourbons. The commander of the frigate was informed that "*the act of disembarking Napoleon again upon the soil of France would be declared high treason.*"

The Emperor passed the 10th on board the frigate, much perplexed in considering the various plans proposed for his escape. "It is, however, evident," says Las Casas, "that in the midst of this state of agitation he continues calm and resolute, even to indifference, without manifesting the least anxiety."

Before the break of day on the 11th of July, the Duke of Rovigo and Las Casas were sent with a flag of truce to the commander of the English squadron, to inquire if he would feel himself authorized to allow the frigates, or any other French or neutral vessels, conveying the Emperor, and bound to the United States, to pass free.

About seven o'clock in the morning the envoys arrived on board the *Bellerophon*, under the command of Captain Maitland, which was cruising off the harbor. Captain Maitland replied that his orders were to capture any vessel which should attempt to leave the roadstead. An English brig was the companion of the *Bellerophon*, to prevent any vessel from leaving the harbor.

They then inquired, "In the event of the Emperor's adopting the idea of going to England, may he depend upon being received on board your ship, with those who accompany him?"

Captain Maitland frankly and honestly answered, "I will instantly address a dispatch to the admiral on the subject. Should the Emperor present himself before I receive a reply, I shall receive him, but in that case I shall be acting on my own responsibility, and I can not enter into any engagement as to the reception he may meet in England."

Captain Maitland promised in two days again to cast anchor in the roads, when he would probably have received his answer from the admiral, and when they could again communicate with him.

Napoleon, upon receiving this reply, reflected upon it for some time, and then resolved, notwithstanding the overwhelming force of the English, to brave all the peril, and endeavor to escape. "Go," said he to the Duke of Rovigo, "and desire the captain of the frigate, in my name, to set sail immediately." Captain Philibert returned the astounding reply that "he was strictly forbidden by the government to sail if the vessels would be exposed to any risk." When the Duke of Rovigo, upon receiving this answer, indignantly exclaimed, "This is all deception. The government is only plotting to deliver up the Emperor to the enemy!" the captain replied, "I do not know, but I have orders not to sail."

When the Emperor was informed of this result, he calmly said, "My secret presentiments told me as much, but I was unwilling to believe it. I was reluctant to suspect that this captain, who appeared a worthy man, could have lent himself to so shameful an act of treachery. What a villain is that Fouché!"

In this fearful emergence, the captain of the *Medusa* came forward with the following heroic proposition. Forgetting every other consideration in devotion to the safety of the Emperor, he begged permission, under favor of the night, to surprise the *Bellerophon* at anchor, to engage her in close combat, and to grapple his vessel to her sides. The sixty-gun frigate could maintain the conflict with her powerful adversary of seventy-four guns for at least two hours before she could be destroyed. The *Bellerophon*, impeded and crippled by the action, could not overtake the *Saale*, which could not be effectually opposed by the English brig alone, and would thus escape. This plan promised success. A single word from the Emperor would have tossed the captain of the *Saale* into the sea, and have placed the frigate under the command of one of the Emperor's friends. But Napoleon was the last man in the world to think of saving himself by sacrificing the lives of others. He was grateful for this proof of affection, but promptly and decisively refused to save himself at the expense of the lives of his friends.

The captain of a Danish vessel, the *Bayadere*, which was a very rapid

sailer, offered the Emperor the protection of his flag, and expressed the utmost confidence that he should be able to escape the cruisers. He had prepared a secret recess in his vessel with very great skill, where the Emperor might be concealed should the vessel be searched by the English. Several young officers connected with the naval service fitted out two small fishing-vessels, with which they could glide along in the night, near to the shore, and thus escape to sea, and perilously cross the Atlantic.

Upon consultation, both of these plans were rejected. The Emperor was unwilling to separate himself from his friends, and, in securing his own escape, to abandon them to Bourbon vengeance. He also considered it inconsistent with his character to attempt escape in disguise or concealment. Nearly all of his friends were also of opinion that, if Napoleon would throw himself upon the hospitality of England, he would meet from the nation a generous reception. Joseph Bonaparte had made sure of his departure from Bordeaux for the United States. He strikingly resembled his brother Napoleon. He entreated the Emperor to take advantage of the close resemblance and escape in his place, while Joseph should remain in the Emperor's stead. Napoleon would not listen to a proposition which exposed his brother to dangers which belonged to his own destiny. Others urged that it was expedient to renew the war. It was obvious to all that the Emperor had but to place himself upon the shore, and the army every where, and all the masses of the people, would rally around him. But to this the Emperor persisted in the reply:

"Civil war can have no other result than that of placing me as Emperor in a better position to obtain arrangements more favorable to my personal interests. I can not consent to expose my friends to destruction for such a result. I can not allow myself to be the cause of the desolation of the provinces, and thus to deprive the national party of its true support, by which, sooner or later, the honor and independence of France will be established. I have renounced sovereignty, and only wish for a peaceful asylum."

On the 14th the Emperor again sent Las Casas and Savary on board the *Bellerophon*. They returned with the report that Captain Maitland wished them to say to the Emperor, that "if he decided upon going to England, he was authorized to receive him on board, and that he accordingly placed his ship at the Emperor's disposal."

Under these circumstances, the Emperor assembled his friends in council. Nearly all were of opinion that it was best to confide in the honor and the hospitality of England. General Gourgaud and Count Montholon alone dissented. They urged that the generous feelings of the English *nation* would have but little influence over the aristocratic *ministry*; that the sympathy of the people of England and Ireland with Napoleon was a prominent reason why the Republican Emperor was thus dreaded by the cabinet of St. James.

Napoleon, in conclusion, replied, "If there were a prospect of saving France, and not merely of promoting my personal safety, I might attempt a repetition of the return from Elba. As it is, I only seek for repose. Should I once more cause a single shot to be fired, malevolence would take advantage of the circumstances to asperse my character. I am offered a quiet re-

treat in England. I am not acquainted with the Prince Regent, but from all I have heard of him I can not avoid placing reliance in his magnanimity. My determination is taken. I am going to write to the prince. To-morrow, at daybreak, we will repair on board the English cruiser."

Napoleon immediately wrote, with the utmost rapidity, and apparently without devoting a moment to the choice either of words or thoughts, the following letter to George IV., then Prince Regent. It is couched in terms of calm, sorrowful, and majestic diction, worthy of the occasion and of the man. Its comprehensiveness, appropriateness, and dignity of expression have commanded universal admiration:

"Royal Highness,—Exposed to the factions which divide my country, and to the hostility of the principal powers of Europe, I have terminated my political career, and I come, like Themistocles, to sit down at the fireside of the British people. I place myself under the protection of their laws, which I claim from your royal highness, as the most powerful, the most constant, and the most generous of my enemies."

It was now four o'clock in the afternoon of the 14th. Las Casas and Gourgaud were dispatched on board the *Bellerophon* to announce the coming of the Emperor the next day. General Gourgaud was also commissioned to take the letter addressed to the Prince Regent to London. He received from the Emperor the following instructions:

"My aid-de-camp Gourgaud will repair on board the English squadron with Count de Las Casas. He will take his departure in the vessel which the commander of that squadron will dispatch either to the admiral or to London. He will endeavor to obtain an audience of the Prince Regent, and hand my letter to him. If there should not be found any inconvenience in the delivery of passports for the United States of America, it is my particular wish to proceed to that country. But I will not accept of passports for any colony. In default of America, I prefer England to any other country. I shall take the name of Colonel Muiron or of Duroc. If I must go to England, I should wish to reside in a country house, at the distance of ten or twelve leagues from London, and to arrive there in the strictest *incognito*. I should require a dwelling house sufficiently capacious to accommodate all my suite. I am particularly anxious to avoid London; and this wish must necessarily fall in with the views of the government. Should the ministry be desirous of placing a commissioner near my person, Gourgaud will see that this condition shall not seemingly have the effect of placing me under any kind of confinement, and that the person selected for the duty may, by his rank and character, remove all idea of an unfavorable or suspicious nature."

General Gourgaud was dispatched to England, but was not even allowed to land. His letter was sent by other hands to the court of St. James.

During the night, several French naval officers again entreated Napoleon not to trust to the British government. They expressed great confidence that they could escape along the shore, and implored him not to place himself in the power of an enemy, to whose honor and generosity it was in vain to make any appeal. While thus deliberating, General Becker arrived in all haste with the information that the Bourbons had sent some officers to

Rochefort to arrest the Emperor. Napoleon immediately dressed, and, just as the day was dawning, entered a small brig, the *Epervier*, to be conveyed to the British cruiser.

The whole party accompanying the Emperor, consisting of officers, ladies, children, and servants, amounted to fifty-nine persons.

"Sire," said General Becker, with deep emotion, "shall I accompany you to the *Bellerophon?*"

With that instinctive sense of delicacy, generosity, and honor which ever characterized the Emperor, he promptly replied, "By no means. We must be mindful of the reputation of France. Were you to accompany me, it might be thought that you had delivered me up to the English. It is entirely of my free will that I proceed to their squadron. I do not wish to expose France to the suspicion of such an act of treachery."

General Becker, like all who had been admitted to the familiar acquaintance of this extraordinary man, was entirely under the influence of that irresistible attraction which he exerted over all who approached him. The general, who had been sent by the provisional government to watch over Napoleon as a spy and a jailor, endeavored to reply; but, entirely overwhelmed with grief, he could not articulate a word, and burst into tears.

The Emperor cordially grasped his hand, and said, with that melancholy serenity of countenance which never forsook him, "Embrace me, general! I thank you for all the care you have taken of me. I regret that I have not known you sooner. I would have attached you to my person. Adieu, general! Adieu!"

Sobbing uncontrollably, General Becker could only reply, "Adieu, sire! May you be happier than we!"

As the boat approached the ship, the English sailors manned the yards, the marines were drawn up on deck, Captain Maitland and his officers awaited at the gangway, and the Emperor was received with all the respect



NAPOLEON CONFIDING IN THE HOSPITALITY OF ENGLAND.

and etiquette due to his rank, his history, and his misfortunes. As the Emperor placed his foot on board the *Bellerophon*, he said,

"Captain Maitland, I come on board your ship to place myself under the protection of the laws of England."

The captain only replied by a low bow. He then led the Emperor into his cabin, gave him possession of the room, and all the officers of the *Bellerophon* were presented. In the mean time the anchors were raised, the sails spread, and the ship was on her way for England. Early in the evening, the *Superb*, a seventy-four gun ship, bearing the flag of Admiral Hotham, hove in sight, and signaled the *Bellerophon* to cast anchor. The admiral came on board, and solicited permission to pay his respects to the Emperor, who had retired to his cabin. After a long and friendly interview, the Emperor was invited to breakfast the next morning on board the *Superb*. He was received with all the honors due to a sovereign. The admiral and all the officers of the squadron emulated each other in greeting their illustrious guest with a generous hospitality. The admiral invited the Emperor to take passage for England on board his ship, as more capacious and comfortable than the *Bellerophon*. The Emperor, with his usual kindness, replied,

"It is hardly worth while for a few days. Besides, I should be sorry to wound the feelings of Captain Maitland, especially if present circumstances are likely to forward him in his career."

As the Emperor was leaving the *Bellerophon* to visit the *Superb*, the guard was drawn up on the quarter-deck to salute him. He stopped and requested them to perform several military movements, giving the word of command himself. Perceiving their manner to differ from that of the French, he advanced into the midst of the soldiers, pushed their bayonets aside with his hand, and, taking a musket from one of the rear rank, went through the exercise himself. The officers and the sailors gazed with unutterable amazement upon this exhibition of the Republican Emperor.

In consequence of light and contrary winds, nine days passed before the *Bellerophon* cast anchor in an English harbor. The Emperor, with intense interest, made himself familiar with every thing on board the ship. He had won golden opinions from all. His mind was relieved from a terrible burden of care, and his spirits were cheerful and buoyant. The discipline on board the ship charmed him, and he was never weary of expressing his admiration. "What I admire most," said he, "is the silence and orderly conduct of the men. On board a French ship, every one calls and gives orders, gabbling like so many geese."

An English officer on board the ship records, "He has stamped the usual impression on every one here, as elsewhere, of his being an extraordinary man. Nothing escapes his notice. His eyes are in every place and on every object, from the greatest to the most minute. All the general regulations of the service, from the lord high admiral to the seamen, their duties, views, expectations, pay, rank, and comforts, have been scanned with characteristic keenness and rapidity. The machinery of the ship, blocks, masts, yards, ropes, rigging, and every thing else, underwent similar scrutiny."

The kind reception given to the Emperor on board the ships had repelled all suspicions. He was now proceeding to England with perfect confidence,

soothed by cheerful thoughts, and unapprehensive of any hostile treatment there. During the whole passage the Emperor appeared tranquil, and, by his kind and gentle spirit, alleviated the sorrows of his grief-stricken companions. He showed to Captain Maitland the portraits of his wife and child: and tears flooded the eyes of the affectionate husband and father as he tenderly spoke of being separated from those whom he so dearly loved.

During the passage the officers and the crew adopted the etiquette of the Emperor's suite. They addressed him as *Sire* or *Your Majesty;* and whenever he appeared on deck, every one took off his hat. About nine o'clock in the morning of the 25th, the *Bellerophon* cast anchor in the harbor of Torbay. The moment it was announced that the Emperor was on board, the bay was covered with boats crowded with people, men and women of all ranks, eager to catch a glimpse of the man who had filled the wide world with his renown. The Emperor kindly came upon deck several times to gratify their curiosity by the exhibition of himself. All hearts seemed to turn toward him. The owner of a beautiful country-seat in sight of the ship sent Napoleon a present of various fruits. The ladies waved their handkerchiefs and scarfs in attestation of sympathy.

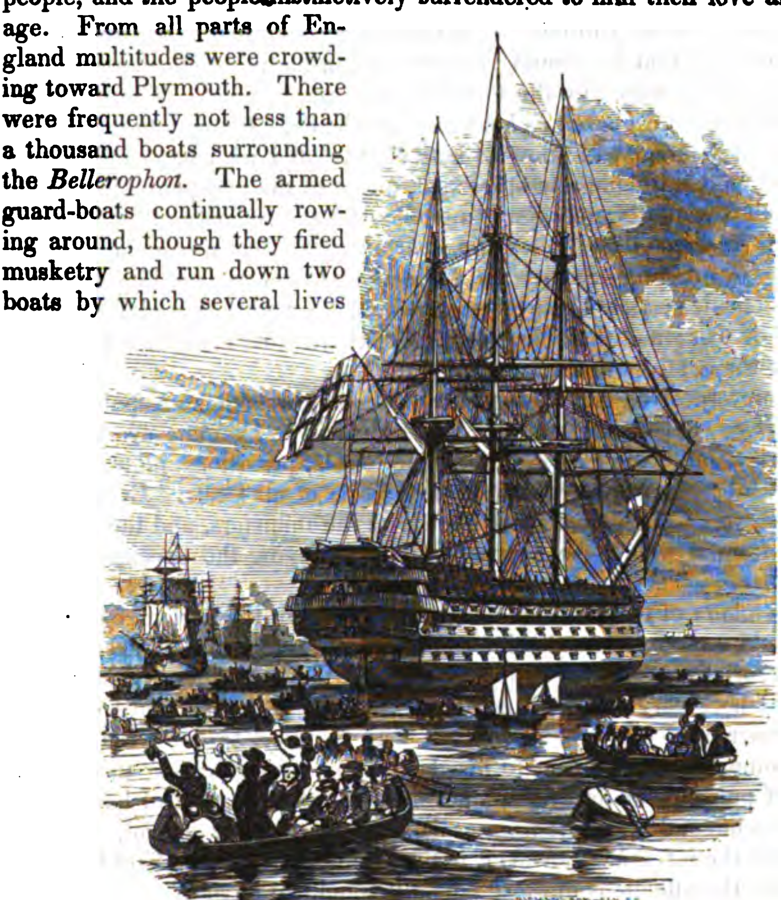
Admiral Keith, who was in command at Plymouth, but a few miles from Torbay, wrote to Captain Maitland, "Tell the Emperor that I shall be happy in being made acquainted with any thing which may be agreeable to him, and that I will do every thing in my power to comply with his wishes. Thank him in my name for the generous attention which he personally ordered to be shown to my nephew, who was brought a prisoner to him after being wounded at Waterloo."

In the night of the 25th the ship weighed anchor and sailed for Plymouth, where she arrived about noon the next day. Immediately the Emperor and his suite perceived a marked change in the manner in which they were treated. Captain Maitland appeared thoughtful, anxious, and extremely sad. A number of armed boats from the other line-of-battle ships and frigates in the harbor took their stations, like sentinels, around the *Bellerophon,* and no one was allowed to approach without a pass from the admiral. Two frigates were also placed as guard-ships off the *Bellerophon.* Had the British government been apprehensive that the English *people* would rise and seize Napoleon, and make him their king, they could not have adopted more rigorous precautions. Rumors, taken from the daily papers, passed through the ship, that the Privy Council were deliberating whether to deliver Napoleon to the vengeance of Louis XVIII., to order him to be tried by a court-martial and shot, or to send him a prisoner for life to the dreary rock of St. Helena. The Duke of Wellington, England's proudest noble, who had unworthily allowed himself to cherish feelings of implacable hatred toward the illustrious Republican chief, "in his dispatches," says Count Montholon, "urged them to adopt bloody and terrible determinations."* The earnest and humanely intended expostulation of the Duke of Sussex induced the government to adopt the lingering execution of insult and privation instead of the more speedy agency of the bullet.

The harbor of Plymouth, still more than at Torbay, was covered with

* These facts are proved by the London Times of the 24th and 25th of July, 1815.

boats of all descriptions. The population from thirty miles around came in crowds to see and to greet the illustrious prisoner. In admiration of his greatness, and with an instinctive sense that he had ever been the friend of the *people*, they surrounded the ship with one continuous roar of acclamation and enthusiasm. The Emperor was never more cordially greeted even upon the banks of the Seine. His arrival had produced a delirium throughout all England. Notwithstanding the libels of the ministers, the returned soldiers had narrated in every cottage stories of his magnanimity, his kindness, his sympathy with the poor and the oppressed. He was the man of the people, and the people instinctively surrendered to him their love and homage. From all parts of England multitudes were crowding toward Plymouth. There were frequently not less than a thousand boats surrounding the *Bellerophon*. The armed guard-boats continually rowing around, though they fired musketry and run down two boats by which several lives



NAPOLEON AT PLYMOUTH.

were lost, could with great difficulty keep the eager crowd at the prescribed distance of three hundred yards. The enthusiasm was so intense and universal, that the English government became actually apprehensive that Napoleon might be rescued even on board a British line-of-battle ship and in a British harbor. "Two frigates were therefore," says Sir Walter Scott, "appointed to lie as guards on the *Bellerophon*, and sentinels were doubled and trebled both by day and by night."

The Emperor was firm, thoughtful, and silent. His friends were overwhelmed with consternation. On the evening of the 30th of July, Sir Henry Banbury, under secretary of state, came on board with Admiral Keith, and from a scrap of paper, without signature, read to the Emperor the following illegal and infamous decision:

"As it may perhaps be convenient for General Bonaparte to learn, without further delay, the intentions of the British government, your lordship will communicate the following information:

"It would be inconsistent with our duty toward our country and the allies of his majesty if General Bonaparte possessed the means of again disturbing the repose of Europe. It is on this account that it becomes absolutely necessary that he should be restrained in his personal liberty, so far as this may be required by the foregoing important object. The island of St. Helena has been chosen as his future residence. Its climate is healthy, and its local position will allow of his being treated with more indulgence than could be admitted in any other spot, owing to the indispensable precautions which it would be necessary to employ for the security of his person."

It was then stated that *General Bonaparte* might select a surgeon and any three officers, excepting Savary and Lallemand, to accompany him, and also twelve domestics; that these persons would be regarded and treated as prisoners of war; and that Sir George Cockburn would sail in a few days to convey the captives to their prison.

Sir George received very rigorous instructions to recognize Napoleon, not as an *emperor*, but simply as a *general*. He was to examine every article in the possession of the Emperor, baggage, wines, provisions, plate, money, diamonds, bills of exchange, and salable effects of all kinds. Every thing thus seized was to be placed in the hands of the ministers, and the interest accruing from it was to be appropriated to defraying the expenses of his prison-house.

The members of the household of the Emperor, in the various capacities of household service, were also informed that, if they wished to accompany the Emperor, they must be subjected to all the restraints which might be deemed necessary for securing the person of the distinguished captive. "This was regarded," says Mr. Bussy, "as an effort to deter his friends from accompanying the exile to his destination, by impressing them with an idea of punishment for vague and undefined offenses, and of having before them a life of disquietude from espionage and arbitrary control. If such were really the intention, however, it signally failed, its sole effect being to concentrate the affections of those whom it sought to terrify."

Thus trampling upon the British Constitution, and in defiance of all justice and law, was an illustrious foreigner condemned to imprisonment for life, without trial, and even without accusation. The ministers were so fully conscious of the illegality of the measure that they did not venture even to sign their names to the act. The Emperor listened to the reading of this atrocious document in silence, with profound calmness, and without manifesting any emotion. He had obtained such wonderful control over his own spirit, that, in tones gentle and dignified, and with great mildness of manner and countenance, he simply yet eloquently replied,

"I am the guest of England, not her prisoner. I have come, of my own accord, to place myself under the protection of *the British law*. In my case the government has violated the laws of its own country, the law of nations, and the sacred duty of hospitality. I protest against their right to act thus, and appeal to British honor."

After the admiral and Sir Henry Banbury had retired, Napoleon, in anguish of spirit, remarked to his friends,

"The idea of imprisonment at St. Helena is perfectly horrible. To be en chained for life on an island within the tropics, at an immense distance from any land, cut off from all communication with the world, and every thing it contains that is dear to me! It is worse than Tamerlane's iron cage. I would prefer being delivered up to the Bourbons. They style me *General!* They might as well call me *Archbishop*. I was head of the Church as well as of the army. Had they confined me in the Tower of London, or in one of the fortresses of England, though not what I had hoped from the generosity of the English people, I should not have had so much cause for complaint. But to banish me to an island within the tropics! They might as well sign my death-warrant at once. It is impossible that a man of my habit of body can exist long in such a climate."

In the despair of this dreadful hour, in which Napoleon first confronted insult, separation from all his friends and from every earthly joy, life-long imprisonment upon the ocean's most dreary rock, and the deprivations and sufferings of those faithful followers who still clung to him, he seemed, for an instant only, to have wavered in his usual fortitude. For a time he slowly paced the floor of the cabin, apparently perfectly calm, yet oppressed by the enormity of the doom descending upon his friends and upon himself. His first thoughts even then seemed to be for his companions. As he slowly walked to and fro, he said, in the absent manner of soliloquy,

"After all, am I quite sure of going to St. Helena? Is a man dependent upon others when he wishes that his dependence should cease?"

Then turning to Las Casas, he added, "My friend, I have sometimes an idea of quitting you. This would not be very difficult. It is only necessary to create a little mental excitement (*Il ne s'agit que de se montrer un tant soit peu la tête*), and I shall soon have escaped. All will be over, and you can then tranquilly rejoin your families."

Las Casas, remonstrating warmly against such suggestions, replied, "Sire, we will live upon the past. There is enough of that to satisfy us. Do we not enjoy the life of Cæsar and of Alexander? We shall possess still more; you will reperuse yourself, sire!"

The cloud immediately passed away from the spirit of the Emperor. "Be it so," he promptly replied; "we will write our memories. Yes, we must be employed, for occupation is the scythe of time. After all, a man ought to fulfill his destinies. This is my grand doctrine. Very well! Let mine be accomplished." Instantly resuming his accustomed serenitv and cheerfulness, he changed the topic of conversation.

The officers of the *Bellerophon* had all become attached to the Emperor. From the captain to the humblest sailors, they were all exceedingly mortified and chagrined at the treatment their illustrious guest was receiving from

the ministers.* Many English gentlemen in London also eagerly volunteered their efforts to place the outlawed Emperor under the protection of the British Constitution.

The French gentlemen composing the suite of the Emperor were in great consternation, since but four of them could be permitted to accompany him to St. Helena. Their attachment to Napoleon was so strong that all were anxious to share his dreary and life-long imprisonment. Dreadful as was this doom, "we did not hesitate to desire," says Las Casas, "that each of us might be among those whom the Emperor would choose, entertaining but one fear, that of finding ourselves excluded."

Two of the daily London papers generously and warmly espoused the cause of the Emperor. The voice of the *people* grew louder. The number of boats daily increased, and so crowded the *Bellerophon* that discharges of musketry were employed to keep them at a distance. Whenever the Emperor appeared upon deck, he was greeted with constantly increasing enthusiasm of acclaim. Napoleon began to be cheered by the hope that the despotism of the *government* would be compelled to yield to the pressure of *public opinion.*

The *Northumberland*, under the command of Admiral Cockburn, was to convey the Emperor to St. Helena. This ship was at Portsmouth, not quite ready for so long a voyage. The ministers were exceedingly uneasy in view of the public developments in favor of the Emperor. They consequently urged the utmost possible dispatch to hasten the departure of the ship. Under these circumstances, by the advice of an English lawyer, the Emperor wrote the following protest, to be forwarded to the English government:

PROTEST.

"I hereby solemnly protest, in the face of Heaven and mankind, against the violence that is done me, and the violation of my most sacred rights in disposing of my person and liberty. I voluntarily came on board the *Bellerophon.* I am not the prisoner, I am the guest of England. I came at the instigation of the captain himself, who said he had orders from the government to receive and convey me to England, together with my suite, if agree-

* The English government felt so embarrassed by conscious guilt, that a *year after* they passed a law to sanctify the crime. Mackintosh, in his "History of England," vol. iii., p. 133, drawing a parallel between Napoleon and Mary, Queen of Scots, says, "Neither of them was born a British subject, or had committed any offense within the jurisdiction of England; consequently, neither of them was amenable to English law. The imprisonment of neither was conformable to the law of England or the law of nations."

Still, Sir James Mackintosh justifies the crime upon the plea of necessity. In reference to the *subsequent act*, the *ex post facto* law, by which the government attempted to legalize an outrage already committed, he says, "Agreeably to this view of the matter, the detention of Napoleon was legalized by an act of the British Parliament.* By the bare passing of such an act, it was tacitly assumed that the antecedent detention was without warrant of law. This evident truth is more fully admitted by the language of the statute, which, in assigning the reason for passing it, alleges that 'it is necessary for the preservation of the tranquillity of Europe, and for the general safety, that Napoleon Bonaparte should be detained and kept in custody;' and it is still more explicitly declared by a specific enactment, which pronounces that he 'shall be deemed and taken to be, and shall be treated and dealt with as a prisoner of war'—a distinct admission that he was not so in contemplation of law until the statute had imposed that character upon him."

* 56 Geo. III., cap. 22, A.D. 1816.

able to me. I came forward with confidence to place myself under the protection of the laws of England. When once on board the *Bellerophon*, I was entitled to the hospitality of the British people. If the government, in giving the captain of the *Bellerophon* orders to receive me, only wished to lay a snare, it has forfeited its honor and disgraced its flag. If this act be consummated, it will be in vain for the English henceforth to talk of their sincerity, their laws, and liberties. British faith will have been lost in the hospitality of the *Bellerophon*.

"I appeal to history. It will say that an enemy, who made war for twenty years against the English people, came spontaneously, in the hour of misfortune, to seek an asylum under their laws. What more striking proof could he give of his esteem and confidence? But how did England reply to such an act of magnanimity? It pretended to hold out a hospitable hand to the enemy, and on giving himself up with confidence, he was immolated. NAPOLEON.

"Bellerophon, at sea, August 4, 1815."

In the evening of the next day, as the Emperor was slowly pacing the deck conversing with Las Casas, he quietly drew from under his waistcoat the valuable diamond necklace which Queen Hortense had pressed upon him, and, without slackening his pace, placed it in the hands of Las Casas, saying, "Take care of that for me." He then continued his conversation upon a totally different subject, as if there had been no interruption.

Two plans were formed by legal gentlemen in London to rescue the Emperor from the despotic grasp of the ministers, and to place him under the protection of British law. One effort was to demand the person of Napoleon, through a writ of *habeas corpus*. An attempt was also made to cite him as a witness in an important trial, to prove the condition of the French navy. When the officer arrived to serve the writ on Lord Keith, the admiral contrived to keep the boat off until he had leaped into his twelve-oared barge.



ADMIRAL KEITH ELUDING THE EXECUTION OF THE LAWS.

Then there ensued a race, in which the admiral was of course a victor, but which provoked the mirth of all England, and also roused the indignation of many generous hearts.

The government, alarmed by these determined efforts to rescue their victim from a life-long imprisonment and a lingering death, ordered the *Bellerophon* immediately to put to sea, and to remain cruising off Torbay till she should be joined by the squadron from Portsmouth destined for St. Helena. It is greatly to the honor of the British nation that the ministers, while perpetrating this high-handed crime, could not, with safety, take Napoleon into any harbor in England. The wind was high and the sea rough, but the *Bellerophon* weighed anchor and pushed out into the stormy waves. Here the ship remained for several days, to the great discomfort of all on board, pitching and rolling on the restless billows.*

The Emperor chose as his companions the Grand Marshal Bertrand, Count Montholon, and Count Las Casas. General Gourgaud was in such despair at being left, and pleaded so earnestly to be taken, that, notwithstanding the instructions allowed Napoleon to take but three officers, it was consented that Las Casas should be considered, not as an officer, but as private secretary. Thus Gourgaud was included.

On the evening of the 7th, the *Northumberland*, with two frigates, arrived at Torbay. Admiral Keith and Admiral Cockburn came on board the *Bellerophon*. Both seemed embarrassed and ashamed of the ignominious business they were called upon to perform. Admiral Keith was a gentleman of highly polished manners. He seemed to feel keenly the insults which his government was heaping upon the Emperor. With crimson cheeks and faltering speech he informed Napoleon that he was ordered to search his luggage and that of his suite, and to take away all the money that could be found. He, however, gave the kind assurance that the English government did not intend to rob *General* Bonaparte; but that they would act as guardians, and keep his money safely, that he might not squander it in attempts to escape. "When *General* Bonaparte dies," the government authorized the admiral to say, "he can dispose of his property by will, and he may be assured that his will shall be faithfully executed." The Emperor and his friends were also ordered to surrender their swords. *General* Bonaparte was also informed that, if he should make any effort to escape, he would expose himself to close confinement. A few months afterward an act of Parliament was passed subjecting to the penalty of *death* any of his suite who should attempt to facilitate his escape.

* "The friends of Napoleon in England, meanwhile—for, notwithstanding the odium which had been uniformly cast upon him by authority, his real character had gradually become known, and the revulsion, consequent upon the detection of falsehood, had naturally converted many, who had been unwitting dupes, into admiring friends, to say nothing of the number of intelligent persons who had never been deceived—used all their influence to soften the rigor of his sentence; and failing in their appeals to the clemency of the government, they had recourse to other, though certainly as inadequate means, to effect their purpose. It was first sought to procure his removal on shore by a writ of *habeas corpus*; but this process was found to be inapplicable to an alien; upon which a subpœna was issued, citing him to appear as witness in an action brought by a naval officer for libel. This proceeding seems to have alarmed and confounded both the Admiralty Board and its officer, Lord Keith."—*History of Napoleon, by George M. Bussy, London*, 1840.

Admiral Cockburn attended to this humiliating duty of searching the luggage. The French gentlemen refused to be present at an outrage so ignominious. The Emperor's valet, Marchand, opened the trunks for the search. The business was faithfully executed. Every article was examined, not even excepting the Emperor's body linen. About twenty thousand dollars were taken, in gold, from the trunks. Twenty-five hundred dollars, in gold, were left in the hands of Marchand, the Emperor's valet-de-chambre, for his master's present use in remunerating his servants. The admiral was, however, not willing to thrust his hand into the pockets of the Emperor, or to order him to take off his shirt. Thus some eight or nine hundred thousand dollars, in diamonds and letters of credit, were retained.*

The two admirals now came into the cabin where the Emperor, calm and sorrowful, was standing by the stern windows. Las Casas, Count Montholon, General Bertrand, and General Gourgaud, burning with unavailing indignation, were at his side. Lord Keith, in obedience to a command from which his soul revolted, in a voice tremulous with embarrassment and shame, said, "*England demands your sword!*"

The strange demand seemed to rouse the Emperor from a painful reverie. He looked up with a convulsive movement, placed his hand upon the hilt of his sword, and fixed upon the admiral one of those withering glances which few men had been able to withstand. Lord Keith could go no further. His head, silvered with gray hairs, fell upon his breast. His generous heart refused to inflict another pang upon the illustrious victim before him. Bowing profoundly and with deep emotion to the Emperor, without uttering a word he withdrew. The secretary of the admiral ventured to remind him that the command of the ministers was explicit that the sword of Napoleon should be surrendered. Lord Keith, turning upon his heel, indignantly replied, "Mind your own business!"

Napoleon then sent for Captain Maitland, and said, "I have requested this visit in order to return my thanks for your kindness and attention while I have been on board the *Bellerophon*, and also to beg that you will convey them to the officers and ship's company under your command. My reception in England has been far different from what I had anticipated. I have, however, no longer to learn that it is not fair to judge of the character of a *people* by the conduct of their *government*. It gives me great satisfaction to assure you that I feel your conduct to me throughout has been that of a gentleman and a man of honor."

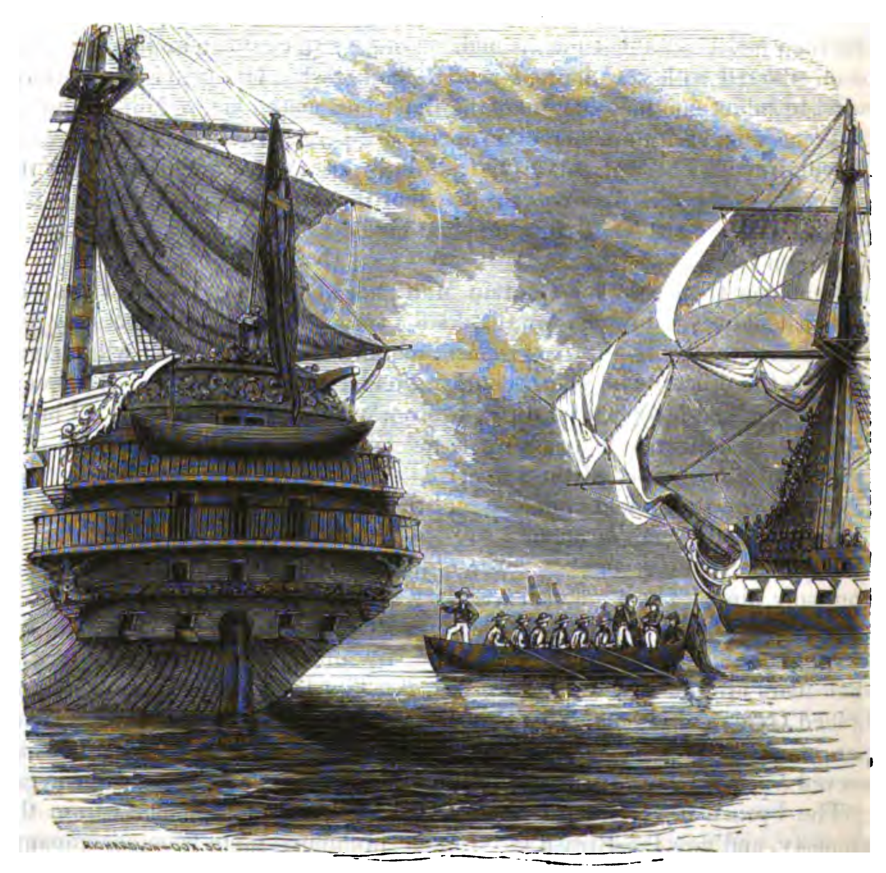
Napoleon took an affecting leave of his friends who were forbidden to accompany him. Their anguish was very great, and many of them wept bitterly. Las Casas, who left both wife and children to devote himself to the Emperor, said to Lord Keith, "You see, my lord, that the only persons who shed tears are those who remain behind." The Emperor affectionately embraced General Lallemand and the Duke of Rovigo after the French manner, clasping them in his arms and pressing his cheek to theirs. He had nerved himself to composure, but tears streamed copiously from their eyes.

The French government had excluded Savary and Lallemand from the amnesty, and now the British government prohibited them from accompany-

* See the Memoirs of the Duke of Rovigo, vol. iv., p. 176; also Montholon and Las Casas.

ing Napoleon to St. Helena. Thus these distinguished men, whose only crime was their generous devotion to their sovereign, were consigned to almost inevitable death. Their subsequent perils and sufferings, while the victims of poverty, persecution, and exile, were awful. Piontkouski, a Polish officer who had been raised from the ranks, with tears implored Lord Keith to allow him to follow his beloved Emperor, even in the most menial character.

Mr. O'Meara was the surgeon of the *Bellerophon.* He with enthusiasm attached himself to Napoleon, and accepted the appointment of his physician. About eleven o'clock the barge appeared to convey the Emperor to the *Northumberland.* As Napoleon crossed the quarter-deck of the ship, the men presented arms, and three ruffles of the drum were beat, such as are used in a salute to a general officer. He uncovered his head, and said, "Captain Maitland, I take this last opportunity of thanking you for the manner in which you have treated me while on board the *Bellerophon.*" Then turning to the officers who were standing by, he added, "Gentlemen, I have requested your captain to express my gratitude for your attentions to me, and to those who have followed my fortunes." He then advanced to the gangway but, before descending, bowed two or three times to the crew, who were all



PASSING TO THE NORTHUMBERLAND.

assembled in the waist and on the forecastle. He was followed by the French officers with their ladies, and by Lord Keith. After the boat had shoved off and was a few yards from the ship, he rose, took off his hat, and bowed, first to the officers and then to the men. He then sat down, and, with perfect composure and politeness, entered into conversation with Lord Keith.

The household of the Emperor, as now composed, consisted of Count and Countess Montholon and child, Count and Countess Bertrand and three children, Baron Gourgaud, Count Las Casas, and Dr. Barry O'Meara. There were also three individuals in the various grades of servants, making in all twenty-four persons.

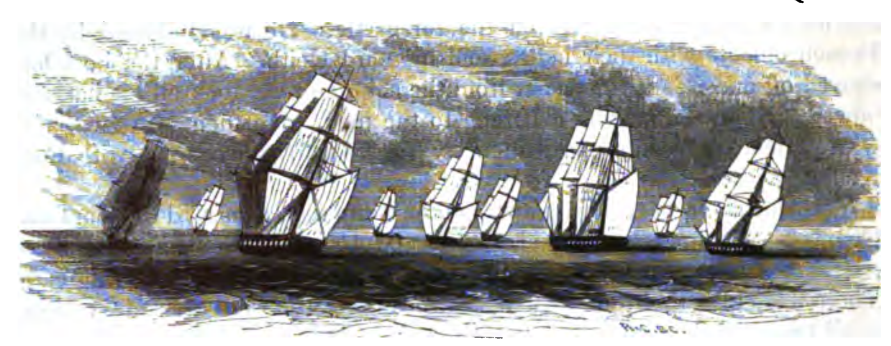
The orders given by the government to Sir George Cockburn were very explicit that Napoleon should not be recognized as *emperor*, but simply as *general*. They persisted to the last in the assumption that he was a *usurper*, and that the people of France who placed him upon the throne were rebels. When the Emperor was informed of this decree, he simply remarked, "They may call me what they please; they can not prevent me from being *myself*."

The *Northumberland* was manned by more than a thousand sailors. As the barge approached, every eye, of officers and seamen, was riveted upon the man whom the world has pronounced to be the most extraordinary recorded in the annals of time. Universal silence, adding almost religious awe to the solemnity of the ceremonial, prevailed, as the Emperor, with a slow step, ascended the gangway and stood upon the deck. The officers of the *Northumberland* were assembled in a group uncovered. The Emperor raised his hat when the guard presented arms and the drums rolled. After addressing a few words, with an air of the most affable politeness, to those near him, he retired to his cabin.

It is indeed whimsical to see the British ministers attach so much importance to withholding the title of Emperor from one who had governed so large a portion of Europe—who had been the creator of kings—and whose imperial title had been recognized by every Continental nation. Napoleon was so far superior to such weakness, that he intended to assume the name of Colonel Duroc or Muiron. The assumption, however, that the French nation were rebels, and had no right to elect him their emperor, roused his indignation, and incited him to an honorable resistance.

It can never be sufficiently deplored that England lost so glorious an opportunity of dignifying history by the record of a noble deed. Had the appeal of Napoleon met with a magnanimous response, it would have consigned much of the wrongs the English government had previously inflicted to oblivion. But now no friend of England, who is not lost to all sense of honor, can ever hear the words *Napolean* or *St. Helena* without feeling the cheek tingle with the blush of shame.

Two frigates and seven sloops of war, all with troops on board, were prepared for the voyage, and the next day, the 9th of August, the whole squadron, guarding *one man*, set sail for St. Helena. What a comment upon the grandeur of his character, and the powerful influence he had obtained over the hearts of the people of Europe, that it was deemed necessary to send him to a lonely rock two thousand miles from France, to place an army of



SAILING OF THE CONVOY.

bayonets around his solitary hut, and to girdle the island with a squadron of armed ships. Surely Napoleon stands alone and unrivaled in his glory.

While these scenes were transpiring, Blucher and Wellington marched vigorously to Paris. Blucher, with savage barbarity, plundered and ravaged the country through which he marched. The French soldiers, disheartened by the loss of their Emperor, would not fight for the provisional government. A few despairing and bloody battles ensued, when Paris again capitulated, and the English and Prussians triumphantly encamped in the garden of the Tuileries and in the Elysian Fields. France was humiliated. Her crime in choosing her own Emperor was unpardonable. Blucher, drunk with exultation and wine, was with the utmost difficulty restrained from blowing up the beautiful bridge of Jena, which spans the Seine, and the magnificent monument in the Place Vendôme.

The allied sovereigns soon arrived with their countless hosts. France was dismembered without mercy, her strong fortresses were surrendered to the Allies, the Louvre was stripped of all those treasures of art which had been surrendered to France by hostile nations, in recompense for perfidious attacks. The enormous sum of three hundred and seven million, five hundred thousand dollars was extorted from the people to pay the Allies for the expense incurred in crushing the independence of France. An army of one hundred and fifty thousand allied troops were stationed in all the French fortresses along the frontier, to be supported by the French people for from three to five years, to keep France in subjection. This scene of exultation was closed by a review of the whole *Russian army* in one field. The mighty host consisted of one hundred and sixty thousand men, including twenty-eight thousand cavalry and five hundred and forty pieces of cannon. They were assembled upon an immense plain at a short distance from Chalons. At the signal of a single gun fired from a height, three cheers were given by all the troops. The awful roar, never forgotten by those who heard it, reverberated through France, and fell upon the ear of the enslaved nation as the knell of death. It was despotism's defiant and exultant yell. Then did one and all, except the few partisans of the Bourbons, bitterly deplore that they had not adhered to the Emperor, and followed those wise counsels which alone could save France. Then did it become evident to every mind that the only government which could by any possibility be sustained against the encroachment of the Alllies and the usurpation of the Bourbons, was the



FRANCE UNDER THE EMPIRE.*

wise and efficient government which Napoleon had established. But it was too late to repent. Napoleon, a captive in a British ship, was passing far away to cruel imprisonment and to a lingering death. France, bound hand and foot, exhausted and bleeding from chastising blows, could resist no more.

By the capitulation of Paris it was expressly declared that "no person should be molested for his political opinions or conduct during the Hundred Days. Wellington and Blucher concluded the capitulation, and their sovereigns ratified it; but the Allies seem never to have paid any regard to their plighted faith. Fifty-eight persons were banished, and three condemned to death. Among these three was Marshal Ney, who had yielded to perhaps the most powerful temptation which had ever been presented to

* The shaded parts of the map show those portions of the Empire which were wrested from France by the Allies.

a generous soul. The magnanimity of Napoleon would with eagerness have pardoned such a crime. The noble marshal, who had fought a hundred battles for France and not one against her, was led out into the garden of the Luxembourg to be shot, like a dog in a ditch. In those days of spiritual darkness, he cherished a profound reverence for the Christian religion. He sent for a clergyman, and devoutly partook of the last sacraments of the Gospel, saying, "I wish to die as becomes a Christian."

He stood erect, but a few feet from the soldiers, with his hat in his left hand, and his right upon his heart. Fixing for a moment his eagle eye upon the glittering muskets before him, he calmly said, "*My comrades, fire on*



EXECUTION OF MARSHAL NEY.

me." Ten bullets pierced his heart, and he fell dead. A warmer heart never beat. A braver man, a kinder friend, a more devoted patriot never lived. His wife, upon her knees, had implored of Louis XVIII. the pardon of her husband, but was sternly repulsed. The tidings that he was no

more threw her into convulsions, and she, after long years of anguish, has recently followed her beloved companion to the grave.

Wellington can never escape condemnation for permitting such a violation of national honor. No matter how guilty Ney might have been deemed by the Allies, the capitulation which Wellington had signed pledged his safety. The weight of the world's censure has fallen upon Wellington rather than upon Blucher, for no one expected any thing but barbarism from "Prussia's debauched dragoon." But England's proud duke, unfortunately, at that time allowed his mind to be sadly darkened by angry prejudice.



MARSHAL NEY.

The following candid testimony from General Baron de Jomini, who had deserted the cause of Napoleon, and had become aid-de-camp of the Emperor Alexander, will be read with interest, as the admission of a political enemy who was not dead to magnanimity:

"It has been thought that he (Napoleon) would have been treated very differently had he presented himself at the head-quarters of the Emperor Alexander, trusting his fate to the magnanimity of his sentiments. Posterity will judge of the treatment he suffered. Prisoner in another hemisphere, nothing was left him but to defend the reputation history was preparing for him, and which was still being perverted, according to the passions of parties. Death surprised him while writing his commentaries, which have remained imperfect, and this was no doubt one of his greatest regrets. How-

ever he can repose in peace. Pigmies can not obscure his glory. He has gathered, in his victories of Montenotte, Castiglione, Arcola, Rivoli, the Pyramids, as well as in those of Marengo, Ulm, Austerlitz, Jena, Friedland, Abensburg, Ratisbonne, Wagram, Borodino, Bautzen, Dresden, Champ-Aubert, Montmirail, and Ligny, laurels sufficient to efface the single disaster of Waterloo. His five codes will be titles not less honorable to the suffrages of posterity. The monuments erected in France and in Italy will attest his greatness to remotest ages.

"His adversaries have reproached him with a tendency to an Oriental despotism. I shared this opinion with them for a long time. Only true statesmen should judge him in this respect. What seemed a crime to the eyes of Utopianists, will some day become, to the eyes of enlightened men, his most glorious title to wisdom and foresight. Experience will finally prove who best understood the interests of France, Napoleon, or the doctrinaires who undermined his power. The suffrages of sensible men will remain to him."*

CHAPTER XXX.

ST. HELENA.

Adieu to France—The Voyage—St. Helena—Ride to Longwood—Description of "The Briers"—Mrs. Abell—Emperor's mode of Life—Destitution of the Emperor—Earnest Protest—Petty Annoyances—Interesting Conversations—The Imperial Title refused—Anecdote—The Slave—The Social Character of the Emperor—His Candor—Poor Toby—Striking Remarks.

IT was on the 9th of August, 1815, that the *Northumberland*, with the accompanying squadron, set sail for St. Helena. The fleet consisted of ten vessels. As the ships were tacking to get out of the Channel, the Emperor stood upon the deck of the *Northumberland*, and watched, with an anxious eye, to catch a last glimpse of his beloved France. At last, a sudden lifting of the clouds presented the coast to view. "France! France!" spontaneously burst from the lips of all the French on board.

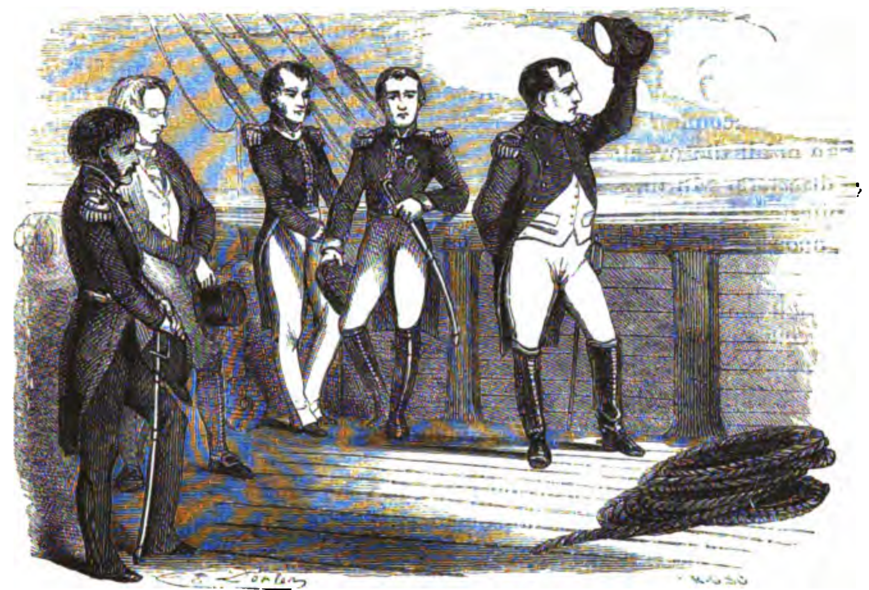
The Emperor gazed for a moment in silence upon the land over which

* The calumniators of Napoleon have declared that "his power rested upon the most extensive system of corruption ever established." Colonel Napier, indignant that even an enemy should be so grossly slandered, exclaims,

"Where is the proof, or even probability, of that great man's system of government being internally dependent upon 'the most extensive corruption ever established in any country?' *The annual expenditure of France was scarcely half that of England.* Napoleon rejected public loans, which are the very life-blood of corruption. He left no debt. Under him no man devoured the public substance in idleness because he was of a privileged class.

"His *Cadastre*, more extensive and perfect than the Doomsday Book, that monument of the wisdom and greatness of our Norman Conqueror, was alone sufficient to endear him to the nation. Rapidly advancing, under his vigorous superintendence, it registered and taught every man the true value and nature of his property, and all its liabilities, public and private. It was designed, and most ably adapted, to fix and secure titles to property, to prevent frauds, to abate litigation, to apportion the weight of taxes equally and justly, to repress the insolence of the tax-gatherer without injury to the revenue, and to secure the sacred freedom of the poor man's home. The French *Cadastre*, although not original, would, from its comprehensiveness, have been, when completed, the greatest boon ever conferred upon a civilized nation by a statesman."—*Napier's Peninsular War*, vol. iv., p. 228.

he had so long and so gloriously reigned. He then, uncovering his head, bowed to the distant hills, and said, with deep emotion, "*Land of the brave, I salute thee! Farewell! France, farewell!*"



THE EMPEROR'S ADIEU TO FRANCE.

The effect upon all present was electric. The English officers, moved by this instinctive and sublime adieu, involuntarily uncovered their heads, profoundly respecting the grief of their illustrious captive.

The Emperor, with extraordinary fortitude, resigned himself to his new situation. Though, in self-respect, he could not assent to the insulting declaration of the English ministers that he had been but a *usurper*, and the French people *rebels*, he opposed the effect of these instructions with such silent dignity as to command general respect and homage. Such was the magical influence of his genius, as displayed in all his words and actions, that each day he became the object of more exalted admiration and reverence.

He breakfasted alone in his cabin, and passed the day, until four o'clock, in reading or conversing with those of his companions whom he invited to his room. At four o'clock he dressed for dinner, and came into the general cabin, where he frequently amused himself for half an hour with a game of chess. At five o'clock the admiral came and invited him to dinner. The Emperor, having no taste for convivial habits, had seldom, during his extraordinarily laborious life, allowed himself more than fifteen minutes at the dinner-table. Here the courses alone occupied over an hour. Then an hour or two more were loitered away at the wine. Napoleon, out of respect to the rest of the company, remained at the table until the close of the regular courses. His two valets stood behind his chair and served him. He ate very frugally, and of the most simple dishes, never expressing either censure or approbation of the food which was provided.

At the hour when ladies in England withdraw from the table, he invariably retired. As the Emperor left, the whole company rose, and continued standing until he had passed from the room. It was the instinctive homage of generous men to the greatest of mankind, resigning himself sublimely to unparalleled misfortunes. Some one of his suite, in turn, each day accompanied him upon deck. Here he walked for an hour or two, conversing cheerfully and cordially with his friends, and with any others whom he happened to encounter on board the ship. Without the slightest reserve, he spoke of all the events of his past career, of his conflicts, his triumphs, and his disasters. In these utterances from the fullness of the heart, he never manifested the least emotion of bitterness or of irritability toward those who had opposed him. Such was the Emperor's uniform course of life during the voyage of ten weeks.

"He had won," says Lamartine, "the admiration of the English crew by the ascendency of his name, by the contrast between his power of yesterday and his present captivity, as well as by the calm freedom of his attitude. Sailors themselves are accessible to the radiance of glory and grandeur that beams from the captive. A great name is a universal majesty. The vanquished reigned over his conquerors."

There were several Italians on board the ship, and there were also some midshipmen and common sailors who spoke French fluently. Napoleon seemed pleased in calling these to him, and employing them as interpreters. One day he perceived the master of the vessel, who, as pilot, was responsible for her safe conduct, but who, not having the honor of an epaulette, was not admitted to the society of Admiral Cockburn and his suite. The Emperor entered into a long conversation with the man, was pleased with his intelligence, and, in conclusion, said, "Come and dine with me to-morrow."

The poor master, astonished and bewildered, stammered out in reply, "The admiral and my captain will not like a master to sit at their table."

"Very well," answered the Emperor; "if they do not, so much the worse for them; you shall dine with me in my cabin."

When the admiral rejoined the Emperor, and was informed of what had passed, he very graciously remarked that any one invited by General Bonaparte to the honor of sitting at his table was, by this circumstance alone, placed above all the ordinary rules of discipline and etiquette. He then sent for the master, and assured him that he would be welcome to dinner the next day.

This unaffected act, so entirely in accordance with the whole life of the Emperor, but so astounding on board an English man-of-war, was, with electric rapidity, circulated through the ship. Every sailor felt that there was a bond of union between him and the Emperor. The soldiers of the fifty-third regiment, who were on their passage to St. Helena to guard his prison, and the crew of the ship, were all apparently as devoted to him as French soldiers and French sailors would have been.

After walking for a time upon the deck, the Emperor usually took his seat upon a gun, which was ever after called the Emperor's gun, where, sometimes for hours, he would converse with great animation and cheerfulness. An interested group ever gathered around him. Las Casas was in the habit



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of recording in his journal these conversations. Napoleon, ascertaining this fact, called for his journal, read a few pages, and then decided to beguile the weariness of the voyage by dictating the history of his campaigns.

October 7th. The fleet met a French ship. An officer of the *Northumberland* visited her, and told the astonished captain that they had the Emperor on board, and were conveying him to St. Helena. The French captain sadly replied, "You have robbed us of our treasure. You have taken away him who knew how to govern us according to our taste and manners."

The Emperor continued to beguile the weary hours of each day in dictating the memoirs of his campaigns. "When he commenced his daily dictations," says Las Casas, "after considering for a few moments, he would rise, pace the floor, and then begin to dictate. He spoke as if by inspiration; places, dates, phrases—he stopped at nothing."

October 15th. Just as the evening twilight was fading away, a man at the mast-head shouted "*Land.*" In the dim distance could be faintly discerned a hazy cloud, which was suspended as the pall of death over the gloomy prison and the grave of the Emperor. About noon of the next day, the *Northumberland* cast anchor in the harbor of St. Helena. The Emperor, through his glass, gazed with an unchanged countenance upon the bleak and storm-drenched rock. Rugged peaks, black and verdureless, towered to the clouds. A straggling village adhered to the sides of a vast ravine. Every shelf in the rocks, every aperture, the brow of every hill, was planted with cannon. It was now about a hundred days since the Emperor had left France, and seventy days since sailing from England. The command of the British ministers was peremptory that the Emperor should not be permitted to land until his prison on shore was made secure for him. Admiral Cockburn, however, proudly refused to be the executioner of such barbarity. With unconcealed satisfaction, he informed the French gentlemen that he would take upon himself the responsibility of seeing them all landed the next day.



ST. HELENA.

St. Helena is a conglomeration of rocks, apparently hove, by volcanic fires, from the bottom of the ocean. It is six thousand miles from Europe, and twelve hundred miles from the nearest point of land on the coast of Africa. This gloomy rock, ten miles long and six broad, placed beneath the rays of a tropical sun, emerges like a castle from the waves, presenting to the sea, throughout its circuit, but an immense perpendicular wall, from six hundred to twelve hundred feet high. There are but three narrow openings in these massive walls by which a ship can approach the island. These are all strongly fortified. The island at this time contained five hundred white inhabitants, about two hundred of whom were soldiers. There were also three hundred slaves. The climate is very unhealthy, liver complaint and dysentery raging fearfully. "There is no instance," says Montholon, "of a native or a slave having reached the age of fifty years."

October 16*th*. Late in the afternoon, the Emperor, with some of his companions, entered a boat, and was conveyed on shore. Before leaving the ship, he sent for the captain, kindly took leave of him, and requested him to convey his thanks to the officers and crew. The whole ship's company was assembled on the quarter-deck and on the gangways to witness his departure. The tears of sympathy glistened in many eyes quite unused to weep. It was a funereal scene, and the sacred silence of the burial reigned as the Emperor passed from the ship and was conveyed by the strong arms of the rowers to his tomb.

The sun had sunk beneath the waves, and twilight had faded away as the Emperor landed and walked through the craggy street of Jamestown. In this miserable village, a small unfurnished room had been obtained for England's imperial captive. His friends put up his iron camp-bedstead, spread

upon it a mattress, and placed in the room a few other articles of furniture which they had brought from the ship. Sentinels, with their bayoneted muskets, guarded the windows and the door of the prisoner. All the inhabitants of Jamestown crowded around the house to catch a glimpse of the man whose name alone inspired all the combined despotisms of Europe with terror. Napoleon was silent, calm, and sad. He soon dismissed his attendants, extinguished his light, and threw himself upon his mattress for such repose as could then and there be found. Such was the first night of the Emperor Napoleon at St. Helena.

Upon this barren rock, about three miles from Jamestown, and fifteen hundred feet above the level of the sea, there was a ravine, situated in the midst of crags and peaks of rock which almost encircled it. In this wild and desolate chasm, almost destitute of verdure, and where a few dwarfed and storm-twisted gum-trees added to the loneliness of the scene, there was a dilapidated hut. It had been originally a cow-house. Subsequently it had received some repairs, and had occasionally been used as a temporary retreat from the stifling heat of Jamestown. This spot had been selected as the residence of the captive. It was detached from the inhabited parts of the island, was most distant from those portions of the coast accessible by boats, "which," says Admiral Cockburn, "the governor considers it of importance to keep from the view of General Bonaparte," and an extent of level ground presented itself suitable for exercise.

October 17th. At six o'clock this morning, the Emperor rode on horseback, accompanied by Admiral Cockburn and General Bertrand, to view the dismal gorge which was to be his prison and his tomb. When he gazed upon the awful doom prepared for him, his heart was smitten with dismay. But in dignified silence he struggled against the anguish of his spirit. The hut was so dilapidated and so small that it would require a month or two, at least, devoted to repairs, before it could be rendered in any degree habitable for the Emperor and his companions. In the admiral's next communication to the British government, he wrote:

"I am sorry to add that General Bonaparte, since he has landed here, has appeared less resigned to his fate, and has expressed himself more dissatisfied with the lot decreed him than he did before. This, however, I merely attribute to the first effects of the general sterile appearance of this island around where he now resides, and the little prospect it yields himself and followers of meeting with any of those amusements to which they have been accustomed."

At the same time, the admiral wrote that the force of men and ships which he had with him was not sufficient to hold the captive in security. He asked for two more vessels of war.

As Napoleon, in great dejection, was returning from Longwood, extremely reluctant again to occupy his narrow room in Jamestown, surrounded by sentinels and the curious crowd, he observed a little secluded farm-house, at a place called *The Briers*, and inquired if he could not take refuge there until Longwood should be prepared for his residence. A very worthy man, Mr. Balcombe, resided at this place with his family. The house was of one story, and consisted of but five rooms. Mr. Balcombe, however, cordially



THE BRIERS.

offered a room to the Emperor. At the distance of a few yards from the dwelling there was a small pavilion or summer house, consisting of one room on the ground floor and two small garrets above. Napoleon, not willing to incommode the family, selected this for his abode. The admiral consented to this arrangement; and here, therefore, the Emperor fixed his residence for two months. His camp-bed was put up in this lower room. Here he ate, slept, read, and dictated. Las Casas and his son crept into one of the garrets. Marchand, Napoleon's first valet-de-chambre, occupied the other. Mr. Balcombe's family consisted of himself, wife, and four children —two sons and two daughters. One of these daughters, Elizabeth, afterward Mrs. Abell, has since recorded some very pleasing reminiscences of her childish interviews with the Emperor.

"The earliest idea," says Mrs. Abell, "I had of Napoleon, was that of a huge ogre or giant, with one large flaming red eye in the midst of his forehead, and long teeth protruding from his mouth, with which he tore to pieces and devoured naughty little girls. I had rather grown out of this first opinion of Napoleon; but if less childish, my terror of him was hardly diminished. The name of Bonaparte was still associated in my mind with every thing that was bad and horrible. I had heard the most atrocious crimes imputed to him; and if I had learned to consider him as a human being, I yet believed him to be the worst that had ever existed. Nor was I singular in these feelings. They were participated by many much older and wiser than myself; I might say, perhaps, by a majority of the English nation. Most

of the newspapers of the day described him as a demon. All those of his own country, who lived in England, were of course his bitter enemies; and from these two sources we alone formed our opinion of him.

"How vividly I recollect my feelings of dread, mingled with admiration, as I now first looked upon him, whom I had learned to fear so much. Napoleon's position on horseback, by adding height to his figure, supplied all that was wanting to make me think him the most majestic person I had ever seen. He was deadly pale, and I thought his features, though cold and immovable, and somewhat stern, were exceedingly beautiful. He seated himself on one of our cottage chairs, and after scanning our apartment with his eagle glance, he complimented mamma on the pretty situation of the Briers. When once he began to speak, his fascinating smile and kind manner removed every vestige of the fear with which I had hitherto regarded him. His manner was so unaffectedly kind and amiable, that in a few days I felt at ease in his society, and looked upon him more as a companion of my own age than as the mighty warrior at whose name the world grew pale.

"I never met with any one who bore childish liberties so well as Napoleon. He seemed to enter into every sort of mirth or fun with the glee of a child, and though I have often tried his patience severely, I never knew him lose his temper, or fall back upon his rank or age, to shield himself from the consequences of his own familiarity or of his indulgence to me. I looked upon him, indeed, when with him, almost as a brother, or companion of my own age, and all the cautions I received, and my own resolutions to treat him with more respect and formality, were put to flight the moment I came within influence of his arch smile and laugh."

The Emperor seemed to enjoy very much the society of these children. He showed them the souvenirs which he cherished. Among these was a miniature of his idolized son. The beautiful infant was kneeling in prayer, and underneath were the words, "*I pray the good God for my father, my mother, and my country.*"

As night approached the Emperor retired to his solitary and unfurnished room. It had two doors facing each other, one on each of two of its sides, and two windows, one on each of the other sides. The windows had neither shutters nor curtains. One or two chairs were brought into the room, and the Emperor's iron bedstead was adjusted by his valets. Night, with undisturbed silence and profound solitude, darkened the scene. The damp night wind moaned through the loose and rattling casement near the Emperor's bed. Las Casas, after attempting to barricade the window to protect Napoleon from the night air, climbed, with his son, to the garret, the dimensions of which were but seven feet square. The two valets wrapped themselves in their cloaks, and threw themselves upon the ground before each of the doors. An English orderly officer slept in Mr. Balcombe's house, and some soldiers were placed as sentinels around the pavilion to prevent the Emperor from escaping. Such was the situation of Napoleon the first night at the Briers.

October 18th. The Emperor breakfasted, without table-cloth or plates, upon the remains of the preceding day's dinner. He immediately resumed the same mode of life which he had adopted on board the *Northumberland.*



NAPOLEON'S ROOM AT THE BRIERS.

Every hour had its appointed duty. In reading, dictation, and conversation with his French companions, all of whom were permitted to see him every day, even the captivity of St. Helena became for a time quite endurable. The Emperor had sufficient command over himself to appear cheerful, and bore all his privations and indignities in silence.

October 20th. The Emperor invited the son of Las Casas, about fourteen years of age, to breakfast with him. The lad displayed so much intelligence in reply to questions which were proposed to him respecting his teachers and his studies, that Napoleon, turning to Las Casas, said,

"What a rising generation I leave behind me. This is all my work. The merits of the French youth will be a sufficient revenge to me. On beholding the work, all must render justice to the workman; and the perverted judgment or bad faith of declaimers must fall before my deeds. If I had thought only of myself and continuing my own power, as has been continually asserted, I should have endeavored to hide learning *under a bushel;* instead of which, I devoted myself to the propagation of knowledge. And yet the youth of France have not enjoyed all the benefits which I intended that they should. My university, according to the plan I had conceived, was a master-piece in its combinations, and would have been such in its national results."

October 24th. All the friends of the Emperor were assembled around him, and were finding a melancholy solace in narrating to each other their privations and sufferings.

Las Casas thus describes their situation: "The Emperor Napoleon, who but lately possessed such boundless power, and disposed of so many crowns, now occupies a wretched hovel, a few feet square, perched upon a rock, unprovided with furniture, and without either shutters or curtains to the windows. This place must serve him for bed-chamber, dressing-room, dining-

room, study, and sitting-room, and he is obliged to go out when it is necessary to have this one apartment cleaned. His meals, consisting of a few wretched dishes, are brought to him from a distance, as if he were a criminal in a dungeon. He is absolutely in want of the necessaries of life. The bread and wine are not such as we have been accustomed to, and are so bad that we loathe to touch them. Water, coffee, butter, oil, and other articles, are either not to be procured, or are scarcely fit for use. A bath, which is so necessary to the Emperor's health, is not to be had; and he is deprived of the exercise of riding on horseback.

"His friends and servants are two miles distant from him, and are not suffered to approach his person without being accompanied by a soldier. They are compelled to pass the night at a guard-house if they return beyond a certain hour, or if any mistake occur in the pass-word, which happens almost daily. Thus, on the summit of this frightful rock, we are equally exposed to the severity of man and the rigor of nature."

As each one told his tale of grievances, the Emperor, who thus far had borne his wrongs with an uncomplaining and a serene spirit, was roused. With warmth he exclaimed,

"For what infamous treatment are we reserved? This is the anguish of death! To injustice and violence they now add insult and protracted torment. If I were so hateful to them, why did they not get rid of me? A few musket balls in my heart or head would have done the business, and there would at least have been some energy in the crime. Were it not for you, and, above all, for your wives, I would receive from them nothing but the pay of a private soldier. How can the monarchs of Europe permit the sacred character of sovereignty to be violated in my person? Do they not see that they are, with their own hands, working their own destruction at St. Helena? I entered their capitals victorious, and, had I cherished such sentiments, what would have become of them? They styled me their brother; and I had become so by the choice of the people, the sanction of victory, the character of religion, and the alliance of their policy and their blood. Do they imagine that the good sense of nations is blind to their conduct? And what do they expect from it? At all events, make your complaints, gentlemen. Let indignant Europe hear them. Complaints from me would be beneath my dignity and character. I must command or be silent."

The next morning, the captain of one of the vessels of the squadron, who was about to return to Europe, called upon the Emperor. In glowing and rapid utterance Napoleon reiterated his protest against the cruel treatment to which he was subjected, requesting him to communicate his remonstrance to the British ministers. Las Casas immediately made a memorandum of his remarks, as nearly as he could catch the words, and placed it in the hands of the officer, who promised punctually to fulfill his mission. The memorandum was as follows:

"The Emperor desires, by the return of the next vessel, to receive some account of his wife and son, and to be informed whether the latter is still living. He takes this opportunity of repeating, and conveying to the British government, the protestations which he has already made against the extraordinary measures adopted toward him.

"1. The government has declared him a prisoner of war. The Emperor is not a prisoner of war. His letter to the Prince Regent, which he wrote and communicated to Captain Maitland, before he went on board the *Bellerophon*, sufficiently proves to the whole world the resolutions and the sentiments of confidence which induced him freely to place himself under the English flag. The Emperor might, had he pleased, have agreed to quit France only on stipulated conditions with regard to himself; but he disdained to mingle personal considerations with the great interests with which his mind was constantly occupied. He might have placed himself at the disposal of the Emperor Alexander, who had been his friend, or of the Emperor Francis, who was his father-in-law. But, confiding in the justice of the English nation, he desired no other protection than its laws afforded, and, renouncing public affairs, he sought no other country than that which was governed by fixed laws independent of private will.

"2. Had the Emperor really been a prisoner of war, the rights which civilized governments possess over such a prisoner are limited by the law of nations, and terminate with the war itself.

"3. If the English government considered the Emperor, though arbitrarily, as a prisoner of war, the rights of that government were then limited by public law, or else, as there existed no cartel between the two nations during the war, it might have adopted toward him the principles of savages, who put their prisoners to death. This proceeding would have been more humane and more conformable to justice than that of sending him to this horrible rock. Death, inflicted on board the *Bellerophon* in the Plymouth Roads, would have been a blessing compared with the treatment to which he is now subjected.

"We have traveled over the most desolate countries of Europe, but none is to be compared to this barren rock. Deprived of every thing that can render life supportable, it is calculated only to renew perpetually the anguish of death. The first principles of Christian morality, and that great duty imposed on man to pursue his fate, whatever it may be, may withhold him from terminating with his own hand his wretched existence. The Emperor regards it as his glory to live in obedience to these principles. But if the British ministers should persist in their course of injustice and violence toward him, he would consider it a happiness if they would put him to death."

Dreary days lingered away at the Briers, while multitudes of laborers were busy in repairing and enlarging Longwood for the Emperor and his companions. All the building materials had to be carried on the shoulders of the workmen up the steep sides of the rock. Notwithstanding the utmost efforts of the admiral, the work advanced very slowly. The Emperor, by his resignation to his dreadful fate, his cheerfulness, and his, at times, joyous companionship with the children, won the affection of all the Balcombe family.

"At the end of the grapery," says Mrs. Abell, "was an arbor. To this spot, which was so sheltered as to be cool in the most sultry weather, Napoleon was much attached. He would sometimes convey his papers there as early as four o'clock in the morning, and employ himself until breakfast

time in writing, and when tired of his pen, in dictating to Las Casas. No one was ever permitted to intrude upon him when there. From this prohibition, I, however, was exempt, at the Emperor's own desire. Even when he was in the act of dictating a sentence to Las Casas, he would answer my call, 'Come and unlock the garden door,' and I was always admitted and welcomed with a smile."

One evening, after minutely examining a little traveling cabinet he had with him, he presented it to Las Casas, saying,

"I have had it in my possession a long time. I made use of it on the morning of the battle of Austerlitz. It must go to your son Emanuel. When he is thirty or forty years old, we shall be no more. This will but enhance the value of the gift. He will say, when he shows it, 'The Emperor Napoleon gave this to my father at St. Helena.'"

He then spoke of the singular developments he found upon his return from Elba of the ingratitude of individuals who had formerly enjoyed his favor. Many letters from these individuals to the friends of the Bourbons were placed in his hands.

"My first impulse," said Napoleon, "was to withdraw protection from these persons, and to order their letters to be printed. A second thought restrained me. We are so volatile, so inconsistent, so easily led away, that, after all, I could not be certain that those very people had not really and spontaneously come back to my service. In that case, I should have been punishing them at the very time when they were returning to their duty. I thought it better to seem to know nothing of the matter, and I ordered all their letters to be burned."

October 31*st*. The Emperor had now been at the Briers a fortnight. His friends had made his situation a little more comfortable. A tent was spread, which prolonged his one apartment. His cook took up his abode at the Briers, so that it was no longer necessary to transport his food after it was cooked a mile and a half. Table linen and a service of plate were taken from the trunks. Still the hours dragged heavily. The Emperor spent most of his time within doors with his books, his pen, and his companions. He retired very late at night. Unless he did so, he awoke in the night, and then, to divert his mind from sorrowful reflections, it was necessary for him to rise and read.

Annoyances, however, were strangely multiplied. Almost every day some new rule of general surveillance was adopted. The English authorities seemed to be tormented with an insane dread of the Emperor's escape from a rock more than a thousand miles distant from any land, while sentinels by day and by night paced around his frail tent, and ships of war cruised along the shores. The grandeur of Napoleon was never more conspicuous than in the vigilance with which he was guarded by his foes. All the monarchies of Europe stood in dread of one single captive. They knew full well that the hearts of the oppressed people in all lands would beat with tumultuous joy at the sound of his voice. Every movement of the Emperor was watched. A telegraph signal was established, which reported in town every thing which occurred at the Briers. The French gentlemen could not communicate with Napoleon in his own room without being accompanied by an

English sergeant. This state of things led the Emperor to request Las Càsas to direct a note to Admiral Cockburn, remonstrating against measures so harassing and so useless. General Bertrand was commissioned to convey the remonstrance to the admiral.

But General Bertrand, apprehensive that the note would but cause irritation and provoke more severe treatment, ventured not to fulfill his mission. At last the Emperor learned to his surprise that the note had not been delivered. He was much displeased, and said to the grand marshal,

"Your not delivering the note, if you were dissatisfied with its tenor, or if you regarded it as dictated by an impulse of anger, was a proof of your devotion to my interests. But this should only have been a delay of some hours. After this delay you ought to have spoken to me on the subject. You well know that I should have listened to you with attention, and should have agreed with your opinions, if you had proved to me that you were in the right. But to delay a fortnight, without telling me that you had not executed the mission with which I charged you, is inexplicable. What have you to reply?"

The grand marshal only answered that he thought that he had done well in not delivering the note, which he disliked both as to its intention and expression.

"Perhaps you are right, Bertrand," said Napoleon. And then, after a few moments of profound thought, he added, "Yes, Bertrand, you are right. Let my friends here complain. But my dignity and my character require of me silence."

General Bertrand then, in his own name, addressed a letter to Admiral Cockburn, recapitulating their grievances. In conclusion, he said:

"It is greatly to be desired that the authorities would so conduct themselves toward the Emperor as to banish from his mind all recollection of the painful position in which he is placed. I do not hesitate to say that it is such as barbarians even would be touched by, and have consideration for. It can not be feared that any escape can be effected from this rock, almost every where inaccessible. Why can they not, if it be deemed necessary, increase the guard on the coast, and allow us to ramble over the island without restraint? It were also much to be wished that we might be lodged near the Emperor, to bear him company."

The admiral condescended to degrade himself by heaping insults upon misfortune and helplessness. He returned an answer containing the following expressions:

"*Northumberland*, St. Helena Roads, Nov. 6, 1815.

"Sir,—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of yesterday's date, by which you oblige me officially to explain to you that I have no cognizance of any emperor being actually upon this island, or of any person possessing such dignity having come hither with me in the *Northumberland*. I do myself also the honor of stating to you, in reply to a part of your note, that it is incompatible with my instructions to permit of your passing beyond the established line of sentries without your being accompanied by an English officer."

It was surely insult enough for the English to refuse to address Napoleon by his imperial title, thus stigmatizing him as a usurper. But to insist that the Emperor's personal friends and subjects, who for many years had recognized him as the most powerful sovereign in Christendom, should insult him in a similar way, and thus condemn themselves as the accomplices of a usurper, was a refinement of barbarity scarcely to be expected from a civilized man. It is impossible to refute the arguments used by the Emperor in defense of the imperial title. He had been constituted Emperor of France by a solemn act of coronation, and with the enthusiastic approval of the French people. It was as puerile in the English ministry to attempt to ignore this title as it would be to speak of *General* Augustus Cæsar or *Colonel* Charlemagne. The world has crushed the ignoble attempt in scorn. Who *now* thinks of calling the Emperor Napoleon *General Bonaparte?* And yet Sir George Cockburn carried this childish affectation so far as to pretend, in his official papers to the English ministry, to doubt who could be meant by *the Emperor* at St. Helena. He wrote to Earl Bathurst,

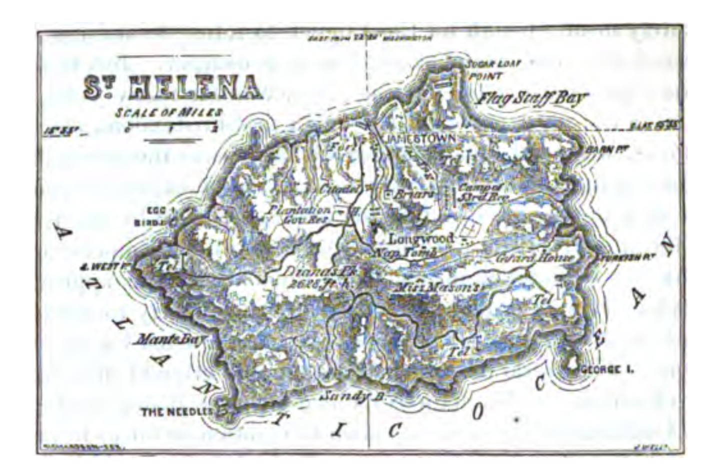
"I beg permission to remark to your lordship, upon this curious note, that although the tenor of it prevented my entering at all into the merits of M. de Bertrand's statement, yet General Bonaparte, *if by the term 'Emperor' he meant to designate that person*, inhabits his present temporary residence wholly and solely in compliance with his own urgent and pointed request. I will only detain your lordship, however, while I add, that since my arrival in this island, I have not ceased in my endeavors to render *these people* as comfortable as their situations and the existing circumstances would admit of."*

Captain Poppleton, as a spy and a guard, was placed in constant attendance upon the Emperor. His instructions contained the following directions:

"The officer charged with this duty is not to absent himself from the premises where General Bonaparte may be staying more than two hours at a time. He is to endeavor to prevent the slaves upon the island from approaching General Bonaparte, so as to render their being talked to by him likely. Whenever the general rides or walks beyond the boundaries where the sentries are placed, he is to be invariably attended by the officer. Should the general, during such rides or walks, approach the coast, the officer is requested to turn him in some other direction. He is likewise to be particular in informing the admiral whenever he observes any extraordinary movements

* That Napoleon was contending for an important principle, and that he was not influenced by puerile vanity, in claiming the title of Emperor, is proved beyond all controversy by his readiness to assume an incognito, and take the name of General Duroc or Colonel Meudon. But to this the English ministry would not consent. Even the editor of Sir Hudson Lowe's narrative pronounces the course of the English ministry upon this subject entirely unjustifiable. He says:

"It is, I think, difficult to refute the arguments used by Napoleon in favor of his right to be styled Emperor. We, indeed, had not recognized that title; but he was not the less Emperor of France. But there would have been no difficulty in calling him *ex*-Emperor, which would sufficiently have expressed the history of the past and the fact of the present. Or the English ministry might have promptly acceded to his own expressed wish to assume an incognito, and take the name of Baron Duroc or Colonel Meudon, which he himself more than once proposed; but Lord Bathurst, as it will be seen, threw cold water on the suggestion, when it was communicated to him by Sir Hudson Lowe."—*Journal of Sir Hudson Lowe*, vol. i., p. 47.



among any of the Frenchmen, and is also to keep a dragoon in attendance, ready to send off at a moment's warning. He is to take care that the general and all his attendants, after they are established at Longwood, are within the house at nine o'clock."

November 8th. The Emperor was fatigued and indisposed. Las Casas suggested a ride on horseback. Napoleon replied,

"I can never reconcile myself to the idea of having an English officer constantly at my side. I decidedly renounce riding on such conditions. Every thing in life must be reduced to calculation. If the vexation arising from the sight of my jailer be greater than the advantage I can derive from riding, it is, of course, advisable to renounce the recreation altogether."

November 9th. Las Casas, alarmed at the dejection of the Emperor, and his declining health from want of exercise, inquired, with every expression of respect and politeness, of the officer appointed as guard, if it were necessary for him literally to obey his instructions should the Emperor merely take a ride round the house, adverting to the repugnance the Emperor must feel in being every moment reminded that he was a prisoner.

The sympathies of the officer were moved, and he generously replied, "My instructions are to follow General Bonaparte. But I will take upon myself the responsibility of not riding beside him in the grounds around the house."

Las Casas eagerly communicated the conversation to the Emperor. He replied, "It is not conformable with my sense of duty to enjoy an advantage which may be the means of compromising an officer."

The Emperor judged with his accustomed wisdom as well as magnanimity; for soon the officer came hastening to Las Casas with the declaration that Admiral Cockburn had positively prohibited him from granting the captive such an indulgence. As this was mentioned to the Emperor, he did not appear at all surprised, but quietly remarked that the horses might as well be returned, as they should have no use for them. Las Casas, exasperated by such cruelty on the part of the admiral, said, with much warmth, "I will go immediately and order them returned to the admiral."

"No," said the Emperor, calmly, "you are now out of temper. It rarely

happens that any thing is done well under such circumstances. It is always best to let the night pass over after the offense of the day."

November 10*th*. The Emperor, with Las Casas, took quite a long walk. Returning, he met Mrs. Balcombe and Mrs. Stuart, a lady who was on her voyage to England from Bombay. While conversing with them, some slaves, with heavy burdens on their shoulders, came toiling up the narrow path. Mrs. Balcombe, in rather an angry tone, ordered them to keep back. But the Emperor, making room for the slaves, turned to Mrs. Balcombe, and said mildly,

"Respect the burden, madam!"



"RESPECT THE BURDEN, MADAM."

Mrs. Stuart, who had been taught to regard Napoleon as a monster, was inexpressibly amazed by this touching incident. In a low tone of voice, she exclaimed to her friend, "What a countenance, and what a character! How different from what I had been led to expect!"

November 13*th*. The life at the Briers was very regular. Every day the Emperor dictated to Las Casas. Between three and four o'clock he descended to the garden, and, walking up and down, dictated again to one of the gentlemen who came from town for that purpose, and who wrote in the little arbor which is seen on the left of the preceding view of "the Briers." At half past five he left the garden, and continued his walk in the path which passed through the lawn in front of Mr. Balcombe's house. In conversation with friends, he enjoyed this social promenade until dinner was announced.

After dinner he returned to the garden, when he had his coffee brought to him. He occasionally made a friendly call upon Mr. Balcombe's family, to whom he became much attached. He then continued his walk and conversation in the garden. When the evenings were serene and illumined by the moon, these conversations were continued until late in the night.

"The Emperor," says Las Casas, "was never more talkative, nor seemed more perfectly to forget his cares than during these moonlight walks. In

the familiarity of the conversations which I thus enjoyed with him, he took pleasure in relating anecdotes of his boyhood, in describing the sentiments and illusions which diffused a charm over the early years of his youth, and in detailing the circumstances of his private life, since he played so distinguished a part on the great theatre of the world."

"I had intended," said the Emperor, one evening, "in order to secure the suitable education of the King of Rome, the establishment of the '*Institute of Meudon.*' There I proposed to assemble the princes of the imperial house, particularly the sons of those branches of the family who had been raised to foreign thrones. In this institution I intended that the princes should receive the attentions of private tuition, combined with the advantages of public education. These children, who were destined to occupy different thrones and to govern different nations, would thus have acquired conformity of principles, manners, and ideas. The better to facilitate the amalgamation and uniformity of the federative parts of the empire, each prince was to bring with him from his own country ten or twelve youths of about his own age, the sons of the first families in the state. What an influence would they not have exercised on their return home! I doubted not but that the princes of other dynasties, unconnected with my family, would soon have solicited, as a great favor, permission to place their sons in the Institute of Meudon. What advantages would thence have arisen to the nations composing the European association! All these young princes would have been brought together early enough to be united in the tender and powerful bonds of youthful friendship; and they would, at the same time, have been separated early enough to obviate the fatal effects of rising passions, the ardor of partiality, the ambition of success, the jealousy of love."

November 14*th.* "The coffee," writes Las Casas, "that was served at our breakfast this morning, was better than usual. It might even have been called good. The Emperor expressed himself pleased with it. Some moments after, he observed, placing his hand on his stomach, that he felt the benefit of it. It would be difficult to express what were my feelings on hearing this simple remark. The Emperor, by thus, contrary to his custom, appreciating so trivial an enjoyment, unconsciously proved to me the effect of all the privations he had suffered, but of which he never complained."

November 16*th.* The Emperor conversed with much freedom respecting the individuals connected with him in the great events of his career. This induced Las Casas to make the following record:

"He invariably speaks with perfect coolness, without passion, without prejudice, and without resentment, of the events and the persons connected with his life. He speaks of his past history as if it had occurred three centuries ago. In his recitals and his observations he speaks the language of past ages. He is like a spirit conversing in the Elysian Fields. His conversations are true dialogues of the dead. He speaks of himself as of a third person, noticing the Emperor's actions, pointing out the faults with which history may reproach him, and analyzing the reasons and motives which might be alleged in his justification.

"In viewing the complicated circumstances of his fall, he looks upon things so much in a mass, and from so high a point, that individuals escape

his notice. He never evinces the least symptom of violence toward those of whom it might be supposed he has the greatest reason to complain. His strongest mark of reprobation, and I have had frequent occasions to notice it, is to preserve silence with respect to them whenever they are mentioned in his presence."

November 19*th*. All the French party were invited to dine with the Emperor. He appeared in cheerful spirits, and after dinner said, "Gentlemen, will you have a comedy, an opera, or a tragedy?" They decided in favor of a comedy. The Emperor then took Molière's *Avare*, and read to them for some time. After the party had withdrawn, the Emperor retired to the garden for a solitary walk.

November 25*th*. The Emperor had been for several days quite unwell, and, worn down by the dreadful monotony of his imprisonment, appeared quite dejected. Las Casas found him this morning seated upon a sofa, surrounded by a pile of books which he had been listlessly reading.

"Contrary to the general opinion," says Las Casas, "the Emperor is far from possessing a strong constitution. He is constantly laboring under the effects of cold. His body is subject to the influence of the slightest accidents. The smell of paint is sufficient to make him ill. Certain dishes, or the slightest damp, immediately takes a severe effect upon him. His body is far from being a body of iron. All his strength is in his mind.

"His prodigious exertions abroad, and his incessant labors at home, are known to every one. No sovereign ever underwent so much bodily fatigue. I have known the Emperor to be engaged in business, in the Council of State, for eight or nine hours successively, and afterward rise with his ideas as clear as when he sat down. I have seen him, at St. Helena, peruse books for ten or twelve hours in succession, on the most abstruse subjects, without appearing in the least fatigued. He has suffered, unmoved, the greatest shocks that ever man experienced. But these prodigious exertions are made only, as it were, in despite of his physical powers, which never appear less susceptible than when his mind is in full activity.

"The Emperor eats generally very little. He often says that a man may hurt himself by eating too much, but never by eating too little. He will remain four-and-twenty hours without eating, only to get an appetite for the ensuing day. But, if he eats little, he drinks still less. A single glass of wine is sufficient to restore his strength and to produce cheerfulness of spirits. He sleeps very little, and very irregularly, generally rising at daybreak to read or write, and afterward lying down to sleep again.

"The Emperor has no faith in medicine, and never takes any. He had adopted a peculiar mode of treatment for himself. Whenever he found himself unwell, his plan was to run into an extreme the opposite of what happened to be his habit at the time. This he calls restoring the equilibrium of nature. If, for instance, he had been inactive for a length of time, he would suddenly ride about sixty miles, or hunt for a whole day. If, on the contrary, he had been harassed by great fatigues, he would resign himself to a state of absolute rest for twenty-four hours. He said Nature had endowed him with two important advantages: the one was, the power of sleeping whenever he needed repose, at any hour and in any place; the

other was, that he was incapable of committing any injurious excess either in eating or drinking. 'If,' said he, 'I go the least beyond my mark, my stomach instantly revolts.'"

Conversing one day with Mr. Balcombe, the Emperor remarked,

"I have no faith in medicines. My remedies are fasting and the warm bath. At the same time, I have a higher opinion of the medical, or, rather, the surgical profession, than of any other. The practice of the law is too severe an ordeal for poor human nature. The man who habituates himself to the distortion of truth, and to exultation at the success of injustice, will, at last, hardly know right from wrong. So with politics, a man must have a conventional conscience. The ecclesiastics become hypocrites, since too much is expected of them. As to soldiers, they are cut-throats and robbers. But the mission of surgeons is to benefit mankind, not to destroy them or to inflame them against each other."

November 28th. Six weeks had now passed away, during which the Emperor had been about as closely imprisoned at the Briers as when on board the ship. The workmen were busy repairing Longwood. The English soldiers were encamped at the Briers. There was a poor negro slave working in Mr. Balcombe's garden, in whose history and welfare the Emperor became deeply interested. He was a Malay Indian, of prepossessing appearance. He had been stolen from his native land by the crew of an English vessel. The Emperor's sympathies were deeply moved by the old man's story, which bore every mark of truth. Poor Toby became very much attached to the Emperor, who often called at his little hut to talk with him. They were fellow-captives. Toby always called the Emperor the "Good Gentleman."

"Poor Toby," said the Emperor, one day, "has been torn from his family, from his native land, and sold to slavery. Could any thing be more miserable to himself or more criminal in others! If this crime be the act of the English captain alone, he is doubtless one of the vilest of men; but if it be that of the whole of the crew, it may have been committed by men perhaps not so base as might be imagined. Vice is always individual, scarcely ever collective.

"What, after all, is this poor human machine? Had Toby been a Brutus, he would have put himself to death; if an Æsop, he would now, perhaps, have been the governor's adviser; if an ardent and zealous Christian, he would have borne his chains in the sight of God, and blessed them. As for poor Toby, he endures his misfortunes very quietly. He stoops to his work, and spends his days in innocent tranquillity."

For a moment the Emperor remained in silence, calmly contemplating the humble slave, and then said, as he turned and walked away,

"Certainly there is a wide step from poor Toby to a King Richard; and yet the crime is not the less atrocious, for this man, after all, had his family, his happiness, and his liberty. It was a horrible act of cruelty to bring him here to languish in the fetters of slavery."

Then turning to Las Casas and looking mildly upon him, he said,

"But I read in your eyes that you think he is not the only example of the sort at St. Helena. My dear Las Casas, there is not the least resemblance



THE TWO CAPTIVES.

here. If the outrage is of a higher class, the victims also present very different resources. We have not been exposed to corporeal sufferings; or, if that had been attempted, we have souls to disappoint our tyrants. Our situation may even have its charms. The eyes of the universe are fixed upon us. We are martyrs in an immortal cause. Millions of human beings are weeping for us. Our country sighs, and glory mourns our fate. The prayers of nations are for us.

"Besides, if I considered only myself, perhaps I should have reason to rejoice. Misfortunes are not without their heroism and their glory. Adversity was wanting to my career. Had I died on the throne, enveloped in the dense atmosphere of power, I should, to many, have remained a problem. Now, misfortune will enable all to judge me without disguise."

The Emperor subsequently made efforts to purchase the freedom of Toby and to restore him to his native country. He commissioned Dr. O'Meara to arrange the affair with Sir Hudson Lowe, who was then in command. In reply to these overtures, Dr. O'Meara records Sir Hudson Lowe to have said,

"You know not the importance of what you ask. General Bonaparte wishes to obtain the gratitude of the negroes in the island. He wishes to do the same as in St. Domingo. I would not do what you ask for any thing in the world."

Napoleon was disappointed and surprised at this refusal, and the poor slave was necessarily left to die in bondage.



THE HOUSE AT LONGWOOD.

CHAPTER XXXI.

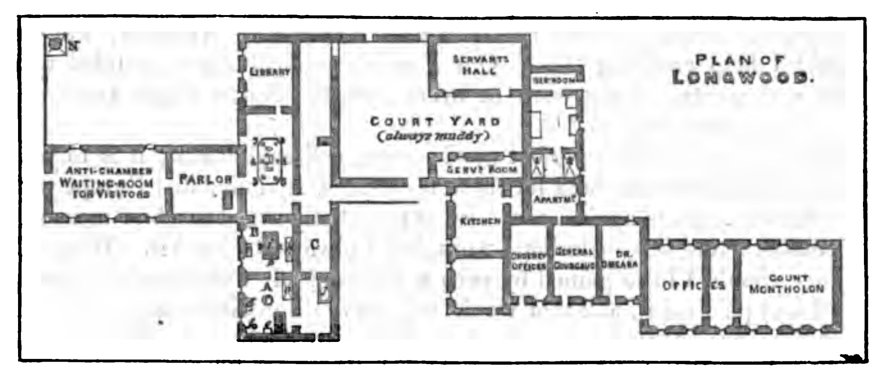
FIRST YEAR AT LONGWOOD.

Removal to Longwood—The dilapidated Hut—The Emperor's Household—Annoyances—Libels upon the Emperor—The New Year—Enthusiasm of the English Sailors—Serenity of the Emperor—The Emperor's Comments upon his Career—Arrival of Sir Hudson Lowe—His Atrocities—Increasing Wretchedness of the Emperor.

ON the 10th of December the Emperor was removed to Longwood. With a serene spirit he rode on horseback along the rugged path of barren volcanic rocks a distance of about two miles, until he arrived at his new prison-house. Here he found, in the midst of bleak, storm-washed crags, a long, low, one story house, rudely put together, but far too small for the accommodation of the few yet devoted friends who had come to share his captivity. The Emperor examined his prison with serenity, seeming to think more of the comfort of his companions than of his own. About a mile from Longwood, on the road to the Briers, there was a small hovel called Huts Gate, which General Bertrand, with his wife and son, was permitted to occupy. General Gourgaud and Count Las Casas eagerly solicited permission to sleep in tents rather than remain in Jamestown apart from the Emperor. Napoleon was much affected by this proof of attachment. A tent, under the windows of the Emperor, was pitched for General Gourgaud, and a room was hastily prepared for Las Casas. Dr. O'Meara, the English physician of the Emperor, was also under the necessity of dwelling in a tent. In process of time a room was prepared for each of these gentlemen. For the subsistence of the imperial captive and his exiled court the English government appropriated sixty thousand dollars a year. The French captives resolutely persisted in treating the Emperor with all that deference and respect which were due to his illustrious character and his past achievements.

The accompanying view of the house at Longwood, with the plan of the

rooms, will give an idea of the accommodations prepared for the exiled party, consisting of twenty-two individuals.



A. The Emperor's bed-room.—*a*. Small camp bedstead.—*b*. Sofa, where the Emperor sat a great part of the day. —*c*. Small table.—*d*. Chest of drawers.—*e*. Fire-place.—*f*. Large silver ewer.

B. Cabinet or study.—*g*. Book-case.—*h*. Small bed. When the Emperor could not sleep, he moved from one to the other.—*i*. Table where the Emperor wrote and dictated.

C. Closet for the valet de chambre.—*j*. bath. N. Tent, where the Emperor frequently breakfasted.

The household now consisted of the Emperor, General Bertrand, wife, and three children, Count Montholon, wife, and two children, Count Las Casas and son, General Gourgaud, and Dr. O'Meara. There were also four servants of the chamber, three grooms, and four servants of the table. These had all followed the Emperor to his dreary prison from their love for his person. Dr. O'Meara was an Irish gentleman, and was the surgeon on board the *Bellerophon*. As the Emperor's surgeon, in consequence of ill health, could not go to St. Helena, Dr. O'Meara had eagerly offered his services. A more dreary life can hardly be imagined than that of these captives upon a bleak and barren plain, eighteen hundred feet above the level of the sea, incessantly swept by ocean gales, where they were most of the time buried in clouds and fogs. A few miserable gum-trees, struggling for life in the midst of the blackened rocks, pained rather than cheered the eye.

The victims were every day harassed by the most senseless annoyances. Their walks were lined by sentinels with loaded muskets. They were not permitted to be out after a certain hour. They were forbidden to converse with the inhabitants of the island. They were not allowed to approach the sea-shore. Sentinels were placed under the Emperor's windows. Pass-words and orders were multiplied and incessantly changed. These annoyances were bitterly complained of by the companions of the Emperor. But the silent grandeur with which Napoleon encountered every wrong and every insult, forms one of the most brilliant pages of his history. His imperial character is nowhere more conspicuous than in his life at St. Helena. To each individual were assigned appropriate duties, and every hour had its allotted employments. Each day was like all the rest. The gloom of the prison was continually invaded by impertinence and insults, to which the Emperor could only oppose the silent dignity of his renown. His devoted friends, however, surrounded his humble abode with the respectful etiquette of royalty, and thus often shielded him from cruel indignities.

On one occasion, an Englishman, who had frequently called, and had become exceedingly attached to the Emperor, confessed to him with humility of heart, and, as it were, by way of expiation, that he had formerly believed all the horrible stories which had been related of him. "And how," said he, "could I help crediting this? Our English publications were filled with these statements. They were in every mouth. Not a single voice was raised to contradict them."

Napoleon smiled with perfect good nature, and said, "Yes; it is to your ministers that I am indebted for these favors. They inundated Europe with pamphlets and libels against me. I was repeatedly urged to adopt measures for counteracting this underhand work, but I always declined it. What advantage should I have gained by such a defense? It would have been said that I had paid for it, and that would only have discredited me more. Another victory, another monument—these, I said, are the best, the only answers I can make. Falsehood passes away, truth remains. The sensible portion of the present age, and posterity in particular, will form their judgment only from facts. Already the cloud is breaking. The light is piercing through, and my character grows clearer every day. It will soon become the fashion in Europe to do me justice.

"Those who have succeeded me possess the archives of my administration and the records of my tribunals. They hold in their pay and at their disposal those who have been the executors and the accomplices of my atrocities and crimes. Yet what proofs have they brought forward? What have they made known?

"The first moments of fury being passed away, all honest and sensible men will render justice to my character. None but rogues or fools will be my enemies. I may rest at ease. The succession of events, the disputes of opposing parties, their hostile productions, will daily clear the way for the correct and glorious materials of my history. And what advantage has been reaped from the immense sums that have been paid for libels against me? Soon every trace of them will be obliterated, while my institutions and monuments will recommend me to the remotest posterity. It is now too late to heap abuse upon me. The venom of calumny has been exhausted."

January 1st, 1816. All the companions of the Emperor assembled at ten o'clock to present him their kind wishes, in accordance with the custom of the day. The Emperor received them affectionately, and invited them to breakfast, and spend the day with him. "We are but a handful," said he, "in one corner of the world, and all our consolation must be our regard for each other."

During the day, Admiral Cockburn sent to the Emperor his fowling-pieces. It was kindly intended, though it seemed almost like mockery, since there was absolutely nothing to shoot upon the bleak rocks of Longwood. One or two fowling-pieces belonging to the Emperor's suite were also delivered, on condition that they should be sent every evening to the tent of the officer on duty. Such were the petty and humiliating annoyances to which these exiles were continually subjected. They very properly refused to receive the guns on such terms. As there was a whole regiment of British soldiers encamped at Longwood, the admiral at last consented to leave the dangerous weapons in their hands.

One afternoon the Emperor was walking in the garden with Las Casas. A young English sailor approached, with a countenance expressive of enthusiasm and joy, mingled with apprehensions of being perceived by the guard. Gazing earnestly upon the Emperor, he said to Las Casas, "I shall now die content. I pray to God that Napoleon may be one day more happy." Such incidents were not uncommon. The sailors of the *Northumberland* all loved the Emperor, and considered him their friend. At the Briers, where Napoleon was not so vigilantly guarded as at Longwood, they often hovered around on a Sunday, to get a last look of their shipmate. On another occasion, a sailor from one of the ships in the harbor suddenly presented himself, and, with tears of affection and admiration gushing from his eyes, said to Las Casas, "Tell that dear man that I wish him no harm, but all possible happiness. So do most of us. Long life and health to him."

The sailor had a bouquet of wild flowers in his hand for the Emperor, the only token he could give expressive of his kind feelings. These incidents deeply moved the warm and generous heart of Napoleon. With emotion he said, "See the effect of imagination. How powerful is its influence! Here are people who do not know me, perhaps have never seen me; they have only heard me spoken of, and what do they not feel? What would they not do to serve me? And the same caprice is found in all countries, in all ages, and in both sexes. Yes, imagination rules the world."

The grounds around Longwood which the Emperor was allowed to pass over without a guard admitted of but half an hour's ride. He was not permitted to traverse the whole of the little island unless accompanied by an English officer. This arrangement was so repugnant to the Emperor's feelings that he could not consent to ride thus attended. His friends made every effort to induce the admiral to mitigate this harsh and humiliating measure, by placing sentinels upon heights where the Emperor could be seen through his whole ride. The admiral, however, was inflexible. Napoleon, wounded and saddened, decided that he should not pass beyond his allotted limits. His spirit was oppressed by the indignity, and his health impaired by the deprivation.

January 15th. Las Casas borrowed of Dr. O'Meara "*The Secret History of the Cabinet of Bonaparte, by Goldsmith.*" Napoleon read the monstrous, impudent, and obscene libel with surprise. Sometimes he laughed heartily at its folly; again, he shrugged his shoulders, amazed at its shameless and horrid calumny. As he read the infamous attack upon his mother, he exclaimed,

"Ah, madam! poor madam! with her lofty character! If she were to read this! Great God!"

When he read the account of his own debaucheries, he said, "The author, it seems, wished to make me a hero in every respect. They are in the wrong, however, to attack me on the score of morals, since all the world knows that I have singularly improved them. They could not but know that I was not at all inclined by nature to debauchery. The multiplicity of my affairs would never have allowed me time to indulge in it."

Just then Dr. O'Meara came in. Napoleon said to him, smiling, "Doctor, I have just read one of your fine London productions against me. It is a

very just remark that it is the truth only which gives offense. I have not been angry for a moment, but I have frequently laughed at it."

Some one mentioned the day of the month, the 11th of March. "Well," said the Emperor, with animation, "it is a year ago to-day. It was a brilliant day. I was at Lyons, on my return from Elba. I was again become a great power. I had founded the greatest empire in the world. What a fatality that my return from the island of Elba was not acquiesced in! that every one did not perceive that my reign was desirable and necessary for the balance and repose of Europe! But kings and people both feared me. They were wrong, and may pay dearly for it.

"What did the kings apprehend? Did they dread my ambition, my conquests, my universal monarchy? But my powers and resources were no longer the same. Besides, I had only defeated and conquered in my own defense. This is a truth which time will more fully develop every day. Europe never ceased to make war upon France, her principles, and upon me. We were compelled to destroy to save ourselves from destruction. The coalition always existed, openly or secretly, avowed or denied. It was permanent. It only rested with the Allies to give us peace. For ourselves, we were worn out. As to myself, is it supposed that I am insensible to the charms of repose and security when honor does not require it otherwise?

"Did they apprehend that I might overwhelm them with anarchical principles? But they knew by experience my opinions on that score. They have all seen me occupy their territories. How often have I been urged to revolutionize their states, give municipal functions to their cities, and excite insurrections among their subjects! However I may have been stigmatized by them as *the modern Attila, Robespierre on horseback*, they all knew better. Had I been so, I might, perhaps, still have reigned, but they, most certainly, would long since have been dethroned. In the great cause of which I saw myself the chief and the arbitrator, one of two systems was to be followed: to make kings listen to reason from the people, or to conduct the people to happiness by means of their kings. But it is well known to be no easy matter to check the people when they are once set on. It was more rational to reckon a little upon the intelligence and wisdom of their rulers. I had a right to suppose them possessed of sufficient intellect to see such obvious interests. I was deceived. They never calculated at all, and, in their blind fury, they let loose against me that which I withheld when opposed to them. They will see.

"Lastly, did the sovereigns take umbrage at seeing a mere soldier attain the crown? Did they fear the example? The solemnities, the circumstances which accompanied my elevation, my eagerness to conform to their habits, to identify myself with their existence, to become allied to them by blood and by policy, closed the door sufficiently against new comers. Besides, if there must needs have been the spectacle of an interrupted legitimacy, I maintain that it was much more for their interests that it should have taken place in my person, one risen from the ranks, than in that of a prince, one of their own family. For thousands of ages will elapse before the circumstances accumulated in my case draw forth another from among the crowd to reproduce the same spectacle; but there is not a sovereign

who has not, at a few paces distance in his palace, cousins, nephews, brothers, and relations to whom it would be easy to follow such an example, if once set.

"On the other hand, what was there to alarm the people? Did they fear that I should come to lay waste, and to impose chains upon them? But I returned the Messiah of peace and of their rights. This new maxim was my whole strength. To violate it would have been ruin. I repeat it, the people and the sovereigns were wrong. I had restored thrones and an inoffensive nobility; and thrones and nobility may again find themselves in danger. I had fixed and consecrated the reasonable limits of the people's rights. Vague, peremptory, and undefined claims may again arise. Had my return, my establishment on the throne, my adoption, been freely acquiesced in by the sovereigns, the cause of kings and of the people would have been settled; both would have gained. Now they are again to try it; both may lose. They might have concluded every thing; they may have every thing to begin again. They might have secured a long and certain calm, and might have already begun to enjoy it; instead of that, a spark now may be sufficient to reproduce a universal conflagration. Poor, weak humanity!"

These, surely, are profound views. Candor will admit the Emperor's sincerity. The aspect of Europe now, a restless, heaving volcano, attests their truth.

March 13th. General Bertrand, in accordance with the wish of Napoleon, sent a communication to Admiral Cockburn to inquire if a letter which the Emperor wished to write to the Prince Regent of England would be forwarded. The admiral replied that he did not know of any person upon the island by the title of emperor, and that he should not allow any paper to be dispatched to England without first reading it.

March 16th. About four o'clock the captain of the Ceylon, who was about to sail for England, was presented to the Emperor. Napoleon was languid and depressed. He was roused, however, when the captain inquired if they had any letters to send to Europe. The Emperor immediately inquired if he should see the Prince Regent. Upon being answered in the affirmative, he added,

"Inform him that the Emperor was desirous of writing to the Prince Regent, but that, in consequence of the observation of the admiral that he would open the letter, he had abstained from it, as being inconsistent with his dignity, and with that of the Prince Regent himself; that he had, indeed, heard the laws of England much boasted of, but that he could not discover their benefits any where; that he had only now to expect, indeed to desire, an executioner; that the torture they made him endure was inhuman, savage; that it would have been more open and energetic to have put him to death."

April 3d. Napoleon was speaking of the terrible perplexity in which he was placed after the battle of Waterloo, at the time of his abdication.

"After all, am I certain," said he, "that the French people will do me justice? Will they not accuse me of having abandoned them? History will decide. Instead of dreading, I invoke its decree. I have often asked myself whether I have done for the French people all they could expect of me.

Will they ever know all that I suffered during the night that preceded my final decision?

"In that night of anguish and uncertainty I had to choose between two great courses. The one was to endeavor to save France by violence, the other was to yield to the general impulse. The measure which I pursued was, I think, most advisable. Friends and enemies, the good and the evil-disposed, all were against me, and I stood alone. I surrendered, and my decision, once taken, could not be revoked. I am not one who takes half measures; besides, sovereignty is not to be thrown off and on like one's cloak.

"The other course demanded extraordinary severity. It would have been necessary to arraign great criminals and to decree great punishments. Blood must have been shed, and then who can tell where we should have stopped? What scenes of horror might not have been renewed? By pursuing this line of conduct, should I not have drowned my memory in the deluge of blood, crimes, and abominations of every kind, with which libelists have already overwhelmed me. If, after all, I could have saved France at such a price, I had energy sufficient to carry me through every difficulty. But is it certain that I should have succeeded?

"Yes, I hesitated long; I weighed every argument on both sides. At length I concluded that I could not make head against the coalition without and the Royalists within; that I should be unable to oppose the numerous sects which would have been created by the violence committed on the Legislative Body, to control that portion of the multitude which must be driven by force, or to resist that moral condemnation which imputes to him who is unfortunate every evil that ensues. Abdication was therefore absolutely the only step I could adopt. All was lost in spite of me. I foresaw and foretold this, but still I had no other alternative."

Las Casas inquired if the Emperor thought he could have saved France *with the concurrence of the Legislative Body.*

"I would have undertaken it without hesitation," the Emperor replied. "In less time than any considerable mass of the Allies could have assembled before Paris, I should have completed my fortifications, and have collected before the walls of the city upward of eighty thousand good troops, and three hundred pieces of horse artillery. After a few days' firing, the National Guard, the federal troops, and the inhabitants of Paris would have sufficed to defend the intrenchments. I should then have had eighty thousand disposable troops at my command. Paris would, in a few days, have become impregnable. The appeal to the nation, the magnitude of the danger, the excitation of the public mind, the grandeur of the spectacle, would have drawn multitudes to the capital. I could undoubtedly have assembled upward of four hundred thousand men, and I imagine the allied force did not exceed five hundred thousand. Thus the affair would have been brought to a single combat, in which the enemy would have had as much to fear as ourselves.

"Meanwhile, I should have surrounded myself with a national senate, men distinguished by national names and worthy of general confidence. I should have fortified my military dictatorship with all the strength of civil opinion. I should have had my tribune, which would have promulgated the talisman

of my principles through Europe. The sovereigns would have trembled to behold the contagion spread among their own subjects. They must have treated with me or have surrendered."

"But, sire," exclaimed Las Casas, "why did you not attempt what would infallibly have succeeded? Why are we here?"

"Now," resumed the Emperor, "you are blaming and condemning me; but were I to present to you the contrary chances, you would change your language. Besides, you forget that we reasoned in the hypothesis that the Legislative Body would have joined me; but you know what line of conduct it pursued. I might have dissolved it, to be sure. France and Europe, perhaps, blame me, and posterity will doubtless blame my weakness in not breaking up the Legislative Body after its insurrection. It will be said that I ought not to have separated myself from the destinies of a people who had done all for me; but, by dissolving the Assembly, I could, at most, have obtained only a capitulation from the enemy. In that case, I repeat, blood must have been shed, and I must have proved myself a tyrant."

April 10*th*. A ship arrived bringing European journals. As Napoleon read the accounts of the increasing agitation in France, and of the deluge of evils which was overwhelming all the departments, he became much excited, and, pacing the floor, he exclaimed,

"How unfortunate was I in not proceeding to America! From the other hemisphere I might have protected France against reaction. The dread of my reappearance would have been a check on their violence and folly. My name would have been sufficient to bridle their excess and to fill them with terror.

"The counter-revolution, even had it been suffered to proceed, must have been lost in the grand revolution. The atmosphere of modern ideas is sufficient to stifle the old feudalists, for henceforth nothing can destroy or efface the grand principles of our Revolution. These great and excellent truths can never cease to exist, so completely are they blended with our fame, our monuments, and our prodigies. We have washed away their first stains in the flood of glory, and henceforth they will be immortal. Created in the French tribune, cemented with the blood of battles, adorned with the laurels of victory, saluted with the acclamations of the people, sanctioned by the treaties and alliances of sovereigns, and, having become familiar to the ears as well as in the mouths of kings, these principles can never again retrograde.

"Liberal ideas flourish in Great Britain, they enlighten America, and they are nationalized in France; and this may be called the tripod whence issues the light of the world. Liberal opinions will rule the universe. They will become the faith, the religion, the morality of all nations; and, in spite of all that may be advanced to the contrary, this memorable era will be inseparably connected with my name; for, after all, it can not be denied that I kindled the torch and consecrated the principle, and now persecution renders me the Messiah. Friends and enemies, all must acknowledge me to be the first soldier, the grand representative of the age. Thus I shall forever remain the leading star."

April 17*th*. Sir Hudson Lowe, the new governor of St. Helena, arrived at

Longwood, and was presented to the Emperor. His personal appearance was very unprepossessing. After he had withdrawn, the Emperor remarked, "He is hideous. He has a most villainous countenance. But we must not decide too hastily. The man's disposition may, perhaps, make amends for the unfavorable impression which his face produces. This is not impossible."

April 18th. Sir Hudson Lowe presented a paper to all the companions and domestics of the Emperor, stating that they were at liberty to leave St. Helena and return to Europe if they wished to do so. If, however, they desired to remain upon the island, they were required to give a written declaration that such was their wish, and to submit to all the restrictions which might be imposed upon the Emperor. Though this document was understood to involve the necessity of remaining upon that dreary rock during the lifetime of Napoleon, all promptly signed it except General Bertrand. His hesitancy wounded the feelings of the Emperor. He simply remarked, however, "Bertrand is always the same. Although he constantly speaks of going, when the time comes he will not have the courage to leave. We must be able to love our friends with all their faults."

April 20th. Colonel Wilks, who had just resigned his office of governor to Sir Hudson Lowe, and who was on the eve of his departure for Europe, called, with his daughter, to take leave of the Emperor. The young lady was presented by Madam Bertrand. The Emperor conversed for some time with the ladies with much cheerfulness and affability. Governor Wilks was a man of extensive information, and the political condition of France soon became the topic of very animated discourse.

"England and France," said the Emperor, "held in their hands the fate of the world, and particularly that of European civilization. What injury did we not do each other? What good might we not have done? Under Pitt's system we desolated the world, and what has been the result? You imposed upon France a tax of five hundred millions of dollars, and raised it by means of Cossacks. I laid a tax of fourteen hundred millions of dollars on you, and made you raise it with your own hands by your Parliament. Even now, after the victory you have obtained, who can tell whether you may not, sooner or later, sink under the weight of such a burden? With Fox's system we should have understood each other, we should have accomplished and preserved the emancipation of nations, the dominion of principles. Europe would have presented but a single fleet and a single army. We might have ruled the world. We might every where have established peace and prosperity, either by dint of force or persuasion. Yes, I repeat, what mischief have we not done? What good might we not have effected?"

April 27th. There were two individuals in the Emperor's suite who, not possessing congenial dispositions, were frequently exposed to misunderstandings and altercations. The Emperor, who watched over his household with paternal fidelity, was deeply grieved at this, and meeting them both in the drawing-room just before dinner, thus addressed them:

"You followed me with the view of cheering my captivity. Be united, then; otherwise you but annoy me. If you wish to render me happy, be

united. You talk of fighting even before my very eyes. Am I no longer, then, the object of your attention? Are not the eyes of our enemies fixed upon Longwood? You have quitted your families, you have sacrificed every thing from love to me and in order to share my misfortunes; and yet you are now about to aggravate them, and to render them insupportable. Be brothers! I command you, I entreat you as a father. Let us share the few enjoyments that yet remain to us."

The announcement of dinner terminated this parental reprimand.

May 5th. For several days the Emperor had been sick and depressed. Sir Hudson Lowe, by various petty annoyances, seemed determined to make him listen to the clanking of his chains, and to feel their galling weight. The Emperor secluded himself in his chamber and saw no one. It was a damp, chill, gloomy day. As a dismal night darkened over the fog-enveloped rock, a fire was kindled upon the hearth. The Emperor, feverish and languid, was reclining in his dressing-gown upon the sofa, enjoying the pensive light of the flickering fire; no candles were admitted. General Bertrand and Count Las Casas were sitting by the side of the noble sufferer. The conversation turned upon the two great revolutions of England and France. The Emperor, in calm and quiet tones, gave utterance to the following discriminating and glowing parallel:

"Both in France and England the storm gathered during the two feeble and indolent reigns of James I. and Louis XV., and burst over the heads of the unfortunate Charles I. and Louis XVI. Both these sovereigns perished on the scaffold, and their families were proscribed and banished.

"Both monarchies became republics, and during that period both nations plunged into every excess which can degrade the human heart and understanding. They were disgraced by scenes of madness, blood, and outrage. Every tie of humanity was broken and every principle overturned.

"Both in England and France, at this period, two men vigorously stemmed the torrent and reigned with splendor. After these, the two hereditary families were restored. Both, however, pursued an erroneous course. They committed faults. A fresh storm suddenly burst forth in both countries, and expelled the two restored dynasties, without their being able to offer the least resistance to the adversaries who overthrew them.

"In this singular parallel, Napoleon appears to have been in France at once the Cromwell and the William III. of England. But as every comparison with Cromwell is in some degree odious, I must add, that if these two celebrated men coincided in one single circumstance of their lives, it was scarce possible for two beings to differ more in every other point."

May 11th. Every day the estrangement between the French gentlemen and Sir Hudson Lowe became more and more marked. The Emperor, however, seldom saw the governor. To-day a note was handed the Emperor by the grand marshal, inviting *General Bonaparte* to a dinner party at Plantation House. He glanced over the note, and replied, "This is too absurd. There is no answer."

After passing two hours in the bath, the Emperor took dinner with Las Casas at nine o'clock. He became so animated in conversation that he continued his remarks for two hours. He was much surprised when informed

that it was eleven o'clock. "How rapidly," said he, "has time slipped away! Why can I not always pass my hours thus agreeably? My dear Las Casas, you leave me happy."

May 14*th.* A large party of English gentlemen and ladies arrived at St. Helena by the East India fleet. They were presented to the Emperor in the garden at Longwood. At the close of the interview, one of the gentlemen remarked to one of his companions, "What grace and dignity of manner the Emperor displays! I can scarcely form a conception of the strength of mind necessary to enable Napoleon thus to endure such reverses." They all seemed mortified in contemplating the miserable abode in which the captive was confined. When Dr. O'Meara afterward mentioned to Napoleon the prejudices which those strangers had entertained, the Emperor smiled and said, "I suppose they imagined that I was some ferocious horned animal."

May 16*th.* Sir Hudson Lowe called at Longwood, and desired to see *General Bonaparte.* The Emperor received him in the drawing-room. The audience was long and angry. At its close, Napoleon said to Las Casas,

"We have had a violent scene. I have been thrown quite out of temper. They have now sent me worse than a jailer. Sir Hudson Lowe is a downright executioner. I received him to-day with my stormy countenance, my head inclined, and my ears pricked up. We looked most ferociously at each other. My anger must have been powerfully excited, for I felt a vibration in the calf of my left leg. This is always a sure sign with me, and I have not felt it for a long time before. My dear Las Casas, they will kill me here, it is certain."

Abstracted and melancholy, he sat down to his dinner, but was unable to take any food. After a few unavailing attempts to rouse himself to engage in conversation, he yielded to the sadness which overpowered him, and retired to his solitary couch.

May 20*th.* The Emperor rode out in the calash. On his return he retired to his chamber, saying to Las Casas, "I am low-spirited, unwell, and fatigued. Sit down in that arm-chair, and bear me company."

"He then," says Las Casas, "threw himself upon his couch, and fell asleep, while I watched beside him. His head was uncovered, and I gazed upon his brow—that brow on which were inscribed Marengo, Austerlitz, and a hundred other immortal victories. What were my thoughts and sensations at that moment! They may be imagined, but I can not describe them.

"In about three quarters of an hour the Emperor awoke. He then took a fancy to visit the apartments of all the individuals of his suite. When he had minutely considered all the inconveniences of mine, he said, with a smile of indignation, 'Well, I do not think that any Christian on earth can be worse lodged than you are.'"

May 21*st.* After dinner to-day, the Emperor took the Bible and read to all the company the book of Joshua, remarking, in connection with the places which were mentioned, incidents which he had witnessed in the same localities during the Syrian campaign.

May 28*th.* The Emperor took a ride. Returning, he passed near the En-

glish camp. The soldiers immediately abandoned their various occupations, and formed themselves in a line to salute the Emperor as he passed. "What European soldier," said Napoleon, "would not be inspired with respect at my approach?" He was well aware of the feelings with which he was regarded by the English regiment, and consequently avoided passing the camp, lest he might be accused of wishing to excite their enthusiasm.

May 31st. The governor came to-day, and took a rapid circuit around Longwood, but did not have an audience. The Emperor, after dinner, reverted to their last interview. "I behaved very ill to him, no doubt," said he, "and nothing but my present situation could excuse me; but I was out of humor and could not help it. I should blush for it in any other situation. Had such a scene taken place at the Tuileries, I should have felt myself bound in conscience to make some atonement. Never, during the period of my power, did I speak harshly to any one without afterward saying something to make amends for it; but here I uttered not a syllable of conciliation, and I had no wish to do so. However, the governor proved himself very insensible to my severity. His delicacy did not seem wounded by it. I should have liked, for his sake, to have seen him evince a little anger, or pull the door violently after him when he went away. This would at least have shown that there was some spring and elasticity about him; but I found nothing of the kind."

June 13th. The Emperor read several numbers of the *Moniteur.* "These *Moniteurs,*" said he, "so dangerous and terrible to many reputations, are uniformly useful and favorable to me. It is with official documents that men of sense and real talents will write history. Now these documents are full of the spirit of my government, and to them I make an earnest and solemn appeal."

June 18th. This day was the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo. The circumstance was mentioned. A shade of anguish passed over the features of the Emperor. In slow and solemn tones he said, "Incomprehensible day! Concurrence of unheard-of fatalities! Grouchy! Ney! was there treachery or misfortune? Alas, poor France!"

Here he covered his eyes with his hand, and remained for some time silent. He then added, "And yet, all that human skill could do was accomplished. All was not lost until the moment when all had succeeded. In that extraordinary campaign, thrice, in less than a week's space, I saw the certain triumph of France and the determination of her fate slip through my fingers.

"Had it not been for the desertion of a traitor, I should have annihilated the enemy at the opening of the campaign. I should have destroyed him at Ligny if my left had done its duty. I should have destroyed him again at Waterloo if my right had not failed me. Singular defeat, by which, notwithstanding the most fatal catastrophe, the glory of the conquered has not suffered, nor the fame of the conqueror been increased! The memory of the one will survive his destruction; the memory of the other will, perhaps, be buried in his triumph."

June 22d. A package of books and journals arrived from Europe. This was a treasure to the Emperor. In his eagerness, he engaged in unpacking

them himself. He passed the whole night in reading. In Park and Horneman's Travels in Africa he found generous testimony borne to the assistance he had rendered the travelers in prosecuting their enterprises in Egypt. It was very gratifying to the Emperor thus to find his name mentioned in an English publication, unaccompanied by insulting epithets.

June 27th. The Emperor was reading a review, in which it was mentioned that Lord Castlereagh had asserted in a public meeting that Napoleon, ever since his fall, had not hesitated to declare that, as long as he had reigned, he would have continued to make war against England, having never had any object but her destruction.

"Lord Castlereagh," exclaimed the Emperor, "must be much accustomed to falsehood, and must place great dependence upon the credulity of his auditors. Can their own good sense allow them to believe that I could ever make such a foolish speech, even if I had such intentions?"

It was also stated that Lord Castlereagh had said in Parliament that the reason why the French army was so much attached to Bonaparte was, that he made a kind of conscription of all the heiresses of the empire, and then distributed them among his generals.

"Here again," observed the Emperor, "Lord Castlereagh tells a willful falsehood. He came among us. He had an opportunity of seeing our manners and of knowing the truth. He must be certain that such a thing was quite impracticable. What does he take our nation for? The French were never capable of submitting to such tyranny.

"It is important to his policy to render me odious. He is not scrupulous about the means. He does not shrink from any calumny. He has every advantage over me. I am in chains. He has taken all precautions for keeping my mouth shut, and preventing the possibility of my making any reply, and I am a thousand leagues from the scene of action. His position is commanding; nothing stands in his way. But certainly this conduct is the *ne plus ultra* of impudence, baseness, and cowardice."

July 5th. Mr. Hobhouse, of England, the author of a book entitled "The Last Reign of the Emperor Napoleon," sent a copy of his book to Sir Hudson Lowe, with the request that it might be delivered to the Emperor. The governor refused to deliver it, because there was imprinted upon the back, in gilt letters, "*To the Emperor Napoleon!*"

To avoid further difficulty with regard to his address, the Emperor requested General Bertrand to open a negotiation with the governor, and propose that, for the future, the Emperor should take the name of Colonel Duroc or Colonel Muiron.

"I wished," said the Emperor, "to come here *incognito.* I proposed it to the admiral, but the proposal was rejected. They persisted in calling me *General Bonaparte.* I am not ashamed of that name, but I do not wish to receive it from the British government. The governor and his government act absurdly upon this question, and do not understand it at all. I do not call myself Napoleon, the Emperor of France, but the Emperor Napoleon, which is a very different thing, because it is in accordance with the usage of sovereigns who have abdicated. It was thus that James II. preserved his title of king and majesty after having lost his crown; and King Charles of Spain

preserved his title of king after he had abdicated in favor of his son Ferdinand VII. A pretension is in this case put forward that the French nation had not the right to make me its sovereign without the permission of the King of England. Never shall I yield to that."

July 16*th*. The governor called and had an audience, which lasted nearly two hours. The Emperor, in describing it to Las Casas, said, "I recapitulated all our grievances without falling into a passion. I addressed, by turns, his understanding, his imagination, his feelings, and his heart. I put it in his power to repair all the mischief he had done, and to recommence upon a plan altogther new. But it was quite in vain. That man has no fibres; nothing is to be expected from him."

July 22*d*. It was a delightful day. The inmates of Longwood all breakfasted together under the shade of some gum-trees. "The Emperor," says Las Casas, "took a view of our situation and our natural wants. 'You are bound,' said he, 'when you are one day restored to the world, to consider yourselves as *brothers* on my account. My memory will dictate this conduct to you.' He next described how we might be of mutual advantage to each other, the sufferings we had it in our power to alleviate. It was, all at once, a family and moral lesson, alike distinguished by excellent sentiment and practical rules of conduct. It ought to have been written in letters of gold. It lasted nearly an hour and a quarter, and will, I think, never be forgotten by any one of us. For myself, not only the principles and the words, but the tone, the expression, the action, and, above all, the entire affection with which he delivered them, will never be effaced from my mind."

August 18*th*. Sir Hudson Lowe again sought an interview with Napoleon. The conversation soon assumed an angry tone, and the Emperor, stung by oppression and insults, quite lost his temper. The governor demanded that Napoleon should furnish sixty thousand dollars a year toward defraying the expenses of Longwood, and also required a reduction in the expenses of the establishment. The Emperor replied with great warmth, reproaching the governor with all the needlessly vexatious regulations he had adopted. An angry interview ensued, and the jailer and his illustrious captive separated, each more exasperated than ever.

Sir Hudson Lowe, the next day, said to Dr. O'Meara, "Let General Bonaparte know that it depends entirely upon me to render his situation more agreeable, but if he continues to treat me with disrespect, I will make him feel my power. He is my prisoner, and I have a right to treat him according to his behavior. I will bring him to reason. He has been the cause of the loss of millions of men, and may be again, if he gets loose. I consider Ali Pashaw to be a much more respectable scoundrel than Bonaparte."

Afterward the Emperor said to Las Casas, "I have to reproach myself with this scene. I must see this officer no more. He makes me fly into a passion. It is beneath my dignity. Expressions escape me which would have been unpardonable at the Tuileries. If they can be at all excused here, it is because I am in his hands and subject to his power. It would have been more worthy of me, more consistent, and more dignified, to have expressed all these things with perfect composure. They would, besides, have been more impressive."

August 27th. The conversation to-day led the Emperor to take a rapid review of the events of his reign. "The French and the Italians," said he, "lament my absence. I carry with me the gratitude of the Poles, and even the late and bitter regrets of the Spaniards. Europe will soon deplore the loss of the equilibrium, to the maintenance of which my French empire was absolutely necessary. The Continent is now in the most perilous situation, being continually exposed to the risk of being overrun by Cossacks and Tartars. And the English—the English will deplore their victory of Waterloo. Things will be carried to such a length that posterity, together with every well-disposed and well-informed person among our contemporaries, will regret that I did not succeed in all my enterprises."

September 3d. It was a dreary day of wind and rain. The Emperor sat in his room before a blazing fire. "To-day," said he, "is the anniversary of a hideous remembrance, the massacres of September, the St. Bartholomew of the French Revolution—a bloody stain, which was the act of the commune of Paris, a rival power to the Legislature, which built its strength upon the passions of the dregs of the people. No political change ever takes place unattended by popular fury. The mass of the people never enter into action without committing disorders and sacrificing victims. The Prussian army had arrived within forty leagues of Paris; the famous manifesto of the Duke of Brunswick was to be seen on all the walls of the city; the people had persuaded themselves that the first pledge of the safety of the Revolution was the death of the Royalists. They ran to the prisons, and intoxicated themselves with blood to the cry of '*Vive la Revolution!*' Their energy had an electric effect, by the fear with which it inspired one party and the example which it gave to the other. One hundred thousand volunteers joined the army, and the Revolution was saved.

"I might have saved my crown by letting loose the people against the men of the Restoration. You well recollect, Montholon, when, at the head of your regiments, you wished to punish the treachery of Fouché, and to proclaim my dictatorship. But I did not choose to do so. My whole being revolted at the thought of being king of another mob.

"A revolution is always, whatever some may think, one of the greatest misfortunes with which Divine anger can punish a nation. It is the scourge of the generation which brings it about; and for a long course it is the misfortune of all. True social happiness consists in regular and peaceful order, in the harmony of every one's relative enjoyments. I gave millions every year to the poor. I made immense sacrifices to aid and assist industry, and yet France has now more poor than in 1787. The reason is, that revolutions, however well conducted, destroy every thing instantaneously, and only reconstruct society after a considerable time. The French Revolution was a national convulsion, as irresistible in its effects as an eruption of Vesuvius. When the unperceived workings of the discontent of the people arrive at maturity, a revolution bursts forth.

"The Bourbons are greatly deceived if they believe themselves firmly seated on the throne of Hugh Capet. I do not know whether I shall ever again see Paris, but what I know is, that the French people will one day break the sceptre which the enemies of France have confided to Louis XVIII.

"My son will reign, if the popular masses are permitted to act without control. The crown will belong to the Duke of Orleans, if those who are called Liberals gain the victory over the people; but then, sooner or later, the people will discover that they have been deceived—that the white are always white, the blue always blue, and that there is no guarantee for their true interests except under the reign of my dynasty, because it is the work of their creation.

"I did not usurp the crown. I picked it from the gutter. The people placed it on my head. I wished the name of Frenchman to be the most noble and desirable on the earth. I was king of the people, as the Bourbons are kings of the nobles, under whatever color they may disguise the banner of their ancestors. When, full of confidence in the sympathy of the nation, I returned from Elba, my advisers insisted that I ought to take notice of some chiefs of the royal party. I constantly refused, answering to those who gave me this advice, 'If I have remained in the hearts of the mass of the people, I have nothing to do with the Royalists. If not, what will some more or less avail me to struggle against the opinion of the nation?'"

Sir Hudson Lowe had informed the Emperor, through Count Montholon, that the expenses of Longwood must be greatly reduced, and the number of Napoleon's household diminished. The expenditure, he said, must not exceed five thousand dollars a month, which would be equal to about one thousand dollars a month in England. Should *General Bonaparte* be averse to this reduction, he must pay the surplus himself. The Emperor promptly replied that he would cheerfully defray all the expenses of his establishment, if the ministers would permit any banking house in St. Helena, London, or Paris, *chosen by the British government itself*, to serve as intermediators through whom the Emperor could send sealed letters and receive answers. He promised to pledge his honor that the letters should relate solely to pecuniary affairs, requiring a similar pledge, on the part of the banking house, that the correspondence should be held sacred. Sir Hudson Lowe refused his assent to this arrangement, stating that no sealed letters could be permitted to leave Longwood. He still, however, insisted upon the reduction, or that the Emperor should pay the surplus. The controversy was long and bitter, and the Emperor was exceedingly annoyed. Sir Hudson Lowe was inexorable, and Count Montholon informed him that, as the Emperor was not permitted by the English government to have access to his property, he had no other means left than to dispose of his plate; and that, accordingly, a portion would be broken up and sent to town for sale monthly, to provide the necessaries of life. By dismissing six servants, and introducing rigid economy, the Emperor thought that he could bring the expenses of the establishment to about fifteen hundred dollars a month. Sir Hudson Lowe furnished one thousand. There was consequently five hundred left for the Emperor to raise, or to dismiss more of his friends.

September 7th. It was a dark and gloomy day. Napoleon, sick and dejected, did not leave his cheerless apartment. A stormy night settled down over the prisoners. Napoleon sent for Dr. O'Meara. "He was sitting," records the doctor, "in his bed-room, with only a wood fire burning, the flames of which, alternately blazing and sinking, gave, at moments, a most singular and melancholy expression to his countenance, as he sat opposite to it, with

his hands crossed upon his knees, probably reflecting upon his forlorn condition." As Dr. O'Meara entered, the Emperor, after a moment's silence, said,

"Doctor, this is beyond your art. I have been trying in vain to procure a little rest. I can not comprehend the conduct of your ministers. They go to the expense of two hundred and forty thousand dollars in sending out furniture, wood, and building materials for my use, and, at the same time, send orders to put me nearly on rations, and oblige me to discharge my servants, and make reductions incompatible with the decency and comfort of the house. Then we have aids-de-camp making stipulations about a bottle of wine, and two or three pounds of meat, with as much gravity and consequence as if they were treating about the distribution of kingdoms. I see contradictions which I can not reconcile; on the one hand, enormous and useless expenditure; and, on the other, unparalleled meanness and littleness. Why do they not allow me to provide myself with every thing, instead of disgracing the character of the nation? They will not furnish my followers with what they have been accustomed to, nor will they allow me to provide for them, by sending sealed letters through a mercantile house even of their own selection; for no man in France would answer a letter of mine when he knew that it would be read by the English ministers, and that he would consequently be denounced to the Bourbons, and his property and person exposed to certain destruction. Moreover, your own ministers have not given a specimen of good faith in seizing upon the trifling sum of money that I had in the *Bellerophon*, which gives reason to suppose that they would do the same again if they knew where any of my property was placed. It must be to deceive the English nation. Seeing all this furniture sent out, and so much parade and show in the preparations made in England, they conclude that I am well treated here. If they knew the truth, and the dishonor which it reflects upon them, they would not suffer it."

September 16th. Las Casas records: "In the morning, my servant came to tell me that there was neither coffee, sugar, milk, nor bread for breakfast. Yesterday, some hours before dinner, feeling hungry, I asked for a mouthful of bread, and was told that there was none for me. Thus we are denied the very necessaries of life. This fact will scarcely be credited, and yet I have stated nothing but the truth.

"In the course of three successive months, the whole of the Emperor's plate, with the exception of one silver-gilt bowl, was broken up and sold. Sir Hudson Lowe thought that the residents at Longwood had money secreted which he could thus extort. When the Emperor found himself reduced to ordinary ware, the physical effect upon him was such that he could eat nothing, and said to me, on leaving the dinner-table, 'It must be allowed, my son, that we are all great children. Can you conceive that I could not conquer my disgust at this badly-served dinner — I who, when I was young, ate from black dishes? In truth, I am ashamed of myself to-day.'"

Sir Hudson Lowe now yielded. He expressed much regret that he had pushed matters to such an extremity, and said that he only acted on the conviction that the captives had a great quantity of gold at Longwood, and "that he would not have allowed a single piece of plate to be broken, could he have

supposed that matters would go so far as to reduce *General Bonaparte* to eat off dishes like those of the lowest colonist in the island."

As soon as the Emperor's friends were informed of his destitution, they immediately placed their fortunes at his disposal. Napoleon's mother, Joseph, Hortense, Pauline, Eliza, Jerome, and Louis, all authorized him to draw freely upon them.

September 30*th*. The Emperor read in an English newspaper that Lord Castlereagh had again stated in an assembly in Ireland that Napoleon had declared at St. Helena that he never would have made peace with England but to deceive her, take her by surprise, and destroy her; and that if the French army was attached to the Emperor, it was because he was in the habit of giving the daughters of the richest families of his empire in marriage to his soldiers.

The Emperor, moved with indignation, dictated the following reply:

"These calumnies, uttered against a man who is so barbarously oppressed, and who is not allowed to make his voice heard in answer to them, will be disbelieved by all persons well educated and susceptible of feeling. When Napoleon was seated on the first throne in the world, then, no doubt, his enemies had a right to say whatever they pleased. His actions were public, and were a sufficient answer to them. At any rate, that conduct now belonged to public opinion and history. But to utter new and base calumnies against him at the present moment is an act of the utmost meanness and cowardice, and which will not answer the end proposed. Millions of libels have been, and are still published every day, but they are without effect. Sixty millions of men, of the most polished nations in the world, raise their voices to confute them; and fifty thousand Englishmen, who are now traveling on the Continent, will, on their return home, publish the truth to the inhabitants of the three kingdoms of Great Britain, who will blush at having been so grossly deceived."

Thus closed the first year of Napoleon's captivity at St. Helena. The recital of the numerous vexatious annoyances and insults to which he was exposed would be but painful to the feelings of our readers. Those who have a heart for the tragic story can find all the details in the several memorials of St. Helena, illustrated by the official documents of Sir Hudson Lowe.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE SECOND AND THIRD YEAR OF CAPTIVITY.

New Vexations from Sir Hudson Lowe—Napoleon's Views of Toleration—Remarks on the Rupture of the Treaty of Amiens—upon the Congress at Chatillon—upon Russia—The Removal of Las Casas—Vulgarity of Sir Hudson Lowe—Libels upon the Emperor—Dilapidated Condition of Longwood—Interview with Lord Amherst—Energetic Protest.

The Emperor's health was rapidly failing, and gloom preyed heavily upon the spirits of all his companions. The Emperor could not ride or walk unless accompanied by an English officer. Guards, with loaded muskets and fixed bayonets, stood before his windows and at his door. He was prohibited from speaking to any inhabitant of the island unless in the pres-

ence of an English officer. Sir Hudson Lowe insisted that all the inmates of Longwood should sign the following declaration:

"I, the undersigned, hereby declare that I wish to remain at St. Helena, and to share the restrictions which are imposed on *Bonaparte* personally."

The gentlemen at Longwood were unwilling to sign a paper which referred so disrespectfully to their Emperor. They, however, promptly signed the declaration, simply substituting the title Emperor instead of *Bonaparte*. The governor immediately sent back the paper, demanding that they should sign the one which he had sent. Dr. O'Meara told him that he did not believe that the French gentlemen would sign the declaration, worded as he wished.

"I suppose," the governor replied, "that they are very glad of it, as it will give them a pretext to leave *General Bonaparte*, which I shall order them to do."

All the members of the Emperor's suite, in great perplexity, assembled in his room. "These insults," said the Emperor, "which are daily heaped upon those who have devoted themselves to me—insults which there is every probability will be multiplied to a still greater extent, present a spectacle which I can not and must not longer endure. Gentlemen, you must leave me. I can not see you submit to the restrictions which are about to be imposed on you, and which will, doubtless, soon be augmented. I will remain here alone. Return to Europe, and make known the horrible treatment to which I am exposed. Bear witness that you saw me sink into a premature grave. I will not allow any one of you to sign this declaration in the form that is required. I forbid it. It shall never be said that hands which I had the power to command were employed in recording my degradation. If obstacles are raised respecting a mere foolish formality, others will be started to-morrow for an equally trivial cause. It is determined to move you in detail, but I would rather see you removed altogether and at once. Perhaps this sacrifice may produce a result."

At eleven o'clock that night, Count Bertrand received a letter from Sir Hudson Lowe, informing him that, in consequence of the refusal of the French officers to sign the declaration he had presented, they and the domestics must all depart for the Cape of Good Hope *instantly*, in a ship which was ready for their reception. This brought them to terms. Overwhelmed with grief and consternation, they, in a body, waited upon Captain Poppleton after midnight, and signed the obnoxious paper, which was immediately transmitted to the governor.

October 16*th*. The Emperor sent for Dr. O'Meara, and requested him to call upon Sir Hudson Lowe again, to propose, in order to avoid further difficulty, that the Emperor should assume the name of Colonel Muiron or Baron Duroc. "If the governor consents," the Emperor continued, "let him signify to Bertrand that he acquiesces in one of them, and such shall be adopted. It will prevent many difficulties and smooth the way."

The governor coolly replied that it was a very important communication, which required serious reflection, and that he would lose no time *in forwarding it to the British government!* The Emperor, in conversation with Dr.

O'Meara, after his return from the interview with Sir Hudson Lowe, remarked,

"I abdicated the throne of France, but not the title of Emperor. Sovereigns generally retain their titles. Thus Charles of Spain retains the title of King and Majesty, after having abdicated in favor of his son. If I were in England I would not call myself Emperor. But they want to make it appear that the French nation had not a right to make me its sovereign. If they had not a right to make me Emperor, they were equally incapable of making me general.

"Your nation called Washington a leader of rebels for a long time, and refused to acknowledge either him or the Constitution of his country; but his successes obliged them to change and acknowledge both. It is success which makes the great man. It would appear truly ridiculous in me, were it not that your ministers force me to it, to call myself Emperor, situated as I am here, and would remind one of those poor wretches in Bethlehem in London, who fancy themselves kings amid their chains and straw."

He then spoke of the heroic attachment which his friends had manifested by remaining at St. Helena contrary to his desire. "They had," said he, "an excellent pretext to go, by refusing to sign *Napoleon Bonaparte*, and next because I ordered them not to sign. But no, they would have signed *the tyrant Bonaparte*, or any other opprobrious name, in order to remain with me in misery here, rather than return to Europe, where they might live in splendor. The more your government tries to degrade me, so much more respect will they pay to me. They pride themselves in paying me more respect now than when I was in the height of my glory."

October 18*th*. Las Casas records: "I did not see the Emperor until five o'clock, when he sent for me to attend him in his drawing-room. He continued indisposed, but he had, notwithstanding, been engaged all the morning in dictating to the grand marshal. He summoned all the individuals of his suite in succession. He was low-spirited and heavy. The weather has an effect on the nerves, and the persecutions which are heaped on us are still worse to bear. Every word uttered by the governor increases our misery. To-day he had signified his intention of removing four of our establishment, which has been the cause of general lamentation among the household. The individuals singled out for their removal regret their separation from their companions, while those who are to remain are tormented by the fear of speedily sharing the same fate." The next day these four companions of the captive were taken from Longwood, and sent in a ship to the Cape of Good Hope.

November 2*d*. Dr. O'Meara inquired why the Emperor had encouraged the Jews so much.

"I wanted," he replied, "to make them leave off usury and become like other men. There were a great many Jews in the countries I reigned over. By removing their disabilities, and by putting them upon an equality with Catholics, Protestants, and others, I hoped to make them become good citizens, and conduct themselves like the rest of the community. I believe that I should have succeeded in the end. Moreover, I wanted to establish a universal liberty of conscience. My system was to have no predominant relig-

ion, but to allow perfect liberty of conscience and of thought, to make all men equal, whether Protestants, Catholics, Mohammedans, Deists, or others, so that their religion should have no influence in getting them employments under government."

"Would you have permitted the re-establishment of the Jesuits in France?" inquired Dr. O'Meara.

"Never," the Emperor replied. "It is the most dangerous of societies, and has done more mischief than all others. Their doctrine is that their general is the sovereign of sovereigns, and master of the world; that all their orders from him, however contrary to the laws, or however wicked, must be obeyed. Every act, however atrocious, committed by them pursuant to orders from their general at Rome, becomes, in their eyes, meritorious. No, no, I would never have allowed a society to exist in my dominions under the orders of a foreign general at Rome."

"It is to be feared," Dr. O'Meara observed, "that the priests and the Jesuits will soon have great influence in France."

"Very likely," Napoleon replied. "The Bourbons are fanatics, and would willingly bring back the Jesuits and the Inquisition. In reigns before mine the Protestants were as badly treated as the Jews. They could not purchase land. I put them upon a level with the Catholics. They will now be trampled upon by the Bourbons, to whom they, and every thing else liberal, will always be objects of suspicion."

October 26th. The Emperor was very unwell. The day was cold and damp. He sat in his chamber by a fire, with a handkerchief bound around his throbbing brow. He was suffering severely from the toothache and ague chills. "What a miserable thing is man!" said he; "the smallest fibre in his body, assailed by disease, is sufficient to derange his whole system. On the other hand, in spite of all the maladies to which he is subject, it is sometimes necessary to employ the executioner to put an end to him. What a curious machine is this earthly clothing! And perhaps I may be confined in it for thirty years longer."

November 1st. The Emperor passed the day in a state of extreme debility. He alluded to the rupture of the peace of Amiens. "The sudden rupture," said he, "of the treaty of Amiens, on such false pretenses, and with so much bad faith on the part of the English ministry, and the seizure of several merchant ships even before war had been declared, roused my indignation to the utmost. To my urgent remonstrances, they coolly replied that it was a practice they had always observed. And here they spoke the truth. But the time was gone by when France could tamely submit to such injustice and humiliation. I had become the defender of her rights and glory, and I was resolved to let our enemies know with whom they had to deal. Unfortunately, owing to the reciprocal situation of the two countries, I could only avenge one act of violence by another still greater. It was a painful thing to be compelled to make reprisals on innocent men. But I had no alternative."

November 2d. In allusion to the conditions of peace proposed by the Allies at Chatillon, the Emperor remarked:

"I did right in refusing to sign the ultimatum, and I fully explained my

reasons for that refusal. Therefore even here, on this rock, amid all my misery, I have nothing to repent of. I am aware that few will understand me; but, in spite of the fatal turn of events, even the common mass of mankind must be convinced that duty and honor left me no other alternative. If the Allies had thus far succeeded in degrading me, would they have stopped there? Would they not have availed themselves of the immense advantages afforded them by the treaty to finish by intrigue what they had commenced by force of arms? Then where would have been the safety, independence, and future welfare of France? Where would have been my honor, my vows? Would not the Allies have ruined me in the estimation of the people as effectually as they ruined me on the field of battle? They would have found public opinion too ready to receive the impression which it would have been their aim to give to it. How would France have reproached me for suffering foreigners to parcel out the territory that had been intrusted to my care! Could the French people, full of the recollections of their glory, have patiently endured the burdens that would inevitably have been imposed on them? Hence would have risen fresh commotions, anarchy, and desolation. I preferred risking the last chances of battle, determining to abdicate in case of necessity. But, after all, the historian will perhaps find it difficult to do me justice, for the world is so overwhelmed with libels and falsehoods, my actions have been so misrepresented, my character so darkened and misunderstood."

Some one remarked that the clouds of detraction would disperse as his memory advanced in posterity.

"That is very true," the Emperor replied, "and my fate may be said to be the very opposite of others. A fall usually has the effect of lowering a man's character. But, on the contrary, my fall has elevated me prodigiously. Every succeeding day divests me of some portion of my *tyrant's skin.*"

November 6th. The Emperor alluded to Russia. "Who can avoid shuddering at the thought of such a vast mass, unassailable either on the flanks or in the rear, descending upon us with impunity—if triumphant, overwhelming every thing in its course; or if defeated, retiring amid the cold and desolation, that may be called its forces of reserve, and possessing every facility of issuing forth at a future opportunity? Is not this the head of the Hydra, the Antæus of fable, which can only be subdued by seizing it bodily and stifling it in the embrace? But where is the Hercules to be found? France only could think of such an achievement, and it must be confessed we made but an awkward attempt. Should there arise an Emperor of Russia, valiant, impetuous, and intelligent—in a word, a Czar with a beard on his chin, Europe is his own."

November 14th. Some new vexation on the part of Sir Hudson Lowe arose. Las Casas remarked, "Ah, sire, this must, indeed, increase your hatred of the English!" Napoleon shrugged his shoulders, and said, pleasantly, "That is an ignoble and a vulgar spirit. Say rather that, at most, it may increase my hatred of this or that particular Englishman. But, since we are on this subject, let me say that a man—truly a man—never hates. His anger or ill-humor never goes beyond the irritation of the moment—the

electric stroke. The man formed for high duties and authority never considers persons; he sees only things, their weight and consequence."

Speaking of a man of powerful mind but of coarse habits, he remarked, "The fault is in his first education. His swaddling clothes have been neither fine nor clean."

November 16*th*. Las Casas records, "About three o'clock the Emperor sent for me. He wished to take the air. We were much impressed with his pallid cheek, his emaciation, and his debility. As we passed through the wood, the Emperor saw the fortifications with which we are about to be surrounded, and he could not forbear smiling at these useless and absurd preparations. He remarked that the ground in our neighborhood had been entirely disfigured by the removal of the kind of turf with which it was covered, and which had been carried away for the purpose of raising banks. In fact, for the last two months, the governor has been incessantly digging ditches, constructing parapets, planting palisades, &c. He has quite blockaded us in Longwood; and the stable, at present, presents every appearance of a redoubt. We are assured that Sir Hudson Lowe often starts out of his sleep to devise new measures of security. "Surely," said the Emperor, "this seems something like madness. Why can not the man sleep tranquilly and let us alone? Has he not sense enough to perceive that the security of our local situation here is sufficient to remove all his panic terrors?"

November 25*th*. A new calamity overwhelmed the Emperor. His faithful friend and constant companion was, without a word of warning, torn from him, and, after close imprisonment for a month, was sent, with his son, off the island to the Cape of Good Hope, and thence to England. The pretext for this cruel arrest was that Las Casas had written a letter, describing the Emperor's situation, to Lady Clavering, and had intrusted it to a servant to be sent to Europe, without passing through the hands of Sir Hudson Lowe. This was a dreadful blow to the Emperor in these dreary hours of solitude and sickness. Las Casas was not permitted to see the Emperor to utter a word of adieu. The Emperor, however, wrote a letter to his agonized companion, containing the following sentiments:

"My dear Count Las Casas,—My heart is deeply affected by what you now experience. Torn from me fifteen days ago, you have been, since then, imprisoned, in close confinement, without my being able to communicate to you, or to receive from you any intelligence. Your conduct at St. Helena has been, like the whole of your life, honorable and irreproachable. I love to tell you this. A pretext was wanting to seize upon your papers. But your letter to your friend in London could not authorize a visit from the police to you, since it contained no plot, no mystery—since it was only the expression of a heart noble and sincere.

"Your papers, among which it was well known there were some belonging to me, were seized, without any formality, close to my apartment, and with expressions of ferocious joy. I was informed of this some few moments afterward. I looked through the window and saw them taking you away. A numerous staff pranced about you. I imagined I saw some South Sea Islanders dancing round the prisoners whom they were about to devour.

"Your society was necessary to me. You alone could read, speak, and understand English. How many nights have you watched over me during my illness! Nevertheless, I request you, and, in case of need, command you, to require the governor to send you to the Continent. He can not refuse, because he has no power over you, except through the voluntary document which you signed. It would be a great consolation to me to know that you were on your way to more happy countries. When you arrive in Europe, whether you go to England or return to France, endeavor to forget the evils you have been called to endure, and be happy in the thought of the fidelity you have shown toward me, and of the affection which I feel for you. Should you see, some day, my wife and son, embrace them. For two years I have, neither directly nor indirectly, heard from them. There has been on this island for six months a German botanist, who has seen them in the garden of Schoenbrunn a few months before his departure. The barbarians have carefully prevented him from coming to give me any news respecting them.

"In the mean time, be comforted, and console my friends. My body, it is true, is exposed to the hatred of my enemies. They omit nothing that can contribute to satisfy their vengeance; they make me suffer the protracted tortures of a slow death, but Providence is too just to allow these sufferings to last much longer. The insalubrity of this dreadful climate, the want of every thing that tends to support life, will soon, I feel, put an end to an existence whose last moments will be an opprobrium to the English character; and Europe will one day stigmatize with horror that perfidious and wicked man. All true Englishmen will disown him as a Briton.

"As there is every reason to suppose that you will not be allowed to come and see me before your departure, receive my embraces, and the assurance of my esteem and friendship. May you be happy.

"Yours affectionately, NAPOLEON.

"Longwood, 11th December, 1816."

This letter, sealed and directed to Las Casas, was sent to Sir Hudson Lowe. He immediately returned it, with the observation that it could not be delivered until it should be read and approved by the governor. The Emperor was reclining on his sofa when the letter was brought back. He uttered not a word, but raising his hand over his head, took the letter, broke the seal, and returned it without even looking at the messenger. Las Casas was not permitted again to see the Emperor. On the 30th of December he left the island. His grateful heart throbbed with anguish as he was thus constrained to abandon the unhappy captive to his awful doom.

Napoleon said to O'Meara, "The next to be removed will be Montholon, as they see that he is a most useful and consoling friend to me. I am less unfortunate than they. I see nobody. They can not stir out without submitting to degrading restrictions. I am sorry that two months ago they did not all depart. I have sufficient fortitude to stand alone against all this tyranny. It is only prolonging their agony to keep them here a few months longer. After they have been taken away, you will be sent off, and then the crime will be consummated.

"As to myself, I would never make a complaint if I did not know that, were an inquiry demanded by the nation, your ministers would say, 'He has never complained, and *therefore* he is conscious that he is well treated, and that there are no grounds for it.' Otherwise, I should conceive it degrading to me to utter a word; though I am so disgusted with the conduct of this *sbirro*, that I should, with the greatest pleasure, receive the intimation that orders had arrived to shoot me. I should esteem it as a blessing."

Napoleon continued to seclude himself entirely in his room, and endeavored to forget his woes in constant mental occupation. He saw no company. He would not go out and expose himself to the indignity of being followed and watched wherever he went.

"One day," says Count Montholon, "I was writing from dictation, when the valet-de-chambre on duty came to inform him that the governor had, for the last half hour, been insisting on entering the Emperor's room, in order to assure himself, with his own eyes, that he had not escaped; and that Sir Hudson Lowe declared that he would have the doors forced if they persisted in not opening them to him. The Emperor listened with contemptuous indifference, and turning round, said,

"Tell my jailer that it is in his power to change his keys for the hatchet of the executioner, and that, if he enters, it shall be over a corpse."

Sir Hudson Lowe heard this answer, and retired confounded.

Sir Thomas Strange, judge of the supreme court in Calcutta, landed at the island. Sir Hudson Lowe requested the Emperor to grant him an interview. "Tell the governor," said the Emperor, "that those who have gone down to the tomb receive no visits; and take care that the judge be made acquainted with my answer."

Count Montholon says, "On receiving this answer from General Bertrand, Sir Hudson Lowe was unable to restrain his anger, and gave way to violent passion. But the conduct of Sir Thomas Reade was, if possible, still more extravagant, and it has been said that, on this occasion, he made use of the following expressions: 'If I were governor, I would bring that dog of a Frenchman to his senses. I would isolate him from his friends, who are no better than himself. Then I would deprive him of his books. He is, in fact, nothing but a miserable outlaw, and I would treat him as such. By G—, it would be a great service to the King of France to rid him of such a fellow altogether. It was a great piece of cowardice not to have sent him at once to a court-martial instead of sending him here.' Such were the men by whom Sir Hudson Lowe was surrounded."

On another occasion, General Meade, who had arrived at the island, was invited to visit Longwood. The letter from the grand marshal was delivered unsealed to Sir Hudson Lowe, and by him handed to General Meade. He replied, "That he should have been very happy to have availed himself of the invitation, but that he understood restrictions existed, and that he must apply to the governor for permission; and that, moreover, the vessel was under weigh, and he could not well detain her."

"I saw," says Dr. O'Meara, "Sir Hudson Lowe afterward, who asked me if *General Bonaparte* had made any observations relative to General Meade's not having accepted the offer made to him. I replied, that he had said that

he was convinced that Sir Hudson had prevented General Meade from accepting it, and had desired me to tell him that such was his opinion. No sooner had I pronounced this than his excellency's countenance changed, and he exclaimed, in a violent tone of voice, 'He is a d—d lying rascal, a d—d black-hearted villain. I wished General Meade to accept it, and told him to do so. None but a black-hearted villain would have entertained such an idea. Tell *General Bonaparte* that the assertion that I prevented General Meade from going to see him is an infamous lie, and the person who said it is a great liar. Tell him my exact words.'"* Dr. O'Meara, of course, declined conveying such a message to the Emperor.

January 12*th*. As Napoleon rose from the table and took his hat from off the side-board, a large rat sprang out of it and ran between his legs. The incident deeply impressed his friends, who painfully contrasted the rat-infested hovel which the Emperor now occupied with the splendors of the Tuileries and St. Cloud.

February 18*th*. Dr. O'Meara records, "Saw Sir Hudson Lowe at Plantation House. Found him busied in examining some newspapers for Longwood. Sir Thomas Reade made a long harangue upon the impropriety of allowing Bonaparte any newspapers unless such as had been previously inspected by the governor. Sir Hudson Lowe put aside several papers as not being, in his opinion, proper to be sent to Napoleon, observing that, however strange it might appear, General Bonaparte ought to be obliged to him for not sending him newspapers indiscriminately, as the perusal of articles written in his own favor might excite hopes which, when not ultimately realized, could not fail to afflict him; that, moreover, the British government thought it improper to let him know every thing that appeared in the newspapers."

This irritable and vulgar governor, in a moment of passion, sent from his library to his captive an atrocious libel, called the "Secret Amours of Napoleon," and also a book entitled "Famous Impostors, or Histories of many Pitiful Wretches, of Low Birth, of all Nations, who have usurped the Office of Emperor, King, or Prince." "Perhaps General Bonaparte," said Sir Hudson, "may find some characters in it resembling himself."

February 28*th*. The Emperor, after a night of restlessness and pain, was deeply dejected. The botanist, who had conversed with the Empress and her son just before he left Germany, was on the eve of his departure from the island, without being permitted to see the Emperor. "In the most barbarous countries," said Napoleon to Dr. O'Meara, with deep emotion, "it would not be prohibited, even to a prisoner under sentence of death, to have the consolation of conversing with a person who had lately seen his wife and child. Even in that worst of courts, the revolutionary tribunal of France, such an instance of barbarity and of callousness to all feeling was never known. And your nation, which is so much cried up for liberality, permits such treatment! He must, indeed, be a barbarian who would deny to a hus-

* Sir Hudson Lowe appears to have been peculiarly fond of nervous Saxon English. On the 31st of January, 1817, he said to Dr. O'Meara, "*General Bonaparte* would be much better if he had not such liars as Montholon, and such a blubbering, whining son of a b—h as Bertrand about him." Indeed, the use of such ungentlemanly language seems to have become quite an epidemic with those hostile to Napoleon. It has invaded even the sacred precincts of the Church.

band and a father the consolation of discoursing to a person who had lately seen, spoken to, and touched his wife and child, from whose embrace he is forever separated by the cruel policy of the few. The Anthropophagi of the South Seas would not practice it. Previous to devouring their victims, they would allow them the consolation of seeing and conversing with each other. The cruelties which are practiced here would be disavowed by cannibals." As the Emperor uttered these words, his voice faltered, and he strove unavailingly to conceal the pangs with which his heart was lacerated.

March 2*d*. Napoleon was lying languidly upon the sofa. In conversation, he said to Dr. O'Meara, "In the papers they make me serve for all purposes, and say whatever suits their views. Your ministers have little scruple in having recourse to falsehood when they think it will forward any object they have in view. It is always dishonorable and base to belie the unfortunate, and doubly so when in your power, and when you hold a padlock upon the mouth to prevent a reply."

March 3*d*. The Emperor appeared quite cheerful and animated. As he paced the floor, he turned to Dr. O'Meara and said, "What sort of a man did you take me to be before you became my surgeon? What did you think of my character? Give me your real opinion, frankly."

"I thought you to be a man," O'Meara replied, "whose stupendous talents were only to be equaled by your measureless ambition; and although I did not give credit to one tenth part of the libels which I had read against you, still I believed that you would not hesitate to commit a crime when you found it to be necessary, or thought it to be useful to you."

"That is just the answer I expected," the Emperor replied, "and is, perhaps, the opinion of Lord Holland, and even of numbers of the French. Now the fact is, that I not only never committed any crimes, but I never even thought of doing so. I have always advanced with the opinion of great masses and with events. I have always thought but little of the opinion of individuals, but of that of the public a great deal. Of what use, then, would crime have been to me?

"In spite of all the libels, I have no fear whatever about my fame. Posterity will do me justice. The good I have done will be compared with the faults which I have committed. I have framed and carried into effect a code of laws that will bear my name to the most distant posterity. From nothing I raised myself to be the most powerful monarch in the world. My ambition was great, but it was caused by events and the opinion of great bodies. I have always been of opinion that the sovereignty lay in the people. In fact, the imperial government was a kind of republic. Called to the head of it by the voice of the nation, my maxim was, *the career open to talents*, without distinction of birth or fortune; and this system of equality is the reason that your oligarchy hate me so much."

March 10*th*. A ship arrived from England, bringing, with other things, a book written by a Mr. Warden in a friendly spirit, describing the appearance of the Emperor on board the *Northumberland*. The Emperor perused the book with interest, and remarked,

"The foundation of it is true, but he has badly understood what was said to him. Warden does not understand French. He has acted wrong in mak-

ing me speak in the manner he has done. Instead of having it stated that it had been conveyed through an interpreter, he puts down almost every thing as if I had been speaking to him all the time, and as if he could have understood me. Consequently, he has put into my mouth expressions unworthy of me, and not in my style. Any person who knows me will readily see that it is not my style."

March 19*th*. Dr. O'Meara records, "Saw Napoleon in his bath. He was reading the New Testament. I could not help remarking that many people would not believe that he would read such a book, as it had been asserted and credited by some that he was an unbeliever."

The Emperor smiled and replied, "Nevertheless, it is not true. I am far from being an Atheist. In spite of all the iniquities and frauds of the teachers of religion, I did every thing in my power to re-establish religion. But I wished to render it the foundation and prop of morality and good principles, and not a mere attaché of the human laws. Man has need of something wonderful. Moreover, religion is a great consolation and resource to those who possess it."

April 3*d*. "Before my reign," said the Emperor, "the oath taken by the French kings was *to exterminate all heretics!* At my coronation I swore to *protect all worships!*"

April 4*th*. Dr. O'Meara gives the following account of the condition of the Emperor's residence at Longwood: "The rats are in numbers almost incredible. I have frequently seen them assemble like broods of chickens round the offal thrown out of the kitchen. The floors and wooden partitions which separated the rooms were perforated with holes in every direction. It is difficult for any person who has not actually heard it to form an idea of the noise caused by these animals running up and down between the partitions, and galloping in flocks in the garrets. At night, when disturbed by their entrance into my chamber, and by their running over me in bed, I have frequently thrown my boots, the boot-jack, and every thing I could readily reach, at them, without intimidating them in the slightest degree, to effect which I have been at last obliged to get out of bed to drive them away.

"The wretched and ruinous state of the building, the roofs and ceiling of which were chiefly formed of wood and covered with brown paper smeared with a composition of pitch and tar, together with the partitions being chiefly of wood, greatly favored the introduction of those reptiles, and was productive of another great inconvenience, as the composition, when heated by the rays of the sun, melted and ran off, leaving a number of chinks open, through which the heavy tropical rains entered in torrents. Countess Montholon was repeatedly obliged to rise in the night to shift her own and her children's beds to different parts of the room, in order to escape being deluged. The construction of the roofs rendered this irremediable, as a few hours of sunshine produced fresh cracks. As this book may fall into the hands of some readers who may not credit the above description of Longwood House, I beg to call the attention of respectable persons who may touch at St. Helena to the state of the house in which the exiled sovereign of France breathed his last, after six years of captivity."

May 22*d*. An English gentleman spoke with contempt of Louis XVIII.

The Emperor replied, "You are badly acquainted with the course of events, and are unjust toward Louis XVIII. Neither he nor any of the princes of his family were deficient in courage during the events of the Hundred Days. They did all they could do. The whole people repudiated them, and merely regarded them as kings of the emigrants. The Bourbons have proved powerless in stopping the reaction provoked by the madness of some incorrigible emigrants, and the antipathy against them became a complete epidemic, which seized on all classes of the nation. Do greater justice to the Bourbons. They are a race of brave men. Their fault consisted in being only the representatives of superannuated interests, and they were consequently repulsed by all the interests of new France."

Again the Emperor remarked, "No people ever enjoyed a larger share of civil liberty than those of France under my reign. There is no state in Europe which has not had a greater number of individuals arrested and cast into prison under various titles or forms. If the criminal legislation of England be compared with that of France, who can doubt the superiority of the latter. As to the criminal legislation of Austria, Russia, Prussia, and the other states of Europe, suffice it to say that there is neither publicity nor the confrontation of witnesses. My laws are highly esteemed by the Italians, and there is no country into which they have been introduced whose inhabitants have not petitioned for their continuance as a favor. In short, let it be proved that any sovereign has shown himself more anxious than myself to do justice, or has better understood how to identify himself with the interests of his people, and then I shall repent of not having done more. I am, however, conscious that, while on the throne, I constantly made it my first thought and desire to realize my motto, '*Every thing for the French people.*'"

July 2d. Lord Amherst, on a homeward voyage, arrived at the island, and was presented to the Emperor. At the close of the general conversation, he offered to transmit to the Prince Regent any request which the Emperor might have to make. Napoleon, with dignity, but in tones of deep suffering, replied,

"Neither your king nor your nation have any right over me. England sets an example of twenty millions of men oppressing one individual. The bill of the 11th of April only serves the purpose of personal hatred. It will sooner or later be the shame of England. The Parliament which voted it forgot its sacred character, and, as a legislative body, committed a crime against English honor. I am not allowed to leave this unhealthy hut unless accompanied by a guard. I am forbidden to receive letters from my wife, my mother, or my family, except they have been read and commented on by my jailor.

"Of what use are these odious restrictions here? What man of sense can admit the possibility of my escape, when numerous cruising vessels hover around the island; when posts are established at all points; when there are signals always ready to correspond with each other; when no vessel can approach or leave St. Helena without having been visited by the governor's agents; and, finally, when hundreds of sentinels are posted around the limits of this place from six in the evening till six in the morning?

"But they do still more, if possible. They wish me to deny a glorious fact—to acknowledge the shame of my country. They will have it that France had no right to place the imperial crown on my head, and pretend to wash away, by a decree of Sir Hudson Lowe, the holy oil with which the Vicar of Christ anointed my forehead. The name of *General Bonaparte* was the one which I bore at Campo Formio and at Luneville, when I dictated terms of peace to the Emperor of Austria. I bore it at Amiens when I signed the peace with England. I should be proud to bear it still, but the honor of France forbids me to acknowledge the right of the King of England to annul the acts of the French people. My intention was to take the name of Duroc. Your ministers, and their hired assassin, Sir Hudson Lowe, oblige me, by their ignoble intrigues on this subject, to retain the title of the Emperor Napoleon. If your government denies my right to this title, it acknowledges implicitly that Louis XVIII. reigned in France at the time when I signed the peace of Amiens, and when the Lords Lauderdale and Castlereagh negotiated with my plenipotentiaries.

"I always desired peace, and a sincere peace, with England. I wished to fill up the abyss of revolutions, and to reconstruct, without shaking, the European edifice, to the advantage of all, by employing kings to bestow on Continental Europe the blessings of Constitutions—a blessing which your country as well as mine only acquired at the price of a fearful social commotion. I repeat that I always desired peace. I only fought to obtain it. The Congress of Vienna thinks that it will secure this blessing to Europe. It is deceived. War, and a terrible war, is being hatched under the ashes of the empire. Sooner or later, nations will cruelly avenge me of the ingratitude of the kings whom I crowned and pardoned. Tell the Prince Regent—tell the Parliament, of which you are a principal member, that I want, as a favor, the axe of the executioner, to put an end to the outrages of my jailor."

"Lord Amherst," says Montholon, "heard with emotion these complaints of a great and deeply-wounded soul. He did not seek to conceal the interest he felt in them. He promised to tell all to the Prince Regent, and respectfully offered his services to intervene with Sir Hudson Lowe.

"'It would be useless,' said the Emperor, interrupting him. 'Crime and hatred toward me are equally in this man's nature. It is necessary to his enjoyment to torture me, like the tiger, who tears with his claws the prey whose agonies he takes pleasure in prolonging.'"

October 7th. The Emperor, in consequence of the cruel restrictions to which he was subjected, and the insults to which he consequently was exposed, had for several months refused to leave his room. His health was rapidly declining. To the entreaties of Dr. O'Meara that he would go out and take some exercise, he replied,

"As long as the present system is in force, I will never stir out. Would you have me render myself liable to be stopped and insulted by a sentinel, as Madam Bertrand was some days ago? If I had been in her place it would have occurred, as the sentinel had orders to stop every body. To avoid the possibility of being insulted, I have shut myself up. By prohibiting me to speak to such persons as I might meet, he has offered to me the greatest in-

sult which could be given to a man. It is true that he has since taken it off; but, if he has the power to make restrictions as he pleases, he may renew it to-morrow upon some pretext. I shall be exposed to daily insults, and may be obliged to give an account of myself to every sentinel who thought it right to fulfill his duty properly."

Dr. O'Meara remarked, "The governor has insinuated that you wish to kill yourself, and for that purpose resort to this close confinement."

"Had I intended this," the Emperor replied, "I would have fallen on my sword long ago, and died like a soldier; but I am not foolish enough to attempt my death by the slow agonies of a lingering disease. I have never loved tedious warfare; but there is no death, however slow and painful, that I would not prefer to dishonoring my character. If I were to go out and be once insulted by a sentinel, it would have the effect of doing more injury to my health than six months' confinement. But this man is insensible to any moral feeling."

October 14*th*. The Emperor was casually informed that Dr. O'Meara was required to make out a daily bulletin of his health. He requested the doctor to show him one. Looking it over, he observed that he was styled *general*.

"I can never consent," said the Emperor, "to be so called by my physician. He must be in my confidence. I must also see these bulletins before they are sent to the governor. A physician is to the body what a confessor is to the soul, and is bound to keep such confession equally sacred, unless permitted to divulge it. If you send any more bulletins without showing them to me, you will be acting the part of a spy, which is what the jailor of St. Helena wishes. I can not consent that you should style me 'general' in reports which may be sent to France, where I have been once sovereign; as coming from me, it would appear an acquiescence on my part to such title, which I would rather die than consent to. Unless you agree to this arrangement, I can never see you again as my physician."

Dr. O'Meara communicated the above to Sir Hudson Lowe. He promptly refused to accede to the title Emperor, but was willing that he should be styled Napoleon Bonaparte. When, in the evening, the Emperor was informed of this answer made by the governor, he replied,

"I can not think of allowing myself to be treated with indignity by my physician. After the proposal I have made to assume the *incognito*, to which no answer has been given, it is the height of insult to insist upon naming me as they like. The more they endeavor to humiliate, the more tenacious shall I be of the title. I lost my throne for a point of honor, and I will lose my life a hundred times rather than allow myself to be debased by consenting to be denominated as my oppressors please."

After some further conversation, the Emperor suggested that the word *patient* (*le malade*) should be used. This proposal was communicated to Sir Hudson Lowe. He, however, unrelentingly refused, declaring that his prisoner should be called only, in any bulletins, *General Bonaparte*, or Napoleon Bonaparte. When this was reported to the Emperor, he replied,

"The governor wishes to destroy the confidence which exists between me and my physician. When a man has not confidence in his physician, it is

useless to have one. Treat me as if I were an Englishman. If I had not taken you, you know that I should have had a French physician, who would not have made bulletins without my permission. Would you, if you attended Lord Bathurst, write bulletins of the state of his complaints, to be printed, or sent to any other than members of his own family, without having first obtained his consent? I insist upon being treated in a similar manner."

Several days passed, during which the Emperor received Dr. O'Meara kindly as a friend, but refused to consult him in reference to his complaints. The Emperor was very unwell, and suffered severely from dejection and pain. At last Sir Hudson Lowe consented that, for the present, no more bulletins should be demanded, and the Emperor received back his physician. "He was never free," says Dr. O'Meara, "from a dull pain in the right side; his appetite was diminished; his legs still swelled, especially toward night; occasional nausea, and great want of sleep." Thus passed the second weary year of imprisonment and outrage.

October 28th. Sir Hudson Lowe had an angry interview with Dr. O'Meara. "Among other elegant expressions," records the doctor, "he said that he conceived me to be a jackal, running about in search of news for *General Bonaparte*. In a paroxysm of rage, he said that I was to consider myself as prohibited from holding any communication whatsoever with Napoleon Bonaparte, except upon medical subjects; that I was to have no sort of communication with him upon other points."

November 14th. Sir Hudson Lowe, with whom the Emperor had for a long time refused to have any intercourse whatever, passed by the windows of Longwood. The Emperor remarked, "I never look upon that governor without being reminded of the assassin of Edward II., in the castle of Berkley, heating the bar of iron which was to be the instrument of his crime. My nature revolts against him. In my eyes she seems to have marked him, like Cain, with the seal of reprobation. This does not arise from a prejudice against your nation, as Admiral Cockburn never inspired me with such feelings. I had unreserved confidence in him, and would willingly have received a surgeon or any thing else from his hands."

March 10th. Weary months passed away, during which Sir Hudson Lowe, whose name is embalmed in eternal infamy, daily added to the tortures of his dying victim. Dr. O'Meara, for his refusal to be an accomplice with the governor, was loaded with every indignity. At last the governor ventured to make O'Meara, though he was a British officer, a prisoner, and forbade him to leave the precincts of Longwood. This arbitrary act left the doctor no resource but to tender his resignation, which he immediately did. Sadly he called upon the sick and dying Emperor to take his leave.

"Well, doctor," said Napoleon, "you are about to leave us. Will the world conceive that they have been base enough to make attempts upon my physician? I thank you for your care. Quit, as soon as you can, this abode of darkness and crime. I shall expire upon that pallet, consumed by disease, and without any assistance; but your country will be eternally dishonored by my death."

Every one who befriended the Emperor was persecuted by Sir Hudson Lowe. Mr. Balcombe, who had kindly received Napoleon at the Briers, left

for Europe. The Emperor gave him a bill, drawn upon his friends in Europe, for fourteen thousand dollars, and also granted him a pension, from funds there, of twenty-four hundred dollars a year. In a kind note which accompanied this munificent expression of gratitude, he said,

"I fear that your resignation of your employment in this island is caused by the quarrels and annoyances drawn upon you by the relations established between your family and Longwood, in consequence of the hospitality which you showed me on our first arrival at St. Helena. I would not wish you ever to regret having known me."

The commissioners of the Allies residing upon the island remonstrated so vehemently against the removal of Napoleon's physician, that the governor was compelled to withdraw the restrictions he had imposed upon Dr. O'Meara; and, after having kept him in confinement twenty-seven days, permitted him to resume his place near the Emperor's person.

May 16*th*. Sir Hudson Lowe issued a proclamation interdicting all officers, inhabitants, and other persons whatsoever, from holding any correspondence or communication with the foreign persons under detention on the island.

July 25*th*. As Dr. O'Meara was returning from the sick-bed of the Emperor, the following communication was placed in his hands:

"Plantation House, July 25th, 1818.

"Sir,—I am directed by Lieutenant-general Sir Hudson Lowe to inform you that, by an instruction received from Earl Bathurst, dated 16th of May, 1818, he has been directed to withdraw you from your attendance upon *General Bonaparte*, and to *interdict you all further interviews with the inhabitants at Longwood*. Rear-admiral Plampin has received instructions from the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty as to your destination when you leave this island. You are, in consequence, to leave Longwood immediately after receiving this letter, without holding any further communication whatsoever with the persons residing there. I have the honor to be, &c.,

"EDWARD WYNYARD, Lieut. Col., Military Secretary."

"Humanity," says Dr. O'Meara, "the duties, of my profession, and the actual state of Napoleon's health, alike forbade a compliance with this unfeeling command. My resolution was adopted in a moment. I determined to disobey it, whatever might be the consequences. Napoleon's health required that I should prescribe for him a regimen, and prepare the medicines which it would be necessary for him to take in the absence of a surgeon, as I was perfectly sure that he would accept of none recommended by Sir Hudson Lowe."

After a melancholy interview, the Emperor said, "On your arrival in Europe, make inquiries about my family, and communicate to the members of it that I do not wish that any of them should come to St. Helena, to witness the miseries and humiliations under which I labor. Bear my affections to my good Louise, to my excellent mother, and to Pauline. If you see my son, embrace him for me. May he never forget that he was born a French prince. Testify to Lady Holland the sense I entertain of her kindness, and

the esteem which I bear to her. Endeavor to send me authentic intelligence of the manner in which my son is educated. Adieu, O'Meara. We shall never meet again. May you be happy."

For two months Sir Hudson Lowe unavailingly endeavored to force upon the Emperor an English physician, subject to the same restrictions which he had tried to impose upon Dr. O'Meara. At last, on the 28th of September, alarmed at the rapid decline of the Emperor, he withdrew some of his prohibitions, and the Emperor was again enabled to enjoy the luxury of a daily walk in his little garden. For six months the Emperor saw no physician, while his health was continually declining. Thus the third year of his captivity lingered slowly and sadly away.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE FOURTH AND FIFTH YEAR OF CAPTIVITY.

The Medical Attendance of Dr. Stockoe—New Vexations of Sir Hudson Lowe—Religious Conversations of the Emperor—Gardening—The Emperor's Apartments—Increasing Debility—Napoleon's Love for Children—The Fish Basin—Amusing Incident—The Emmets—The Emperor's Filial Affection—Traits of Domestic Character.

The record of the two months of November and December, 1818, is but the record of the patient endurance of sickness, suffering, and insult. The year 1819 dawned gloomily upon the illustrious captive. His condition was now so deplorable, that on the 10th of January he consented that his friends should send for Dr. Stockoe, surgeon on board the English ship *Conqueror*.

Dr. Stockoe found the Emperor in a state of severe pain and utter prostration. He made one or two visits; but the authorities of the island were so resolved to make Napoleon yield to the humiliations they exacted, that the doctor was soon compelled to give up his visits. He wrote on the 19th of January: "From what has happened to me to-day, I have great reason to believe that my visits to Longwood will be suspended, either by an order from my superiors, or by this duty being made so disagreeable to me that I shall find myself obliged to decline the honor of fulfilling it." Dr. Stockoe wrote earnestly to Sir Hudson Lowe, but could excite no emotion of mercy, and on the 21st of January he reluctantly took leave of his patient, and the Emperor was again left to suffer and die unrelieved.

The reader who shrinks from the admission that such barbarity could have been practiced by a civilized man, will find the above narrative fully corroborated by the testimony of Las Casas, O'Meara, Montholon, and by the journal of Sir Hudson Lowe himself.

Nine months of solitude and woe lingered away, while Napoleon was descending in tortures to the tomb. There was no relenting of cruelty on the part of Sir Hudson Lowe and his accomplices. In the month of August of this year, Count Montholon was sick, and Sir Hudson Lowe refused to correspond with Count Bertrand, and insisted upon a direct correspondence with the Emperor, either by a visit of one of his officers twice a day to the captive, or by letter. Napoleon was at this time confined to his bed, and ordered his doors to be barred against the violence which was threatened. H

was deeply annoyed by the rude attempts which were made to invade the privacy of his sick chamber. These outrages led the Emperor to issue the following declaration:

"On the 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, and 16th of August, 1819, attempts were made, for the first time, to violate the pavilion inhabited by the Emperor Napoleon, which, to this epoch, had been constantly respected. He resisted against this violence by shutting and locking the doors. In this situation, he reiterates the protestation which he has made, and caused to be made at several times, that the right of his door shall not be violated unless by walking over his corpse. He has given up every thing, and for three years has lived concentrated in the interior of six small rooms, in order to escape from insults and outrages. If baseness is carried to the degree of envying him this refuge, it has been determined to leave him no other than the tomb.

"Laboring for two years under a chronic hepatitis, a disease endemic in this place, and for a year deprived of the assistance of his physicians by the forcible removal of Dr. O'Meara in July, 1818, and of Dr. Stockoe in January, 1819, he has experienced several crises, during which he has been obliged to keep his bed, sometimes for fifteen or twenty successive days. At the present moment, in the midst of one of the most violent crises that he has yet experienced, confined to his bed for nine days, having only patience, diet, and the bath to oppose to the disease, for six days his tranquillity has been disturbed by threats of an attack and of outrages which the Prince Regent, Lord Liverpool, and all Europe well know he will never submit to."

In the year 1819, the British government consented that the friends of Napoleon should send to him from Europe another physician. On the 19th of September of that year, Dr. Antommarchi, who had been selected, arrived at St. Helena. Two ecclesiastics accompanied Dr. Antommarchi, as Napoleon had expressed reiterated and very earnest desires that the ordinances of religion might be regularly administered to his household. One of these, the Abbé Buonavita, was an aged prelate, who had been chaplain to Napoleon's mother at Elba, and also to the Princess Pauline at Rome. The other was a young man, the Abbé Vignali.

September 22d. Dr. Antommarchi had his first interview with Napoleon. He found him in bed in a small, dark room, very meanly furnished. It was a quarter past two o'clock in the afternoon. The room was so dark that, when the doctor first entered, he could not see Napoleon. The Emperor, perceiving this, in gentle tones requested him to approach. He questioned him very minutely respecting his parentage, his past history, his motives for consenting to come to such a miserable rock, and his medical education. Satisfied with his replies, the Emperor entered into a frank and touching conversation respecting his friends in Europe.

He then saw the two abbés. At the close of a confiding and an affecting interview, the Emperor said, in the solemn accents of a man upon the verge of the grave,

"We have been too long deprived of the ordinances of religion not to be eager to enjoy them immediately, now that they are within our power. Hereafter we will have the communion service every Sabbath, and we will

observe the sacred days recognized by the Concordat. I wish to establish at St. Helena the religious ceremonies which are celebrated in France. On these occasions we will erect a movable altar in the dining-room. You, Monsieur Abbé, are aged and infirm; I will select the hour which will be most convenient for you. You may officiate between nine and ten o'clock in the morning."

In the evening the Emperor was alone with Count Montholon. The count was not a religious man. He has frankly said, "In the midst of camps I forgot religion." Napoleon, with great joy, informed Montholon of his intention to attend mass the next day. He then uttered the following remarkable confession:

"Upon the throne, surrounded by generals far from devout—yes, I will not deny it—I had too much regard for public opinion, and far too much timidity, and perhaps I did not dare to say aloud, '*I am a believer.*' I said *religion is a power—a political engine.* But even then, if any one had questioned me directly, I should have replied, '*Yes, I am a Christian.*' And if it had been necessary to confess my faith at the price of martyrdom, I should have found all my firmness. Yes, I should have endured it rather than deny my religion! But, now that I am at St. Helena, why should I dissemble that which I believe at the bottom of my heart? Here I live for myself. I wish for a priest. I desire the communion of the Lord's Supper, and to confess what I believe. I will go to the mass. I will not force any one to accompany me there. But those who love me will follow me."

General Bertrand was an avowed unbeliever, and often displeased Napoleon by speaking disrespectfully of sacred things. The Emperor was one day, about this time, conversing with him upon the subject of Atheism.

"Your spirit," said he, "is it the same as the spirit of the herdsman whom you see in the valley below, feeding his flocks? Is there not as great a distance between you and him as between a horse and a man? But how do you know this? You have never seen his spirit. No, the spirit of a beast has the endowment of being invisible. It has that privilege equally with the spirit of the most exalted genius.

"But you have talked with the herdsman. You have examined his countenance. You have questioned him, and his responses have told you what he is. You judge, then, the cause from the effects, and you judge correctly. Certainly your reason, your intelligence, your faculties, are vastly above those of the herdsman. Very well; I judge in the same way. Divine effects compel me to believe in a divine cause. Yes, there is a divine cause, a sovereign reason, an infinite being. That cause is the cause of causes—that reason is the reason creative of intelligence. There exists an infinite being, compared with whom you, General Bertrand, are but an atom; compared with whom I, Napoleon, with all my genius, am truly nothing, a pure nothing: do you understand? I perceive him—God. I see him, have need of him, I believe in him. If you do not perceive him, if you do not believe in him, very well, so much the worse for you. But you will, General Bertrand, yet believe in God. I can pardon many things, but I have a horror of an Atheist and materialist. Think you that I can have any sympathies in common with the man who does not believe in the existence of the soul? who

believes that he is but a lump of clay, and who wishes that I may also be, like him, a lump of clay?"

General Montholon, after his return to Europe, said to M. de Beauterne,

"Yes, the Emperor was a Christian. With him faith was a natural, a fundamental principle. The religious sentiment was immediately roused when in the slightest degree summoned by an exterior sensation or an incidental thought. When any thing cruel or irreligious presented itself, it seemed to do violence to his deepest feelings; he could not restrain himself. He protested, he opposed, and was indignant. Such was his natural character. I have seen it; yes, I have seen it; and I, a man of camps, who had forgotten my religion, I confess it, who did not practice it, I at first was astonished, but then I received thoughts and impressions which still continue with me the subjects of profound reflection. I have seen the Emperor religious, and I have said to myself, 'He died a Christian, in the fear of God!' I can not forget that old age is upon me, that I must soon die; and I wish to die like the Emperor. I do not doubt, even, that General Bertrand often recalls, as I do, the religious conversations and the death of the Emperor. The general, perhaps, may finish his career like his master and his friend."*

The conversation at St. Helena very frequently turned upon the subject of religion. One day Napoleon was speaking of the divinity of Christ. General Bertrand said,

"I can not conceive, sire, how a great man like you can believe that the Supreme Being ever exhibited himself to men under a human form, with a body, a face, mouth, and eyes. Let Jesus be whatever you please—the highest intelligence, the purest heart, the most profound legislator, and, in all respects, the most singular being who has ever existed—I grant it. Still he was simply a man, who taught his disciples, and deluded credulous people, as did Orpheus, Confucius, Brama. Jesus caused himself to be adored because his predecessors Isis and Osiris, Jupiter and Juno, had proudly made themselves objects of worship. The ascendency of Jesus over his time was like the ascendency of the gods and the heroes of fable. If Jesus has impassioned and attached to his chariot the multitude, if he has revolutionized the world, I see in that only the power of genius and the action of a commanding spirit, which vanquishes the world as so many conquerors have done—Alexander, Cæsar, you, sire, and Mohammed—with a sword."

Napoleon promptly replied,

"I know men, and I tell you that Jesus Christ is not a man. Superficial minds see a resemblance between Christ and the founders of empires, and the gods of other religions. That resemblance does not exist. There is between Christianity and whatever other religion the distance of infinity.

"We can say to the authors of every other religion, you are neither gods nor the agents of Deity. You are but missionaries of falsehood moulded from the same clay with the rest of mortals. You are made with all the passions and vices inseparable from them. Your temples and your priests proclaim your origin. Such will be the judgment, the cry of conscience of whoever examines the gods and the temples of paganism.

* Sentiment de Napoleon sur le Christianisme, Conversations Religieuses, Recueillies à Sainte Hélene par M. le General Comte de Montholon : par M. le Chev. de Beauterne, p. 21.

"Paganism was never accepted as truth by the wise men of Greece, neither by Socrates, Pythagoras, Plato, Anaxagoras, or Pericles. But, on the other side, the loftiest intellects since the advent of Christianity have had faith, a living faith, a practical faith in the mysteries and the doctrines of the Gospel; not only Bossuet and Fénelon, who were preachers, but Descartes and Newton, Leibnitz and Pascal, Corneille and Racine, Charlemagne and Louis XIV.

"Paganism is the work of man. One can here read but our imbecility. What do these gods, so boastful, know more than other mortals? these legislators, Greek or Roman? this Numa, this Lycurgus? these priests of India or of Memphis? this Confucius? this Mohammed? Absolutely nothing. They have made a perfect chaos of morals. There is not one among them all who has said any thing new in reference to our future destiny, to the soul, to the essence of God, to the creation. Enter the sanctuaries of Paganism—you there find perfect chaos, a thousand contradictions, war between the gods, the immobility of sculpture, the division and the rending of unity, the parceling out of the divine attributes, mutilated or denied in their essence, the sophisms of ignorance and presumption, polluted fêtes, impurity and abomination adored, all sorts of corruption festering in the thick shades, with the rotten wood, the idol, and his priest. Does this honor God or does it dishonor him? Are these religions and these gods to be compared with Christianity?

"As for me, I say no. I summon entire Olympus to my tribunal. I judge the gods, but am far from prostrating myself before their vain images. The gods, the legislators of India and of China, of Rome and of Athens, have nothing which can overawe me. Not that I am unjust to them; no, I appreciate them, because I know their value. Undeniably, princes whose existence is fixed in the memory as an image of order and of power, as the ideal of force and beauty, such princes were no ordinary men.

"I see in Lycurgus, Numa, and Mohammed only legislators who, having the first rank in the state, have sought the best solution of the social problem; but I see nothing there which reveals divinity. They themselves have never raised their pretensions so high. As for me, I recognize the gods and these great men as beings like myself. They have performed a lofty part in their times, as I have done. Nothing announces them divine. On the contrary, there are numerous resemblances between them and myself, foibles and errors which ally them to me and to humanity.

"It is not so with Christ. Every thing in him astonishes me. His spirit overawes me, and his will confounds me. Between him and whoever else in the world, there is no possible term of comparison. He is truly a being by himself. His ideas and his sentiments, the truths which he announces, his manner of convincing, are not explained either by human organization or by the nature of things.

"His birth, and the history of his life; the profundity of his doctrine, which grapples the mightiest difficulties, and which is, of those difficulties, the most admirable solution; his Gospel, his apparition, his empire, his march across the ages and the realms, every thing, is for me a prodigy, a mystery insoluble, which plunges me into a reverie from which I can not

escape, a mystery which is there before my eyes, a mystery which I can neither deny nor explain. Here I see nothing human.

"The nearer I approach, the more carefully I examine, every thing is above me, every thing remains grand—of a grandeur which overpowers. His religion is a revelation from an intelligence which certainly is not that of man. There is there a profound originality, which has created a series of words and of maxims before unknown. Jesus borrowed nothing from our sciences. One can absolutely find nowhere, but in Him alone, the imitation or the example of his life. He is not a philosopher, since he advances by miracles, and, from the commencement, his disciples worshipped him. He persuades them far more by an appeal to the heart than by any display of method and of logic. Neither did he impose upon them any preliminary studies or any knowledge of letters. All his religion consists in *believing*.

"In fact, the sciences and philosophy avail nothing for salvation; and Jesus came into the world to reveal the mysteries of heaven and the laws of the Spirit. Also, he has nothing to do but with the soul, and to that alone he brings his Gospel. The soul is sufficient for him, as he is sufficient for the soul. Before him the soul was nothing. Matter and time were the masters of the world. At his voice every thing returns to order. Science and philosophy become secondary. The soul has reconquered its sovereignty. All the scholastic scaffolding falls, as an edifice ruined, before one single word—*faith*.

"What a master and what a word, which can effect such a revolution! With what authority does he teach men to pray! He imposes his belief, and no one, thus far, has been able to contradict him; first, because the Gospel contains the purest morality, and also because the doctrine which it contains, of obscurity, is only the proclamation and the truth of that which exists where no eye can see and no reason can penetrate. Who is the insensate who will say *no* to the intrepid voyager who recounts the marvels of the icy peaks which he alone has had the boldness to visit? Christ is that bold voyager. One can doubtless remain incredulous, but no one can venture to say *it is not so*.

"Moreover, consult the philosophers upon those mysterious questions which relate to the essence of man and to the essence of religion. What is their response? Where is the man of good sense who has ever learned any thing from the system of metaphysics, ancient or modern, which is not truly a vain and pompous ideology, without any connection with our domestic life, with our passions? Unquestionably, with skill in thinking, one can seize the key of the philosophy of Socrates and Plato; but to do this, it is necessary to be a metaphysician; and, moreover, with years of study, one must possess special aptitude. But good sense alone, the heart, an honest spirit, are sufficient to comprehend Christianity.

"The Christian religion is neither ideology nor metaphysics, but a practical rule which directs the actions of man, corrects him, counsels him, and assists him in all his conduct. The Bible contains a complete series of facts and of historical men, to explain time and eternity, such as no other religion has to offer. If this is not the true religion, one is very excusable

in being deceived, for every thing in it is grand and worthy of God. I search in vain in history to find the similar to Jesus Christ, or any thing which can approach the Gospel. Neither history, nor humanity, nor the ages, nor nature, can offer me any thing with which I am able to compare it or explain it. Here every thing is extraordinary. The more I consider the Gospel, the more I am assured that there is nothing there which is not beyond the march of events and above the human mind. Even the impious themselves have never dared to deny the sublimity of the Gospel, which inspires them with a sort of compulsory veneration. What happiness that book procures for them who believe it! What marvels those admire there who reflect upon it! Book unique, where the mind finds a moral beauty before unknown, and an idea of the Supreme superior even to that which creation suggests! Who but God could produce that type, that ideal of perfection, equally exclusive and original?

"Christ, having but a few weak disciples, was condemned to death. He died the object of the wrath of the Jewish priests, and of the contempt of the nation, and abandoned and denied by his own disciples.

"'They are about to take me, and to crucify me,' said he. 'I shall be abandoned of all the world. My chief disciple will deny me at the commencement of my punishment. I shall be left to the wicked. But then, divine justice being satisfied, original sin being expiated by my sufferings, the bond of man to God will be renewed, and my death will be the life of my disciples. Then they will be more strong without me than with me, for they will see me rise again. I shall ascend to the skies, and I shall send to them from heaven a spirit who will instruct them. The spirit of the cross will enable them to understand my Gospel. In fine, they will believe it, they will preach it, and they will convert the world.'

"And this strange promise, so aptly called by Paul the 'foolishness of the cross;' this prediction of one miserably crucified, is literally accomplished, and the mode of the accomplishment is perhaps more prodigious than the promise.

"It is not a day nor a battle which has decided it. Is it the lifetime of a man? No! It is a war, a long combat of three hundred years, commenced by the apostles, and continued by their successors and by succeeding generations of Christians. In this conflict all the kings and all the forces of the earth were arrayed on one side. Upon the other I see no army, but a mysterious energy, individuals scattered here and there in all parts of the globe, having no other rallying sign than a common faith in the mysteries of the cross.

"What a mysterious symbol! the instrument of the punishment of the man-God. His disciples were armed with it. 'The Christ,' they said, 'God has died for the salvation of men.' What a strife, what a tempest these simple words have raised around the humble standard of the sufferings of the man-God! On the one side, we see rage and all the furies of hatred and violence; on the other, there is gentleness, moral courage, infinite resignation. For three hundred years spirit struggled against the brutality of sense, the conscience against despotism, the soul against the body, virtue against all the vices. The blood of Christians flowed in torrents. They

died kissing the hand which slew them. The soul alone protested, while the body surrendered itself to all tortures. Every where Christians fell, and every where they triumphed.

"You speak of Cæsar, of Alexander, of their conquests, and of the enthusiasm they enkindled in the hearts of their soldiers; but can you conceive of a dead man making conquests with an army faithful and entirely devoted to his memory? My armies have forgotten me, even while living, as the Carthaginian army forgot Hannibal. Such is our power! A single battle lost crushes us, and adversity scatters our friends.

"Can you conceive of Cæsar, the eternal emperor of the Roman senate, and from the depths of his mausoleum governing the empire, watching over the destinies of Rome? Such is the history of the invasion and conquest of the world by Christianity. Such is the power of the God of the Christians; and such is the perpetual miracle of the progress of the faith and of the government of his Church. Nations pass away, thrones crumble, but the Church remains. What is then the power which has protected this Church, thus assailed by the furious billows of rage and the hostility of ages? Where is the arm which, for eighteen hundred years, has protected the Church from so many storms which have threatened to ingulf it?

"In every other existence but that of Christ, how many imperfections! Where is the character which has not yielded vanquished by obstacles? Where is the individual who has never been governed by circumstances or places, who has never succumbed to the influence of the times, who has never compounded with any customs or passions? From the first day to the last, he is the same, always the same, majestic and simple, infinitely firm and infinitely gentle.

"Truth should embrace the universe. Such is Christianity, the only religion which destroys sectional prejudice, the only one which proclaims the unity and the absolute brotherhood of the whole human family, the only one which is purely spiritual—in fine, the only one which assigns to all, without distinction, for a true country the bosom of the Creator, God. Christ proved that he was the son of the Eternal by his disregard of *time*. All his doctrines signify one only and the same thing—*Eternity*.

"It is true that Christ proposed to our faith a series of mysteries. He commands, with authority, that we should believe them, giving no other reason than those tremendous words, '*I am God.*' He declares it. What an abyss he creates by that declaration between himself and all the fabricators of religion! What audacity, what sacrilege, what blasphemy, if it were not true! I say more; the universal triumph of an affirmation of that kind, if the triumph were not really that of God himself, would be a plausible excuse and a reason for atheism.

"Moreover, in propounding mysteries, Christ is harmonious with Nature, which is profoundly mysterious. From whence do I come? whither do I go? who am I? Human life is a mystery in its origin, its organization, and its end. In man and out of man, in nature, every thing is mysterious. And can one wish that religion should not be mysterious? The creation and the destiny of the world are an unfathomable abyss, as also is the creation and the destiny of each individual. Christianity, at least, does not evade these

great questions. It meets them boldly. And our doctrines are a solution of them for every one who believes.

"The Gospel possesses a secret virtue, a mysterious efficacy, a warmth which penetrates and soothes the heart. One finds, in meditating upon it, that which one experiences in contemplating the heavens. The Gospel is not a book; it is a living being, with an action, a power which invades every thing that opposes its extension. Behold it upon this table, this book surpassing all others" (here the Emperor solemnly placed his hand upon it); "I never omit to read it, and every day with the same pleasure.

"Nowhere is to be found such a series of beautiful ideas, admirable moral maxims, which defile like the battalions of a celestial army, and which produce in our soul the same emotion which one experiences in contemplating the infinite expanse of the skies, resplendent in a summer's night with all the brilliance of the stars. Not only is our mind absorbed, it is controlled, and the soul can never go astray with this book for its guide. Once master of our spirit, the faithful Gospel loves us. God even is our friend, our father, and truly our God. The mother has no greater care for the infant whom she nurses.

"What a proof of the divinity of Christ! With an empire so absolute, he has but one single end, the spiritual melioration of individuals, the purity of conscience, the union to that which is true, the holiness of the soul.

"Christ speaks, and at once generations become his by stricter, closer ties than those of blood—by the most sacred, the most indissoluble of all unions. He lights up the flame of a love which consumes self-love, which prevails over every other love. The founders of other religions never conceived of this mystical love, which is the essence of Christianity, and is beautifully called charity. In every attempt to effect this thing, namely, *to make himself beloved*, man deeply feels his own impotence. So that Christ's greatest miracle undoubtedly is the reign of charity.

"I have so inspired multitudes that they would die for me. God forbid that I should form any comparison between the enthusiasm of the soldier and Christian charity, which are as unlike as their cause. But, after all, my presence was necessary; the lightning of my eye, my voice, a word from me, then the sacred fire was kindled in their hearts. I do, indeed, possess the secret of this magical power, which lifts the soul, but I could never impart it to any one. None of my generals ever learned it from me; nor have I the means of perpetuating my name, and love for me, in the hearts of men, and to effect these things without physical means.

"Now that I am at St. Helena, now that I am alone, chained upon this rock, who fights and wins empires for me? who are the courtiers of my misfortune? who thinks of me? who makes efforts for me in Europe? Where are my friends? Yes, two or three, whom your fidelity immortalizes, you share, you console my exile."

Here the voice of the Emperor trembled with emotion, and for a moment he was silent. He then continued:

"Yes, our life once shone with all the brilliance of the diadem and the throne; and yours, Bertrand, reflected that splendor, as the dome of the Invalides, gilt by us, reflects the rays of the sun. But disasters came; the

gold gradually became dim. The ruin of misfortune and outrage with which I am daily deluged has effaced all the brightness. We are mere lead now, General Bertrand, and soon I shall be in my grave.

"Such is the fate of great men! So it was with Cæsar and Alexander. And I, too, am forgotten. And the name of a conqueror and an emperor is a college theme! Our exploits are tasks given to pupils by their tutor, who sit in judgment upon us, awarding censure or praise. And mark what is soon to become of me! assassinated by the English oligarchy, I die before my time; and my dead body, too, must return to the earth, to become food for worms. Behold the destiny, near at hand, of him who has been called the great Napoleon! What an abyss between my deep misery and the eternal reign of Christ, which is proclaimed, loved, adored, and which is extending over all the earth! Is this to die? Is it not rather to live? The death of Christ! It is the death of God."

For a moment the Emperor was silent. As General Bertrand made no reply, he solemnly added, "If you do not perceive that Jesus Christ is God, very well, then I did wrong to make you a general."

September 22d. Dr. Antommarchi called at 10 o'clock, and found the Emperor still in bed. He had passed a night of sleeplessness and pain. In the course of the conversation, the Emperor inquired,

"Have you not brought me some books?"

"We have some, sire," Antommarchi replied, "but I do not know what they are. It was not I who purchased them."

"I give you warning," rejoined the Emperor, "that I will see every one of them."

"But, sire," said Antommarchi, "some libels may have slipped in among them."

"Poh!" replied the Emperor, "the sun has no more spots. The herd of libelists has exhausted its pasture. Let me see every thing."

Just then a cart approached Longwood containing the boxes of books. The boxes were brought in, broken open, and some books taken out and handed to the Emperor.

"No," said he, earnestly, "that is not what I want. Look into the box. Examine it carefully. A package sent from Europe must contain something else. Books are not the first thing a father has to look for."

The Emperor was not disappointed. Soon a picture was found of his idolized son, which had been put in by Eugene. Tears immediately gushed into the eyes of Napoleon. He gazed upon the beautiful lineaments of his son long, silently, and earnestly, and pressed them fervently to his lips. The attendants, moved by this outgushing of parental love, stopped their work, and stood in an attitude of heartfelt sympathy. "Dear boy!" exclaimed the Emperor; "if he does not fall a victim to some political atrocity, he will not be unworthy of his father."

September 23d. The Emperor had passed the night reading the newspapers, and in the morning was restless and exhausted. He held in his hand the picture of his son, at which he was still looking. "Here," said he to the doctor, "place this child by the side of his mother; there, nearer to the mantel-piece. That is Maria Louisa. She holds her son in her arms. The



NAPOLEON RECEIVING THE PORTRAIT OF HIS SON.

two others are portraits of Josephine. I loved her tenderly. The ornaments of my mantel-piece are, as you see, not very sumptuous. The bust of my son, two candlesticks, two gilt cups, two vials of Cologne water, a pair of scissors, and a small glass, are all it contains. This is no longer the splendor of the Tuileries. But no matter. If I am decayed in my power, I am not in my glory. I preserve all my recollections. Few sovereigns have immolated themselves for their people. A sacrifice so immense is not without its charms."

Dr. Antommarchi thus describes the room which Napoleon occupied: "At one end was a small camp-bed of iron, quite plain, with four silver eagles and silk curtains. Two small windows, both without ornament, gave light to the apartment. Between them stood a writing-desk, upon which was a large dressing-case, and before it was an arm-chair, in which Napoleon sat when he was studiously engaged. A second chair was placed to the left of it. On the right was the sword which the Emperor wore at Austerlitz. The door leading to the bath-room was concealed by an old screen, next to which was an equally old sofa, covered with calico. Upon this sofa it was that Napoleon usually reclined, and sought shelter from the dampness and the gnats, with his legs thrust into a sack of flannel, and with a shabby table by his side, on which were his books or his breakfast. The second room was quite as good as the first. Like it, it was built of mud. Its size was seven feet in height, fifteen feet in length, and twelve feet in breadth. It had one window. Its furniture consisted of a camp-bed, several guns, two



NAPOLEON'S APARTMENT AT LONGWOOD.

Chinese screens, a chest of drawers, two small tables, on one of which were books, and on the other bottles; a chair, and a magnificent wash-stand, brought from the Elysée. Such was the miserable habitation in which the Emperor was pent up; a noble specimen of British magnificence and sumptuousness!"

September 27th. The Emperor had passed a restless night. As the doctor entered about ten o'clock, he was endeavoring to beguile the weary hours by reading. "The dampness of the rooms," says Antommarchi, "was excessive. It attacked and destroyed every thing. The paltry nankeen, which served as tapestry, was hanging in rags against the walls. We took it down, and endeavored to place before the Emperor's eyes something more pleasing, by putting up in its stead some muslin we had purchased, and which we adorned with some fine birds of Egypt, of which we had a collection painted on paper. We grouped our paintings, and placed in the midst of them an eagle. Napoleon smiled on seeing that symbol of victory. "Dear eagle," said he, "it would still soar on high, if those whom it covered with its wings had not arrested its flight."

October 4th. The Emperor was very feeble, and deeply depressed in spirits. He walked out with the doctor, and seated himself upon a tuft of grass beneath some trees. After a few moments of silence, he said,

"Ah! doctor, where is the fine climate of Corsica? Fate has not permitted me to see once more those sights endeared to me by all the recollections of childhood. Had I retired to Corsica, perhaps I should not have thought of seizing again the reins of power. I should not have been vulnerable on every side. The promises made would not have been broken, and I should not be here.

"What recollections Corsica has left me! I still enjoy in imagination its meadows and its mountains. Methinks I still tread its soil, and know it by the odor it exhales." He then entered fully into his plans for the improve-

ment of the island, and added, "Such were my ideas; but my enemies have had the art of making me waste my existence on the field of battle. They have transformed into the demon of war the man who desired only the blessings of peace. The nations have been deceived by the stratagem. All have risen, and I have been overpowered."

The pathos of these touching words moved the feelings of Antommarchi, and tears filled his eyes. Napoleon observed his emotion, and added, "Ah! doctor, our country! our country! If St. Helena were France, I should love even this frightful rock!"

October 8*th*. The Emperor was better, and in cheerful spirits. He invited the children of General Bertrand into his room. The children were always delighted with this privilege. They came rushing to Napoleon with their playthings, shouting and laughing in a perfect tumult of joy, and appealing to him as the arbiter of their discussions. The Emperor entered heartily into their sports, and surrendered himself to all the fun and frolic of childhood. He kept them all to dine with him, and dismissed them with the promise that he would soon send for them again. After they had left, he said,

"How happy they are when I send for them or play with them! All their wishes are satisfied. Passions have not yet approached their hearts. They feel the plentitude of existence. Let them enjoy it. At their age, I thought and felt as they do. But what storms since! How much that little Hortensia grows and improves! If she lives, of how many young *elegans* will she not disturb the repose? I shall then be no more."

October 15*th*. The Emperor had passed a restless night, having suffered much acute pain in the liver. He also felt much solicitude respecting Madam Bertrand, who was sick. "We men," said he, "are accustomed to pains and privations, and can bear them; but a woman, deprived all at once of every thing that tends to render life cheerful and agreeable, transported to a frightful rock, how much more is she to be pitied, and how much resignation she requires! Madam Bertrand, in consequence of her illness, rises late. She can not attend mass, and yet she would, perhaps, be glad to hear it said. I did not reflect that she is an invalid when I fixed the hour of the service. I only considered the great age of the good old abbé. Tell her that I order Vignali to go and officiate at her house. Let her inform Vignali of the hour that suits her. He may construct a movable altar, or use ours. Any person may go to that mass whom the countess thinks proper to admit." He then expressed the wish that the abbés should be attentive to the instruction of the children.

Napoleon was much disappointed in finding that the two ecclesiastics whom Cardinal Fesch had sent out to him, though very worthy characters, were men of very limited understandings, and of no general information. The old man, Buonavita, remained but a short time upon the island. Napoleon was pleased with his younger chaplain, the Abbé Vignali, and, finding that his education had been neglected, recommended books to him, superintended his studies, and examined him as to his progress. One can not but be amused at the idea of the Emperor Napoleon occupying the chair of a theological professor at St. Helena. Buonavita once told Napoleon that

he resembled the most able of all the *Roman* generals, namely, Alexander the Great. It is said that, for this blunder, the Emperor condemned him to read ten pages of Rollin every morning, and to repeat the substance of his lesson to him.

Thus terminated the fourth year at St. Helena.

November 13*th*. The Emperor's symptoms began to assume a more serious character. Each day was accompanied with increasing pain and languor. To-day he was very weak, and with difficulty walked into the garden. He sat down, looked mournfully around upon the bleak and cheerless scene, and said, in melancholy tones,

"Ah! doctor, where is France and its cheerful climate? If I could but see it once more! If I could but breathe a little air that had passed over that happy country! What a specific is the soil that gave us birth! Antæus renewed his strength by touching the earth. I feel that this prodigy would be repeated in me, and that I should revive on perceiving our coasts. Our coasts! Ah! I had forgotten that cowardice has taken victory by surprise. Its decisions are without appeal."

November 18*th*. The Emperor seemed very comfortable, and, though very weak, was quite free from pain. He accompanied the doctor into the garden, and was surprised at the extreme lassitude he felt. "What am I to do, doctor?" said he.

"You must take some exercise," Antommarchi replied.

"What!" said Napoleon, "in the midst of the red-coats?"

"No, sire," said the doctor. "You must dig the ground, turn up the earth, and thus escape from inactivity and insult at the same time."

"Dig the ground!" said the Emperor, thoughtfully. "Doctor, you are right. I will dig the ground."

"We returned," says Antommarchi, "in-doors. The Emperor made his arrangements, and the next morning he was already at work. He sent for me. Holding up his spade and laughing, he said, 'Well, doctor, are you satisfied with your patient? Is he obedient enough? This is better than your pills, doctor. You shall not physic me any more.' He then set to work again with new vigor; but, after a few minutes, he stopped, saying,

"'This occupation is too laborious. I am exhausted. My hands conspire with my weakness. You are laughing. I see the cause of your merriment. You pity my fair hands. Never mind; I have always accustomed my body to bend to my will, and I shall bring it to do so now, and inure it to exercise.'

"He did so," says Antommarchi, "and soon grew fond of it. He conveyed the mould from one spot into another, and pressed all Longwood into his service. The ladies alone escaped, though not without difficulty. He laughed at them, pressed them, entreated them, and used every art of persuasion. Things around soon assumed a different aspect. Here was an excavation, there a basin or a road. We made alleys, grottoes, cascades. We planted willows, oaks, peach-trees, to give a little shade around the house. Turning from the ornamental to the useful, we sowed beans and peas. The governor heard of our gardening, and looked upon it with a suspicious eye. He hastened to the spot. I was taking my usual walk. 'Is



THE EMPEROR A GARDENER.

it by your advice,' said he, 'that General Bonaparte takes this violent exercise?' I assented. He shrugged his shoulders, protesting that he could not see what we were about. 'It is labor lost,' said he; 'these trees will die. Not one will grow up.' I informed the Emperor of my having met the governor, and of our conversation.

"'The wretch,' said he, 'envies me every minute that he does not embitter. He wishes my death. He calls for that moment. It comes too slowly to satisfy his impatience. But let him be comforted. This horrible climate is charged with the execution of the crime, and it will fulfill its trust sooner than he expects.'

"I broke the furrows," continues Antommarchi; "the Emperor threw the seed and covered it over. One day, as he was arranging a bed of French beans, he perceived some small roots, and began a dissertation upon the phenomena of vegetation. He analyzed them with his usual sagacity, and drew from them evidences of a Supreme Being, who presides over the wonders of nature.

"'You do not believe all that,' said he. 'You physicians consider such belief a weakness. Tell me, you who have searched the human frame in all its windings, have you ever met with the soul under your scalpel? Where does the soul reside? In what organ? Why is it that physicians do not believe in God? *Mathematicians* are generally religious.'"

December 20th. A month had now passed away, during which the Emperor had enjoyed very comfortable health and tranquil spirits. The inhabitants of Longwood were, however, exposed to innumerable annoyances from the police regulations of Sir Hudson Lowe. Dr. Antommarchi was repeat-

edly arrested in his walks by the sentries. Napoleon escaped the insult by confining himself at home. Dr. Antommarchi at last wrote a remonstrance to the governor of the island, and also to the British ministry.

"I find myself," said he, "in an almost uninhabitable island, and deprived of every kind of liberty. Telescopes pointed to our habitations pry even into our apartments; and telegraphs, very dexterously contrived, instantly convey a report of every thing that takes place in them. If I wish to stray beyond the narrow limits to which we are circumscribed, I am obliged to accept the company of an agent of the governor, who is ordered to give him a faithful account of every thing I may say or do in his presence. In order to escape from the danger of his communications, I find myself under the necessity of foregoing every kind of relaxation or social intercourse. After half past six in the afternoon, I am no longer allowed to walk, even in the park near my residence; and, what is worse, the inhabitants of Longwood, who happen to be out after that hour, are not at liberty to return home, as it has happened to me three times. Is it possible to conceive a measure more absurd and tyrannical, particularly in this burning climate?

"At half past six in the evening, the limits of Longwood, which comprise a circle of about two hundred feet in circumference, are surrounded by a great number of sentries, whose express orders are not to allow any person to go in or come out, and to stop every one that appears. At nine, these sentries narrow the circle they form, and are placed so near our habitations, that I can not leave my apartment to go to my laboratory, to Count Bertrand's, or even to the stables, without being exposed to receive a thrust of a bayonet, from not knowing how to answer properly to the challenge of the soldiers, addressed to me in a language in which I am not conversant."

Sir Hudson Lowe granted Dr. Antommarchi a little more liberty. But insolently speaking of Napoleon as *The Usurper*, he informed Antommarchi that he could receive no communications from him if he persisted in speaking of the *Emperor*.

A few days after this a scene occurred, which mirthfully varied, for a few hours, the monotony and gloom of Longwood. They had arranged to dig a basin. The Emperor was dressed in a large pair of trowsers and a jacket, with a broad-brimmed straw hat.

Some Chinese laborers, at work upon the basin, were apparently much amused at the Emperor's dress. "What is that they say?" asked the Emperor. "It must be my costume that causes their mirth. It is, indeed, odd enough; but, with all their laughing, they must not be burned up by the heat. Every one of them shall also have a straw hat as a present from me."

The Emperor mounted a horse, and rode up and down for a few moments, and then suddenly galloped off toward Deadwood. Reaching the summit of the mountain, he stopped, looked around with his glass, and swiftly came back again. The whole island was thrown into commotion. Intelligence was immediately communicated to Sir Hudson Lowe. The excited mind of this weak man regarded it as an indication of some fearful plot. Napoleon, being in the mood mischievously to increase his fears, requested the Abbé Vignali to put on a dress similar to his own, to mount his horse, take his glass, and ride rapidly, as if making observations. The telegraphs im-

mediately began to operate with nervous alarm. The tranquillity of St. Helena was disturbed. Sir Hudson Lowe, with his retinue, immediately hastened to Longwood. When he found that the whole commotion was occasioned by a peaceful priest riding harmlessly within the limits of his jail-yard, in confusion he withdrew.

"I met him," says Antommarchi, "as he was going away. He came to me; gave vent to his anger, declaring that the individual who thus laughed at his expense was *a usurper*. He continued to rave and swear, ending once more by the astounding statement that he was *a usurper*, and that I could not deny the fact."

"The Emperor," exclaimed Antommarchi, in indignant irony, "is indeed *a usurper*. He *usurped* the victory at Toulon, when he snatched the torch from the hands of the invader; and he has *usurped* the admiration of the world by the number and the rapidity of his victories."

"Well," said Napoleon to Antommarchi, as he returned, "what did Sir Hudson Lowe say to you? Is he afraid that I shall some day get wings and fly away, and escape the grave?"

"I know not, sire," Antommarchi replied. "I was relating to him how you *usurped* victory and public admiration. The sketch displeased him, and he retired."

"I pity the poor man," said Napoleon; "but for one day we have teased him too much." The Emperor then turned the conversation.

The works in the construction of the basin were continued for several weeks. One day, as they were laying down the pipes, the weather threatened rain. Napoleon, who ever manifested a parental interest in all who were in his employ, was unwilling that the Chinamen should be exposed. "It is useless," said he to Antommarchi, "that the people should get wet. There is no hurry for this basin. Let them rest. We will resume our task hereafter. I have, besides, some observations to make. Come, follow me. You will find them interesting."

The Emperor led his companion into his bed-room, and showed him some ants, whose habits he had been studying. These little insects had appeared in great numbers, and had climbed his table, on which there usually was some sugar. The ants had discovered this prize, and had established a regular chain of communication between the sugar-basin and their magazine of deposit. Napoleon, unwilling to disturb their plans, yet curious to study their developments of sagacity, now and then moved the barrier, admiring the industry and activity displayed until the sugar was again found.

"This is not instinct," said he; "it is much more; it is sagacity, intelligence, the ideal of civil association. But these little beings have not our passions, our cupidity. They assist, but do not destroy each other. I have vainly endeavored to defeat their purpose. I have removed the sugar to every part of the room. They have been one, two, or sometimes three days looking for it. The idea strikes me to surround the basin with water, and see whether that will stop them. Doctor, send for some."

Water was placed around the basin. The buoyant little insects passed over it unharmed. "Let us try vinegar," said the Emperor. The ants no longer ventured even to approach it.

"You see," the Emperor continued, "it is not instinct alone that guides them. They are prompted by something else, but by what I do not know. However, be the principle which directs them what it may, they offer to man an example worthy of reflection and observation. It is only by perseverance and tenaciousness that any object can be attained. Had we possessed such unanimity of views! But nations have also their moments of forgetfulness and lassitude. Allowance must be made for the weakness of human nature. All, however, had not yielded to the storm. A host still preserved the fire and energy which mark the early steps in a career. Europe might have been beaten, and those sovereigns, now so proud of no longer having for their equal a man of the people, would have been eclipsed in my presence."

The Emperor then turned to the discussion of the dogmas of what is called *Legitimacy*. "What ridiculous pretensions!" said he, "what contradictions! Are these principles of legitimacy in conformity with the Scripture—with the laws and maxims of religion? Are nations simple enough to believe themselves the property of a family? Was David, who dethroned Saul, a legitimate? Had he any other rights than those he derived from the consent of his nation? In France, various families have succeeded each other on the throne, and have formed several dynasties, either by the will of the people, represented in their assemblies, or by the votes of the Parliaments, composed of barons and bishops, who at that period represented the nation.

"How many families have also successively occupied the throne of England! The house of Hanover, which succeeded the prince it dethroned, now reigns, because such was the will of the ancestors of the present race of these touchy people, who thought this change of government absolutely necessary to the preservation of their interests, and of their political and religious rights. Some of the old men still living have witnessed the efforts made by the last branch of the Stuarts to land in Scotland, where they were seconded by those whose ideas and sentiments were conformable to their own. The attempt was opposed, and the Stuarts expulsed by an immense majority of the people, whose new interests and opinions were opposed to those of that degenerate family."

The Emperor's health now again rapidly declined, and weary months of monotony, languor, and pain passed sadly away. On the 26th of July, 1820, as he was reclining upon the sofa, in his dilapidated, damp, and darkened chamber, his thoughts reverted to Rome, where his revered mother still resided. With emotion he recalled her affection and tender care bestowed on him in his early years.

"You, doctor," said he, "are strongly attached to me. You regard not contrarieties, pain, and fatigue, when you can relieve my sufferings; yet all that is not maternal solicitude! Ah! Mamma Letitia!" he exclaimed. Weakened by sickness, and overcome by the gush of affectionate feelings, he buried his face in his hands, and remained for a long time absorbed in silent sorrow.

July 31st. It was a bright and cheerful day. The basin was completed and filled with water. Some fishes had been obtained, and Napoleon was

desirous of placing them in the basin with his own hand. He wished all the children of Longwood, whom he had not seen for several days, to accompany him, that he might enjoy their happiness. The little group, buoyant with hope and joy, were soon gathered around the Emperor, whom they so dearly loved. The gloom of Longwood was relieved by this gleam of sunshine, as Napoleon, with his retinue of artless prattlers, went to the water and watched the arrowy movements of the fishes in its crystal depths.



THE FISH-BASIN.

Before returning, he caught in his arms the beautiful little Hortense Bertrand, and taking from his pocket a very pretty pair of coral ear-rings, he said, "Where is Doctor Antommarchi? I want his ministry. He must bore these pretty little ears." They sat down under the shade of an oak tree. Count Montholon supported the patient. Napoleon looked on. Little Arthur Bertrand was greatly alarmed at these formidable preparations. He clinched his fist, and stamped with indignation, declaring that he would not allow his sister to be hurt.

"You little rogue," said Napoleon, "if you are not quiet, I will have your ears bored also. Come, be obedient." The operation was soon over, and the rings adjusted. Napoleon took the lovely and amiable child in his arms, and kissed her, saying, with a smile,

"Go and show your ears to mamma. If she does not approve of the operation, tell her that it was not I, but that it was the doctor who did it."

"Yes, sire," said Hortense, gayly; and she bounded away to find her mother. The spirit of Arthur had struck the Emperor. "Observe the firm-

ness of that little urchin," said he; "I was just as resolute at his age. I was noisy and quarrelsome, and feared nobody. But the affection of Mamma Letitia was tempered by severity. She punished and rewarded without partiality. Nothing we did, either good or evil, was lost. She watched over her children with unexampled care; discarding, and stamping with disgrace, every ignoble sentiment and affection, and only allowing our young minds to imbibe impressions of what was great and elevated. She abhorred falsehood, punished disobedience, and did not allow any fault to pass unnoticed."

The middle of September now arrived, and the Emperor was manifestly, though slowly, sinking. The doctor, finding him one day upon his bed, endeavored to rouse him from his lethargy. "Ah! doctor," said Napoleon, "forbear! We are happy when we sleep. Wants, privations, cares, and anxiety are then no more." Falling back, he surrendered himself again to the oblivion of his pillow.

Many days of dismal weather now detained the Emperor in his cheerless room; and each day was accompanied by languor, weariness, and pain. A deathly pallor overspread his cheek. Chills shook his frame. His debility was so great that he could with difficulty leave his bed. The fourteenth of October arrived, and thus terminated the fifth year of this unrelenting, lawless, despotic imprisonment.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE LAST DAYS OF NAPOLEON.

Remarks of the Emperor upon his Career—The Death of the Fishes—Tidings of the Death of the Princess Eliza—Remarks upon Spain and Italy—Cruelty of Sir Hudson Lowe—Anecdotes—The Emperor's Letter to his Son—Receives the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper—His Will—The Dying Scene—Death and Burial.

THE Emperor had now entered upon the sixth year of his cruel captivity, but God, in mercy, had decreed to him but six months more of suffering. Days and weeks, dark and dreary, still came and went, while fogs enveloped the blackened rock, and storms of wind and rain swept over its bleak and barren heights. On the 22d of October there was a lull in the disease, and the Emperor transiently revived.

"When my health is once established," he said to Dr. Antommarchi, "I shall restore you to your studies. You shall proceed to Europe and publish your works. I will not suffer you to waste your existence on this horrible rock. You have told me, if I recollect rightly, that you do not know France. You will then see that country. You will see those canals, those monuments with which I covered it during the time of my power. The duration of that power has been like that of a flash of lightning. But no matter; it is filled with useful institutions.

"I have hallowed the Revolution by infusing it into our laws. My code is the sheet-anchor which will save France, and entitle me to the benedictions of posterity. The plan of leveling the Alps was one of the first, formed at the commencement of my career. I had entered Italy, and, finding that the

communications with Paris occupied a considerable time, and were attended with much difficulty, I endeavored to render them quicker, and resolved to open them through the valley of the Rhone. I also wished to render that river navigable, and blow up the rock under which it ingulfs and disappears. I had sent engineers on the spot. The expense would have been inconsiderable, and I submitted the plan to the Directory. But we were carried away by events. I went to Egypt, and no one thought any more about it.

"On my return I took it up again. I had dismissed the lawyers, and, having no more obstacles in my way, we applied our hammers to the Alps. We executed what the Romans had not dared to try, and traced, through blocks of granite, a solid and spacious road, capable of resisting the efforts of time."

October 26th. The Emperor was seized with shiverings in all his frame, accompanied by intense thirst. The weather was chill and damp, and he had a large fire lighted, at which he vainly endeavored to warm himself. His strength seemed quite exhausted. "This is not life," said he; "it is mere existence. Death will soon terminate my sufferings. In what a state am I, doctor! Every thing seems to weigh upon me to fatigue me. I can scarcely support myself. Have you not, among the resources of art, any means of reviving the play of the machine?"

November 6th. The Emperor, though so weak that he could hardly support himself, walked out to the basin which he had constructed. Upon a bench, by the side of the water, he had been in the habit of spending hours, amusing himself by watching the motions of the fishes, tossing them crumbs of bread, and studying all their habits. Some strange disease attacked them. One after another they perished, and floated upon the top of the water. Napoleon was deeply affected by the death of his little favorites. As he gazed upon one or two floating upon the surface, he said, sadly,

"You see very well that there is a fatality attached to me. Every thing I love, every thing that belongs to me, is immediately struck."

"From that moment," says Antommarchi, "neither weather nor sickness could prevent him from going daily to visit them himself, and he urged me to see if there were no means of assisting them. I could not conceive whence proceeded this singular mortality, and examined whether it was caused by the water; but the examination was too slow for the Emperor's impatience, and he sent for me several times every day, and dispatched me to ascertain whether others had perished. At last I discovered the cause of this accident which grieved Napoleon so much. We had cemented the bottom of the basin with a mastic containing a great proportion of copper, which had poisoned the water and destroyed the fishes. We took out those which were still alive, and put them in a tub."

November 19th. For many nights the Emperor had enjoyed no refreshing sleep, and a constant pain in the liver tortured him every hour. He had no longer any strength or energy left.

"Doctor," said he, "what a delightful thing rest is! The bed has become for me a place of luxury. I would not exchange it for all the thrones in the world. What an alteration! How fallen am I! I, whose activity was boundless, whose mind never slumbered, am now plunged in a lethargic

stupor, and must make an effort even to raise my eyelids. I sometimes dictated upon different subjects to four or five secretaries, who wrote as fast as words could be uttered; but then I was Napoleon, now I am no longer any thing. My strength, my faculties forsake me. I do not live. I merely exist."

A fortnight now passed away, during which the Emperor was so weak, and was plunged in such profound melancholy, that he did not leave his room, and scarcely uttered a word. To the entreaties of the doctor that he would take some medicine, he replied,

"What hopes can I entertain? What beneficial effects can I expect from medicines? Doctor, nothing useless should be done."

December 16th. The Emperor continued exceedingly weak and dejected. After a night of sleeplessness and pain, he endeavored to walk about the drawing-room, but his limbs bent beneath his weight, and he was obliged to sit down. "They are exhausted," said he, in melancholy tones. "See, there is nothing left—mere skeletons! Every thing must have an end. I am fast approaching mine; and I do not regret it, for I have, indeed, no reason to be attached to life."

December 26th. Some newspapers arrived from Europe. The Emperor perused them with the greatest avidity. In them he read the account of the death of his sister Eliza. "This intelligence," says Antommarchi, "threw him into a state of stupor. He was in an arm-chair, his head hanging down upon his breast, motionless, like one a prey to violent grief. Deep sighs escaped him at intervals. He raised his eyes, cast them down again, fixing them alternately upon me and upon the ground, and looking fixedly at me, without uttering a single word. At last he extended his arm toward me, and I felt his pulse. It was weak and irregular. I wished him to take a little orange-flower water, but he did not seem to have heard me. I entreated him to go out and breathe the open air in the garden."

"Do you think," said Napoleon, in a low and altered tone of voice, "that it can relieve me from the state of oppression under which I am laboring?"

"I do, sire," Antommarchi replied; "and, at the same time, again I entreat your majesty to use also the beverage I have proposed to you."

Napoleon drank of the orange water, and said, "You wish me to go into the garden. Be it so." He rose with difficulty, and, leaning upon the doctor's arm, said, "I am very weak. My trembling legs can hardly support me."

It was a beautiful day. The Emperor, assisted by his physician, tottered along as far as the summer-house, where his strength entirely failed him, and he was obliged to sit down upon a bench. He was silent for a few moments, and then said,

"The papers announce that the Princess Eliza died of a nervous fever, and that she has appointed Jerome guardian of her children." After an affectionate eulogium upon her character, he continued, "I know not how far the news of her death is to be credited in the manner related in the papers; but I think that she can not have appointed Jerome guardian of her children. To render that admissible, it must be supposed that her husband, Bacciocchi, is either dead or absent; otherwise he is their guardian by the right of law and nature."

The Emperor rose, leaned upon the arm of the doctor, and, looking him steadfastly in the face, said, "You see, doctor, Eliza has just shown us the way. Death, which seems to have overlooked our family, now begins to strike it. My turn can not be far distant. I have no longer any strength, activity, or energy left. I am no longer Napoleon. You endeavor in vain to revive hope—to recall life upon the point of escaping. Your care is without avail against Fate. Its decrees are immutable, its decisions without appeal. The first person of our family who will follow Eliza to the grave is that great Napoleon who here drags on a miserable existence—who sinks under its weight, but who, however, still keeps Europe in a state of alarm. As for me, all is over. My days will soon end on this miserable rock."

They returned to the house, and the Emperor, exhausted and dejected, threw himself upon his bed. He spoke of his son, whom he could never hope to see again, and of Maria Louisa. The doctor endeavored to turn his thoughts from these painful recollections. "I understand you, doctor," said the Emperor, sadly. "Well, be it so. Let us forget, if indeed the heart of a father can forget."

January 26th. Intelligence arrived at St. Helena of the revolutionary movements in Spain and Naples. "Ferdinand of Spain," said the Emperor, "is a man incapable of governing himself, and, of course, he is incapable of governing the Peninsula. As for the revolution in Naples, I must confess that I did not expect it. Who would ever have supposed that a set of Maccheronai would ape the Spaniards, proclaim their principles, and rival them in courage? No doubt that, of the two Ferdinands, one is not better than the other. But the question does not turn upon them—it is upon their respective nations; and between these there is so great a difference in point of energy and elevation of sentiment, that either the Neapolitans are mad, or this movement of theirs is a forerunner of a general insurrection. In the presence, as they are, of the rulers of Italy, what can they do if they are not supported by some great nation? If they are thus supported, I applaud their patriotism; but if it be otherwise, how much I pity my good and dear Italians! They will be immolated, and the sacrifice of their generous blood will not benefit the beautiful soil which gave them birth. I pity them. Unfortunate people! they are distributed in groups, divided, separated among a parcel of princes who only serve to excite aversions, to dissolve the ties which unite them, and to prevent them from agreeing together and co-operating with each other for the attainment of their common liberty. It was that *tribe-like* spirit I was endeavoring to destroy. It was with a view to gain this object that I annexed part of Italy to France, and formed a kingdom of the other part. I wished to eradicate local habits, partial and narrow views, to model the inhabitants after our manners, to accustom them to our laws, and then to unite them together, and restore them to the ancient glory of Italy.

"I proposed to make of all these states thus agglomerated a compact and independent power, over which my second son would have reigned, and of which Rome, restored and embellished, would have been the capital. I should have removed Murat from Naples. From the sea to the Alps only one sway would have been acknowledged. I had already begun the execu-

tion of that plan which I had formed with a view to the interest of Italy. Workmen were already engaged in clearing Rome of its ruins, and in draining the Pontine Marshes. But war, the circumstances in which I was placed, and the sacrifices I was obliged to ask of the people, did not allow me to do for them what I wished. Such, my dear doctor, were the motives which stopped me.

"Ah! doctor, what recollections, what epochs that beautiful Italy recalls to my mind! Methinks the moment is only just gone by when I took the command of the army which conquered it. I was young, like you. I possessed your vivacity, your ardor. I felt the consciousness of my powers, and burned to enter the lists. I had already given proof of what I could do. My aptitude was not contested, but my youth displeased those old soldiers who had grown gray on the field of battle. Perceiving this, I felt the necessity of compensating the disadvantage by an austerity of principles from which I never departed. Brilliant actions were required to conciliate the affection and confidence of the military, and I performed some. We marched, and every thing vanished at our approach. My name was soon as dear to the people as to the soldiers. I could not be insensible to this unanimity of homage, and became indifferent to every thing that was not glory. The air resounded with acclamations on my passage. Every thing was at my disposal. But I only thought of my brave soldiers, of France, and of posterity."

During the months of January and February, 1821, the Emperor's health was most deplorable, and his sufferings were extreme. Amid the fluctuations of pain and disease, confined to his cheerless chamber, buried in fogs, and with an incessant continuance of storms of wind and rain, the dismal weeks lingered along.

March 4th. The conversation in the Emperor's sick-chamber turned upon the fine arts. One present held music in very little estimation, and did not conceal his opinion. "You are wrong," said the Emperor. "Of all the liberal arts, music has the greatest influence over the passions, and is that to which the legislator ought to give the greatest encouragement. A well-composed song strikes and softens the mind, and produces a greater effect than a moral work, which convinces our reason, but does not warm our feelings, nor effect the slightest alteration in our habits."

March 17th. The aged Abbé Buonavita was completely broken down by the dismal climate of St. Helena. To save his life, Napoleon sent him to Europe, settling upon him a pension of six hundred dollars.

"Accompany this good old man to Jamestown," said the Emperor, "and give him all the assistance and advice which so long a voyage requires. I should like to know that the good ecclesiastic were already arrived at Rome, and safe from the dangers of the passage. What kind of a reception do you think he will meet with at Rome? Do you not suppose it will be a favorable one? At any rate, they owe it to me to treat him well, for, after all, without me, what would have become of the Church?"

March 20th. Madam Bertrand came in to see the Emperor. She was in very feeble health, but tried to appear cheerful. Napoleon, in a serene frame of mind, said to her, "We must prepare for the fatal sentence. You, little

Hortense, and myself are doomed to meet our fate on this miserable rock. I shall go first, you will come next, and Hortense will follow. We shall all three meet again in Paradise." He then repeated the following lines from Voltaire:

> "Mais à revoir Paris, je ne dois plus prétendre ;
> Vous voyez qu'au tombeau je suis prêt à descendre.
> Je vais au Roi des rois demander aujourd'hui
> Le prix de tous les maux que j'ai soufferts pour lui."
>
> *Zaïre, Act* II., *Scene* 3.

March 29*th*. The disease preying upon the Emperor was evidently making rapid progress. Napoleon was willing to submit to any external applications, but said to the doctor, in a tone of voice expressive of the excessive repugnance he felt, "It is, perhaps, beyond my power to take medicines. The aversion I feel for them is almost inconceivable. I exposed myself to dangers with indifference. I saw death without emotion; but I can not, notwithstanding all my efforts, approach my lips to a cup containing the slightest preparation. True it is that I am a spoiled child, who has never had any thing to do with physic." Then turning to Madam Bertrand, he said, "How do you manage to take all those pills and drugs which the doctor is constantly prescribing for you?"

"I take them," she replied, "without thinking about it, and I advise your majesty to do the same."

He shook his head, and addressed the same question to General Montholon, from whom he received a similar answer.

"I am, then," said Napoleon, "the only one who rebels against medicine. I will do so no longer. Give me the stuff." He seized the cup eagerly, as if afraid that his resolution would forsake him, and swallowed the dose.

March 31. The orderly officer, whose duty it was to certify the presence of Napoleon, was ordered to make a report to Sir Hudson Lowe every day, stating that he had that day *seen* "General Bonaparte." The Emperor had now been confined to his bed since the 17th of March. The officer, possessing gentlemanly feelings, could not summon brutality enough to force his way into the chamber of the dying victim. All that Napoleon now asked was that he might be permitted to die in peace, no longer tortured by the hateful presence of his jailers. Sir Hudson Lowe was enraged. He came to Longwood with his suite, walked all around the house, and threatened the officer with the severest punishment if he did not obey the order.

The officer was greatly embarrassed. He applied to General Montholon and Marchand. They, feeling for his perplexity, arranged matters so that the officer could obtain a view of the Emperor without Napoleon being conscious of his presence. At a moment when the Emperor had occasion to rise from his bed in the darkened room, while Montholon and Antommarchi stood by the languid sufferer, Marchand slightly opened one of the curtains, as if to look out into the garden. The agent of the governor, who stood outside, peeped in, and was thus able to make his report.

Still this did not satisfy Sir Hudson Lowe. He declared that if his agent was not permitted daily to see *General Bonaparte*, he would come to Longwood with his staff and force his way into the house, regardless of conse-

quences. General Montholon endeavored to dissuade him from the insulting and cruel deed. He represented to him the respect due to misfortune, and how much his unwelcome appearance would discompose and agitate the dying Emperor. Sir Hudson was incapable of appreciating such arguments, and turned a deaf ear to them. Just at this moment Dr. Antommarchi made his appearance, almost suffocated with indignation at this inhuman treatment of his revered patient.

"Where is *General Bonaparte?*" said the governor, haughtily.

"There is no *General* Bonaparte here," Antommarchi as haughtily replied.

"When did he disappear?" rejoined the governor.

"I do not recollect precisely," said Antommarchi. "The last battle at which *General* Bonaparte commanded was that of Aboukir. He fought for civilization; you were protecting barbarism. He defeated your allies, and threw them into the sea. His victory was complete. I have not heard of *General* Bonaparte since. But hasten and fill up the measure of your indignities by depriving the Emperor of the short remains of his existence."

"*The Emperor!*" said Sir Hudson Lowe, scornfully; "what emperor?"

"He who made England tremble," replied Antommarchi, "and placed in the hands of the Continent the weapon which will sooner or later give the death-blow to your aristocracy."

"That soul," says Antommarchi, with generous indignation, "must be formed of the mud of the Thames who can come and watch for the last breath of the dying man. The resolution taken by the Calabrian was too firm, and his own temper too savage, to permit any hope that the rules of decorum or the dictates of humanity would be attended to. Count Bertrand and General Montholon, therefore, sought some other means to appease the storm. They were fortunate enough to persuade Napoleon to consent to calling in a consulting physician. He chose Dr. Arnott, whom the governor made responsible for the presence of the Emperor, and who was obliged to make every day a report, which was transmitted to Plantation House."

April 2d. The British government had now finished a more comfortable residence for Napoleon than the miserable, dilapidated, rat-infested cabin where the Emperor had thus far been confined. Sir Hudson's Lowe's physician, Dr. Arnott, urged his being removed. The dying Emperor listened to him without answering a word, and then turning to his friend, Dr. Antommarchi, said, "Is that your opinion, doctor?"

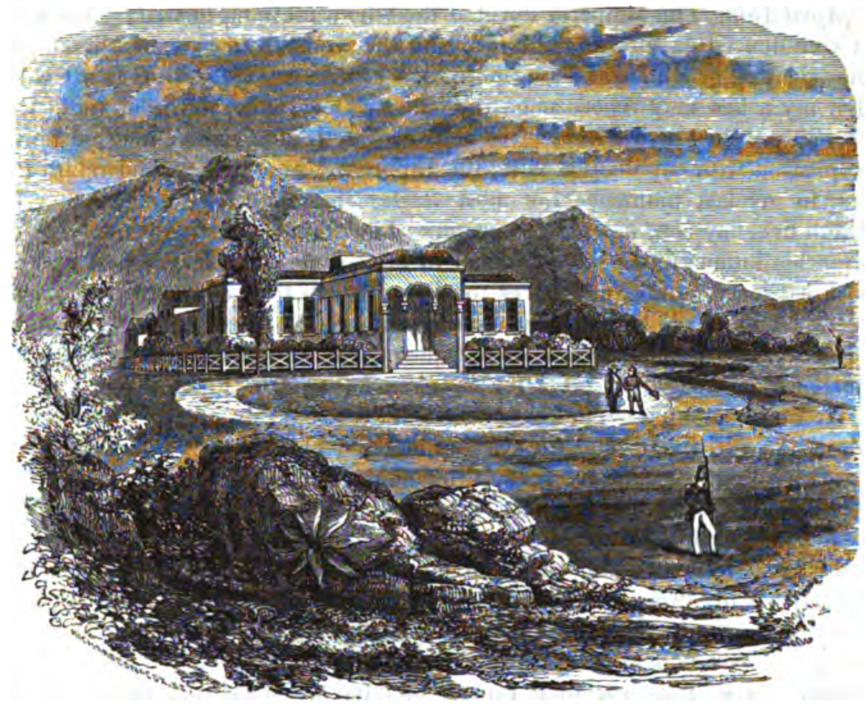
"No, sire," Antommarchi replied. "The fever is too violent. The removal from one house to another might be attended with the most serious consequences."

"You have heard," said the Emperor to Dr. Arnott. "We must think no more about it."

Dr. Arnott still ventured to urge the removal, but the Emperor made no reply.

April 5th. The Emperor passed a night of extreme suffering. He was heard, in a moment of anguish, to exclaim, "Ah! since I was to lose my life in this deplorable manner, why did the cannon balls spare it?"

April 6th. It was now twenty days since the Emperor had been able to



THE NEW HOUSE.

shave. The doctor had often endeavored to persuade him to order one of his servants to shave him, but he had always eluded the subject. At last the inconvenience became so great, that he expressed a wish to be shaved. The doctor proposed to send for a barber. The Emperor pondered the subject for a moment, and then said,

"I have always shaved myself. Nobody has ever put his hand on my face. I am now without strength, and must, of necessity, resign and submit to that against which my nature has always revolted. But no, doctor," he added, "it shall not be said that I have thus suffered myself to be touched. It is only you whom I will allow to shave me."

The doctor pleaded inexperience, and urged the Emperor to employ a more skillful hand.

"Very well," said the Emperor, "it shall be as you like; but certainly no one but yourself shall ever boast of having put his hands on my face."

April 7th. The Emperor was a little more comfortable. Summoning his strength, he rose, shaved himself, dressed, and sat down in his arm-chair. As he was reading one of the European journals, he came to an offensive anecdote in reference to two of his generals. He remarked,

"No doubt faults were committed. But who is exempt from faults? The citizen, in the quiet tenor of his easy life, has his moments of weakness and strength. And it is required that men, grown old in the midst of the hazards of war, who have constantly had to contend with all kinds of difficulties, should never have been inferior to themselves at any moment—should have always exactly hit the mark."

April 15*th*. The Emperor devoted the whole morning to writing his will. It commenced as follows: "1. I die in the Apostolical Roman religion, in the midst of which I was born, more than fifty years ago. 2. It is my wish that my ashes may repose upon the banks of the Seine, in the midst of the French people whom I have loved so well. 3. I have always had reason to be pleased with my dearest wife, the Empress Maria Louisa, and retain for her, to my last moments, the most tender sentiments. I beseech her to watch over my son, in order to preserve him from the snares which yet environ his infancy. 4. I recommend to my son never to forget that he was born a French prince, and never to allow himself to become an instrument in the hands of the triumvirs who oppress the nations of Europe. He ought never to fight against France, or to injure her in any manner. He ought to adopt my motto, *Every thing for the French people*."

He then remembered, in kind and munificent bequests, all of his old friends who were still living, and the widows and the children of those who were dead. No one escaped his grateful memory.

April 17*th*. At three o'clock in the afternoon Napoleon sent for Count Montholon. His face was flushed, and his eye beamed with peculiar lustre. "My mind has been roused," said he, "in talking with General Bertrand about what my executors should say to my son when they see him. I wish, in a few words, to give you a summary of the counsels which I bequeath to my son. You will thus be more easily enabled to detail my ideas to him. Write." The Emperor then rapidly dictated the following extraordinary letter:

"My son should not think of avenging my death. He should profit by it. Let the remembrance of what I have done never leave his mind. Let him always be, like me, every inch a Frenchman. The aim of all his efforts should be to reign by peace. If he should recommence my wars out of pure love of imitation, and without any absolute necessity, he would be a mere ape. To do my work over again would be to suppose that I had done nothing. To complete it, on the contrary, would be to show the solidity of the basis, and explain the whole plan of an edifice which I had only roughly sketched. The same thing is not done twice in a century. I was obliged to daunt Europe by my arms. In the present day, the way is to convince her. I saved the revolution which was about to perish. I raised it from its ruins, and showed it to the world beaming with glory. I have implanted new ideas in France and in Europe. They can not retrograde. Let my son bring into blossom all that I have sown. Let him develop all the elements of prosperity inclosed in the soil of France, and by these means he may yet be a great sovereign.

"The Bourbons will not maintain their position after my death. A reaction in my favor will take place every where, even in England. This reaction will be a fine inheritance for my son. It is possible that the English, in order to efface the remembrance of their persecutions, will favor my son's return to France. But in order to live in a good understanding with England, it is necessary, at any cost, to favor her commercial interests. This necessity leads to one of these two consequences—war with England, or a sharing of the commerce of the world with her. This second condition

is the only one possible in the present day. The exterior question will long take precedence, in France, of the interior. I bequeath to my son sufficient strength and sympathy to enable him to continue my work, with the single aid of an elevated and conciliatory diplomacy.

"His position at Vienna is deplorable. Will Austria set him at liberty unconditionally? But, after all, Francis I. was once in a more critical position, and yet his French nationality was nothing impaired by it. Let not my son ever mount the throne by the aid of foreign influence. His aim should not be to fulfill a desire to reign, but to deserve the approbation of posterity. Let him cherish an intimacy with my family, whenever it shall be in his power. My mother is a woman of the old school. Joseph and Eugene are able to give him good counsel. Hortense and Catharine are superior women. If he remains in exile, let him marry one of my nieces. If France recalls him, let him seek the hand of a Princess of Russia. This court is the only one where family ties rule policy. The alliance which he may contract should tend to increase the exterior influence of France, and not to introduce a foreign influence into its councils. The French nation, when it is not taken the wrong way, is more easily governed than any other. Its prompt and easy comprehension is unequaled. It immediately discerns who labors for and who against it. But then it is necessary always to speak to its senses, otherwise its uneasy spirit gnaws; it ferments and explodes.

"My son will arrive after a time of civil troubles. He has but one party to fear, that of the Duke of Orleans. This party has been germinating for a long time. Let him despise all parties, and only see the mass of the people. Excepting those who have betrayed their country, he ought to forget the previous conduct of all men, and reward talent, merit, and services wherever he finds them. Chateaubriand, notwithstanding his libel, is a good Frenchman.*

"France is the country where the chiefs of parties have the least influence. To rest for support on them is to build on sand. Great things can be done in France only by having the support of the *mass of the people*. Besides, a government should always seek for support where it is really to be found. There are moral laws as inflexible and imperious as the physical ones. The Bourbons can only rely for support on the nobles and the priests, whatever may be the Constitution which they are made to adopt. The water will descend again to its level, in spite of the machine which has raised it for a moment. I, on the contrary, relied on the whole mass of the people, without exception. I set the example of a government which favored the interests of all. I did not govern by the help of, or solely for, either the nobles, the priests, the citizens, or tradesmen. I governed for the whole community, for the whole family of the French nation.

"My nobility will afford no support to my son. I required more than one generation to succeed in making them assume my color, and preserve, by tradition, the sacred deposit of my moral conquests. From the year 1815, all the grandees openly espoused the opposite party. I felt no reliance either

* Nothing can more strikingly show the exalted character of Napoleon than his readiness to forgive the atrocious libel of Chateaubriand. We have but few examples of a spirit so magnanimous and self-forgetful.

on my marshals or my nobility, not even on my colonels; but the whole mass of the people, and the whole army, up to the grade of captain, were on my side. I was not deceived in feeling this confidence. They owe much to me. I was their true representative. My dictatorship was indispensable. The proof of this is that they always offered me more power than I desired. In the present day there is nothing possible in France but what is necessary. It will not be the same with my son. His power will be disputed. He must anticipate every desire for liberty. It is, besides, easier in ordinary times to reign with the help of the Chambers than alone. The Assemblies take a great part of your responsibility, and nothing is more easy than always to have the majority on your side; but care must be taken not to demoralize the country. The influence of the government in France is immense; and if it understands the way, it has no need of employing corruption in order to find support on all sides. The aim of a sovereign is not only to reign, but to diffuse instruction, morality, and well-being. Any thing false is but a bad aid.

"In my youth I too entertained some illusions; but I soon recovered from them. The great orators, who rule the Assemblies by the brilliance of their eloquence are, in general, men of the most mediocre political talents. They should not be opposed in their own way, for they have always more noisy words at command than you. Their eloquence should be opposed by a serious and logical argument. Their strength lies in vagueness. They should be brought back to the reality of facts. Practical arguments destroy them In the Council there were men possessed of much more eloquence than I was. I always defeated them by this simple argument, *two and two make four*.

"France possesses very clever practical men. The only thing necessary is to find them, and to give them the means of reaching the proper station. Such a one is at the plow who ought to be in the Council; and such another is minister who ought to be at the plow. Let not my son be astonished to hear men, the most reasonable to all appearance, propose to him the most absurd plans. From the agrarian law to the despotism of the grand Turk, every system finds an apologist in France. Let him listen to them all; let him take every thing at its just value, and surround himself by all the real capacity of the country. The French people are influenced by two powerful passions, the love of liberty and the love of distinction. These, though seemingly opposed, are derived from one and the same feeling. A government can only satisfy these two wants by the most exact justice. The law and action of the government must be equal toward all. Honors and rewards must be conferred on the men who seem, in the eyes of all, to be most worthy of them. Merit may be pardoned, but not intrigue. The order of the Legion of Honor has been an immense and powerful incitement to virtue, talent, and courage. If ill employed, it would become a great evil, by alienating the whole army if the spirit of court intrigue and coterie presided at its nominations or in its administration.

"My son will be obliged to allow the liberty of the press. This is a necessity in the present day. In order to govern, it is not necessary to pursue a more or less perfect theory, but to build with the materials which are under

one's hand; to submit to necessities, and profit by them. The liberty of the press ought to become, in the hands of the government, a powerful auxiliary in diffusing, through all the most distant corners of the empire, sound doctrines and good principles. To leave it to itself would be to fall asleep on the brink of a danger. On the conclusion of a general peace, I would have instituted a Directory of the Press, composed of the ablest men of the country, and I would have diffused, even to the most distant hamlet, my ideas and my intentions. In the present day, it is impossible to remain, as one might have done three hundred years ago, a quiet spectator of the transformations of society. Now one must, under the pain of death, either direct or hinder every thing.

"My son ought to be a man of new ideas, and of the cause which I have made triumphant every where. He ought to establish institutions which shall efface all traces of the feudal law, secure the dignity of man, and develop those germs of prosperity which have been budding for centuries. He should propagate, in all those countries now uncivilized and barbarous, the benefits of Christianity and civilization. Such should be the aim of all my son's thoughts. Such is the cause for which I die a martyr to the hatred of the oligarchs, of which I am the object. Let him consider the holiness of my cause. Look at the regicides! They were formerly in the councils of a Bourbon. To-morrow they will return to their country, and I and mine expiate in torture the blessings which I desired to bestow on nations. My enemies are the enemies of humanity. They desire to fetter the people, whom they regard as a flock of sheep. They endeavor to oppress France, and to make the stream reascend toward its source. Let them take care that it does not burst its bounds.

"With my son, all opposite interests may live in peace; new ideas be diffused and gather strength, without any violent shock, or the sacrifice of any victims, and humanity be spared dreadful misfortunes. But if the blind hatred of kings still pursues my blood after my death, I shall then be avenged, but cruelly avenged. Civilization will suffer in every way if nations burst their bounds, and rivers of blood will be shed throughout the whole of Europe; the lights of science and knowledge will be extinguished amid civil and foreign warfare. More than three hundred years of troubles will be required in order to destroy in Europe that royal authority which has, but for a day, represented the interests of all classes of men, but which struggled for several centuries before it could throw off all the restraints of the Middle Ages. If, on the other hand, the North advances against civilization, the struggle will be of shorter duration, but the blows more fatal. The well-being of nations, all the results which it has taken so many years to obtain, will be destroyed, and none can foresee the disastrous consequences. The accession of my son is for the interest of nations as well as of kings. Beyond the circle of ideas and principles for which we have fought, and which I have carried triumphantly through all difficulties, I see naught but slavery and confusion for France and for the whole of Europe.

"You will publish all that I have dictated or written, and you will engage my son to read and reflect upon it. You will tell him to protect all those who have served me well, and their number is large. My poor soldiers, so

magnanimous, so devoted, are now, perhaps; in want of bread. What courage, what good sense is there in this French people! What buried riches, which will, perhaps, never again see the light of day! Europe is progressing toward an inevitable transformation. To endeavor to retard this progress would be but to lose strength by a useless struggle. To favor it is to strengthen the hopes and wishes of all.

"There are desires of nationality which must be satisfied sooner or later. It is toward this end that continual progress should be made. My son's position will not be exempt from immense difficulties. Let him do by general consent what I was compelled by circumstances to effect by force of arms. When I was victorious over Russia in 1812, the problem of a peace of a hundred years' duration was solved. I cut the Gordian knot of nations. In the present day it must be untied. The remembrance of the thrones which I raised up, when it was for the interest of my general policy so to do, should be effaced. In the year 1815 I exacted from my brothers that they should forget their royalty, and only take the title of French princes. My son should follow this example. An opposite course would excite just alarm.

"It is no longer in the North that great questions will be resolved, but in the Mediterranean. There, there is enough to content all the ambition of the different powers; and the happiness of civilized nations may be purchased with fragments of barbarous lands. Let the kings listen to reason. Europe will no longer afford matter for maintaining international hatreds. Prejudices are dissipated and intermingled. Routes of commerce are becoming multiplied. It is no longer possible for one nation to monopolize it. As a means by which my son may see whether his administration be good or the contrary, whether his laws are in accordance with the manners of the country, let him have an annual and particular report presented to him of the number of condemnations pronounced by the tribunals. If crimes and delinquencies increase in number, it is a proof that misery is on the increase, and that society is ill governed. Their diminution, on the other hand, is a proof of the contrary.

"Religious ideas have more influence than certain narrow-minded philosophers are willing to believe. They are capable of rendering great services to humanity. By standing well with the Pope, an influence is still maintained over the consciences of a hundred millions of men. Pius VII. will be always well disposed toward my son. He is a tolerant and enlightened old man. Fatal circumstances embroiled our cabinets. I regret this deeply. Cardinal Fesch did not understand me. He upheld the party of the *Ultramontanes*, the enemies of true religion in France. If you are permitted to return to France, you will still find many who have remained faithful to my memory. The best monuments which they could raise to me would be to make a collection of all the ideas which I expressed in the Council of State for the administration of the empire; to collect all my instructions to my ministers, and to make a list of the works which I undertook, and of all the monuments which I raised in France and Italy. In what I have said in the Council of State, a distinction must be made between the measures good only for the moment, and those whose application is eternally true.

"Let my son often read and reflect on history. This is the only true

philosophy. Let him read and meditate on the wars of the greatest captains. This is the only means of rightly learning the science of war. But all that you say to him, or all that he learns, will be of little use to him if he has not, in the depth of his heart, that sacred fire and love of good which alone can effect great things. I will hope, however, that he will be worthy of his destiny."

April 19th. After several days and nights of very severe suffering, the Emperor appeared a little better. He spoke of distinguished military chieftains. "Marlborough," said he, "was not a man whose mind was narrowly confined to the field of battle. He fought and negotiated. He was at once a captain and a diplomatist. Has the 20th regiment his campaigns?"

"I think not," answered Dr. Arnott.

"Well," added the Emperor, "I have there a copy of them, which I am glad to offer to that brave regiment. Take it, doctor, and you will place it in their library as coming from me."

Sir Hudson Lowe censured the doctor for receiving the book. He would not allow it to be presented to the regiment, fearing that it would increase the love which those English soldiers already manifested for Napoleon. "Doctor Arnott," says Lord Holland, in the noble spirit characteristic of his nature, "was ordered by his superiors to return the book, first, because it had not been transmitted through the Government House, and, secondly, because it was in the name of the Emperor Napoleon, not of *General Bonaparte.* Pitiful, narrow-minded malignity, disgraceful alike to the government and its agents!"

April 20th. The Emperor enjoyed a temporary respite from pain. He was in cheerful spirits. Seeing that some of his friends hoped that he was permanently better, he looked at them with a placid smile, and said,

"My friends, you are mistaken. I am better to-day, but I feel, nevertheless, that my end is approaching. After my death, every one of you will have the consolation of returning to Europe. Some of you will see your relations again, and some your friends, and I shall join my brave companions in the Elysian Fields. Yes, Kleber, Desaix, Bessières, Duroc, Ney, Murat, Massena, Berthier, will all come to meet me. They will speak to me of what we have done together, and I will relate to them the last events of my life. On seeing me again, they will all become once more animated with enthusiasm and glory. We will talk of our wars with the Scipios, Hannibal, Cæsar, Frederick. There will be pleasure in that, unless," he added, smiling, "it should create an alarm in the spirit world to see so many warriors assembled together."

At this moment Dr. Arnott came in. The Emperor received him with much affability, and, after a few moments' conversation, said, "It is all over with me, doctor. The blow is struck. I am near my end, and shall soon surrender my body to the earth. Bertrand, approach, and translate to this gentleman what you are going to hear. It is the relation of a series of indignities worthy of the hand which has bestowed them. Express my full meaning. Do not omit a single word.

"I had come to seek the hospitality of the British people. I asked for a generous protection. To the subversion of every right held sacred upon

earth, chains were the reply I received. I should have experienced a different reception from Alexander. The Emperor Francis would have treated me with more respect and kindness. Even the King of Prussia would have been more generous. It was reserved for England to deceive and excite the sovereigns of Europe, and give to the world the unheard-of spectacle of four great powers cruelly leagued against one man. Your ministers have chosen this horrible rock, upon which the lives of Europeans are exhausted in less than three years, in order to end my existence by assassination. And how have I been treated since my arrival here? There is no species of indignity or insult that has not been eagerly heaped upon me. The simplest family communications, which have never been interdicted to any one, have been refused to me. No news, no papers from home have been allowed to reach me. My wife and son have no longer existed for me. I have been kept six years in the tortures of close confinement. The most uninhabitable spot on this inhospitable island, that where the murderous effects of a tropical climate are most severely felt, has been assigned to me for a residence; and I, who used to ride on horseback all over Europe, have been obliged to shut myself up within four walls, in an unwholesome atmosphere. I have been destroyed piecemeal by a premeditated and protracted assassination. The infamous Hudson Lowe has been the executor of these atrocities of your ministers. You will end like the proud republic of Venice; and I, dying upon this dreary rock, far from those I hold dear, and deprived of every thing, bequeath the opprobrium and horror of my death to the reigning family of England."

At one o'clock at night the Emperor expressed a desire to converse with the Abbé Vignali. He remained in private communication with his spiritual adviser for an hour. When the abbé retired, Montholon returned to the room. He found the Emperor serene and thoughtful. After a few moments of religious conversation, Napoleon turned upon his pillow and fell asleep.

April 21st. Though the Emperor was exceedingly feeble, he passed much of the day dictating and writing. In the afternoon he sent for the Abbé Vignali, and said to him,

"Abbé, I wish you to officiate in my chamber after my death." He then entered minutely into the subject, describing the religious solemnities which he wished to have observed. Dr. Antommarchi was a skeptic, and had often displeased Napoleon by his irreverent remarks. Perceiving a contemptuous expression upon the countenance of the doctor, the Emperor turned to him with severe and indignant rebuke.

"You are an Atheist, sir," said he. "You are a physician. Physicians believe in nothing, because they deal only in matter. You are above these weaknesses; but I am neither a philosopher nor a physician. I believe in God, and am of the religion of my father. Be an Atheist if you will, sir; but as for me, I was born a Catholic, and I will fulfill all the duties which religion imposes, and seek all the solace which it administers. It is not every one who *can* be an Atheist.

"I wish you, Monsieur Abbé," he continued, turning to Vignali, "to say mass in the chapel every day, and to continue to say it after my death. You

will not cease until I am buried. As soon as I am dead, I wish you to place a crucifix upon my bosom, and your altar at my head; and you will not omit solemnizing the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, and offering daily prayers until I am buried.

"How can you," said Napoleon to Antommarchi, after the abbé had taken his leave, "carry your incredulity so far? Can you not believe in God, whose existence every thing proclaims, and in whom the greatest minds have believed?"

On another occasion Antommarchi coolly records: "Napoleon spoke of different kinds of worship, of religious dissensions, and of the plan he had formed to reconcile all sects. Reverses, however, occurred too soon to allow him to carry that plan into execution; but he had, at least," the unbelieving Antommarchi continues, "re-established religion, and that was a service the results of which were incalculable; for, after all, if men had no religion, they would murder each other for the best pear or the finest girl."

April 24th. "The Emperor," says Montholon, "has again spoken to me of his will. His imagination is unceasingly employed in seeking to find resources from which to gratify his liberality. Each day brings to his mind the remembrance of some other old servant whom he would wish to remunerate."

April 25th. The Emperor slept quietly most of the night. Count Montholon sat at his bedside. At four o'clock in the morning Napoleon started up, and exclaimed in dreamy delirium, "I have just seen my good Josephine, but she would not embrace me. She disappeared at the moment when I was about to take her in my arms. She was seated there. It seemed to me that I had seen her yesterday evening. She is not changed. She is still the same, full of devotion to me. She told me that we were about to see each other again, never more to part. Did you see her?" He soon again fell asleep.

In the morning General Bertrand read to him from an English journal. He happened to fall upon a very atrocious libel against Caulaincourt and Savary, as being peculiar culprits in what the English called the *assassination* of the Duke d'Enghien. The magnanimity of Napoleon revolted at the idea of allowing the odium of any of the unpopular acts of his reign to be laid upon his friends. "This is shameful!" said the Emperor; and then turning to Montholon, continued, "Bring me my will." Without saying another word, he opened the will and interlined the following declaration:

"I caused the Duke d'Enghein to be arrested and tried, because that step was essential to the safety, interest, and honor of the French people, when the Count d'Artois was maintaining, by his own confession, sixty assassins at Paris. Under similar circumstances, I would act in the same way."

Having written these few lines, without adding a word, he handed back the will to Montholon. There is something very remarkable in this declaration. In the first place, Napoleon solemnly assumes all the responsibility of the act. He takes upon himself whatever may be attached to it which is blameworthy. In the second place, he is very accurate in his statement. He says, "I caused the Duke d'Enghien to be *arrested and tried.*" The evidence is very conclusive that Napoleon, notwithstanding the proof of his

treason, intended to have pardoned him. His *execution* Napoleon deeply deplored. He, however, would ask for no abatement of the censure on that score, but held himself answerable for the acts which occurred under his reign.

He afterward called his valet, Marchand, to take the inventory of the contents of some caskets. He took from one of them a diamond necklace and gave it to Marchand, saying, "Take this. I am ignorant in what state my affairs may be in Europe. The good Hortense gave me this, thinking that I might have need of it. I believe it to be worth forty thousand dollars. Hide it about your person. When you reach France, it will enable you to await the provision which I make for you in my will. Marry honorably. Make your choice among the daughters of the officers or soldiers of my Old Guard. There are many of those brave men who are happy. A better fate was reserved for them, had it not been for the reverse of fortune experienced by France. Posterity will acknowledge all I would have done for them, had circumstances been different."

The Emperor then dictated the following letter, which Montholon was to write to Sir Hudson Lowe to announce his death.

"Monsieur le Gouverneur,—The Emperor Napoleon breathed his last on the ——, after a long and painful illness. I have the honor to communicate this intelligence to you. The Emperor has authorized me to communicate to you, if such be your desire, his last wishes. I beg you to inform me what are the arrangements prescribed by your government for the transportation of his remains to France, as well as those relating to the persons of his suite. I have the honor to be, &c.,

"COUNT MONTHOLON."

April 28*th*. The prostration of the Emperor was extreme. He spoke of his death with great composure. "After my death," said he, "which can not be far distant, I desire that you will open my body. I insist, also, that you promise that no English medical man shall touch me. If, however, the assistance of one should be indispensable, Dr. Arnott is the only one whom you have permission to employ. I further desire that you will take my heart, put it in spirits of wine, and carry it to Parma to my dear Maria Louisa. You will tell her that I tenderly loved her—that I never ceased to love her. You will relate to her all you have seen, and every particular respecting my situation and death. I particularly recommend to you carefully to examine my stomach, and to make a precise and detailed report of the state in which you may find it, which report you will give to my son. The vomitings, which succeed each other almost without interruption, lead me to suppose that the stomach is, of all my organs, the most diseased. I am inclined to believe that it is attacked with the same disorder which killed my father —I mean, a scirrhosis in the pylorus. I began to suspect that such was the case as soon as I saw the frequency and obstinate recurrence of the vomitings. I beg that you will be very particular in your examination, that, when you see my son, you may be able to communicate your observations to him, and point out to him the most proper medicines to use. When I am no



THE EMPEROR DICTATING HIS LAST LETTER.

more, you will go to Rome. You will see my mother and my family, and will relate to them all you may have observed concerning my situation, my disorder, and my death upon this dreary and miserable rock."

From this effort he soon sank down in complete exhaustion, and deliriously murmured broken and incoherent sentences.

April 29th. The Emperor was rapidly sinking. His sufferings depriving him of sleep, at four o'clock in the morning he requested Montholon to bring a table to his bedside, and he occupied himself for two hours in dictating two projects, one on the use to which the Palace of Versailles should be appropriated, and the other on the organization of the National Guard for the defense of Paris.

In the morning, Dr. Antommarchi found the Emperor, though fast sinking, calm and rational. To his suggestion that a blister should be applied to the stomach, the Emperor replied, "Since you wish it, be it so. Not that I expect the least effect from it; but my end is approaching, and I am desirous of showing, by my resignation, my gratitude for your care and attention."

The feverish state of his stomach induced him to drink much cold water. With characteristic gratitude, he exclaimed, "If Fate had decreed that I should recover, I would erect a monument upon the spot where the water flows, and would crown the fountain, in testimony of the relief which it has afforded me. If I die, and my body, proscribed as my person has been, should be denied a little earth, I desire that my remains may be deposited in

the Cathedral of Ajaccio, in Corsica. And if it should not be permitted me to rest where I was born, let me be buried near the limpid stream of this pure water."

May 2d. The Emperor was in a raging fever during the night, and quite delirious. His wandering spirit retraced the scenes of the past, visited again his beloved France, hovered affectionately over his idolized son, and held familiar converse with the companions of his toil and his glory. Again the lurid storms of war beat upon his disturbed fancy as his unrelenting assailants combined anew for his destruction. Wildly he shouted, "Steingel, Desaix, Massena! Ah! victory is declaring. Run! hasten! press the charge! They are ours!" Suddenly collecting his strength, in his eagerness he sprang from the bed, but his limbs failed him, and he fell prostrate upon the floor.

At nine o'clock in the morning the fever abated, and reason returned to her throne. Calling the doctor to his bedside, he said to him earnestly, "Recollect what I have directed you to do after my death. Proceed very carefully to the anatomical examination of my stomach. I wish it, that I may save my son from that cruel disease. You will see him, doctor, and you will point out to him what is best to be done, and will save him from the cruel sufferings I now experience. This is the last service I ask of you."

At noon the violence of the disease returned, and Napoleon, looking steadfastly and silently upon the doctor for a few moments, said, "Doctor, I am very ill; I feel that I am going to die." He immediately sank away into insensibility. All the inmates of Longwood were unremitting in their attentions to the beloved sufferer. He was to them all, from the highest to the lowest, a father whom they almost adored. The zeal and solicitude they manifested deeply moved the sensibilities of the Emperor. He spoke to them in grateful words, and remembered them all in his will. As he recovered from this insensibility, he spoke faintly to his companions, enjoining it upon them to be particularly careful in attending to the comfort of the humble members of his household after he should be gone. "And my poor Chinese," said he, "do not let them be forgotten. Let them have a few scores of Napoleons. I must take leave of them also." It is refreshing to meet such recognitions of the brotherhood of man.

May 3d. At two o'clock in the afternoon the Emperor revived for a moment, and said to those who were appointed the executors of his will, and who were at his bedside,

"I am going to die, and you to return to Europe. You have shared my exile, you will be faithful to my memory. I have sanctioned all good principles, and have infused them into my laws and my acts. I have not omitted a single one. Unfortunately, however, the circumstances in which I was placed were arduous, and I was obliged to act with severity, and to postpone the execution of my plans. Our reverses occurred. I could not unbend the bow, and France has been deprived of the liberal institutions I intended to give her. She judges me with indulgence. She feels grateful for my intentions. She cherishes my name and my victories. Imitate her example. Be faithful to the opinions we have defended, and to the glory we have acquired. Any other course can only lead to shame and confusion."

He then sent for the Abbé Vignali. A movable altar was placed at the Emperor's bedside. All retired except the Abbé. Napoleon then, in silence and in solitude, upon his dying bed, received the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. After the solemn ordinance, Count Montholon returned to the room. The tranquil tones of the Emperor's voice, and the placid expression of his countenance, indicated the serenity of his spirit. He conversed for a few moments on religious subjects, and peacefully fell asleep.



THE EMPEROR RECEIVING THE SACRAMENT OF THE LORD'S SUPPER.

"Open the window, Marchand," said the Emperor, as he awoke in the morning, to his valet; "open it wide, that I may breathe the air, the good air which the good God has made."

May 5th. The night of the 4th of May, dark, cheerless, and tempestuous, enveloped St. Helena in even unwonted gloom. The rain fell in torrents. A tornado of frightful violence swept the bleak rocks. Every tree which Napoleon had cherished was torn up by the roots, and laid prostrate in the mud. The dying Emperor, unconscious of every thing which was passing around him, tossed restlessly upon his pillow. And now occurred the most affecting scene which had yet been witnessed in this chamber of suffering. The children of the family were introduced, to look, for the last time, upon their friend, now insensible and breathing heavily in death. They had not seen him for more than a month. Shocked at the change which had taken place in that countenance, which had ever been accustomed to contemplate them with so much benignity and affection, they for a moment gazed upon the pallid and emaciate features with hesitation and terror. Then, with

flooded eyes and loud sobbings, they rushed to the bedside, seized the hands of the Emperor, and covered them with kisses and with tears. All present were overpowered with emotion, and the deep respiration of the dying was drowned in the irrepressible lamentations of the mourners. Young Napoleon Bertrand was so overcome by the heart-rending spectacle that he fainted, and fell lifeless upon the floor. In the midst of this tragic scene, one of the servants, who had been sick for forty-eight days, rose from his bed, and, emaciate, pallid, delirious, and with disordered dress, entered the room. In fevered dreams he imagined that the Emperor was in trouble, and had called to him for help. The delirious and dying servant stood tottering by the side of his dying master, wildly exclaiming, "I will die for him."

The hours of the night passed slowly away, while the expiring monarch, insensible and motionless upon his pillow, breathed heavily, and occasionally disturbed the solemn silence of the scene by inarticulate murmurs. "Twice I thought," says Count Montholon, "that I distinguished the unconnected words '*France, Army, Head of the Army, Josephine.*'" This was at six o'clock in the morning. During the rest of the day, until six o'clock in the evening, he was lying upon his back, with his right hand out of the bed, and his eyes fixed, seemingly absorbed in deep meditation, and without any appearance of suffering. A pleasant and peaceful expression was spread over his face. Just as the sun was sinking behind the clouds of that sombre and tempestuous day, the spirit of Napoleon passed the earthly veil, and entered the vast unknown. "*Isle of Elba, Napoleon,*" were the last utterances of the loving



THE DYING SCENE.

and forgiving Josephine. "*France, the Army, Josephine,*" were the last images which lingered in the heart, and the last words which trembled upon the lips of the dying Emperor.

Napoleon had earnestly expressed the wish that his remains might repose on the banks of the Seine, in the midst of the French people whom he had loved so well; but if that privilege were denied him, he prayed that his body might be taken to his native island, and deposited in the tomb of his fathers at Ajaccio; but if the English government declined also granting that request, he entreated his friends to bury him in a secluded spot which he had selected at St. Helena, beneath a weeping willow which overshadowed the limpid spring from which he had received so many refreshing draughts of cold water. With his glowing affections, he loved this spring as if it had been a personal friend.

Application was immediately made to Sir Hudson Lowe for permission to remove the remains to Europe. He, in reply, informed the friends of Napoleon that the orders of his government were imperative that the body was to remain at St. Helena. He, however, stated that it was a matter of indifference to him in what part of the island *General Bonaparte* was buried. They entreated, almost with tears, permission to take the revered remains home to his relatives and friends. But Sir Hudson, obedient to the requisitions of his government, was necessarily inexorable. The aristocrats of Europe feared Napoleon even in his grave. The governor could not consent, notwithstanding the most affecting supplications and entreaties on the part of Madame Bertrand, to allow even the stomach and the heart to be removed.

After a very careful *post mortem* examination, the body was prepared for burial. The *valet de chambre* dressed the Emperor as he was usually dressed in life, with white waistcoat and breeches, black cravat, long boots, and cocked hat. He was thus placed upon the bed in his small bed-room, which was dressed in black. The cloak which Napoleon had worn at Marengo was spread over his feet. A silver crucifix was placed upon his chest. Behind his head was an altar, where the Abbé Vignali stood, reciting the prayers of the Church.

Napoleon had won the affections of all the inhabitants of the bleak rock. Rapidly the tidings of his death spread to every individual. An immense crowd was soon assembled at Longwood. During the afternoon of the 6th and the whole of the 7th, an unending procession passed slowly and solemnly through the room, gazing in silent and religious awe upon the lifeless remains. Even Sir Hudson Lowe said, in this sad hour, "He was England's greatest enemy, and mine too; but I forgive him."

The morning of the 8th of May dawned with unusual brilliance upon the blackened cliff of St. Helena. A perfect calm had succeeded the storm, and not a cloud floated in the resplendent skies. An invigorating sea breeze passed gently over the island, and all the inhabitants were assembled at Longwood, to pay their last token of respect to the remains of the captive who had rendered their island immortal. At half past twelve o'clock at noon, the grenadiers placed the heavy triple coffin, of tin, lead, and mahogany, upon the hearse. It was drawn by four horses. Twelve grenadiers

walked by the side of the coffin to take it upon their shoulders where the bad state of the road prevented the horses from advancing. The Emperor's household, dressed in deepest mourning, followed immediately the hearse. Their hearts were stricken with grief, deep and unaffected. The admiral and the governor, with the officers of the staff, respectfully joined the procession on horseback. All the inhabitants of St. Helena, men, women, and children, in a long, winding train, reverently followed. The English garrison, which had been stationed upon the island to guard the Emperor, two thousand five hundred strong, lined the whole of the left side of the road nearly to the grave. Bands of music, stationed at intervals, breathed their requiems upon the still air. The soldiers, as the procession passed, fell into the line and followed to the grave.



NAPOLEON'S GRAVE.

At length the hearse stopped. The grenadiers took the coffin on their shoulders, and carried it along a narrow path which had been constructed on the side of the mountain to the lonely place of burial. The coffin was placed on the verge of the grave. The Abbé Vignali recited the burial service, while all were overpowered by the unwonted solemnity and sublimity of the scene. During the funeral march, the admiral's ship in the harbor had fired minute guns, and as the coffin descended to its chamber of massive masonry, deep in the earth, three successive volleys, from a battery of fifteen guns, discharged over the grave, reverberated along the cliffs and crags

of St. Helena. The willows which overhung the tomb were immediately stripped of their foliage, as each one wished to carry away some souvenir of the most extraordinary man the world has ever known.

The officers of the household of the Emperor, upon the day of his death, had ordered a stone to be prepared, to rest upon his grave, with this simple inscription:

"NAPOLEON,
Born at Ajaccio
the 15th of August, 1769,
Died at St. Helena
the 5th of May, 1821."

The graver had already cut this inscription, when Sir Hudson Lowe informed the friends of the Emperor that the orders of the British government were imperative that no inscription could be allowed on the tomb but simply the words *General Bonaparte*. It was a cruel insult thus to pursue their victim even into the grave. Remonstrances were unavailing. The French gentlemen at last obtained the poor boon of having a stone cover the grave without any inscription whatever.

On the 27th of May the devoted household of Napoleon sadly embarked for Europe. The day before their departure, they went in a body to the tomb of the Emperor, and covered it with flowers, and did homage to the memory of their revered friend with tears which could not be repressed. They then embarked in an English ship, and waved a last adieu to that dreary rock where they had endured five and a half years of exile and of woe, but where they had also won the homage of the world by their devotion to greatness and goodness in adversity. One of their number, however, Sergeant Hubert, in the enthusiasm of his deathless devotion, refused to abandon even the grave of the Emperor. For nineteen years he continued at St. Helena, daily guarding the solitary tomb; and when, at the united voice of France, that tomb gave up its sacred relics, and they were removed to repose on the banks of the Seine, beneath the dome of the Invalides, among the people he had loved so well, this faithful servant followed them to their final resting-place.

CHAPTER XXXV.

FRANCE DEMANDS THE REMAINS OF THE EMPEROR.

Rejection of the Bourbons—Petitions from the People—The Emperor's Statue—France applies to the British Government—The Response—Frigates dispatched for the Remains—The Exhumation—The Return Voyage—Triumphal Ascent of the Seine—The Reception in Paris—Entombed at the Invalides.

THE history of most men terminates with the grave. It is not so with Napoleon. His wild and wondrous story is continued beyond the dying hour and the silence of the tomb. Nine years after the burial of the Emperor passed away, during which the long agony of St. Helena increasingly engrossed the attention of the world. Every memorial of his cruel sufferings was eagerly sought for, and a chord of sympathy was struck which vibrated in all human hearts.

In the notable three days of July, 1830, the French nation rose as one man, and for the third time expelled the Bourbons from the throne of France. In accordance with the prediction of Napoleon, the crown was placed upon the brow of Louis Philippe, duke of Orleans. Two months had hardly passed after this event, ere, early in October, a petition was presented to the Chamber of Deputies, requesting that the remains of Napoleon might be claimed of the British government, and restored to France. The enthusiasm which his name ever inspired, but which had been repressed under the feudal monarchy of the Bourbons, now found free utterance. "Napoleon," said M. de Montigny upon this occasion, "re-established order and tranquillity in our country. He led our armies to victory. His sublime genius put an end to anarchy. His military glory made the French name respected throughout the whole world, and his name will ever be pronounced with emotion and veneration."

This petition was followed by many others, and a flame was enkindled in the hearts of the people which could not be repressed. It may be supposed that the government of Louis Philippe regarded with some apprehension this enthusiasm in behalf of the memory of Napoleon; but resistance was vain. There was no alternative but to attempt to take the lead in the universal movement.

On the 8th of July, 1831, by a national ordinance it was decreed that the statue of the Emperor Napoleon should be replaced upon the column in the Place Vendôme. The now humbled Allies, who had with sacrilegious hands torn down that statue from its appropriate summit, no longer ventured to resist its triumphant ascension.

On the 29th of July, 1832, the son of Napoleon, born King of Rome, but named by his grandfather the Duke of Reichstadt, died at the age of twenty-one years, a dejected prisoner in the palace of his maternal relatives. Thus the direct line of the Emperor Napoleon became extinct.

The statue of the Emperor, in accordance with the national decree, was elevated upon its glorious pedestal on the 1st of June, 1833, with great pomp, and amid the universal acclamations of France. Upon that majestic column were inscribed the words,

"Monument reared to the glory of the Grand Army, by Napoleon the Great. Commenced the 15th of August, 1806. Finished the 15th of August, 1810.

"28th of July, 1833, Anniversary of the Revolution of July, and the Year three of the reign of Louis Philippe I., the statue of Napoleon has been replaced upon the column of the Grand Army."

By similar ceremonies on the 1st of August, 1834, a statue of Napoleon was placed in the court-yard of the Royal Hotel of Invalides. On the 14th of September of the same year, the Court of Cassation, the highest court of appeal in France, rendered homage to the most profound legislator the world has ever known by suspending in the Council Chamber a magnificent portrait of Napoleon, representing the Emperor pointing to the immortal Napoleonic Code. These acts of grateful recognition were but the prelude to a scene of national homage which arrested the gaze of the world, and which, in all the elements of sublimity and of triumph, must forever remain without a parallel.

It will be remembered that the Emperor had written in his will, with his own hand, "It is my wish that my ashes may repose on the banks of the Seine, in the midst of the French people whom I have loved so well." The French nation, liberated from the bayonets of the Allies, now, with united voice swelling from the Rhine to the Pyrenees, demanded of the English government the remains of their beloved Emperor.

On the 5th of May, 1840, the anniversary of Napoleon's death, the application was made to the government of Great Britain, by M. Guizot, in the following official note. M. Thiers was at that time at the head of the French ministry.

"The undersigned, embassador extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of his majesty the King of the French, has the honor, conformably to instructions received from his government, to inform his excellency, the Minister of Foreign Affairs to her majesty the Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain, that the king ardently desires that the mortal remains of Napoleon may be deposited in a tomb in France, in the country which he defended and rendered illustrious, and which proudly preserves the ashes of thousands of his companions in arms, officers and soldiers devoted with him to the service of their country. The undersigned is convinced that her Britannic majesty's government will only see in this desire of his majesty the King of the French, a just and pious feeling, and will give the orders necessary to the removal of any obstacle to the transfer of Napoleon's remains from St. Helena to France."

Times were now changed, and this demand could not be denied. The response was speedy and cordial. On the 9th of May, Lord Palmerston transmitted the following reply, in which it will be observed with pleasure that the English government no longer stigmatized the renowned Emperor of France as a usurping general, but promptly recognized his imperial title:

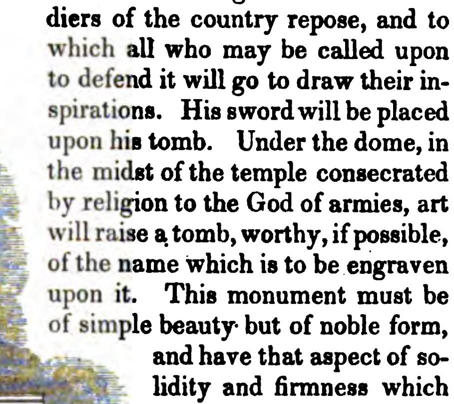
"The government of her Britannic majesty hopes that the promptness of its answer may be considered in France as a proof of its desire to blot out the last trace of those national animosities which, during the life of the Emperor, armed England and France against each other. Her majesty's government hopes that if such sentiments survive any where, they may be buried in the tomb about to receive the remains of Napoleon."

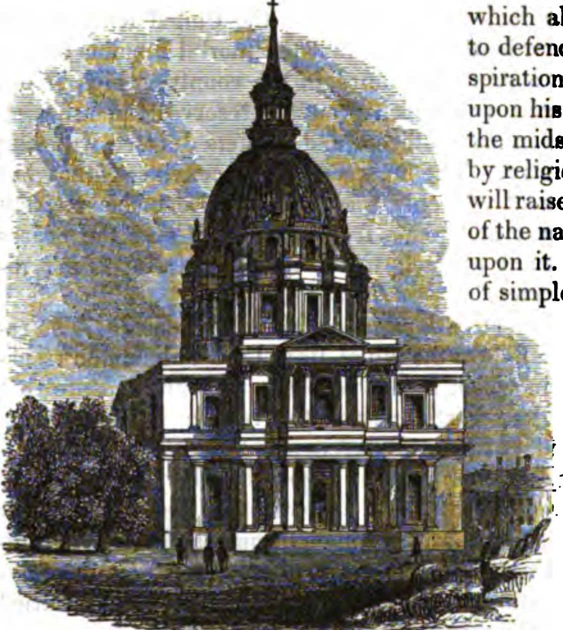
This was all the amends which the English government could make for its unpardonable crime against the independence of nations. Justice exults in seeing the charge of usurpation thus retracted, in the recognition of the imperial title of the monarch of popular suffrage. Napoleon, in his tomb, had gained the victory.

On the 12th of May the French ministry made the following communication to the Chamber of Deputies:

"Gentlemen,—The king has ordered his royal highness the Prince of Joinville to proceed, with his frigate, to the island of St. Helena, to receive the mortal remains of the Emperor Napoleon. We come to ask of you the means to receive them worthily upon the soil of France, and to erect for Napoleon his last tomb. The government, anxious to accomplish a great national duty, has addressed itself to England. It has demanded of her the precious deposit which Fortune had surrendered into her hands. The frigate

charged with the mortal remains of Napoleon will present itself, on its return, at the mouth of the Seine. Another vessel will convey them to Paris. They will be deposited in the Invalides. A solemn ceremony, a grand religious and military pomp, will inaugurate the tomb which is to receive them forever. It is important, gentlemen, to the majesty of such a commemoration, that this august sepulture should not be in a public place, in the midst of a noisy and inattentive crowd. It is proper that it should be in a silent and sacred spot, which can be visited with awe by those who respect glory and genius, grandeur and misfortune. He was emperor and king. He was the legitimate sovereign of our country. With such a title, he could be interred at St. Denis. But Napoleon must not have the ordinary sepulture of kings. He must still reign and command in the building in which the soldiers of the country repose, and to which all who may be called upon to defend it will go to draw their inspirations. His sword will be placed upon his tomb. Under the dome, in the midst of the temple consecrated by religion to the God of armies, art will raise a tomb, worthy, if possible, of the name which is to be engraven upon it. This monument must be of simple beauty but of noble form, and have that aspect of solidity and firmness which appears to defy the action of time. The monument of Napoleon must be as imperishable as his fame. Henceforward France, and France alone, will possess all that remains of Napoleon. His tomb, like his renown, will belong only to his country."





THE INVALIDES.

This announcement, so nobly expressed, was received by the Chamber of Deputies and by the whole of France with a tumultuous burst of applause. The Prince de Joinville, with two armed ships, was immediatelely sent to St. Helena. General Gourgaud, General Bertrand, and Count Las Casas, the companions of the Emperor's imprisonment, accompanied the expedition. A coffin of solid ebony, elaborately carved in the shape of the ancient sarcophagi, was constructed, large enough to inclose the coffins in which the Emperor was interred, so that his ashes might not be disturbed. One single word, NAPOLEON, in letters of gold, was placed upon the face of this massive and polished sarcophagus. A very magnificent funeral pall of velvet, sprinkled with gold bees, and bordered with a broad band of ermine, was also provided. At each corner was an eagle, embroidered in gold, and surmounted with the imperial crown.

On the 8th of October the two ships cast anchor in the harbor of St. Helena, and were received with friendly salutes from the forts, and also from the English ships of war which were in the roadstead awaiting the arrival of the French vessels. The 15th of October was the twenty-fifth anniversary of the arrival of the august prisoner at this dreary rock. This day was appointed for the exhumation of his remains. Precisely at midnight, the British royal engineers, under direction of the governor general of St. Helena, and in presence of the French and English commissioners, commenced their work.

After nine hours of uninterrupted labor, the earth was dug from the vault, the solid masonry removed, and the heavy slab which covered the internal sarcophagus was lifted by means of a crane. Prayers were then offered, and, with uncovered heads, the coffin was carefully raised and conveyed to a tent which had been prepared for its reception. With religious awe, the three coffins of mahogany, lead, and tin were opened, and, upon carefully lifting a white satin veil, the body of the Emperor was exposed to view. The remains had been so effectually protected from dampness and the air, that, to the surprise of all, the features of the Emperor were so little changed that he was instantly recognized by those who had known him when alive. His military dress exhibited but slight decay, and he reposed, in marble beauty, as if he were asleep. The emotion experienced by all was deep and unutterable. Many burst into tears. The hallowed remains were exposed to the external air less than two minutes, when the coffins were again closed, and soldered with the utmost care, and were then placed in the massive ebony sarcophagus which was brought from Paris, and which was also protected by a strong box of oak.

In the mean time, clouds darkened the sky, the rain fell in torrents, dense sheets of mist enveloped the crags in almost midnight gloom, and a dismal tempest wailed its dirges over the gloomy rock. Minute-guns from the forts and from the ships in the harbor blended their thunders with the sublime requiem of the ocean and of the sky. Still, nearly all the inhabitants of St. Helena, regardless of the deluging storm, were at the grave, and followed in the procession from the tomb to the ships. The funeral car was drawn by four horses, each led by a groom, while eight officers walked by the side of the hearse. All the military, naval, and civil authorities of the island accompanied the remains, with crape on the left arm; and, by the express invitation of the governor, the successor of Sir Hudson Lowe, all the gentlemen of the island were invited to attend in mourning. The whole military force of St. Helena, consisting of the regular soldiers and the militia, were also called out to honor these marvelous obsequies, in which repentant England surrendered Napoleon to France. As the vast procession wound slowly around among the rocks, the most soul-subduing dirges of martial bands blended with the solemn booming of minute-guns and with the roar of the elements. The streets of Jamestown were shrouded in crape, the yards of the shipping apeak, and all their flags at half-mast. Napoleon went down into the tomb denounced as a usurper; he emerged from it, after the slumber of twenty years, acknowledged an emperor.

At the quay, where the English lines terminated, the Prince de Joinville

had assembled around him the French officers, all in deep mourning. As the car approached, they stood in reverential silence, with heads uncovered. The car stopped within a few paces of the mourning group. The Governor general of St. Helena then advanced, and, in the name of the British government, surrendered to France the remains of the Emperor. The coffin was then received beneath the folds of the French flag, exciting emotions in the bosoms of all present such as can not be described. From that moment the same honors which the Emperor had received while living were paid to his mortal remains. Banners were unfurled and salutes were fired as the coffin was conveyed in a cutter, accompanied by a retinue of boats, to the ship. It was received on board between two ranks of officers under arms, and was then placed in a consecrated chapel constructed for the purpose, and illuminated with waxen lights. A guard of sixty men, commanded by the oldest lieutenant, rendered to the remains imperial honors. The ladies of St. Helena had offered, as a homage to the memory of the Emperor, a rich banner, embroidered with their own hands. This graceful token from the English ladies was suspended in the chapel. The affecting scenes of the day were closed by the appropriate observance of those religious rites which the serious spirit of the Emperor had so deeply revered.

The vessels sailed from St. Helena on the 18th of October, just twenty-five years and three days from the time when Napoleon was landed upon the island a captive, to pass through the long agony of his death. As they were crossing the equator on the 2d of November, a French ship of war met them with the alarming intelligence that hostilities had probably already commenced between England and France upon the subject of the Turkish-Egyptian treaty. The danger of capture was, consequently, imminent. The Prince de Joinville immediately resolved that, in case he should meet with a superior force, rather than surrender the remains of the Emperor again to the English, the ship and all its inmates should go down to accompany the ashes of Napoleon to a common sepulchre in the abyss of the ocean. This heroic resolve was communicated to the whole ship's company, and was received with a unanimous and an enthusiastic response. Fortunately, however, this cloud of war was dissipated.

On the 2d of December, the anniversary of the great victory of Austerlitz, the two funeral frigates entered the harbor of Cherbourg. Three ships of war, the Austerlitz, the Friedland, and the Tilsit, immediately encircled, with protecting embrace, the ship which bore the sacred relics. All the forts and batteries, and all the ships of war, fired a salute of twenty-one guns each. The coffin was then transferred to the steamship *Normandy*, which had been, at great expense and with exquisite taste, prepared for the occasion. On the 9th the convoy entered the mouth of the Seine. A magnificent chapel had been constructed upon the unobstructed deck of the steamer, in which the coffin was placed, so raised as to be conspicuous to all who might crowd the banks of the stream. A very imposing effect was produced by the number of wax lights and flambeaux which, by day and by night, threw a flood of light upon the coffin. The imperial mantle, sweeping to the floor, covered the sarcophagus. On a cushion at the head of the coffin rested the imperial crown, veiled with crape. An armed sentry was

stationed in each corner of the chapel. At the head of the coffin stood an ecclesiastic in full canonicals. Several general officers were grouped near him. The Prince de Joinville stood alone at the foot of the coffin.

Thus the cortège approached the city of Havre. Watchful eyes had discerned its coming when it appeared but as a dark speck in the dim blue of the horizon. The whole city was in commotion. Minute-guns were fired; funeral bells were tolled; and the still air was filled with dirges from well-trained martial bands. All business was suspended. Every sound was hushed but the appropriate voices of grief. The crowd, oppressed with a religious awe, preserved the most profound silence as the imperial steam-ship, with her black hull and tapering masts, to which were attached the banners of France gently fluttering in the breeze, glided majestically to her appointed station.

At this place arrangements had been made to convey the remains, by a small steamer, up the River Seine, one hundred miles, to Paris. The taste and the wealth of France were lavished in the attempt to invest the occasion with all possible solemnity and grandeur. The steamer Parisian led the way, filled with the high dignitaries of the kingdom. Then followed a second steamer, with the crew of the frigate which had borne the remains from Saint Helena. After this came the imperial barge, bearing the sacred ashes of the dead. It was richly, but with great simplicity, draped in mourning. The sarcophagus was so elevated in the chapel that every eye could behold it. Ten other steamers composed the unparalleled funeral train.

On the morning of the 10th of December, just as the rising sun was gilding the cloudless skies, the imposing flotilla of thirteen funeral barges, saluted by tolling bells, and solemnly-booming guns, and soul-stirring requiems, left its moorings and majestically commenced the ascent of the river. The back country, for thirty miles on either side, had been almost depopulated, as men, women, and children crowded to the banks of the stream, in homage to the remains of the great man who was worthily enthroned in all their hearts. The prefect of the Lower Seine had issued the following proclamation to the inhabitants:

"Fellow citizens! The department of Lower Seine will be first traversed by the funeral cortège, proceeding, under the direction of his royal highness the Prince de Joinville, toward the capital of the kingdom, where memorable solemnities are to be enacted in the presence of the great bodies of the state, and illustrated by all the prodigies of art. There is no event in history which presents itself with such a character of grandeur as that which accompanies the removal of the remains of the Emperor Napoleon. When the vessel containing those venerated ashes shall advance slowly along the river, you will receive it with that religious feeling and those deep emotions which are ever produced by the recollection of the misfortunes of the country, its triumphs, and its glory. You will render the last honors to that great man with the calmness and dignity becoming a population which has so often experienced the benefit of his protecting power and of his special solicitude."

As the cortège passed along, an innumerable multitude gazed in silence, but with tearful eyes, upon the sublime spectacle. Every battery uttered its salute. From the turret of every village church the knell was tolled; and there was not a peasant's hut passed on the route which did not exhibit

some testimonial of respect and love. The city of Rouen, containing one hundred thousand inhabitants, is situated half way between Havre and Paris. The sagacious policy of the Emperor had contributed much to its prosperity, and had rendered it one of the chief commercial and manufacturing cities in the kingdom. "Paris, Rouen, and Havre," said he, on one occasion, "shall form one great city, of which the Seine shall be the main street." Such were the noble objects of Napoleon's ambition. But the Allies thwarted his generous plans by their assailing armies, and hunted him down as if he had been a beast of prey. The mayor of Rouen, in preparation for the reception of the remains of the Emperor, thus addressed the inhabitants of the city:

"Beloved Fellow-citizens,—After twenty-five years of exile in a foreign land, Napoleon is at last restored to us. A French prince, the worthy son of our citizen king, brings back to France what remains of the great Emperor. In a few days these glorious ashes will rest in peace under the national safeguard of his glory and the remains of his invincible phalanxes. A few moments only are allowed to salute the coffin of the hero who caused the French name to be respected throughout the world. Let us employ them in solemnly manifesting the sympathies which are in the hearts of a population over whom the Emperor once extended his powerful and protecting hand. Let us unite, with a religious feeling, in the triumphal funeral reserved to him by the city where his glory and genius are stamped with immortal grandeur."

From the adjoining country more than one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants had flocked to Rouen. Both banks of the river were richly decorated, and long galleries had been constructed, draped in costly silks, for the accommodation of the countless throng. Many lofty pyramids were erected, covered with rich purple satin, and spangled with golden tears. Upon the base of these pyramids were inscribed the names of the principal battles of the Empire. A triumphal arch, of majestic proportions, spanned the whole stream, covered also with silk, and brilliantly decorated with bees of gold. Twenty thousand yards of silk were used in this structure, and thirty-six thousand bees. Two ships of honor, imposingly decorated, and covered with the flags of all nations, were so stationed that the funeral procession of steamers might pass between them. The bridges of Rouen were embellished with the highest decorations of art, and from every steeple and turret, and from almost every window of the city, tri-colored banners were floating in the breeze.

Before midday, all the inhabitants of the city and its environs were assembled, cuirassiers, judges and advocates, ecclesiastics, the National Guard with drooping banners draped in mourning, students, members of the Legion of Honor, retired officers, the veteran and wounded soldiers of the old armies of the Empire, fifteen hundred in number, all at their appointed stations. As these veterans, torn and battered by the storms of war, traversed the streets in long military array, many of them in extreme old age, and all of them bearing in their hands crowns of *immortelles* and laurel, marching with reversed arms and to the mournful music of the muffled drum, their eyes moistened with tears and their faces flushed with inexpressible emotion, they were greeted with that fervor of enthusiasm which bursts from the soul

when moved to its profoundest depths. They were the representatives of Napoleon; they were his *children.* There was probably not one among them all who would not gladly have laid down his own life for his beloved chieftain.

Just at noon of a serene and brilliant day, the funeral procession of steamers made its appearance, moving noiselessly and majestically along the mirrored surface of the river. A sublime peal of artillery from ships, batteries, and the cannon of the National Guard, louder than heaven's heaviest thunders, announced that the Emperor was approaching. The scene of emotion which ensued no language can exaggerate. The Emperor, though in death, was restored, triumphant in love and homage, to his empire. The honor of France was retrieved, for her most renowned and adored monarch no longer slept, a captive, beneath the soil of his enemies.

The speed of all the boats was slackened, that the spectators might have a better opportunity to witness the imposing pageant. On reaching the suspension bridge, over which, like the bow of promise, rose the triumphal arch, the imperial barge paused for a while, and the military veterans, defiling along, cast their crowns of flowers at the foot of the coffin, while with wailing voices they tremulously shouted "*Vive l'Empereur!*" The shout which had so often thrilled in the heart of the Emperor fell upon the cold and leaden ear of death. Did Napoleon, from the spirit land, witness this scene, and rejoice in the triumph of his fame? The veil is impenetrable.

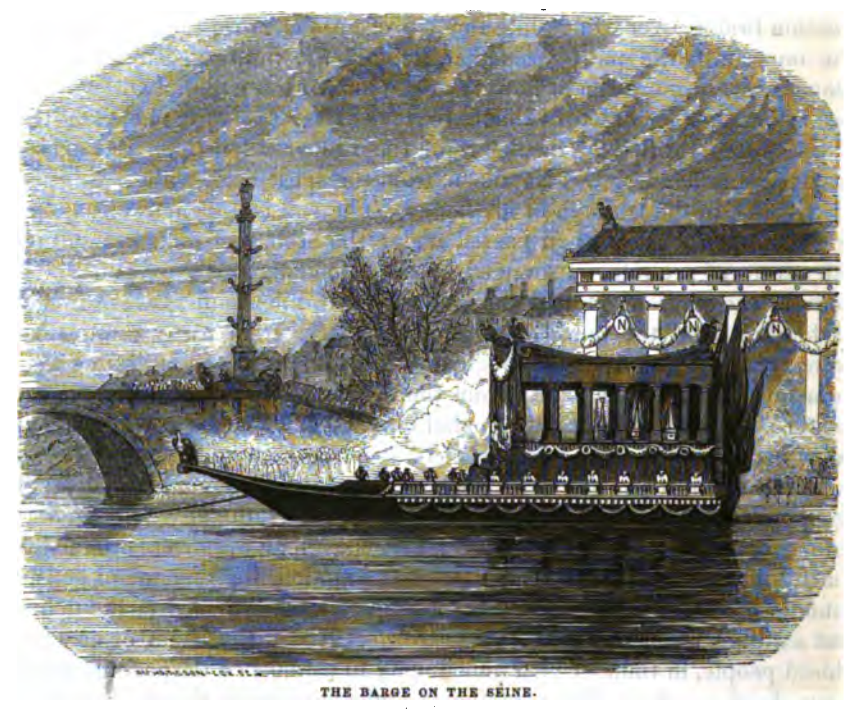
The imperial barge then passed under the arch, and took her station in the centre of a circle, surrounded by the remainder of the steamers. The bells of the churches tolled the funeral knell, minute-guns were fired, the archbishop read the burial service, while dirges from many martial bands were breathed plaintively through the air. Immediately after this act of homage to the dead, a salute from the shore announced that the ceremony would henceforth assume a triumphal character. The Emperor had returned to his grateful people, and was to be received as if still living. The bells rang out their merriest peals. All the bands played national airs. The troops presented arms. The artillerymen of the National Guard fired a salute of one hundred and one rounds; and, though all eyes were dimmed with tears, and all voices were tremulous with emotion, the clangor of bells, the thunder of artillery, and the peal of trumpets were drowned in the delirious and exultant shout of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" It was the shout of an enfranchised people, in thunder peal announcing to astonished despotisms the final triumph of popular suffrage in the re-enthronement of the monarch of the people's choice.

The same evening the procession moved on toward the excited, throbbing, expectant metropolis. The banks of the Seine, from Havre to Paris, are thickly planted with cities and villages. As the flotilla passed along, it was continually received with every possible demonstration of attachment to Napoleon, and of national rejoicing at the recovery of his remains. The shores were lined by thousands of spectators, and the inhabitants of every district did all in their power to invest the scene with the most impressive splendor. Thousands came from Paris to witness a spectacle so singular and sublime.

At Annieres lay the massive and gorgeous ship which had been built ex-

pressly to convey the remains of the Emperor up the Seine. A receptacle for the coffin had been constructed upon the deck, in the form of an Egyptian temple, open at both sides, with a flat roof, supported at the corners by four gigantic statues. The entrance to this temple was by a flight of steps. An immense gilded eagle formed the figure-head of the vessel. Tripods, blazing with many-colored flames, were placed around the tomb. This magnificent and costly piece of craftsmanship was, however, found to be too heavy to be towed up the Seine in season for the ceremony appointed on the 15th. But at this place the vessel joined the convoy, adding greatly to its effect.

At four o'clock in the afternoon of the 14th, the flotilla arrived at Courbevoie, a small village about four miles from Paris. Here the remains were to be transferred from the steamer to the shore. Thousands from Paris thronged the village and its environs to witness the imposing pageant. A



THE BARGE ON THE SEINE.

colossal statue of the beloved Josephine arrested universal attention, as she stood there to greet her returning husband. Maria Louisa, the daughter of the Cæsars, was then living ingloriously at Parma. No one thought of her. At the head of the quay an immense column was raised, one hundred and fifty feet high, surmounted by a globe six feet in diameter, and crowned by a lordly eagle glittering in gold. Upon the base of the column were inscribed the memorable words,

"It is my wish that my ashes may repose on the banks of the Seine, in the midst of the French people whom I have loved so well."

A Grecian temple, one hundred feet high, was constructed at the termi-

nation of the wharf, under which the body was to lie in state until transferred to the funeral car. Richly-decorated tripods, twenty feet high, emitted volumes of flame, producing a very impressive effect. Here Sergeant Hubert, who for nineteen years had kept watch at the solitary grave of Napoleon at St. Helena, landed. All the generals immediately gathered around him with cordial embraces, and he was received by the people with deep emotion.

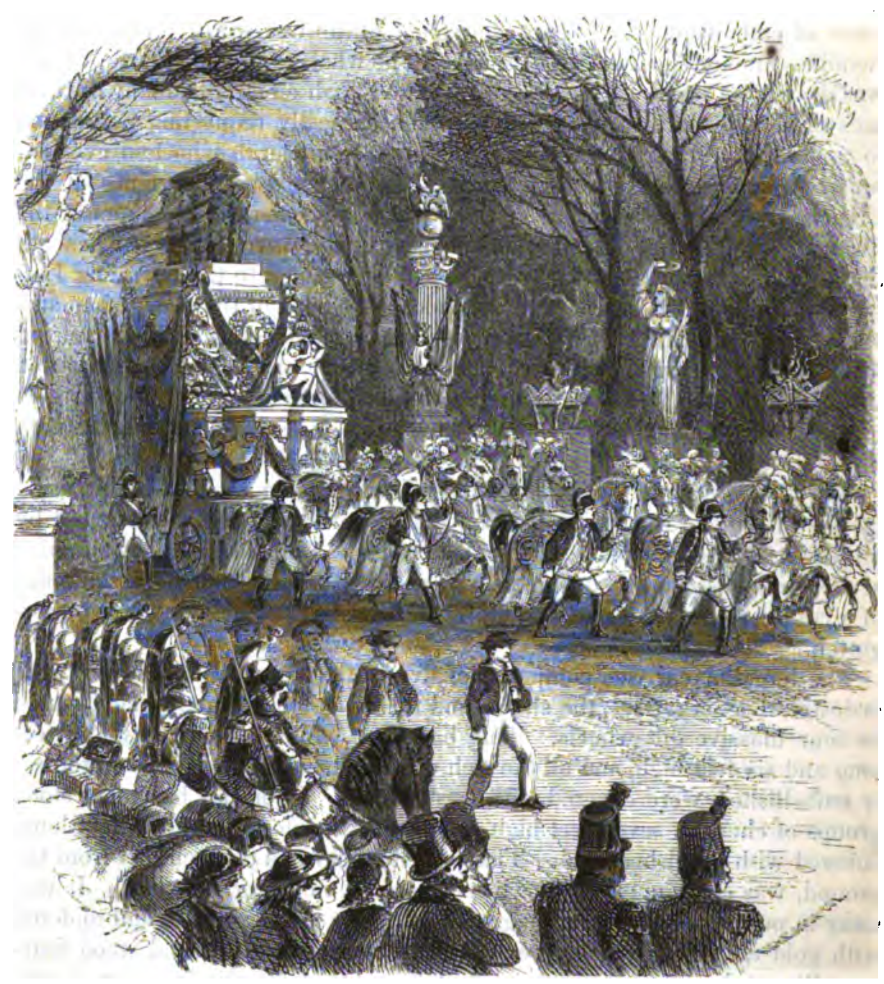
During the night, all the vessels of the flotilla were brilliantly illuminated. The next morning the sun rose resplendently glowing in the clear, cloudless, serene sky. Thousands exclaimed, "It is the Sun of Austerlitz." For a week, multitudes, not only from the distant cities of France, but from all parts of Europe, had been arriving to witness this spectacle of sublimity unrivaled. For nearly four miles, from the esplanade of the Invalides, along the Quay d'Orsay, the Bridge of Concorde, the Elysian Fields, the Avenue of Neuilly, the Bridge of Neuilly to the village of Courbevoie, the road was lined by thousands of spectators, and crowded with an indescribable opulence of embellishments. The excitement of the war-worn veterans of the Invalides amounted almost to delirium. The whole National Guard of Paris was drawn out to escort the remains. The Polish emigrants, many of them men of high distinction, sent a deputation, earnestly requesting permission to assist in the funeral ceremonies of the only monarch who had ever expressed any sympathy in their cause. Louis Philippe, the King of the French, with all the members of the royal family, and the members of the Chamber of Deputies and the Chamber of Peers, were assembled beneath the gorgeous dome of the Invalides, to render homage to the returning Emperor. The embellishments in Paris, along the path of the procession, surpassed every thing which had ever been attempted before. The Arch of Triumph was decorated with most imposing grandeur. A colossal image of the Emperor stood upon its towering summit, looking serenely down upon his own marvelous triumph, and surrounded by those flags and eagles which his victories had rendered immortal.

The view down the spacious avenue of the Elysian Fields was imposing in the extreme. Each side was lined with lofty columns, surmounted by gilt eagles, and decorated with tri-colored flags. Colossal statues, triumphal arches, immense vases blazing with variegated flames, and the assemblage of a countless multitude of spectators, presented a spectacle never to be forgotten.

The imperial car was composed of five distinct parts, the basement, the pedestal, the Caryatides, the shield, and the cenotaph. The basment rested on four massive gilt wheels. This basement, which was twenty-five feet long and six feet high, and all the rich ornaments with which it was profusely embellished, were covered with frosted gold. Upon this basement stood groups of cherubs, seven feet high, supporting a pedestal eighteen feet long, covered with burnished gold. This pedestal, elevated thirteen feet from the ground, was constructed with a heavy cornice, richly ornamented. It was hung in purple velvet, falling in graceful drapery to the ground, embroidered with gold and spotted with bees. Upon this elevated pedestal stood fourteen Caryatides, antique figures larger than life, and entirely covered with

gold, supporting with their heads and hands an immense shield of solid gold. This shield was of oval form, and eighteen feet in length, and was richly decorated with all appropriate ornaments. Upon the top of this shield, nearly fifty feet from the ground, was placed the cenotaph, an exact copy of Napoleon's coffin. It was slightly veiled with purple crape, embroidered with golden bees. On the cenotaph, upon a velvet cushion, were placed the sceptre, the sword of justice, the imperial crown, in gold, and embellished with precious stones. Such is a general description of this funeral car, the most sumptuous that was probably ever constructed.

This imperial chariot of velvet and gold, impressing every beholder with its gorgeous and sombre magnificence, was drawn by sixteen black horses yoked four abreast. These steeds were so entirely caparisoned in cloth of gold that their feet only could be seen. Waving plumes of white feathers adorned their heads and manes. Sixteen grooms, wearing the imperial livery, led the horses.



THE FUNERAL CAR.

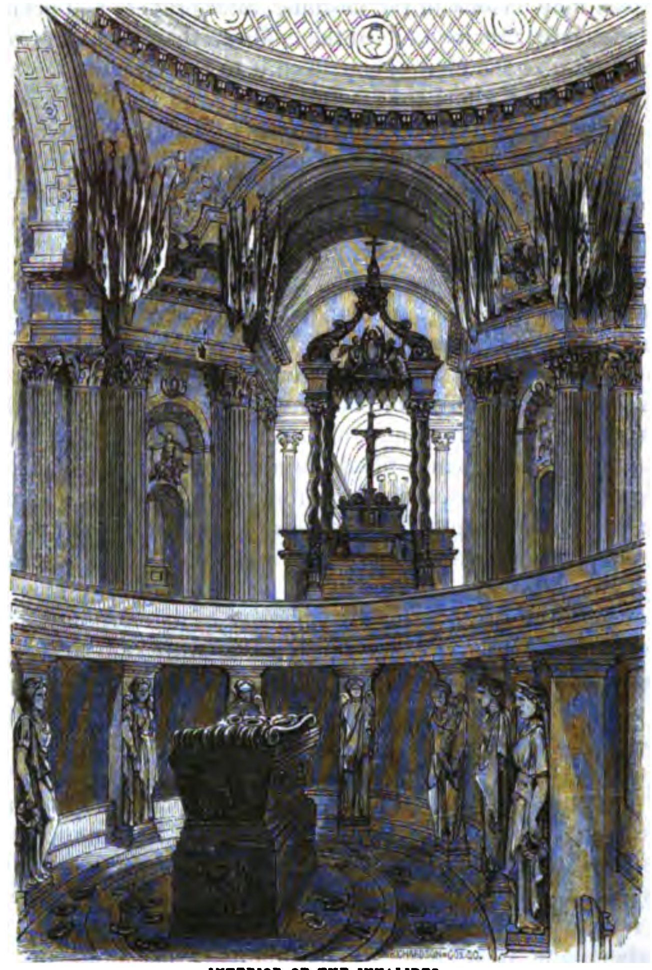
At half past nine o'clock in the morning, after prayers had been read over the body, twenty-four seamen raised the coffin on their shoulders, and, following the procession of the clergy, conveyed it to the Grecian temple. There it was deposited for a short time, while the clergy again chanted prayers. The seamen then again took up their precious load, and conveyed it to the triumphal car. It was placed in the interior of the vehicle, its apparent place being occupied by the cenotaph upon the summit of the shield. As the car commenced its solemn movement, the sun and moon were both shining in the serene and cloudless sky, gilding with extraordinary splendor this unparalleled scene. No language can describe the enthusiasm inspired, as the car passed slowly along, surrounded by the five hundred sailors who had accompanied the remains from St. Helena, and preceded and followed by the most imposing military array which the kingdom of France could furnish. More than a million of people were assembled along the line of march to welcome back the Emperor. All the bells in Paris were tolling. Music from innumerable bands filled the air, blending with the solemn peal of minute-guns and of salutes of honor from many batteries. The multitude shouted, and sang, and wept. In a roar as of thunder, the Marseilles Hymn resounded from ten thousand voices, and was echoed and re-echoed along the interminable lines.

The Church of the Invalides, in the splendor of its adornings, resembled a fairy palace. The walls were elegantly hung with rich drapery of violet velvet, studded with stars of gold, and bordered with a massive gold fringe. The eight columns which support the dome were entirely covered with velvet, studded with golden bees. It would require a volume to describe the splendors of this room. Beneath its lofty dome, where the massive tomb of Napoleon was ulteriorly to be erected, a tomb which would cost millions of money, and which would require the labor of years, a magnificent cenotaph, in the form of a temple superbly gilded, was reared. This temple was pronounced by all judges to be one of the happiest efforts of decorative art. Here the remains of the Emperor were for a time to repose. Thirty-six thousand spectators were seated upon immense platforms on the esplanade of the Invalides. Six thousand spectators thronged the seats of the spacious portico. In the interior of the church were assembled the clergy, the members of the two chambers of Deputies and of Peers, and all the members of the royal family, and others of the most distinguished personages of France and of Europe. As the coffin, preceded by the Prince de Joinville, was borne along the nave upon the shoulders of thirty-two of Napoleon's Old Guard, all rose and bowed in homage to the mighty dead. Louis Philippe, surrounded by the great officers of state, then stepped forward to receive the remains.

"Sire," said the prince, "I present to you the body of the Emperor Napoleon."

"I receive it," replied the king, "in the name of France." Then, taking from the hand of Marshal Soult the sword of Napoleon, and presenting it to General Bertrand, he said, "General, I charge you to place this glorious sword of the Emperor upon his coffin."

The king then returned to his throne, the coffin was placed in the cata-



INTERIOR OF THE INVALIDES.

falque, and the last wish of Napoleon was gratified. The funeral mass was then celebrated. The King of France sat upon one side of the altar, accompanied by the queen, and all the princes and princesses of the royal family. The ministers and the marshals of the kingdom, the Archbishop of Paris, with his assistant bishops and clergy, and all the prominent civil and military authorities of France, gathered reverentially around the mausoleum in this last sublime act of a nation's love and gratitude. As the solemn strains of Mozart's Requiem, performed by three hundred musicians, floated through the air, all hearts were intensely moved. Thus ended a ceremony which, in all the elements of moral sublimity, has no parallel.

In beautiful tribute to the warm affections of the Emperor, France, in 1847, placed by his side the ashes of two of his most devoted friends, General Bertrand and General Duroc, each of whom had been grand marshal of the imperial palace, as if to cheer, by their love and companionship, the solitude of the tomb. "These two men," said General Gourgaud, in the Chamber of



THE SANCTUARY.

Peers, "have been chosen principally because the functions which they have fulfilled near the person of the Emperor were all those of friendship and confidence. In placing them after their death by the side of his tomb, they will be there, not as the most illustrious, not as the only devoted and faithful, under a reign which furnished so many illustrations, so many generous sacrifices of every kind, but as the natural representatives of devotion the most pure, the most grateful, and of a fidelity which was manifested the most frequently, the most direct, and the longest continued in good as in adverse fortune."

These two beloved friends now repose by the side of the Emperor. "Dear and venerated veterans," said General Fabvier, "when you meet our chieftain, say to him that his glory each day extends and brightens, and that this ceremony is a homage which we render to his loving heart, in again giving him the companionship of two of his most cherished associates." France has also established, in grateful commemoration of the virtues of her illustrious Emperor, an annual religious celebration of the return of his ashes, to be observed through all coming time, on the 15th of December, at his tomb beneath the dome of the Invalides.

With such honors has France received back her Emperor, who had been



THE SARCOPHAGUS.

torn from her by combined despotisms. Napoleon, in death, has become the victor over all his foes. Every generous heart now does homage to his lofty character. His last wishes are accomplished, and his ashes repose in the bosom of his beloved France, amid the imperishable monuments of his wisdom, his goodness, and his glory. France has reared for him a mausoleum which is a nation's pride, and he is enthroned in the hearts of his countrymen as monarch was never enthroned before. Through all coming ages, travelers from all lands will, with reverential awe, visit the tomb of Napoleon. His noble fame is every day extending. The voices of obloquy are becoming more faint and few, and soon will be hushed forever.

THE END.

